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The Shape of Things

✶

THE WORLD FOUND IT A LITTLE HARD TO look Christmas in the face this year. The press was full of rueful editorials apologizing for the shortage of honest merriment on hand, while "peace on earth" and "goodwill to men" were spoken as fervent prayers rather than expressions of greeting. Everybody hoped that the little town of Bethlehem would in fact lie still beneath the silent stars of Palestine—that no Jews would be found murdered in the birthplace of the Jew whose 1937th birthday was being celebrated—and four thousand British troops stood guard over the handful of Christians worshiping at the shrine of the Nativity. The Nazi neo-pagans shifted Christmas to the winter solstice and dedicated it to the gods of the Teutons—an expression of mystic isolationism which nobody outside Germany objected to. We note, however, with some resentment, that Hitler ate his ***Lebkuchen*** just the same. We begrudge ***Lebkuchen*** to Hitler and Wotan; let 'em eat mistletoe berries. All in all the world enjoyed a morose Christmas—one troubled by sensations of guilt and dread. And Santa Claus is reported to have called out to the Soviet Arctic expedition as he passed their ice cake on his way to the Pole: "Boys, I advise you to give up this idea of floating back to civilization. Drop an anchor and stay where you are, and a Happy New Year to you."

✶

ACCEPTANCE OF THE JAPANESE APOLOGY for the Panay incident brings to a close the diplomatic crisis which has existed since the sinking of the American gunboat a fortnight ago. Japan technically complied with the American demands with regard to apologies, punishment of the responsible officers, and promise of indemnification. Whether its assurances against a repetition of such incidents are of value can only be shown by future events. It is significant, however, that the army leader believed to be chiefly responsible for firing on the Panay after the bombing—Colonel Hashimoto—not only has not been punished but was one of the commanders of the troops which attacked and captured the important city of Hangchow last week. Because of his position of leadership in the Japanese fascist movement Hashimoto is believed to be immune from governmental discipline. Further evidence that Japan was unimpressed by the American protests may be found in the sweeping and wholly illegal decree making foreigners, including Americans, subject to the death penalty for actions embarrassing to the Japanese armed forces in China. For years foreigners have enjoyed extraterritorial rights in China. In abrogating them, the Japanese have virtually closed the Open Door in China, since few foreigners will care to do business—or indeed be able to—under the arbitrary supervision of the Japanese militarists. For these reasons, if for no others, we cannot believe that the State Department will bow to the latest Japanese decree.

* * *

THAT THE TERUEL VICTORY WAS NOT A flash in the pan is indicated by the launching of a new government offensive in the province of Jaen in the extreme south of Spain. All the evidence indicates that the government armies have been enormously strengthened in recent months, and that the internal political situation has steadily improved. Moreover, it is apparent that the government forces are gradually mastering the technique of offensive warfare, in which they were completely unskilled a year ago. The Fascists are still superior in artillery, military leadership, and discipline, but they are obviously racked by increasing dissension. This heightens the striking parallel between the Spanish conflict and our own Civil War. In both cases the rebels, representing the old feudal elements, included a majority of the officers of the regular army and enjoyed unquestioned military superiority during the first year of the war. In both instances the formation of a large national army proved to be a protracted and difficult task, constantly hampered by poor leadership. Yet in the end the government with the great industrial cities under its control turned out the superior army. While we earnestly hope that the Spanish struggle will not drag out for four bitter years, it is significant that the Loyalist government has already begun preliminary training for draft classes which are not expected to be called for nearly a year.

* * *

WHILE CONGRESSMEN HIT THE TRAIL FOR home last week, the President was not idle in mending his political fences. The general political mood since the stock-market break has been one of uneasy conciliation toward business, with no real conviction on the part either of the progressives or of the conservatives that the President can be counted on for a sustained policy in one direction or the other. Recent developments, however, bear out the analysis in our Washington dispatch of two weeks ago—that the President would show definitely during the month after the close of the special session that he has no intention of swerving from New Deal policies or of abandoning the progressives. The chief items in support of this view have been Mr. Roosevelt's meeting with eight Senate militants—Norris, Wagner, La Follette, Minton, Schwellenbach, Green, Pepper, and Brown; his "fighting orders" given to the majority leaders in Congress for the regular session; Senator Norris's statement that if the New Deal program is not legislated by the coming session of Congress, Mr. Roosevelt will probably be a candidate for a third term; and Assistant Attorney General Robert H. Jackson's recent speeches hitting not only the monopolists but the whole business leadership, important because Mr. Jackson is close to the President. The President has a chance in his coming message to Congress to make it clear to the country that he has not been deflected from his policies by business sabotage.

* * *

WHEN REPORTS OF THE SLAUGHTER OF THE Haitians first trickled out of the Dominican Republic, it required an effort to believe that they were not grossly exaggerated. The picture of 800 men and women hacked to death with machetes and thrown to the sharks seemed too grisly for credibility. But with the passing of time the reports of the massacre were not only verified from more and more reliable sources, but the extent of the blood-letting was revealed to be vastly greater than originally rumored. From 800 the toll reported in a United Press dispatch rose to 5,000, then to 8,000, and now, according to official figures released by the Haitian legation in Washington, the total of mass killings is placed at 12,168, shown to have "taken place in more than sixty-five Dominican localities, almost simultaneously, at a given signal." Not until the middle of December, however, was there any confirmation by Dominican officials. It remained for Dictator Trujillo's consul at New Orleans to admit that the massacre occurred. In a letter to the National Negro Congress, Consul Rafael A. Espaillat not only gave official confirmation to the reports but entered one of the strangest pleas in defense of mass murder that we have ever encountered. Referring to this macabre St. Bartholomew's affair as "an incident," Mr. Espaillat explains that it "is not an occurrence to cause surprise, and it is my belief that such incidents will continue to happen in the future unless the Haitian government should establish a policy of economic protection toward its citizens." If Haiti doesn't feed its people, Mr. Espaillat apparently feels, it is only reasonable to expect these "pariahs" and "miserable proletariat" to be fed to Dominican sharks. President Roosevelt's pressure on Trujillo to accept mediation by the United States, Mexico, and Cuba should put the Dominican dictator in a tight spot and force an airing of the goriest episode in recent peace-time history.

* * *

THE BRAVEST THING THE NLRB HAS DONE is to confront the feudal power of Henry Ford and assert quietly that it must be brought within the rule of law. The board's decision of last week is chiefly remarkable for the fact that a civilized state has waited so long to subject the lawlessness of the Ford empire to criticism and curb. The evidence taken by the board would be almost incredible if it were not so clearly buttressed and so well authenticated. The savagery of the attack of the Ford "service men" on Richard Frankensteen, Walter Reuther, and the other union organizers at the River Rouge plant in Detroit was such that one can scarcely believe it could have happened anywhere outside a fascist state. One could not believe it if one did not also recall the Memorial Day massacre at Chicago and the record of lynchings in the South. The Ford Company's conception of labor relations is part of the same primitivism that marks our police brutality and our lynchings. Ford's Mr. Bennett has declared that he will ignore the Labor Board's ruling that the company has violated the Wagner Act and that it must reinstate twenty-nine of its employees and cease interfering with union organization. Mr. Bennett speaks vaguely of an appeal to the courts, but what he will do when they uphold the board is shrouded in darkness. One thing is clear. If the Ford empire can successfully defy the law of labor relations as well as every canon of human decency, the way will be open for converting the primitivism of Mr. Ford's power into the permanent primitivism of the fascist state.

*

IN THE WELTER OF PICTURE MAGAZINES that decorate the newsstands these days is a newcomer called *Rising Tide.* Organ of Dr. Frank Buchman's Oxford Movement, *Rising Tide* calls pictorially for a God-controlled world—"the revolution which will end revolution by changing human nature and remaking men and nations." A whole section of the magazine is devoted to testimonials in which housewives, statesmen, farmers, industrialists, doctors, and even editors tell how they let God control their lives by the practice of the four absolutes—honesty, purity, unselfishness, and love. We don't recall ever coming out specifically for honesty, purity, unselfishness, or love, but we support all four, and up to this point we have no quarrel with *Rising Tide.* Where we begin to find our own stock of love running low is at the section captioned "The Forgotten Factor in Industry Is That God Has a Plan." Here we read the testimonial of a union organizer who since he found God sees that "power without responsibility is dangerous to the individual and to the nation." Then there is the steel worker who confesses that "hatred led me to faith in a material revolution. I was changed, and see that only a spiritual revolution from within goes far enough to meet the needs of men and industry." And the Negro member of an engineer's crew who discovers that "this God-control business has made a big difference in the boiler room." At this point we recall the plutocratic nature of Dr. Buchman's backing, and his logical thesis that it is easier for God to control a nation through one man than it is through a whole legislature and bureaucracy. Of course, Dr. Buchman insists, your dictator must be the right kind, but last year Dr. Buchman interviewed Adolf Hitler and found him good.

*

THE RESIGNATION OF PREMIER TATARESCU following the failure of his Liberal Party to obtain the required 40 per cent of the vote in last week's national election has made Rumania more of a question mark than ever in international politics. Although Tatarescu was drifting toward the Rome-Berlin axis, his defeat was not accomplished primarily by the anti-fascist groups. On the contrary, the two openly fascist parties—the Iron Guard and the Christian Front—polled an unexpectedly heavy vote, while the National Peasant Party under Dr. Julius Maniu obtained less than 20 per cent of the total. Bratianu, who has been mentioned as a possible successor to Tatarescu, is a member of the family which dominated Rumania for generations. As an open enemy of King Carol, and even more of Mme Lupescu, his Cabinet would likely give aid and comfort to the fascist parties. Nevertheless, the Bratianus have been traditionally pro-French, and it is doubtful whether its latest representative would yield to the Iron Guard to the extent of deserting the Little Entente. As we go to press there is still a possibility that another election will be called, in which case the democratic forces will have another chance to rally. But a more ominous alternative is implied in the flight of the anti-fascist Titulescu and in the conversations which King Carol has been having with the fascist leader Goga and with General Antonescu, former Chief of Staff. There is an acute danger that Carol will play the Hindenburg and turn the government over to dictatorship—either fascist or military.

*

NEWTON D. BAKER WAS A TIRED LIBERAL, and his whole career showed what happens when a man's liberalism is not anchored in a continuing social movement. Baker started as an alert young reform lawyer in Cleveland, a follower of Tom Johnson. As city solicitor and later as Mayor of Cleveland he fought for municipal reform and opposed the control of the local utilities. He was, moreover, a pacifist and a humanitarian. By a strange quirk of political destiny, Wilson offered him the war portfolio in 1916, and Baker accepted. The humanitarian had to bend every energy to equip America for war; the pacifist found it necessary to carry through a vast conscription drive and to jail hundreds of conscientious objectors. In Baker's defense it may be said that having accepted Wilson's approach toward an undemocratic war for democracy, he was caught in its logic. He was an efficient War Secretary—amazingly so for a layman who had never had the slightest experience with war. After the war Baker lived in the shadow of the Wilsonian tradition, but he clung to that tradition only where it was weakest, that is, in the field of international liberalism. In domestic policy he turned his back on the concepts behind the "new freedom." He became the open champion of the utility interests, whose fees he took for legal work before the federal courts. For a time in 1932 the reactionary Democrats hoped they could use him to head off Roosevelt's nomination. From then until his death a few days ago he grew ever more bitterly anti-New Deal and anti-labor, becoming at last indistinguishable from the Liberty Leaguers.

War and Peace

THE debate on American foreign policy has raged so intensely that it has wiped out the landmarks of realistic discussion. We find ourselves tangled up with words and concepts—"war," "peace," "isolation," "neutrality," "pacifism," "communism," "fascism," "collective security," "democracies," "aggression," "scuttle and run," "Chinese wall," "gangster diplomacy." We mill about in a nightmare of slogans, each of them an absolute that we hurl at our opponent or that he hurls at us. It is time to return to the real world of chances and probabilities.

It is on this level of chances and probabilities, and not on any level of certainties, that the discussion must go on. For the claims of either side—those advocating collective security as well as those advocating isolationism—that their nostrum will certainly eliminate all danger of war are unreal and inflated. The basic difficulty about the neutrality bill that Congress passed last year and about the Ludlow resolution for a war referendum is that they aim at insulating America against war—and that is impossible. And in their anxiety to achieve this impossible, they adopt methods—this is especially true of the Ludlow resolution—which may achieve the exact opposite of their intentions. The basic error, likewise, of many of the proponents of collective security is that they stretch too far a logic that is inherently sound. It is true that the best way to minimize the chances of war is to meet the aggressive action of the fascist powers with the cooperative action of the other powers. But it is not true that this action constitutes an absolute assurance against war. Nor is it true that it must be military action, or that it must even look to military action. The statements of Mr. Stimson and Mr. Landon, although we agree with their general tenor, smell far too much of powder for our comfort; and Mr. Landon's implication that the British Socialists and pacifists in 1914 should not have opposed Great Britain's entrance into the war can only be understood as part of the resurgence of the martial spirit in its more naked capitalist form.

It is typical of the unreal character of the discussion that both sides in the dispute about collective security seem to have abandoned its original premises of economic action. This is especially true in Great Britain, whose closeness to the centers of conflagration has heightened the temperature of controversy. The parliamentary debates disclose on the one hand an interpretation of collective security which involves only the formula of the League of Nations minus Article X—a formula that is by no means enough. They disclose on the other hand an interpretation that involves joint military action with America and France against any fascist aggressor—a formula that goes a good deal too far.

It is time to get back to collective security as basically economic. We live in a world in which nations flourish or fall by their economic strength or weakness, in which war is a large-scale industry drawing its materials from the four corners of the world, in which the specter that haunts the aggressor nations is not so much military defeat as financial collapse. Reinhold Niebuhr, in an article elsewhere in this issue, points out that the capitalist democracies are involved in contradictions as deep and inescapable as those expressed in the Greek tragic themes. But the fascist powers are caught in the same contradictions. Their aim is to solder capitalist power with the flame of terrorism. Yet they must push their aggressions in a world in which every major gain must be made at the cost of other capitalist powers; and in a world, moreover, where their own war machines can operate only with the sufferance and help of the industrial machines of the major democracies.

That is what creates the strength of economic action by the capitalist democracies. It is we who furnish the scrap iron, the steel, the oil, the rubber which Japan is using to wipe out Chinese civilization. English credit and trade would be necessary to keep Germany from collapse if it should embark on its Czechoslovakian and Russian adventures. American, English, and French money and raw materials are the cement that alone can hold Mussolini's Mediterranean power together for any length of time. The democracies need not and must not talk of war; they need talk only of their legal power to withhold or provide credits and munitions according to their choice. This is all the "quarantining" that need ever be done; and if it were done with firmness and decisiveness, it would undoubtedly provide an adequate check to long-range plans of conquest.

Would it also prevent resort to war as a desperate final step on the part of the fascist powers? That, unfortunately, is the gravest incalculable in a situation full of incalculables. It would be foolish to say that the fascist nations would never dare precipitate war in order to drag the whole world down with them in their own ruin. One can only say that if they are allowed to ravage the smaller powers at will now, their strength and prestige and arrogance will be all the greater when the decisive moment comes. The real claim to make for collective security is not that it will eliminate all danger of war, but that an announced determination to take economic action against an aggressor will minimize the probability of those continuing depredations from which general war will inevitably develop.

One of the chief arguments against this course is that it freezes the world into two hostile armed camps, confronting each other with bristling military preparations. But that is not a coming danger; it is a present fact. The problem is how to dispel the atmosphere of armed camps that now exists. The great danger today is that the world will be pushed into another system of alliances such as preceded the outbreak of the World War. American isolationism will not avert that danger. The only alternative to the alliance system is a pooled and common effort to keep the peace. The idea of collective security has survived the collapse of the organizations in which it has been embodied—the League, the Kellogg Pact, Locarno. Its essence is readiness for cooperative action, limited to the economic plane and kept within the scope of international law. It is not, as we pointed out last week, action *against* any nation. It is rather action *for* certain standards of peaceful and non-aggressive international behavior. No nation is excluded from joining this common effort. Nor need it involve treaty obligations or iron-clad commitments. We have learned that international peace does not depend on words in a treaty but on common interests, common understanding, and the habit of common action. Viewed in this light, collective security offers a genuine program—not for fighting fascism or redressing the balance of the world but for maximizing the probabilities of peace.

Business Prospects

THE closing days of 1937 find American business somewhat anxiously studying the trade statistics of the last few months for a clue to the months ahead. It is now apparent that the decline in business activity which occurred between the end of August and the end of November was one of the sharpest on record. During this period the Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial activity tobogganed from 117 to 90—a drop of 27 points in three months. This is considerably steeper than the decline between October and December, 1929—the record until this year.

Unemployment has also grown with almost unprecedented speed. The WPA estimates that at least two million persons have lost their jobs since Labor Day, and that another one to two million will be thrown out of work by the end of January. Official estimates of the Department of Labor indicate that more than 570,000 were added to the rolls of the jobless between mid-October and mid-November. Of the total, only 100,000 have been cared for by the WPA, and unless Congress provides additional funds, less than two of the twelve million unemployed will be on the WPA lists at their peak on February 1.

In contrast with the situation in 1929, favorable elements exist which to a degree offset the decline in industrial activity. Foreign trade has been better than at any time for many years. There is little indication that the American recession has seriously affected general business conditions abroad, or, indeed, that it has reached into all sectors of the domestic economy. Following exceptionally good crops, farm income for 1937 is estimated at $8,500,000,000, as compared with $7,900,000,000 in 1936. Moreover, Christmas trade in the New York area was less than 1 per cent lower than it was last year in dollar volume and fully up to it in number of transactions. Since even in 1929 retail trade held up long after the decline in the capital-goods industries had set in, the general prevalence of wage scales somewhat above those of a year ago may support business despite the existing psychology of fear. It is perhaps also worth noting that in the week ending December 11 the New York *Times* weekly index of business activity advanced for the first time since August 14.

If it were possible to pick out with certainty the primary cause of the recession among the many factors contributing to it, predictions for 1938 would be relatively easy. But certainty in this field is almost invariably a sign of economic illiteracy. There is, however, much substance in the Administration's contention that speculative buying created by inflation psychology caused business firms to pile up inventories in excess of immediate needs, thus preparing the way for the slump. If this were the only factor, we might assume that the recession had already reached its low point and that 1938 would see a return to a more orderly recovery movement. But against this hope we must set the threat of the government's budget-balancing policy. A year ago, with only about three-fourths as much unemployment as at present, the WPA was caring for nearly twice as many persons. A corresponding decrease has occurred in other forms of emergency expenditures, leaving the country without an adequate cushion against a decline in consumer purchasing power. The business offensive against the corporation and capital-gains taxes also provides cause for pessimism. For unless some way can be devised to tap the existing surpluses of capital through taxation, the government will have to fall back on borrowing to close the gap between production and consumer purchasing power.

Politics rather than economics must furnish the key to the probable extent and duration of the recession. If Congress would hold to the policies that proved relatively so successful in 1933, we should feel reasonably sure that the slump would be short-lived. If there is any lesson to be learned from 1929, it is that business cannot prescribe for its own ailments.

Behind the Scenes

THE La Follette Committee on Civil Liberties sent stunning Christmas greetings to some 2,500 American corporations on December 22 when it made public a list of concerns using the services of detectives from 1933 to 1936, compiled from the records of detective agencies providing the service, mainly, of labor espionage. Several minor business concerns have protested against their inclusion in the list, and it is possible that a few of those listed had used detectives only as guards; but these highly publicized and exceedingly minor exceptions must not be allowed to obscure the overwhelming evidence that American business as a whole has as a matter of policy used the services of the most despicable human species, the labor spy, to prevent "free" American workers from exercising their rights.

The list which has agitated the headlines is only an appendage of the final report of the committee, which spent eighteen months exploring the underworld of industrial espionage and has returned to warn the country, on the basis of volumes of evidence, that labor espionage, which has long since become an intrenched interest in its own right, threatens to undermine the very fabric of business itself. Three other reports will follow, covering industrial munitioning, strike-breaking and coercion, and the bloody story of Harlan County, Kentucky.

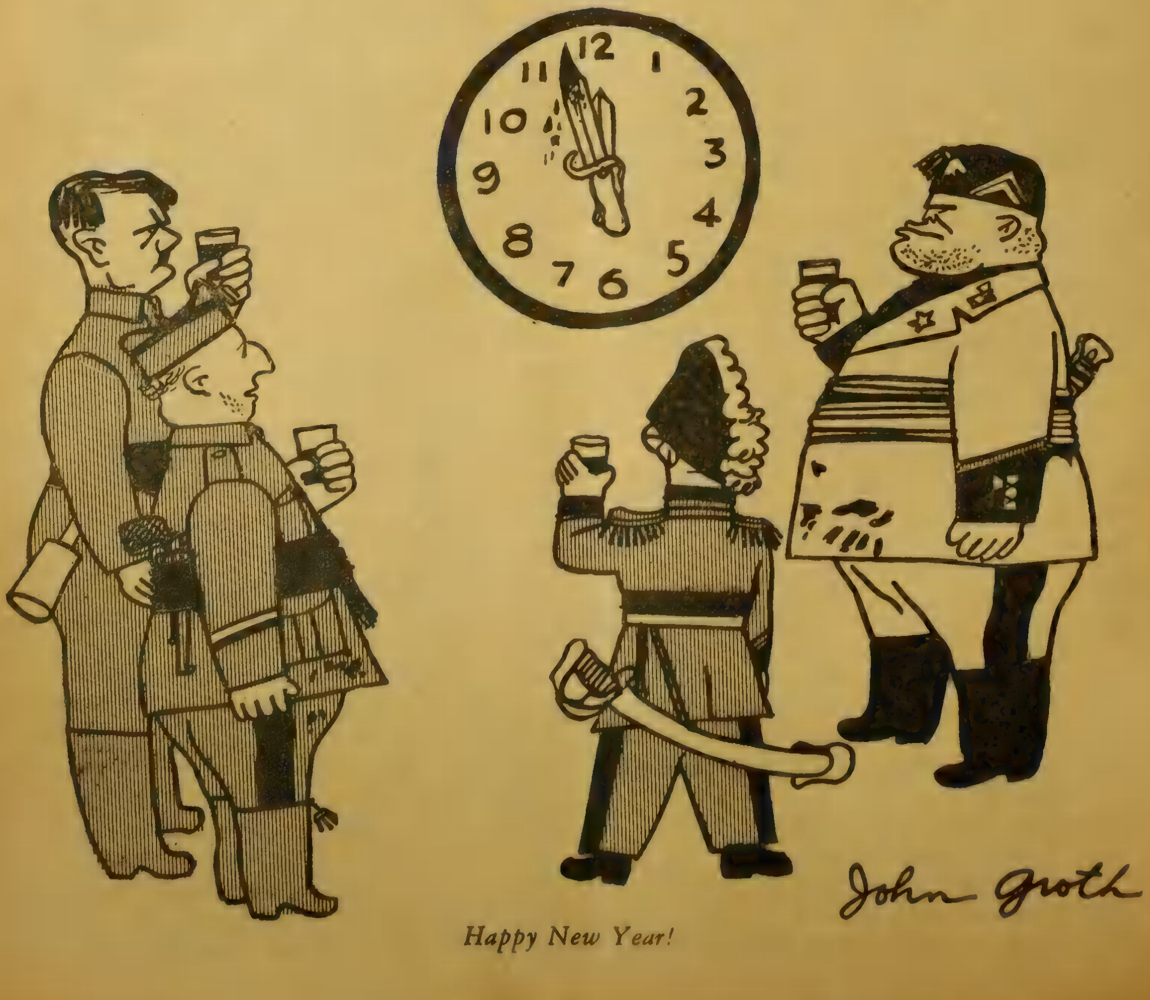
The present document tells a story, far too dramatic for fiction, in which the high tragedy of workers' lives and unions broken for pay comes out in the low-comedy language of illiterate spies, the half-men who are the tools of respectable business. And through it all runs the irony that this dim world of persecution and fear lies just behind the bright façade of American democracy and freedom and is for thousands the real world in which they must live and work. Listen to the lines of one "Red" Kuhl, as he becomes explicit about the technique of drawing workers into espionage:

> Well, first you look your prospect over, and if he is married that is preferable. If he is financially hard up, that is number two. If his wife wants more money, or he hasn't got a car, that all counts. And you go offer him this extra money; naturally you don't tell him what you want him for.

And here is the technique in operation on a human victim:

> *Mr. Kuhl:* No, sir. I don't know McNamara, but I helped lay the plans with W. H. Gray to hook him.
>
> *Senator La Follette:* What plans did you lay?
>
> *Mr. Kuhl:* Well, I found out where he lived. I found out the places that he visited, found out a little about his home life, and I gave this information to Gray.
>
> *Senator La Follette:* Was he a union man?
>
> *Mr. Kuhl:* He was a union man.
>
> *Senator La Follette:* What did you do?
>
> *Mr. Kuhl:* Gray and I drove down to his house, and I waited in the car until Gray went in and hooked him, and Gray told me, "A hundred per cent I've got him."

We have said that this world of persecution is for thousands their real world; but fortunately it can also be said that since the La Follette committee began its monumental investigation many of these thousands have been freed through organization in unions too strong to be corrupted by the termites of Pinkerton or Corporations Auxiliary. In automobiles the victory of the U. A. W. apparently put an end to espionage in General Motors, at least on its former scale, which had enriched the agencies to the tune of $829,765 in three years. It is known, however, that General Motors keeps well informed about the inner workings of the U. A. W. And for all the protestations of industry that it does not or will no longer employ spies, it should be clear that this practice is organic to American industry and that the only effective weapon against it is more and more unionization. Meanwhile not only labor but the public in general owes honor and praise to the La Follette committee for its courageous and uncompromising picture of an underworld that industry deliberately made.



Happy New Year!

"The Nation's" Honor Roll for 1937

FOR the tenth successive year *The Nation* offers a roster of Americans who either as individuals or as groups deserve the applause of their countrymen. In a world in which courage is at a premium they have been courageous; they have been intelligent when intelligence was sorely needed; in public affairs, journalism, or the arts they have made a contribution, by a particular act or by their general behavior, which is worthy of honorable notice.

THE YOUNG TURKS in Congress, some forty strong, led by MAURY MAVERICK of Texas, and including JERRY O'CONNELL of Montana, JOHN T. BERNARD and HENRY G. TEIGAN of Minnesota, THOMAS R. AMLIE and GERALD J. BOILEAU of Wisconsin, JOHN M. COFFEE of Washington, H. JERRY VOORHIS of California, and ROBERT G. ALLEN of Pennsylvania, for their courageous fight in the House against the principalities and powers of reaction.

SENATOR ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, JR., and SENATOR ELBERT D. THOMAS of the Senate Civil Liberties Committee, and their staff, for having written a new economic charter for American civil liberties.

HARRY L. HOPKINS, head of the WPA, for his fight against heavy odds to keep the destitute and unemployed from bearing the chief burden of government economy, and for his liberal influence in government counsels.

WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS, chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, for persisting—in the face of the drive against him and the commission—in his effort to use it as an instrument of control in reorganizing the stock market and safeguarding the interests of the investor.

WILLIAM E. DODD, for his protest against the sending of an American representative to the Nazi Party gathering at Nürnberg, and for a devotion to the democratic idea which has stood out among the bleak hypocrisies of our diplomacy.

GOVERNOR ELMER A. BENSON of Minnesota, for withdrawing the license of the Pinkerton Agency for industrial espionage, and for showing what a Farmer-Labor governor can do in furthering a program of social legislation; and GOVERNOR FRANK MURPHY of Michigan, for keeping his head during the automobile strike despite the enormous pressure exerted on him by business interests.

THE TEXTILE WORKERS' ORGANIZING COMMITTEE, headed by SIDNEY HILLMAN, for the intelligence and courage it has used in its campaign of organization, and especially for showing, for the first time in labor history, that a map of trade unionism does not have to omit the South.

THE UNITED AUTOMOBILE WORKERS' UNION and the TRANSPORT WORKERS' UNION, their officers and organizers, for winning brilliant labor victories and demonstrating that they are forces to be reckoned with.

THE AMERICAN LABOR PARTY of New York and its officers, for their skilful and perspicacious campaign in the New York City elections, which gave labor politics a new dignity and standing.

MORRIS L. ERNST and ROGER BALDWIN, for leading the fight against the Hague dictatorship in Jersey City; and NORMAN THOMAS, for being found in every danger spot where civil liberties are threatened in America.

JUDGE JULIAN W. MACK, of the Federal Circuit Court, for his decision in the Electric Bond and Share case, the climax of a distinguished career of judicial service, which has been marked by an equal grasp of the realities of economics and the meaning of law.

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS, of the American Civil Liberties Union, for his courageous investigation and report on the Ponce massacre in Porto Rico.

MEMBERS OF THE LINCOLN and WASHINGTON BATTALIONS, living and dead, who have fought in the International Brigade in Loyalist Spain for the defense of the cultural heritage common to all democratic peoples.

THE TOWN COUNCIL OF SOUTHBURY, CONNECTICUT, for setting an example of stubborn local opposition to the advance of the Nazi training camps in America.

SURGEON GENERAL THOMAS PARRAN, for heading the national fight against venereal diseases and breaking down the taboos which have until now surrounded them.

THE COMMITTEE OF 430, and its leaders, RUSSELL L. CECIL, JOHN P. PETERS, MILTON G. WINTERNITZ, and HUGH CABOT, who issued a medical Declaration of Independence from the bureaucracy and vested interests of the American Medical Association.

BISHOP FRANCIS J. MCCONNELL, for completing twenty-five years of work which have deeply affected the social teachings of the church.

CARDINAL MUNDELEIN for expressing the best elements of his church in his condemnation of the persecutions in Nazi Germany.

HERBERT L. MATTHEWS of the New York *Times* and JAMES M. MINIFIE of the New York *Herald Tribune*, for the sustained quality of their correspondence on the Spanish Civil War.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, for breaking the story of the Paramount newsreel on the Chicago Memorial Day massacre.

WENDELL M. STANLEY, for isolating and identifying certain viruses and establishing their nature as protein molecules, thus promising to do for viruses what Pasteur did for bacteria.

ROBERT S. and **HELEN M. LYND**, for their two books about Middletown—the second, published in the past year—which hold the mirror up to American life and show us what is changing in it and what is tenacious.

THURMAN ARNOLD, for the joyous and ironic detachment with which, in "The Folklore of Capitalism," he slaughters some of the most sacred of the sacred cows of a business man's society.

G. A. BORGESE, Italian exile in America, for the passion and insight of his depiction of fascism in "Goliath: The March of Fascism."

ERSKINE CALDWELL and **MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE**, for the text and photographs of "You Have Seen Their Faces," which brings an old and a new art together to illuminate the plight of the share-cropper.

MODERN AGE BOOKS and its president, **RICHARD S. CHILDS**, for their venture into the field of low-cost books, which has given progressive writers a new mass audience.

HENRY G. ALSBERG, for translating the talents of the WPA writers into the splendid "American Guide Series"; and **HALLIE FLANAGAN**, for helping to make a dramatic renaissance out of the theater projects of the WPA.

ORSON WELLES, for bringing a new talent and a remarkably fresh eye to the American theater, and especially for his production of "Julius Caesar."

MARC BLITZSTEIN, for "The Cradle Will Rock," which opens new reaches for the musical play as social satire.

PETER BLUME, for his canvas The Eternal City, which brings the best of the painting tradition to the anti-fascist cause.

JORIS IVENS and his associates, for filming and producing "Spanish Earth"; and **PARE LORENTZ** and the Farm Security Administration, for their documentary film, "The River."

The Loyalists Push Ahead

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Barcelona, December 13

THREE days ago sixty-one rebel airplanes went out to bomb and machine-gun the government's lines on the Aragon front. They were flying in broken formation. Seizing instantaneous advantage of this tactical blunder, forty republican fighters took to the air, and in a few minutes nine Nazi and Italian planes came hurtling to the ground, among them several new German Messerschmitts, which can do 375 miles an hour on the dive. The Loyalists lost one machine. Its pilot jumped out when its wings were punctured, and as he descended in his parachute the Fascist heroes machine-gunned him.

Aviation plays a decisive role in the Spanish war. On the northern front, and particularly in the Bilbao attack, the militiamen stuck to their trenches bravely while enemy bombers rained torpedoes and shrapnel on them ten, sometimes twenty, times a day. If on a morning following a raid they awoke to find the sky clear, their nerves cracked and they surrendered. They couldn't stand it another day. Franco has been on the offensive ever since the war started because he has had the planes and artillery with which to smash the republic's defense before sending his infantry to assault and capture. He has benefited, too, from the republic's green soldiery and bad officer cadres. These handicaps are being wiped out.

The north succumbed because it was politically unorganized and poorly supplied with airplanes. But since November, 1936, Franco has not recorded a single victory in the central core of Spain—except Malaga, which was practically handed to him last February by disloyal or incompetent generals. The government, on the other hand, launched the Brunete offensive in July, the Belchite attack in September, and now has captured Teruel.

The republican army is already 650,000 strong. More important, perhaps, than its mere size is the fact that 140,000 Loyalist soldiers are in the reserve. Until a short time ago all the government's trained men were in the line. This meant that if the rebels pushed hard against any given point it could only be reinforced at the expense of some other sector. Franco always had a reserve, or "army of maneuver" as Foch called it; it gave him the mobility which has characterized his campaigns. He could rush units from one front to another without endangering any of his positions. The government can match that now. During November and December only second-class brigades held the lines, while the best divisions were in the rear, resting or receiving more training.

Today a further factor intervenes to diminish Franco's initial superiority. The government is intensifying armament production, and in the last several months domestic output has begun to tell. The republic's factories are turning out 3,000 kilograms of powder a day. On April 1, according to plan, the government will make all the explosives it needs. The bulk of the Loyalist army's rifle and machine-gun ammunition and many of its shells are manufactured at home. The most encouraging development is in the field of airplane production. In December, 1937, the government's plants are yielding twenty-five fighting planes. These copies of the famous Soviet "Chatos" are as good as the Russian model, fly side by side with them, and are indistinguishable from them. The majority are piloted by young Spaniards, daring sometimes to the point of recklessness. By February, 1938, the Loyalist factories will be making two Chatos a day, and in March the daily output will be increased by one-half a Fokker pursuit machine and one-half a Fokker fighter, which carries a supply of light bombs. The factories have all the raw materials they require until June. Italy and Germany must seriously reduce their own aviation fleets to enable Franco to cope with this new Spanish armada of the air. "If we had 300 more planes we could win the war," a government leader said to me the other afternoon. In six or seven months, losses subtracted, he will probably have them.

All the time, however, the Fascist invaders continue to pour in more men and war material of ever better quality. Germany, especially, is using Spain as a testing ground for new arms equipment. The Reichswehr, moreover, has had a huge personnel turnover in Spain. A maximum number of its officers serve their apprenticeship in the "little war." The Germans are relatively few in number but their penetration is the more insidious. It extends, too, to Portugal and Morocco. Mussolini wanted to finish the war by a crushing blow immediately after the northern front collapsed, and his assistance was correspondingly augmented. Yet the end is nowhere in sight. The war will probably go on until 1939.

The Spanish conflict has thus become a strange and revealing historic phenomenon. Actually the Spanish Republic is fighting half of Spain, Germany, and Italy single-handed. The U. S. S. R. saved it between October, 1936, and May, 1937, when, deserted by its armed forces and caught unprepared, it would but for foreign aid have fallen an easy prey to world fascism. At present the Spanish people have mobilized their resources and men and pursue the battle with mounting vigor and enthusiasm.

This proves two things: first, a united people, defending its independence and inspired, above all, by a faith in social change no longer deferrable, is difficult to conquer. Second, fascism is weak. Something must be pretty rotten in Francoland if he has not been able to win with all the help the Fascists have lent him. Terror will establish "order," but it cannot compel loyalty. The wholly Moorish or Italian garrisons of rebel towns are arousing resentment. Lately more and more authentic reports tell of hostility between Falange Fascists and Monarchists. This friction reflects the dilemma of Franco's foreign relations. German and Italian aid has failed to bring him final triumph. There is an alternative combination—England and monarchy. That would spell his doom, yet circumstances may force him to try it. The little *Caudillo,* or Führer, has announced that he proposes to return a Bourbon prince to the Spanish throne, and the Duke of Alba and other land-owning royalists are back in favor.

Winston Churchill several weeks ago wrote in the London *Evening Standard* that since the legal government was strong in its territory and Franco in his, both factions ought to unite under a king. Churchill's genius ruins his common sense. A child in politics could remind him that Alfonso XIII departed, unmourned, after a peaceful municipal election. The monarchy has few friends. The Falange is as anti-monarchist as the Loyalists, and if Franco betrayed it and Italy and Germany as well, his life would not be worth much. Meanwhile, in any case, Franco's monarchist pronouncements and the rise of the discarded feudal gentry to greater power must provoke the suspicion and ire of the Fascists and of the innumerable republicans in rebel Spain. This situation probably accounts, in part, for the postponement of the rebel offensive which Franco began to advertise as imminent immediately after the fall of the Asturias in October, and which, he said, would finish the war in short notice. Queipo de Llano, the broadcasting Seville general, has been saying that he understands "the impatience which the brevity of the official military communiqués provokes in the souls of my listeners. Let them be patient. The hour of the deliverance of all Spain is perhaps nearer than one would suppose." Maybe. This pronouncement, with others like it, indicates that the rebels are worried by the war fatigue of their subjects. Several times Franco has promised an early peace. The French government obtained access a few weeks ago to German secret-service reports from Salamanca. Since then it takes a more optimistic view of Loyalist prospects.

There was every reason for Franco to try to strike a decisive blow. The moment Gijon fell he concentrated all his man-power, artillery, and air force in eastern, central, and southern Spain. That did not take more than two weeks. Germany and Italy are eager to see the end. If they swallow Spain, Germany will be free to launch the next adventure, Czechoslovakia, Austria—but who can guess? The expense of prolonged intervention in Spain, moreover, weighs heavily upon Italy. Fighting goes on in Abyssinia. Protest strikes and a revolt in Sicily are the new Roman Empire's first harvest.

France has now adopted a definitely pro-Loyalist policy. It is worried about its imperial lines of communication with North Africa and fears being surrounded by fascist aggressor states. The Cagoulard affair showed even the extreme pro-rebel right that foreign fascist influence is not limited to Iberia. The new French stand strengthens the Spanish Republic and raises the price of intervention for Germany and Italy. Poor Spain is sapping the vitality of world fascism. Should China resist as long as Spain has, the international outlook would grow much brighter. Russia, France, and England are helping China with arms. If the non-fascist, status quo, pacifist nations got together, the unholy triple alliance of territory-grabbing pirates could be stopped. Spain's heroic fight has made this a concrete possibility.

The Spanish people are paying heavily for the privilege of fighting the world's battle against fascism, paying not merely in dead, wounded, and captured, in the daily nervous strain, and in destroyed wealth, but in unrelieved undernourishment. This is serious, and here at least outside friends can do something. The government has large funds, but if the war is to last another year, food imports must be curtailed so that arms and materials for making arms can be bought abroad. Franco has been receiving credits from big American and British companies. The democratically elected government, however, meets its bills in cash. It is forced to economize, and the population suffers.

Public Housing Today

BY MARQUIS CHILDS

EVEN to approach the problem of low-cost housing, however objectively, is to become confused by the tangled thicket of controversy that has grown up around this vital question. Any appraisal of what has been done in the past is almost certain to be clouded by a fog of factional argument. And certainly the future of housing is jeopardized by the bitterness that has been engendered over what is a fundamental reform. But because the situation is changing so rapidly it is important to try to analyze the failure of the New Deal, up to the present, to provide mass low-cost housing.

What has been done, it is obvious, merely demonstrates that government can build adequate houses and apartments with generous subsidies. The achievement thus far is no more than a salesman's sample, as those concerned with past housing programs readily acknowledge. Only about 30,000 dwelling units have been built during the past four and a half years. PWA's housing division built 21,800 units in large apartment houses in major cities of the country. The Resettlement Administration has completed or will soon complete 5,995 units of the "farmstead" type and 2,133 units in three suburban projects. Measured against the need this is nothing. In New York City alone it is conservatively estimated that 500,000 families live in substandard dwellings. And New York is no exception among the cities of America.

Why is it that with millions of words about housing from every conceivable source, the New Deal has failed so conspicuously in this department? The first and most obvious reason, of course, is that until the Wagner-Steagall Act there was no direct attempt to build low-cost dwellings. Before the Wagner Act housing was confused with relief, with the problem of stranded farmers, with public works. It attempted to sneak in by the back door, and if anything is clear as a result of past experience it is that this is impossible. Yet private capital cannot build for the underprivileged third of the population. Government must do the job.

When the public-works program was first assigned to him, under an act that referred in a few words to the construction of low-cost houses, Secretary of the Interior Ickes attempted to encourage limited-dividend housing projects, to be built with government loans up to 80 per cent of the value of the project. It was soon apparent that this method was impractical, and Mr. Ickes switched to a system of direct subsidies, ultimately fixed at 45 per cent of the total cost, paid out of relief funds at his disposal. But it was still a question whether these subsidized apartments were to be built by PWA's own housing division or under the supervision of local housing authorities. And it is this issue of centralization versus decentralization which divides housing advocates today into two hostile camps.

By Georges Schreiber

Secretary Ickes

So far as Mr. Ickes's public record goes, he has been in favor of a decentralized program for a long time. But he insisted in his early dealings with the two or three housing authorities then in existence that the PWA act left him no alternative but to construct those projects, houses as well as bridges and dams, sought by communities that lacked sufficient funds to provide collateral for government loans. He had a long and acrimonious dispute with the Housing Authority in New York City. Officials there resented Mr. Ickes's suspicion of the honesty of the community. In his turn the federal Administrator charged the New York Authority with inefficiency and delay, the very accusations that had been brought against the PWA Housing Division during preliminary preparations for the Williamsburg project. On both sides there was complete distrust.

Mr. Ickes tried the method of centralization for four years, and as is now generally recognized, it proved inadequate. The very fact that the federal government was in charge raised not only land costs but construction costs. Long delays contributed to the mounting costs as prices of building materials advanced from depression lows. Scrupulously insistent on approving each project, each contract, Mr. Ickes found that his desk became inevitably a bottleneck impeding the flow of the vast amount of documentation necessary in such a large-scale job, and this despite the fact that he worked to the point of exhaustion month in and month out.

There were long and harassing delays over the acquisition of sites for the approved projects. The right of the federal government to condemn land for housing was finally challenged, and a Circuit Court of Appeals ruled that the Housing Division did not have such power. It was a serious blow and for a time threatened to paralyze not only the public-works program but other New Deal activities. Confronted with this obstacle, PWA had to call upon local authorities to acquire sites. (The courts of New York and Kentucky had previously upheld the right of those states to condemn land for housing, and since then there have been similar decisions in other states.) Legal action was not the only cause of delay. When purchasing agents for PWA's Housing Division came into a locality, land prices were immediately pushed up if word of the presence of these benefactors from Washington got out. Various stratagems had to be employed if the government was not to pay four or five times the value of the land. In Washington the confusion of motives that made housing merely incidental to the vaster problem of relief constantly hampered the work of the Housing Division. Twice after allocations had been decided upon and projects had been approved, relief emergencies arose and funds were suddenly withdrawn from PWA.

Given comparatively high land costs, high building costs, and a subsidy of only 45 per cent of the total, it was inevitable that rentals would have to be placed at a figure beyond the budget of slum dwellers. The rent at the Techwood project in Atlanta is $7.39 a room a month, at Parklawn in Milwaukee, $7.46; and even though it is argued that these rents, with services included, are equivalent to the average charge of $5 a room in a large city tenement, they are too high. That is why Nathan Straus, the new head of the Housing Authority created by the Wagner Act, acted to write off $134,000,000 of the government's investment in PWA housing; an investment that was represented by the loans, up to 55 per cent of the total, advanced to finance housing projects. Only with this written off, according to Mr. Straus, could the PWA projects, under the terms of the Wagner Act, become real low-rent housing, with average rentals of $5, $5.50, and $6 a room.

In accordance with the terms of the Wagner Act Mr. Straus has based his program on the principle of decentralization. He has called in representatives of housing authorities in about thirty states and has encouraged them to submit detailed applications at the earliest possible moment by earmarking funds for them for a limited time. He has conferred at length with these local officials and sought the aid of several of the most capable members of PWA's housing staff, as well as of others outside the old set-up. The local authorities have gone home to prepare their plans, and Mr. Straus is optimistic that final allocations can be approved by the President within a relatively short time. Mr. Straus's associates profess to be unafraid of the possibilities of graft inherent in granting localities so large a degree of autonomy. There will be graft, they say, but it will be small and, in comparison with the gain in speed and cheapness of construction, unimportant.

It would be foolish, of course, to assume that this shift of policy will remove all obstacles. Mr. Straus faces an extremely difficult task. For one thing, the local housing authorities have to a certain extent become indifferent as a result of their long enforced inactivity. Having no function, they lapsed into lifelessness. To revive these bodies will not be easy. Mr. Straus did not make his task any less difficult by appointing a labor adviser from the ranks of the American Federation of Labor, thereby immediately precipitating a C. I. O.–A. F. of L. quarrel. It will take all his tact and all his energy to push through his program within anything like the period that is now being suggested.

Certainly Mr. Straus should be allowed to make a test of his method unhampered by sniping from the centralization school. His friends in New York and Washington believe that from the first moment of his appointment he has been the victim of a campaign of persecution, and behind this campaign they see the figure of Mr. Ickes himself. This, it is scarcely necessary to add, Mr. Ickes denies, though it is no secret that he opposed the appointment of Mr. Straus. The quarrel between them goes back to the ancient dispute between PWA's Housing Division and the New York Authority, of which Mr. Straus was formerly a member. And it involves practically everyone who has even the vaguest ideas about housing. That there has been a campaign to discredit Mr. Straus no one can doubt. Certain newspapers have printed a series of articles dwelling on his unfitness, suggesting that he will speedily hang himself, and in general preparing the way for his early exit. Senator Vandenberg was provided with ammunition for use against Mr. Straus's Hillside housing project, ammunition which apparently was all wet, for the Senator backed down as soon as Mr. Straus appeared before the committee considering his fitness. Shortly afterward the Senate confirmed Mr. Straus.

Mr. Ickes now takes a position of calm detachment. He will not, he has made it clear, participate in any way in the Straus program, even though the Wagner Act gives him, as Public Works Administrator, "general supervision" over the new Housing Authority. It is apparently his private conviction that Mr. Straus is bound to fail, and he will not shed any tears about it. That his attitude may delay a real start on a program of low-cost housing is also apparently no concern of his. If his employees have been campaigning against Mr. Straus, he will discipline them. Further than that he will not go.

Mr. Straus's supporters are extremely bitter. Too often they talk about the future in terms of past failures and past feuds. If there is something wrong with Hillside, something far worse, they suggest, is wrong with PWA's purchase of the Anacostia site in the District of Columbia. It is possible that an investigation might show irregularities; it might show that prices paid for land were too high. That has been a persistent rumor in Washington for many months. But it is certain that an investigation at this time would discredit the cause of low-cost housing by government, whatever else it might accomplish. Anyone who continues to foment this quarrel, on either side, is deliberately impeding action that has been disastrously delayed. To continue to berate Mr. Ickes for his failure to decentralize the housing program is worse than futile. To try to discredit Mr. Straus, from whatever motive, is stupid. He has been appointed, he has been confirmed, he has powerful friends in Washington and New York. Obviously he cannot be blasted out of office without serious damage to the program he has undertaken. What is more, the campaign against him will serve as an excellent alibi if he fails. He can say, and with a sufficient show of facts to make his case plausible, that he was seriously hampered in starting his program by the jealous factionalism and obstructionist tactics of rival bureaucrats.

Mr. Straus has frankly recognized the serious handicaps that must be overcome if low-cost dwellings are to be built under the new law. The major one is the provision in the act that local housing authorities must put up 10 per cent of the capital cost of a project. Most of the cities are so broke that they would be hard put to find 1 per cent. But they can find, or at least Mr. Straus is of the opinion that they can find, their share of the annual subsidy which under the law is to represent the difference between the economic rent and the social rent. It is here that Mayor LaGuardia enters the controversy raging around Mr. Straus. He has proposed that the 10 per cent be raised from private sources by bonds that would be issued against a first mortgage on the completed project. Mr. Straus has replied, rightly it would seem, that it is unreasonable to jeopardize the government's 90 per cent stake and the implied guaranty of low rentals in order to induce private business to put up 10 per cent. It is possible, Mr. Straus has intimated, that a legislative remedy must be sought.

Mayor LaGuardia's refusal to allow representatives of the New York Housing Authority to attend the Straus conferences, intended as a spectacular gesture, appeared merely petulant. If the Mayor expected to make political capital from this gesture, he must have been bitterly disappointed. In the old days Mayor LaGuardia berated Mr. Ickes and his semicolon boys; now he turns his fire on Mr. Straus. On the horizon is 1940, and Mr. Ickes and the Mayor find themselves in the same camp.

The funds made available under the Wagner Act will allow hardly more than a good start. With the total amount named in the bill, $526,000,000, optimistic persons estimate that not more than 150,000 dwelling units can be constructed, and only $300,000,000 of this sum is available in the first two years that the act is operative. This is not a time for factional dissension. All persons interested in the problem must unite if housing is to be anything more than a word badly abused by different sets of politicians.

Greek Tragedy and Modern Politics

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

ONE of the recurring motifs of Greek tragedy is the hero's deeper involvement in his fate through his very efforts to extricate himself from it. Thus in the Oedipus cycle the father of Oedipus is warned that his son will kill him. To avert this fate he exposes the new-born infant to the weather, but the boy is rescued by a kindly shepherd, and is brought to maturity by a foster-father, whom he regards as his real father. Fearful of becoming guilty of his supposed father's death, the youth flees from home, only to come into deadly encounter with his real father on the way. In the same manner the sons of Oedipus seek to avoid the curse which their father has pronounced upon them by ruling their kingdom alternately, a policy which leads to civil war and the very consequence of mutual destruction which they sought to avoid.

The modern international situation offers abundant proof of the profound insight into human tragedy of the Greek dramatists. They were not writing melodrama but were interpreting history, including that of modern times. The history of our era seems to move in tragic circles, strangely analogous to those presented symbolically in Greek tragedy. The democratic nations of the world are involving themselves more inexorably in world catastrophe by their very efforts to avert or to avoid it.

The political tension of the modern world is created by the aggressive attitude of the so-called have-not nations, the hungry powers, which happen also to be the fascist powers. The defenders of the status quo are the more or less satisfied nations, which happen also to be the protagonists of democracy.

History does not justify simple moral judgments. To regard the democratic nations as "good" because they are seeking to preserve peace does not mean that we can hold them guiltless in their relation to the whole chain of vicious circles which constitutes recent history. The fury of the hungry nations is partly the evil fruit of the vindictiveness of the victorious nations. The fact that the defenders of the status quo are also the defenders of democracy reveals the ambiguous character of the struggle. Nevertheless, we may forget the past for the moment and record only the obvious fact that the fascist powers, chiefly Japan, Germany, and Italy, have forms of government which can exist only by threat and aggression. Their whole economy is subordinated to their military objectives and can justify itself only if it can achieve imperial aims commensurate with their desperate martial preparations.

Yet none of these nations want a major war. All are too poor to bear the burden of a long conflict. What they want is to be left alone by the powerful nations while they devour lesser nations in their vicinity. Thus Japan is at war with China. But it is a war into which it would not have dared to venture if it had not known that the democratic powers would not interfere. Italy hopes to gain virtual control of Spain and has further African ambitions. Germany's immediate objective is Czechoslovakia, then probably Austria, and a semi-political, semi-economic Danubian empire, to which Czechoslovakia and Austria are the gateways.

The economic weakness of the fascist powers determines their diplomacy. They bluff the dominant powers into acquiescence to their still minor military exploits by threatening to involve the world in war if their objectives are not granted. They can afford to engage in these bluffs because they do not have to consider the public fear of war which places a check upon the maneuvers of statesmen in democratic nations. It is, for instance, a fairly well-established fact that when Germany militarized the Rhineland it averted French and English intervention by threatening to retaliate with a terrible aerial bombardment. Germany knew very well at that time that it was not prepared for a war against France and England. But an after-us-the-deluge recklessness proved to be a successful type of diplomacy. It is, in fact, this "gangster" diplomacy which has obtained one diplomatic triumph after another for the fascist nations. It would of course be naive to distinguish this type of diplomacy too sharply from that traditionally engaged in by all the nations, for diplomacy has never lacked this element of bluff. Nevertheless, governments less obviously constructed for a desperate hour and with some sense of responsibility for the future, whether they be democratic or monarchial, are embarrassed by inhibitions which the new dictatorships lack completely.

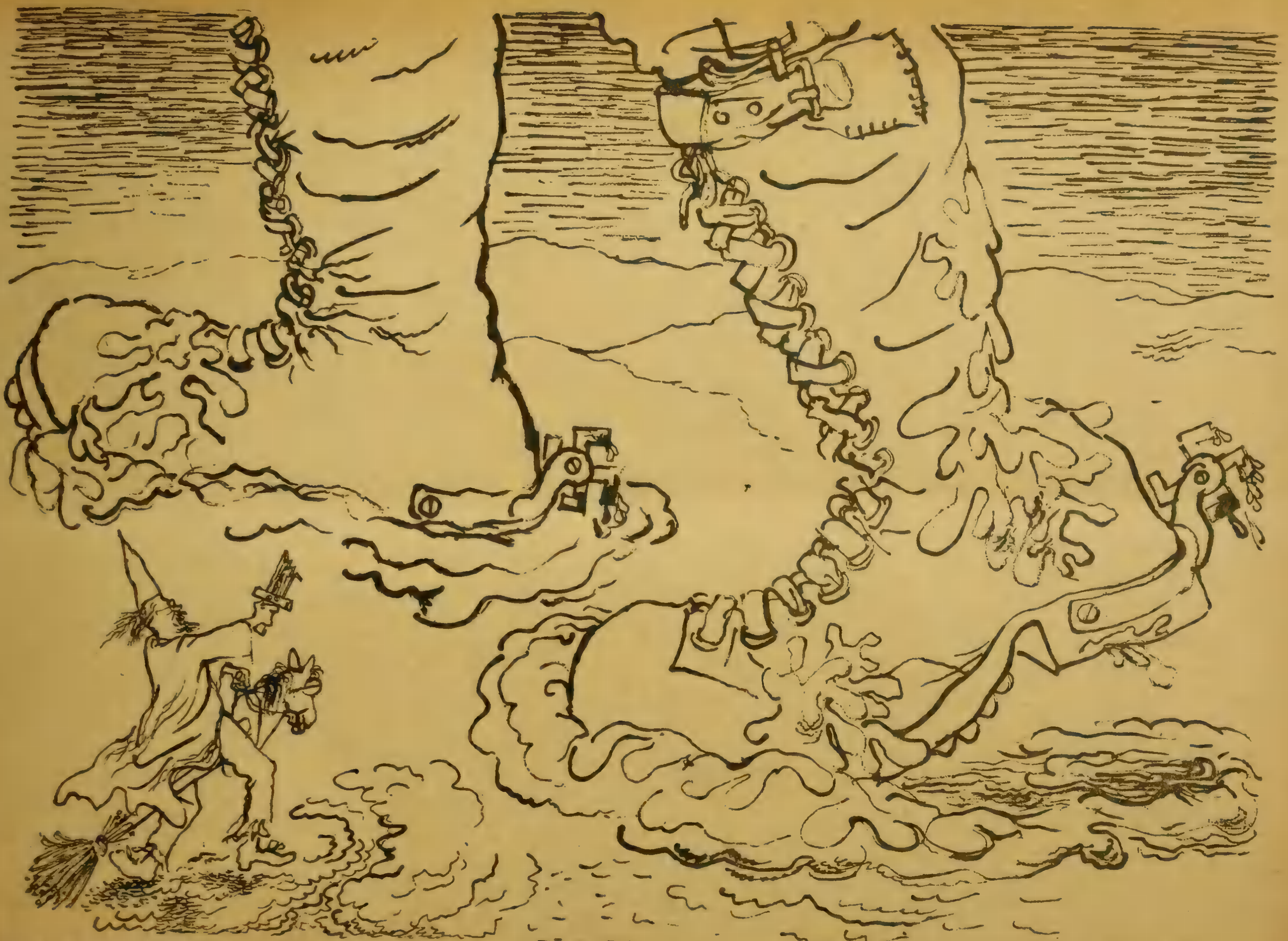
Two recent events prove how successfully fascist diplomacy still functions. The Brussels conference was called to see what could be done about Japanese aggression in China. It adopted a vigorous resolution of condemnation but could do no more than that. It was, in fact, such a dismal failure that the question arises why the powers allowed it to be called at all; for the impotence of the democratic nations is obvious enough without advertising it through the breakdown of a world conference. Probably it was called because Britain and the United States hoped to maneuver each other into taking the lead in some kind of action. Each was willing to follow the lead of the other, but neither was willing to accept the risks of leadership.

In the conversations between Lord Halifax and Hitler, prompted by the world situation but obviously centering in the problem of Czechoslovakia, it is not known exactly what was said, but it is fairly certain that the conversations did not change the relations between Germany and Britain. Britain would like to dissuade Germany from the ventures it seems bound to make in Central Europe by offering various minor compensations. But the one thing it will not do is to declare that it will support France in opposition to Germany if Germany invades Czechoslovakia or destroys it by fomenting a rebellion of the German minority. Just as in 1914, Britain wishes to reserve its decision. The tragedy is that because of this very uncertainty the Germans will probably be tempted to make their venture, hoping for British neutrality. But it is also highly probable that Britain will have to come into the struggle just as it did in 1914. Germany's dream of a Mitteleuropa has disquieting similarities to the old Berlin-to-Bagdad imperial thrust. Britain's only alternative to war would be to come to terms with Germany and Italy in a kind of imperial partnership in which the junior partners would accept their subordinate position only so long as they felt themselves not yet ready to kick the senior partner out. Nothing is clearer, in short, than that the desperate effort of Britain to stay out of a Continental war will help to precipitate a conflict in which it must inevitably become involved once the war is begun.

Just as Britain tries to make itself believe that it does not belong to the Continent, we in the United States try to make ourselves believe that we do not belong to the world. We could stay out of a world conflict a little longer than Britain, just as we did in 1914, but not much longer. Fearing to be drawn in ourselves, we shall contribute by our irresponsibility toward world affairs to an overt expression of the world's anarchy in which we must become involved. The tragic circle will be completed for both Great Britain and America. France, more desperate and contemplating the prospect of being reduced to an insignificant role in European affairs, is undoubtedly more ready to act than the other nations. But it will be throwing discretion to the winds if it acts without previous pledges of support from its former allies. It may do this; a desperate action on the part of France may actually precipitate the world war. But for the moment French diplomacy is securely tied to the apron strings of the British Foreign Office.

Why are the democratic nations so tragically committed to this dance of death? One answer is that the democratic nations are also the great capitalistic nations. Their economic power, which alone would be sufficient, if artfully applied, to stop the fascist ventures, is not wholly on the side of democracy, or even wholly on the side of the imperial interests of these nations. A social war happens to cross the international conflict just as it did in the days when Athens and Sparta fought for the hegemony of Greece. The dominant financial groups in the democratic nations are afraid that a too vigorous stand against the fascist powers will lead to the spread of communism. At the same time the mystery surrounding Russia and the fear that its perpetual purges indicate some serious loss of inner cohesion and morale have contributed to France's undue dependence upon Britain.

Class interests tend to create centers of sympathy for fascism in every democratic nation. Since democracy is a potential peril to every privileged class, this is not altogether surprising. But it is strange that the dominant economic groups should be such poor defenders of their imperial interests. In Britain Winston Churchill upbraided the government in the closing days of the last Parliament for allowing Franco to mount guns leveled at Gibraltar; and Lloyd George inquired, in the opening days of the new Parliament, whether Spanish guns on



Courtesy of the Black Sun Press

The Voice of Reason

Drawing by George Grosz

the coast were not a menace to British ships in the Mediterranean. When the ministry answered that the ships could be protected by smoke screens, Lloyd George taunted the government for leaning upon so slender a reed. "We have become," said a leader of the Labor Party facetiously, "the champions of empire against the Tories." These incidents reveal to what degree the interests of a ruling class have become incompatible with the total interests of the empire which it built and upon which it must rely for its continuance.

Perhaps this incompatibility spells the doom of the British Empire. For, while the interests of a ruling oligarchy are never wholly compatible with the total interests of the nation or empire, complete incompatibility is an omen of decay and death. It is this contradiction between imperial interests and Tory class interests which alone makes explicable the duplicity and deviousness of British policy in regard to Spain. Britain does not want the Loyalists to win because its capitalistic interests would suffer if Spain had a radical government; it does not want Franco to win because Italian imperialism would thereby be fastened on the Iberian Peninsula. Hence the British Foreign Office equivocates with endless non-intervention proposals, each more transparently dishonest than the last.

It would be erroneous, however, to attribute the ineptitude of the democratic powers wholly to the influence of the capitalistic groups within these nations. Democracy itself it at a disadvantage in dealing with dictators. It is not easy to convince the general public that the risk involved in calling the bluff of the dictators is a justified risk. The general electorate can hardly be expected to have a clear understanding of the nation's fateful involvement in the total world problem. In America, for instance, any scheme of collective security would probably be opposed more vigorously by a Middle Western farmer than by an Eastern banker.

The general public not only does not see the total picture which alone can justify the risks democratic nations must take, but gives itself to moralistic illusions about the nature of politics. It fondly hopes that generosity toward dictators will assuage their appetites, instead of merely giving them occasion for regarding "liberal" democracy as a craven and corrupt form of government which they have a mission to destroy. The saintly George Lansbury, erstwhile leader of the British Labor Party, is the perfect symbol of this moral hope. He thinks that he can dissolve the dynamics of fascism by personal conferences with Hitler and Mussolini. Norman Davis expressed a somewhat similar moralism when he voiced the hope at the Brussels conference that a way would be found to settle international disputes without force.

Since politics in general and international politics in particular spell a contest of power in which moral arguments alone have never dissuaded a nation from a desired course of action, this simple moralism of the democratic peoples represents a rather naive application of principles drawn from the observation of individual behavior to the problem of collective behavior. This is a natural error of individuals who have made no careful study of and have no direct contact with the problems of statecraft. In the present moment it serves some of the ruling oligarchies very well. During the Italian-Ethiopian crisis the do-nothing policy of the Tories was admirable supported by the pacifist hopes of labor and the church people. Thus an illusion of the democratic classes serves to accentuate the equivocation of the plutocratic classes in our modern democracies.

In one sense the simple moralism of the democratic nations is not so much the illusion of untutored individuals as the error of a whole culture. All the democratic nations are informed by cultural presuppositions which had their rise in eighteenth-century rationalism. This rationalism attributes human wrongdoing to ignorance and holds to the implicit or explicit hope that a general advance of human knowledge will eliminate human conflict by "inculcating in all men the same principles of virtue and goodness," to quote Auguste Comte, the philosopher of positivism. This whole culture analyzes the facts of human nature falsely and fails to understand the organic relation between reason and passion or reason and interest. Its mistakes are particularly apparent in its analysis of collective behavior, but it is equally mistaken in its estimate of individuals. The fact is that even individuals are more persistently egotistic and use their cultural and spiritual achievements as instruments of egotism more generally than the culture of modernity realizes.

It is significant that the fascist nations have broken with this "liberal" culture as completely as they have rejected democratic politics. Broadly speaking, they follow Nietzsche's romantic glorification of power as self-justifying. Having disavowed the nation's responsibility for any so-called "universal" values, they feel able to destroy the last vestiges of a universal European culture without a qualm of conscience. Their unqualified rejection of universal values in history leads to a cruel nihilism, just as the too simple moralism, rationalism, and universalism of the "liberal" nations lead them into hypocrisy in assessing their own actions and ambitions, and to false hopes when they estimate the probable actions of their opponents.

History would add a cruel irony to the tragedy of the self-destruction of modern democracies if it developed that what is still left of a universal culture and an ordered civilization could not protect itself against moral nihilism and political anarchy because a liberal civilization had assessed the weight of morality in politics too highly. All political justice is achieved by coercing the anarchy of collective self-interest into some kind of decent order by the most attainable balance of power. Such a balance, once achieved, can be stabilized, embellished, and even, on occasion, perfected by more purely moral considerations. But there has never been a scheme of justice in history which did not have a balance of power at its foundation. If the democratic nations fail, their failure must be partly attributed to the faulty strategy of idealists who have too many illusions when they face realists who have too little conscience. The false strategy will not be derived purely from the illusions of the idealists about their foes but from their illusions about themselves.

It may still be possible for the democracies to escape the vicious circle in which they are caught. But their economic structure as capitalistic nations, their political structure as democratic nations, and their liberal cultural inheritance, all seem to combine to fasten diplomatic ineptitude upon them as an ineluctable fate. They may still have enough power to win a war in which they are involving themselves by trying to avoid it. But they certainly cannot avert the catastrophe which they seek to avoid. They may save themselves in the end, but they seem unable to save civilization.

Only the Cows Are Contented

BY ALAN BARTH

TO PRODUCE milk from contented cows it is necessary to milk the cows twice daily, feed them generously in the months when they are not turned out to pasture, shelter them in spacious barns, and clean the barns carefully every morning. Dairy farmers do this by starting work at 3:30 or 4 a. m. and finishing with the night milking at 6:30 or 7. For these hours of labor they pay their hired hands about $20 a month, plus board and lodging. If they are lucky, they also pay board and lodging to themselves.

However contented the cows may be with this regime, the dairy farmers are exceedingly discontented. They observe that the milk they produce is sold in New York City at about three times the price they get for it. For fifty years they have been fighting the milk dealers for a larger share of the proceeds. They have formed innumerable cooperatives, associations, leagues, and unions, and they have staged an almost continuous series of milk strikes. The strike which is now being carried on by the farmers of the New York City milkshed is under the banner of a new organization, the Dairy Farmers' Union.

When industrial workers strike, they refuse to work. When farmers strike, they go right on working and merely refuse to be paid. The distinction makes a strike peculiarly difficult for farmers to sustain. In the special case of dairy farmers the difficulty is aggravated by the perishable nature of their product. The cows cannot be left unmilked; the milk cannot be kept for more than forty-eight hours. Dairy farmers must either sell their milk or sell their cows.

The choice is a hard one. It has made the milk strike more bitter and destructive than any other kind of strike. When dairy farmers who are withholding their product from the dealers see neighbors continuing to deliver milk at prices boosted by their own sacrifice, they are sometimes moved to violence. They raid delivery trucks and dump their neighbors' milk or pour kerosene into it. The loss is taken, not by the dealers, but by the individual farmers. The result is a ruthless sort of civil war, neighbor fighting neighbor.

It is pathetically futile, this strife among the embattled farmers. They cannot hope by such methods to beat the dealers, whose financial powers of endurance are far greater than their own. Recognizing this fact, the Dairy Farmers' Union has organized a strike which deviates from the customary pattern. It calls its method milk diversion. Although it pickets the plants of dealers who refuse to sign with it, it discourages violence, and it insists that its members withhold their milk from the picketed plants only when it is possible for them to deliver their milk to union plants instead. At the same time it is trying to induce independent dealers who will sign union contracts to open new plants, and to divert the flow of milk to these. This is slower and less dramatic than the usual strike technique, but it saves the farmers from bankruptcy and permits the union to gain strength gradually.

In many localities there are no plants save those of Sheffield and the Dairymen's League, both of which are fighting the union. This is because the League and to a lesser extent Sheffield have followed a policy of buying up independents and closing their creameries. In the whole of Otsego County, for example, where there are fifteen League and Sheffield plants, there is not a single independent fluid-milk creamery. In Oneida County farmers have pooled their resources to build a creamery of their own and have contracted with an independent dealer to buy its output. In Schoharie County business men have joined farmers in trying to bring new creameries into several of the dairy centers. The business men realize that their own prosperity depends on a decent income for the farmers.

Twenty-eight plants have now signed contracts with the union. This is a tiny percentage of the total number required to handle the tremendous supply of milk in New York State, but it does indicate that some of the big company plants have been shut down and that a great deal of milk which formerly went to others has been successfully diverted. The real problem of the Dairy Farmers' Union is to break up the middleman monopoly and reintroduce free competition into the dealer field.

The big three among the milk dealers in New York are Sheffield, Borden, and the Dairymen's League. They constitute what is commonly called the "milk trust," and they used to be referred to as a combination in restraint of trade. Now and then there was even disagreeable talk about invoking the anti-trust laws against them. But all that belongs to the past. They may still constitute a milk trust; but now it is strictly, slickly legitimate.

This bit of legal legerdemain was made possible by New York State's latest milk law, the Rogers-Allen Act, passed last summer. This law provides for a joint bargaining agency which will fix the prices for milk paid to the producers by the dealers within the New York City milkshed. It sets aside the federal and state laws against monopoly to permit both dealers and producers to bargain collectively. Seemingly, this is fair enough. But there's a catch. Producers' representatives, under the act, are chosen through the producers' cooperatives. Now the largest cooperative is the Dairymen's League. Twenty years ago when it was fighting Borden and Sheffield the League was a very useful instrument to the farmer. But it is fighting them no longer. Today it sells about 80 per cent of its milk to Borden, contracting, in fact, to supply all the milk which the Borden Company requires. In addition, it engages prominently in the distributing business on its own account and owns a great number of milk depots, creameries, and conversion plants. It has become big business, identified with the dealers rather than with the producers in interest. Its members receive even less for their milk than the farmers who sell to Sheffield. Another "producers'" cooperative is the Sheffield Producers' Cooperative Association, a quite unglorified company union which all farmers who sell their milk to Sheffield must join. These two associations pick representatives for the bargaining agency. With the exception of a number of small, bona fide cooperatives, they make up the whole producer representation on the agency. Borden and Sheffield obviously dominate the dealer side of the representation, and through their control of the two principal cooperatives manage to sit on both sides of the board.

The Rogers-Allen Act has another aspect which will bear even closer watching. It provides for the establishment of milk prices on a classification basis. Classification is determined according to the use the dealers decide to make of the milk. Each classification has a different price, the highest price being paid for Class I, which is milk to be sold in fluid form. The farmers have no voice whatever in determining the classification. Until they receive their checks from the dealers at the end of the month they have no way of reckoning how much they will receive, because they have no way of knowing into what classes the dealers will divide their raw product. Their cost of production, of course, remains the same. The farmer's income from milk must be viewed in this light since only about 40 per cent of all milk produced is sold to consumers in fluid form. The rest is converted into ice cream, cheese, butter, condensed milk, evaporated milk, and a variety of other products. Borden and Sheffield are fond of issuing elaborate statements to show what percentage of the consumer's milk dollar goes to the farmer. They neglect to state that their breakdown applies only to milk sold in Class I and therefore gives no indication of what the farmer receives for all the milk he sells.

Consumer organizations, headed by the Milk Consumers' Protective Committee, are warring now against high milk prices. Borden and Sheffield raised the retail price one cent a quart in November. Since last June the retail price has gone up three cents. The successive boosts have been explained as attributable to a milk shortage—which means the dairy farmers' strike. But not all of the three-cent rise has gone to the farmer. Milk is sold by the hundredweight, which is equivalent to about forty-seven quarts. Three cents more a quart, then, means $1.41 more per hundred pounds. The price to the farmers, as determined by the joint bargaining agency, has gone up only ninety-eight cents since last June. The forty-three-cent balance has not yet been explained. Organized consumers understand, however, that the farmer is not to blame for high prices and that he is entitled to a return which will pay his cost of production, plus a reasonable profit. They have determined, therefore, to work toward the establishment of a consumers' cooperative which will eliminate the huge middleman's mark-up.

Another possible solution is to treat milk as a public utility and to set retail prices for its sale. New York's Mayor LaGuardia recently proposed setting up a municipal milk plant as a yardstick, an idea which was incorporated in the American Labor Party's platform. Reliable experts have estimated that milk could be sold in New York for eight cents a quart, five cents of which would go to the farmer and the rest to cover the cost of pasteurizing, bottling, and distributing. The Mayor has in fact just announced a plan to permit independent dealers to sell bottled Grade B milk at nine cents a quart from trucks at ten locations in the city; this is in contrast to the present Sheffield and Borden price of fourteen cents a quart for bottled Grade B milk delivered.

If the Dairy Farmers' Union is successful in raising prices to the producers, it will, of course, extend its influence outside New York. Milk is by far the most important agricultural product in the United States; three million farmers sell it, and one-fourth of the nation's total farm income is derived from it. Since milk, unlike wheat and cotton, is not exported, the present desperate plight of dairy farmers in all portions of the country cannot be ascribed to any loss of foreign markets.

What is most significant about the Dairy Farmers' Union is its application of an industrial-labor technique to the farm. It differs from the cooperatives in that it does not want to put the farmers into the distributing business. Having observed the fate of the Dairymen's League, it does not intend to go in for owning plants or for selling on a cooperative basis. It wants to bargain collectively, not market collectively. It is true that farmers are capitalists in the sense that they have an investment at stake, derive their income from profits rather than from wages, and own land and livestock on which they must reckon taxes, mortgage interest, and depreciation. Nevertheless, like industrial workers, they are real producers of wealth, and their union, like any other labor union, is working toward the transfer of economic power in America from the hands of the few—the middlemen, the dealers—to the hands of the many, the producers.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Can We War on Japan?

TO THIS question the answer is emphatically "No." The army and navy know this and most of the State Department officials, too. The President knows it, for as far back as July 1, 1923, he wrote an article for *Asia* in which he said that, of his own knowledge as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, many officers of both services admitted that in the event of war the Philippines could not be held, although at that time the Japanese fleet was less than half of our paper strength—"the line of communication was too dangerously long." The opinion at that time was that the war would have to be decided not by military measures but by "economic issues." This was the belief, he said, at a time when "offensive operations over long sea distances were less difficult than now." If, he wrote, Japan thought in 1914 that it could attack us through Mexico or direct invasion of the Pacific coast, "it is safe to say that her strategists have now tacitly abandoned such ideas." Speaking of the situation in 1923, he repeated that after the first year or two of hostilities economic causes would become the determining factor. He added:

> Tableau: Japan and the United States, four or five thousand miles apart, making faces at one another across a no-man's-water as broad as the Pacific. Some genius then might arise to ask what it was all about and what the use was of the atrophy of national life and development. . . . If, then, it were realized by the people of this country and of Japan that a war would be a futile gesture attended by no sufficiently compensating results, each nation might be in a fair way to change its apprehensive habit of mind.

This article *Asia* deemed so important that it printed it for a second time in March, 1934.

I have yet to meet army or navy officers who believe that the situation has materially changed since Franklin Roosevelt wrote thus about it. I heard the late Admiral Sims declare that we could not wage war on Japan nor Japan upon us; that if our fleet reached Japan it could only fire a few rounds at the coast and then return to its home base. He was positive in his statement that our fleet could not maintain itself off Japan if it got there, and that the enemy, if he knew his business, would not give battle but stay safely in port until our ships had sailed away. The crux of the whole thing is the absence of a great naval base capable of provisioning, refueling, and repairing the fleet—Manila is too far away, and so is Hongkong if that should be loaned to us. Several high officers of the army express the same view, saying privately that a conquest of Japan is impossible, that we cannot hold the Philippines and could not reconquer them if the Japanese took them. They agree with Franklin Roosevelt that it would take two years to get the war under way, and they scoff at the suggestion that Japan could land and maintain troops upon our soil.

General Johnson Hagood avers that we never on a single day landed enough supplies in France to maintain our army while it was in that country; if this is perhaps an exaggeration, it cannot be very far from the truth. Yet in 1917-18 we had a fleet of more than 3,000 ships carrying our men and supplies across the sea, and they were not seriously molested by the enemy's submarines. No sane man who visualizes the fact that our Pacific coast is more than twice as far from Japan as our Atlantic coast is from France, and realizes how limited are the Japanese supplies of oil and gasoline and how small is the Japanese merchant fleet, can contend that we are in danger of invasion by the Japanese. Moreover, to move an army across seas today would require one-third more ships than in 1917 because of the increased size and number of the cannon, tanks, motor vehicles of every description, shells, and airplanes necessary for a modern expeditionary force. The Japanese have shown extraordinary organizing ability and amazed military men by the way they have provisioned and supplied with ammunition their many columns in China. But the job of landing in America would be beyond their genius or that of any other country.

But we are told that we must not say this; that it is wrong for the peace societies to talk about a war referendum, about our being unwilling ever to go to war, not because the President and the Cabinet want to go to war but because they want to keep up the bluff that they may have to do so—the kind of stuff that Alf Landon telegraphed to the President. The peace lovers are accused of dividing the nation when it ought to be presenting a united front. We are supposed to keep quiet and not say what we think and what the American people want, namely, no war in the Pacific under any consideration. How absurd to demand this policy of us! It immediately makes the Administration as much a dictator of our minds as Hitler is of the German mind or Mussolini of the Italian. Moreover, the representatives of those countries know perfectly well how our people feel. You can't choke off debate in Congress. The Japs can find out how the American people are thinking without any difficulty. They know what Franklin Roosevelt wrote in *Asia* in 1923, and they know that there have been no changes in relative armaments or in new types of war vessels to make any important change in the situation in 1937.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Scope of Graphic Art

SIX CENTURIES OF FINE PRINTS. By Carl Zigrosser. Covici-Friede. $5.

DESPITE its flaws, Mr. Zigrosser's book is a unique and important one. No other volume grasps the subject of graphic art as broadly and inclusively as it does. Its closest parallels, Ivins's "Fine Prints and Books" and the encyclopedic studies of the French and Germans—Rosenthal's, Bock's, Glaser's, and Kristeller's—in one or another way are less completely comprehensive of the origins, the techniques, and the qualities of "the scraps of paper, some old, some new, with curious marks in ink on them, but rare and precious in men's eyes," that are called fine prints. It represents the evolution and the scope of all varieties of the graphic art: the woodcut, the wood-engraving, the color-stencil; metal-engravings, mezzotints, dry-points, stipple-engravings, aquatints, and soft-ground etchings; and stone-rubbings, lithographs, and photographs. Indeed, its title actually belies it. The book covers not six but ten centuries of fine prints, since together with chapters on European and American work it includes one upon the woodcuts of the Orientals; and the Chinese commenced printing from blocks at least as early as the year 868.

The defects to which we have reference are not negligible. One of them resides in the quality of the reproductions, which compose almost a half of the volume. Too many of these are either faint or tantalizingly obscure. Another inheres in the composition of the book as regards the relation of the reproductions to the text. The plates not only are segregated at the volume's end. They are arranged in an order half in accordance with their categories and half with their chronologies, but not in conformation with the progress of the text. Thus the reader continually is obliged to fumble among them for the illustrations to which he has been referred by the author. Again, the very high level of the majority of the exhibits is not thoroughly sustained. Mr. Zigrosser's reasons for including reproductions of certain lithographs among his modern examples might well seem to require further explanation.

His text, on the contrary, is eminently satisfactory. Exhaustive of his subject it possibly is not. But then, no individual's inquiry into the matter of graphic art could reasonably be expected to be. The material's prodigious bulk sets a perfect search beyond his powers. The Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris alone contains upward of four million prints. And the numbers of them in existence must be countless. Yet if Mr. Zigrosser's treatment is not exhaustive, neither is it exhausting. His rare grasp of the history of his art, of the circumstances contributing to the development of all its branches and their techniques as well as of the material and aesthetic purposes to which it has lent itself—from the manufacture of playing-cards and religious ikons onward—has been expressed in a lively 90,000-word essay. Above all, his study is finely proportionate. In describing the different feelings which in various centuries have projected themselves through prints, he has not failed to dwell at due length on the individual achievements which are the glories of the graphic cabinets. His main chapters include like so many small brilliants miniature essays on the qualities of the engravings, etchings, and lithographs of Mantegna, Dürer, Rembrandt, Goya, Daumier, and many other master-craftsmen.

Hence, "Five Centuries of Fine Prints" ultimately does give us not only a unique picture of the evolution of one of man's chief means of recording his experiences, but an unusual sense of the roots of its peculiar importance. This importance, we see, to an extent derives from the print's extraordinary documentation of the life contemporaneous with it. To an even greater extent, we find it flowing from the capacity of the multitudinous best of its species to evoke, to a degree by no means inferior to that at the command of other types of art, "the entire gamut of the emotions." "They possess uniqueness, magic, a spiritual impress, the stamp of vivid personality, a singing quality of line or mass, some telling economy of expression that satisfies in a flash of immediate comprehension." We recollect that with the print's small key, Rembrandt profoundly unlocked his heart, poignantly gave the world his almost matchless feeling of the divine in life. And we distinguish at last the array of the scarcely lesser men, including at least one living individual, who in the forms of graphic art have imparted a priceless grandeur of experience.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Our Second Bourgeois Revolution

RECONSTRUCTION: THE BATTLE FOR DEMOCRACY. By James S. Allen. International Publishers. $2.

THE GREAT LEVELER: THE LIFE OF THADDEUS STEVENS. By Thomas Frederick Woodley. Stackpole Sons. $3.50.

REAL understanding of the economic and social forces which lay behind the Civil War and which came to a head in the years immediately following was long frustrated by passionate sectional animosity and racial prejudice. In attempting to allay sectional animosity such historians as Burgess, Dunning, Rhodes, and others of lesser caliber gave an interpretation of events which beclouded the fundamental issues of the period and contributed to a perpetuation of the myths on which American race prejudice feeds. These historians envisioned the Reconstruction era as a saturnalia of black debauchery aided and abetted by white carpet-baggers from the North and scalawags of the South. They gave a picture of black barbarism bent upon the destruction of Southern white culture. It mattered little to these scientific historians that this culture, even though its harsher features were sometimes softened by the benevolence of the master class, rested in final analysis upon the degradation of human beings.

This interpretation of the Burgess-Dunning-Rhodes school of historiography has been challenged by numerous writers. Of all the recent attacks upon it the most devastating was that of W. E. B. Du Bois. But in his monumental work, "Black Reconstruction," Du Bois was not content to show the falsity of the position of the Burgesses and their followers. He insisted that the Reconstruction governments symbolized the Negro's struggle not merely to achieve the democratic rights of man but to establish a dictatorship of black labor. Mr. Allen cannot subscribe to this point of view, although he does think that Du Bois's book when taken as a whole is a profound refutation of the distorted accounts of the period. He is right in saying that a dictatorship, whether of black or white labor, was impossible in the post-bellum agrarian South, and that the only dictatorship that existed at this time was that of the triumphant bourgeoisie represented in Congress by the Committee of Fifteen. The purpose of this dictatorship was to consolidate the power of Northern finance and industry and completely liquidate the old slaveholding oligarchy.

Mr. Allen maintains that the black masses aimed to establish nothing more or less than democracy in the former slave states. Although emancipated only yesterday, they knew that democracy signified something more than office holding, the right to vote, equality before the law, and even civil liberty. It meant the right to property. Despite their ignorance the Negroes knew that without an economic basis their rights as free men were virtually meaningless. The economic foundation of their democracy was land. And their support of the Republican Party was to a very large extent based upon their determination to prevent a reassertion of the economic power of the plantation masters and their belief that the federal government would confiscate the large estates of the former slave-holders and divide them among the landless. To many professional historians the "forty acres and a mule" slogan of the black peasantry has been only a source of amusement. But Mr. Allen thinks that it gives us the main clue to the Negro's ambition and at the same time guides us in understanding the dominating forces of our second bourgeois revolution.

Because of their hunger for the land many of the former slaves, according to Mr. Allen, not only seized the land but defended their occupancy against the bayonets of federal troops. This was especially true of the Sea Islanders on the coast of South Carolina. One will search in vain, however, for any articulation of this demand for land in the speeches and writings of the Negro leaders of the time. The reason is not hard to discover. The demand of the masses for land could not be satisfied on any appreciable scale except by the confiscation of the former slave-holders' property. Nothing was more abhorrent to respectable Negro reformers like Douglass, Cardoza, Delaney, Pinchback, Bruce, and Langston. These lawyers, journalists, and politicians aspired to emulate the principles and ideals of the conservative rather than of the revolutionary bourgeois. All they wished to achieve for the Negro was equal citizenship by constitutional methods, and in this respect they were the forerunners of the present-day leaders of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. It was this outlook which caused Langston and Douglass unwittingly to sabotage the attempt of the National Labor Congress to bridge the gap between white and black labor directly after the Civil War.

The one man who insisted upon confiscation to the bitter end was Thaddeus Stevens, leader of the Radical Republicans. From Mr. Woodley's appraisal one is likely to make the mistake of attributing Stevens's leveling disposition and his unexplained relation with his mulatto housekeeper simply to an ingrained sympathy with the weak and defenseless, bred by his physical deformity. Stevens's radicalism, like that of all revolutionary figures, was no doubt deeply psychoanalytical in origin. But a diagnosis of his subconscious springs of action hardly reveals his stature or his wisdom.

In assuming the leadership of the Radical Republicans, Stevens knew that without confiscation Negro suffrage, even when backed by the federal army, could not establish democracy in the South. His advocacy of this Jacobin measure was supported by neither the radicals nor the conservatives in the Republican Party. Both radical and conservative Republicans represented the interests of the industrial bourgeoisie of the North. The confiscation and division of property ran counter to their conception of democracy. Besides, it would establish a dangerous precedent. At first the conservatives were reluctant even to enfranchise the Negro. But they soon realized that the slave power was to be annihilated and legislation in the interest of Northern business effected only with the aid of the Negro vote. Thus they united with the radicals under Stevens's leadership to bestow political and civil equality upon the emancipated slaves. As soon as the dominance of Northern industry and finance was assured, neither wing of the party had further use for the Negro, who was gradually shorn of power and disfranchised.

Mr. Allen views the economic and political aftermath of the Civil War in the perspective of Marx's class theory of society; but it is gratifying that this incisive and simply written analysis is not marred as was his earlier work, "The Negro Question in the United States," by the attempt to apply the doctrinaire formulas of the Comintern to the problems of this country. Mr. Woodley's book, a revision of an earlier work on Stevens, supplements Mr. Allen's. While mainly factual and at times a little dull, it is a sympathetic treatment of the life of that much-maligned man who realized, perhaps better than any of his contemporaries, that the paramount issue in Reconstruction politics was the institution of democracy in the Southern states.

ABRAM L. HARRIS

Shaw as Critic

LONDON MUSIC IN 1888-1889. As Heard by Corno di Bassetto, Later Known as Bernard Shaw. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

THE public will not read collections of newspaper or magazine articles on music, and least of all is it interested in reports of concerts and operas of fifty years ago—that was what American publishers said when I tried to get them to bring out Shaw's "Music in London, 1890-1894." If they were right, then the public will not read his reviews of musical events in 1888 and 1889; it will prefer to read Mr. Downes, Mr. Gilman, Mr. Chotzinoff on events of today. And if that is so, then the public is—to put it very mildly—making a great mistake. The performance of Boito's "Mefistofele" which Shaw wrote about on May 29, 1889, can be of no interest to anyone today; but it provided the occasion for Shaw to observe that Gounod's "Faust" was "a true musical creation, whereas Boito has only adapted the existing resources of orchestration and harmony very ably to his libretto. In short, Gounod has set music to Faust, and Boito has set Faust to music"; and that "the house likes Boito's prologue, in spite of the empty stage and the two ragged holes in a cloth which realize Mr. Harris's modest conception of hell and heaven." This is not the best example but merely the shortest; the fact is that the daily events of the musical season elicited from Shaw a flow of comment on music, on musical performance, on the entire musical scene, that is still among the most discerning, the most revealing, the most enjoyable one can read in any language.

Read this comment, read the astounding article on a performance of "Il Trovatore" at the end of the book, the equally astounding article on Verdi; they will—or at least they should—kill your taste for the incompetent, the pretentious, the despicable critical performances of today. These are strong terms, but the terms I would like to use are unprintable; and if you suspect me of extravagance read Shaw, whose remarks about his colleagues are as timely as his remarks about "Il Trovatore." Of one, disliked by the others, Shaw wrote:

> He has the force to write individually, originally, making his mark with every opinion he delivers. Of how many critics in London is it possible to say as much? When one thinks of the average critic, with his feeble infusion of musical dictionary and analytical program, the man who has no opinion, and dare not express it if he had, who is afraid of his friends, of his enemies, of his editor, of his own ignorance, of committing an injustice (as if there were any question of abstract justice involved in the expression of a critic's tastes and distastes), it is impossible not to admire L. E., who, at an age at which all ordinary journalists are hopelessly muzzled by the mere mass of their personal acquaintance, can still excite these wild animosities in the breasts of his colleagues.

And I would say of Shaw that what made him so great a critic was his integrity in relation to his material—by which I mean among other things that he used all his resources of knowledge, taste, and wit in the process of dealing rigorously with the material as it required to be dealt with; whereas the others use the material to show their knowledge, taste, and wit. Mr. Chotzinoff does anything to his subject to appear hard-boiled, blasé, wise to the things which the more naive and impressionable fall for; Mr. Gilman's act is different—he is the littérateur, the gentleman—but his subject suffers no less. Our musical life is the worse for a Barbirolli at the head of a New York Philharmonic, a Stokowski all over the place; it is the worse, then, for a criticism which helped to make these things possible; and to believe that one critic believed what he wrote of Barbirolli's first appearance here, or of Stokowski's appearances during the past ten years, I would have to believe him to be without the understanding I know he possesses. Shaw created no such dilemma for his readers.

B. H. HAGGIN

Latin American Panorama

AMERICA SOUTH. By Carleton Beals. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.50.

THE continent and a half which lies southeast of the Rio Grande is virtually terra incognita to the North American mind. To be sure, nostalgic writers have made frequent literary flights from an industrialized society in crisis into the bosom of idealized Indian communities. But these vicarious pilgrimages to the primitive generally contributed no more to an understanding of America South than did Rousseau to anthropology. The historians of Latin America have rarely troubled to analyze the economic and social factors which are the engines of history, while the newspapers have added to popular ignorance by foreshortening Latin America's contemporary history into a meaningless chronicle of *caudillo* struggles.

Carleton Beals's new work is a social history of the stresses and strains molding the destinies of Hispanic America. Despite an occasionally elephantine syntax, the book makes splendid reading; its observations are generally penetrating, and its scholarship is unobtrusive and thorough. "America South" is a first-rate contribution in a field which has been chiefly worked by intellectual mediocrity.

Beals's work opens with absorbingly interesting chapters on the physical characteristics of the continent and the welding of the Indian civilizations to their topographical, climatic, and soil environments. The second act in the drama deals with the deformation of Indian and mestizo by the rigid racial hierarchy of Spanish colonial rule, the monopolization of the land in feudal *repartimientos,* the growth of the slave trade with the depopulation of the West Indies and the rise of tropical agriculture in the Caribbean.

Beals is one of the few writers who discuss the vast slave revolts which shook Spanish rule. He makes a fruitful distinction between the rebellions of the Negroes, who had no organic relation to the American soil, and the agrarian revolution of the Indian peasants. Much remains to be done in this rich and neglected field, and such events as the Brazilian slave revolts, resulting in the formation of the Negro republic of Palmares in the seventeenth century, lie fallow for the progressive historian. Beals, by the way, pays discerning tribute to the Negro's contributions to Latin American civilization, contributions which conventional historians deprecate or ignore.

The chapters on the struggle for independence are particularly fine, for they differentiate skilfully between the two insurgent strands which contributed to the breaking up of Spain's empire—the creole counter-revolution against the Napoleonic reforms and the popular agrarian and Indian movements of Morelos and Hidalgo.

In his penetrating discussion of the reasons for Latin American backwardness, Beals takes sharp issue with the academic group which maintains that America South is condemned to remain a non-industrialized, raw-material hinterland for a long time to come. Crucial to the technical side of this question are the coal deficiency of the continent and the transport problem created by the Andes. Beals takes a dynamic view of such technological limitations and points to the existence of immense latent sources of substitute energy, such as water power. The social-economic problem is primarily that of an imperialist penetration which tends to thwart industrialization for the home market. In a very important section Beals points to the retreat of American and British investment during the crisis, which forced a reorientation of the Latin American economy away from reliance on a single precarious export product and toward a diversified production. These new policies have been driven forward by nationalistic movements which often become the tool of fascist forces.

The Paradise Regained of Beals's study is the recent emergence of new Latin American forces—the student movement, the Peruvian APRA, the reconstruction of Mexico—which in his opinion will become potent enough to forge a free Ibero-America. This section contains strange lacunae. Thus student radicalism is enthusiastically applauded, but the reader will search in vain for a treatment of the labor movement. There is no mention of Brazil's Luiz Carlos Prestes or of the powerful Chilean popular front.

Beals excoriates official pan-Americanism as an attempt to put cash-register politics into dress clothes. While praising the United States for repudiating armed intervention at the Buenos Aires congress, he views the so-called collective interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine with a cold eye. He points out that the Buenos Aires delegates held secret sessions on means of combating communism—"really a smoke screen for fighting democratic and liberal forces." Despite

President Roosevelt's rounded rhetoric in praise of democracy, the congress achieved "a working alliance of military despotisms to prevent freedom from raising its head on the southern continent."

The chief weakness of Beals's concluding chapter is that he underrates the disguised intervention of the fascist international in Latin American affairs—an intervention whose purpose is the conquest of vast raw-material areas and markets and whose chief instrument is the subsidized fascist party. Beals notes the parallel between the international fascist axis of today and the Holy Alliance whose machinations in behalf of autocracy evoked the Monroe Doctrine a century ago. But instead of proposing an active United States policy of cooperation with the other American democracies to prevent fascism from conquering a continent, he whips the ghost of military intervention. The chief threat today to the freedom of America South is not imperialism but fascism.

No work of this scope, written in a period of rapid social flux, could be faultless. In the reviewer's opinion, Beals's study stands as the finest and most comprehensive treatment of its subject written by an American. It will do much to bring the progressive movement of the United States closer to that of Latin America. NATHANIEL WEYL

Brisbane for Posterity

BRISBANE: A CANDID BIOGRAPHY. By Oliver Carlson. Stackpole Sons. $3.

MR. CARLSON goes about the job of putting his subject on the record for posterity with a portentous lack of humor. He proves, among other unexceptionable things, that Arthur Brisbane loved money and was a dull platitudinarian, all of which might reasonably be printed in the Coals to Newcastle Department. Does one need 373 pages to show that Calvin Coolidge had a third-rate mind, or that George Horace Lorimer liked his short stories to have happy endings? Perhaps our grandchildren will delight in such incontestable demonstrations, but they need not be pulled out like taffy in 1937; there is a better use for white paper. Of more interest than his major theses is Mr. Carlson's habit of putting down an occasional good side light: for example, it is mildly edifying to learn that Brisbane got his lech for good real estate through listening to Henry George expound the single tax. But the side lights are fitful sparks in the general gloom of Mr. Carlson's *réchauffé* of the dreary stuff that went to make up Mr. Brisbane's newspaper column "Today."

Why write about Brisbane, anyway? There may be good reasons, but Mr. Carlson hasn't proved the job was necessary. He treats Brisbane as a mouthpiece for Hearst, which he undoubtedly was. But like other serious books on Hearst—and this is a book on the Lord of San Simeon at one remove—Mr. Carlson's "Brisbane: A Candid Biography" proceeds on the somewhat specious assumption that Hearst is a major menace. Behind Mr. Carlson's Brisbane lurks the shadow of a peculiarly malignant devil whose power to subvert the American public is incalculable. Pish and likewise nonsense! The fact of the matter, plain to those who can get along without wasting their fists on dummies, is that Hearst is a feeble old man whose life has been one of almost unmitigated failure. He has contributed nothing to journalism since his crude typographical innovations of the nineties; Captain Joe Patterson has put it all over him in New York, and his papers elsewhere are fading visibly. Aside from his part in engineering the Spanish-American War, he has bungled every important journalistic campaign of his career. He failed, unfortunately, in his efforts to bust the trusts and to keep us out of the World War. He failed, more fortunately, to become mayor or governor or President, or to dominate the New Deal, or to popularize Mussolini in this country, or to put Landon in the White House, or to drive the reds out of the University of Chicago. If he is a devil, he is one on the assumption that devils put the hex on all insidious things and so condemn themselves to demonological impotence. Mr. Brisbane, as mouthpiece of a failure, might be invested with some ironical significance. His friends say he had charm. But Mr. Carlson leaves him as he evidently found him: empty, boring, inane. Even as his lord, the Master of San Simeon. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The Roots of the Rootless

FROM THESE ROOTS: THE IDEAS THAT HAVE MADE MODERN LITERATURE. By Mary M. Colum. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

MRS. COLUM belongs to that small group of critics who have been mortally offended by the political tendencies of modern literature, and her book seems to be written under the impulse of this resentment rather than out of the need to offer any new analysis of her own. The materialist investigation of the sources of the creative and of its meanings, however, cannot be discredited by the mere repetition of outworn critical notions or by the tedious insistence on the artist's cast-iron purity. And this new plea for a return to the past will convince no one save those who, either by temperament or tradition, are committed to the view of literature as a snug, familiar little world stacked with works of art that are the private property of their creators and "proper" appreciators.

In her discussion of the history of the modern literary mind Mrs. Colum's emphasis throughout is so formalist as to exclude most of the forces that have contributed to its development. To her, art is a self-contained whole where critic and creator instruct each other in the pursuit of the imaginative life. The method of tracing derivations explains virtually everything. If you want to know why modern criticism evolved the ideas that it did, then look to Lessing. All modern poetry has been jointly fathered by Wordsworth and Baudelaire, and all the realists in prose are the offspring of Flaubert. The internal stresses of literature comprise its total definition, and anyone who disagrees is simply a vulgarian trying to rob the select minority of its spiritual luxuries. The impacts of the politico-social order, of changing moralities, of science and philosophy, are barely referred to and then mostly in order to assert their irrelevance. But in reality no ponderous dictum of sociological criticism is half so spurious as Mrs. Column's contention that the "theory" that literature is an expression of society would, in practice, "banish a great portion of the imaginative literature of the world, would banish nearly all lyric poetry and also such literatures as reflect a purely fantastic, imaginative, or psychic life." This is multiple confusion. In the first place, the term "society"—unless specifically delimited—is so all-inclusive that unless we believe that literature is an expression of it, our only alternative is to believe that it is the image and material appearance of supernatural powers. Secondly, even assuming that we are dealing here with one "theory" of literature among many, the question is whether this theory is true or false, however much its spread would tend to establish a prejudice against the lyric, fantastic, and so on. Furthermore, on what basis does Mrs. Colum set up this absolute dichotomy between the social and personal, the practical and the imaginative, the lyric and epic? The retreat of some poets into individual imaginings is just as much an expression of society as the preoccupation of others with political ideals. And if Mrs. Colum is using the word "social" as a synonym for the word "socialist," she should say so.

Formalist literary thought can survive in criticism only in so far as it is more exacting and acute than other modes in its analysis of the techniques of writing. As a mere exercise in aesthetic uplift, however, there seems little room for it, especially when it also adorns itself with general ideas about the nature of man and the character of nations. Thus, in writing of the Russian critic Belinsky, Mrs. Colum informs us that the tendency to make literature serve society and solve social and political problems "is really indigenous to the Russian mind." Such statements argue a chronic incapacity to see any phenomenon in its historic perspective. Russian literature has known several periods when aesthetic and symbolist movements predominated; and if often in the past, and particularly since the revolution, the serviceable aspects of literature have been emphasized, it is due to the specific conditions of Russian society in given time-spans and not to any singular predetermination of the Russian mind.

PHILIP RAHV

Before the World Court

INTERNATIONAL ASPECTS OF GERMAN RACIAL POLICIES. By Oscar I. Janowsky and Melvin M. Fagen. With a Preface by James Brown Scott, and Postscript by Josiah C. Wedgwood. Oxford University Press. $2.

IF YOU want a neat example of what international law is held to be and a pathetic disclosure of what it really is, I can recommend a prayerful reading of "International Aspects of German Racial Policies." Professor Janowsky and Mr. Fagen prepared the substance of this book in support of a petition presented last year to the League of Nations by a number of humanitarian, labor, and Jewish organizations and indorsed by some eighty well-known Americans. It proves by chapter and verse drawn from three centuries of international practice that Germany's mistreatment of its Jewish population—a mistreatment catalogued in an appendix containing the famous McDonald report to the League—has violated any number of human rights laid down by international law. It further proves that this mistreatment has violated the rights of other nations, as well as Germany's own obligations formally and legally assumed in 1919. Finally it proves by precedents and cases that international law empowers other nations, and indeed obligates the League, to intercede in behalf of the mistreated Jews and "non-Aryan" Christians.

With what results? The petition has been shelved, the world has left the victims of Germany to their fate, and thus we may learn that international law is not quite like other law. It is not a body of legislation backed by force; but it is, as Frederick L. Schuman once phrased it, "certain generally recognized rules" used by otherwise anarchic sovereign nations in playing a game for power. In other words, international laws are laws in much the same sense as are laws of etiquette. As a matter of fact, perhaps one of the greatest triumphs of international law since the war lay in its forcing Soviet diplomats to wear full-dress suits. For the readers who can follow what lies between the lines, the authors of this book have indicted not only Germany but international law itself.

The indictment will eventually be lodged before a court which, hard as it may be to believe, is even more dilatory than the League Assembly; but a court from whose verdict there is no escape or appeal. It will be *Weltgeschichte,* history incarnate, which shall one day render the *Weltgericht,* the judgment of humanity. And there are people who claim to hear something like the distant rumble of guns summoning that court to session.

MARVIN LOWENTHAL

The "Blight of Aimlessness"

TOWARDS THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: ESSAYS IN THE SPIRITUAL HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH. By H. V. Routh. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

EUROPEAN intellectuals are generally agreed upon the premise of this book, that "the twentieth century lacks spiritual certainty." "Spiritual," Professor Routh makes clear, is to be understood in its wider sense, without theological associations, as "aspiration towards Beauty, Truth, Righteousness." Lack of confidence in these ultimate human values can scarcely be the result of the political and economic chaos into which Europe has been drifting, for Mr. Routh reminds us that the ages of the "Iliad," the Greek drama, the "Divine Comedy," and "Hamlet" were quite as full of "cruelty, baseness, and unendurable egoisms." Yet without averting their eyes from their contemporaries, Homer, Sophocles, Dante, and Shakespeare somehow convince us of man's essential grandeur. So also do the great romantics. Even the Victorians tower above us, though the light they throw on man's pathway is dim and flickering, and the loudness with which they proclaim their certainties arouses suspicion that they are already feeling some of our present misgivings. Hence it is with the Victorians that Mr. Routh begins his investigation into the failure of the humanistic tradition to permeate the new civilization of science, industrialism, and democratic aspiration.

The theme is not unfamiliar to readers of Spengler, Aldous Huxley, and the American "new humanists"; but seldom, if ever, has it been treated with such a union of impartiality and breadth. The investigation is not narrowed to England and to belles-lettres. While Mr. Routh's main concern is with the outstanding personalities in British literature, science, and philosophy, he maintains perspective by frequent glances at their French and German contemporaries. Goethe is the most impressive modern example of spiritual certainty; Heine probably the first instance of awareness of a "rift" in European culture. In England Mr. Routh finds the "turning-point" in Mill's "On Liberty" (1859), which "looks forward to a time when educated people will have no allegiances, and no convictions which are too precious to be disproved or too profoundly intimate to be capable of disproof." He considers Mill "at heart a simple soul" who had no premonition of the psychological disintegration which he was unloosing, and which was to be precipitated by the Darwinism which fell upon an astonished world in the same year. Over the vast, ill-explored territory from Mill and Darwin to the present time Mr. Routh moves briskly and penetratingly, more concerned with stimulating inquiry than with pressing his own conclusions as to the causes of the modern "blight of aimlessness." He is especially felicitous in portraits of those who, like Matthew Arnold, hesitated between the old culture and the new civilization. His information leaves little for the specialist to cavil at; his clarity and vigor will attract the serious general reader. Mr. Routh, an attractive example of the younger generation of Englishmen who are good Europeans, should provoke Americans to awareness of the difference of their cultural and intellectual assumptions from those of Europe. It seems to the reviewer that Americans have succeeded more frequently in adjusting their culture to science, and are less inclined to regard economic and political obstacles to the life of the spirit as insurmountable.

EMERY NEFF

The Raw-Materials Problem

RAW MATERIALS IN PEACE AND WAR. By Eugene Staley. Council on Foreign Relations. $3.

INTERNATIONAL CONTROL OF NON-FERROUS METALS. By W. Y. Elliott, E. S. May, J. W. F. Rowe, Alex Skelton, and Donald Wallace. The Macmillan Company. $6.50.

EVER since Sir Samuel Hoare at the League of Nations session in 1935 suavely proposed that the League study the means for bringing about "free distribution of raw materials" among all countries, the words "distribution" and "access" have hypnotized the world. And when the Nazis proclaimed that "it is impossible to solve the raw-material problem without giving Germany back her colonies," another vista of peace appeared in proposals for the return of the colonies. On top of this came the recent report of the League committee on raw materials, which in effect said that there is no raw-material problem after all. (Sir Samuel probably knew this right along.) What is the truth behind this confusion?

In the first place, the League committee spoke correctly when it pointed out that giving back its colonies would not remedy Germany's raw-material shortage. The German colonies contain no iron ore, copper, bauxite, manganese, or petroleum—the materials most needed—but only some copra and palm oil. In fact, commercially important raw materials now being produced in the various colonial territories of all nations represent only about 3 per cent of the world's raw-material production. The truth is that Hitler wants the colonies principally as a publicity *Ersatz* for the real conquests which he has failed to make.

The whole mystification about raw materials springs from the fact that raw materials mean one thing in peace, another in war. If the whole world were directing its forces along normal peace-time channels, there would be little talk of raw-material problems. In peace time no nation or its producers refuse to sell raw materials to anyone who wishes to buy them. There has existed no shortage of any of the principal raw materials since the last war. On the contrary there has been overproduction. Germany, Italy, and Japan—the great "unsatisfied"—can buy as much cotton from Texas, iron from Lorraine, copper from Chile, manganese from Russia as they wish—provided they can pay for them. "Paying"—therein lies the catch.

The arguments, at this point, run as follows: (1) Germany cries for raw materials to feed its industry; (2) the "satisfied" powers reply that they have on hand an embarrassing surplus of raw materials for Germany to buy; (3) Germany retorts that it cannot pay for these because other countries will not buy its goods or advance it credit; (4) the "satisfied" powers answer that if Germany cuts out anti-Semitism, which has caused widespread boycotts, reduces tariffs, and stops the extravagant rearmament program, it can obtain plenty of trade and credit to buy these materials. In short, the argument winds up in a general impasse about the causes of the world economic crisis—economic nationalism, tariffs, stringency of credit, currency wars, and the uneconomic armament race. This is only another way of saying, as the League committee said, that the raw-material problem is but part of the general world economic problem.

Germany, however, might point to the national monopolies of certain raw materials. Britain in Malaya, in collaboration with the Dutch in their Indies, has long had a monopoly of rubber—this aroused even the phlegmatic Hoover—and in collaboration with the Dutch and the Bolivians a monopoly of tin. The United States possesses a monopoly of helium gas for dirigibles and has announced a fancy scheme for preventing its free export. But these international tin and rubber cartels do not prove very successful in maintaining monopolies (producers will cheat and consumers will strike), and they raise the threat of substitutes, synthetic rubber, for instance. No country has a monopoly of one or all of the basic raw materials—cotton, oil, iron, copper, etc. Raw materials are too widely diffused among nations. Even "unsatisfied" Germany stands first in world production of one important material, potash—for fertilizer.

The core of the matter lies in the fact that it is a war-time problem. The second World War has apparently already started, and this war, with the preparations for widening it, has produced the present furious race for raw materials. Thus Sir Samuel Hoare, a spokesman for a "satisfied" empire, utters a seductive phrase in the hope that it will delay the assault of the "unsatisfied" imperialisms. Dr. Schacht juggles currencies and trade agreements in a bewildering effort to obtain raw materials for the forges of Krupp. Germany backs Franco, and Göring's planes assist in the capture of Basque iron ore. We had Hitler's word for it at Würzburg on June 28, "That is why we want a Nationalist government in Spain, in order to be able to buy ores." Meanwhile Leunawerke uses Rio Tinto pyrites for explosives, while France, deprived by Franco of its usual supply of Spanish pyrites, turns to Italy for this essential. And so on.

Here, again, no solution exists apart from the general solution of the world economic crisis. In this war-time race Germany and Italy can get "access" to raw materials only by obtaining credits from Britain and France. It is not unnatural that such powers, engaged in rearmament themselves, should hesitate about the loans. War provides the only road to "access." Colonies, as we have seen, are no good; Italy has found poor raw-material pickings in Abyssinia. Raw materials lie, for the most part, in sovereign states. And that is another reason why Germany and Italy invade Spain and Japan sets out to conquer China.

Professor Staley, on the whole, gives a good survey of the raw-materials problem. In this book he has written a less detailed and comprehensive study than his excellent "War and the Private Investor," leaving case studies and background to the tome "International Control of Non-Ferrous Metals," where the student may follow the extraordinary role which copper, lead, nickel, aluminum, and zinc, and the companies controlling them play in the international economic tangle. For a solution to the problem Professor Staley, recognizing the war aspects of the matter, falls rather lamely back on "collective security" and an appeal to Britain and the United States to stand together.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN

This Is War

WHAT EVERY YOUNG MAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT WAR. By Harold Roland Shapiro. Knight Publications. $1.50.

THERE are far more important things for a young man to know about war than are here presented—its institutional history, for example, its economic causes, and its far-reaching socio-political results. Nevertheless, in offering a rather gratuitous demonstration of the accepted truth that "war is hell" for the individual caught in its toils, this small book makes a number of arresting points, gleaned from the official records kept by army doctors and surgeons during the late (but apparently not the last) World War. These professional records present a cool but appalling picture of the stark horrors of modern warfare, a frightful threat not only to life and limb but to health and sanity. The filth in the trenches will be indescribable, young man, and while nothing can be done about that, military medicos are human after all, and can and do offer advice on how to regulate your sex life while standing up to your middle in slime compounded of mud and human excrement. What are your chances of being wounded? One in five. Your wound may be slight, but in that case "you may be buried alive in shelled trenches; you may be frozen to death or die of hunger and thirst; you may be burned, or your frozen feet may drop off with your shoes. . . . You may become ill, delirious, insane before you have reached the hospital train." If you are lucky and get patched up, you will be rushed back to the front as soon as possible, for the function of an army medical corps, according to one high authority, is not limited "to a colorless part in victory . . . to that function of saving life and preventing suffering in the individual . . . leaving untouched that great task—the prompt return to our fighting line of men who can be saved for future usefulness to our arms." This time you may be seriously wounded, in which case you should be upon an operating table within twelve hours. But "how are you going to do it, gentlemen?" asks Colonel Shockley, United States Army Medical Corps. "You are not going to do it, that's all. I haven't seen it done, and I don't believe it will be done." When you die, however, you will receive the best of care, be assured, providing your body is found. You will get a good scrubbing with soap and water, and be clean again at last. You will even achieve a clean sheet and you will be laid out decorously—"your jaw will be bandaged to keep it from falling . . ." GEORGE WILLISON

Shorter Notices

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF SARA TEASDALE. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Sara Teasdale's poems should have been carefully selected rather than collected. But several points concerning her work become clear if one reads through this volume. She was one of the first American poets to use city imagery with fair success. Her work did grow in depth and wisdom, and despite some sentimentality she kept, by excellent pruning, a complete lyric purity and simplicity unmarred by rhetoric and untouched by forced or literary design. If she cannot achieve Edna Millay's fine lines, she does avoid Millay's artificiality. Nor am I contradicting this statement when I say that most of her imagery is completely traditional; its very familiarity is proper to her themes—the love of life and the necessary suffering that love must cost. Miss Teasdale's gift was for the writing of pure song. Her lyrics demand music and call it to mind. The complete simplicity and usualness of her imagery and syntax, her control of vowel and consonant, make all of her best poetry, like that of the Elizabethans, demand musical setting. Sara Teasdale's last book is her best, though all the long poems and the sentimental lyrics should have been excluded. Hers is a slight and very feminine talent, but within its limitations authentic.

THE BOOK. THE STORY OF PRINTING AND BOOKMAKING. By Douglas C. McMurtrie. Covici-Friede. $5.

Every few years some studious printer retells the tale of bookmaking, from the pictographs of the anonymous ancients to the "press editions" of the many contemporaries "who must be mentioned"—more perhaps to save feelings than records. It is a capital story, though, the very best-natured of all the stories man can tell on himself with his head up. Often this intrinsic geniality softens it for the kind of people who think they have ceased being sentimentalists because they have become intellectual. In 1927 Mr. McMurtrie's "The Golden Book" romanticized "the romantic story" with best-seller success. This hardly comported with his two dozen other books on printing, which include his "History of Printing in the United States." His latest offering is again a popular treatment, but this time an excellent one. It has but a trace left of the appeal to those who think bibliophily a "quest" for the quaint and the "priceless." Its factual considerations go slightly deeper than is usual in such general coverage. It contains unpretentious facsimiles of the famous pages every bookman ought to know, and also many reproductions less familiarly important. Its reference lists will lead the earnest reader to main deposits of bibliographical knowledge. The introduction and the last chapter urge some dependable aesthetic criteria which the reader can apply to his own collection of books, and thus double their interest by the addition of this single volume. It is in itself a candid, decent piece of bookmaking for the purpose, and the most ample popular account of the subject this reviewer has seen in English.

PANIC SPRING. By Charles Norden. Covici-Friede. $2.50.

Except for a few flashbacks the scene of this novel is an island off the coast of Greece, where five men and one woman seek release from disillusionment in a kind of timeless sun paralysis. A boatman has capriciously selected them to be the guests of Rumanades, a retired munitions manufacturer who realized that his occupation was governed by the law of diminishing spiritual returns, and who rules over this island with a meaningless display of ceremonial. The author employs the "South Wind" formula of indolent living set against a lush background, but his novel makes a feeble showing in a literary market which has already been cornered by a more inventive work. Similarities between the two islands end with the volcanic cliffs, the magnificently pagan and childlike peasants, and the lack of moral verdicts. The vagabonds in this book, unlike the inhabitants of Nepenthe, are neither brilliant nor beguiling. Their dialogues are stilted, and for all their naked sunbathing and nocturnal drinking bouts they never achieve much more than an artificial abandon. What little action there is comes from the past experiences of a few of them poignantly related, and since these have not been fused into the present pattern of their lives, there is no unifying plot. Perhaps one would not complain about its absence if the writing had charm and distinction. If a book has little substance, it cannot afford to be heavy-footed.

FILMS

The Poet as Hero

I HAVE at last found an exception to the rule—for rule it still is—that artists are impossible heroes for fiction. The reason I advanced in the cases of "Rembrandt" and "Zola," and might have advanced in the case of Harry Baur's "Beethoven," is that the characteristic activity of an artist is invisible; or at any rate that it is not the hand alone which paints a picture, and that there is no known way of acting like a poet. The exception is "Young Pushkin" (Amkino); by which might be meant either that this film succeeds where all others have failed or that it has not tried the impossible. I prefer the latter meaning, if only because it leaves the rule unviolated after all; the rule is an excellent thing to hold on to.

V. Litovsky, who plays the boy Pushkin in this completely delightful narrative, does not act like a poet. He acts like a boy. It is his good fortune to be himself a very bewitching youth; but what is more to the point, he knows how to become Pushkin in his teens—for that it is the boy Pushkin before us we never are tempted to doubt. The scene is the Imperial Lyceum at Tsarkoye Selo where Pushkin was a student from his twelfth to his eighteenth year, and where the evident fact that he was a poet did not prevent him from being liked by the other boys or from deserving the nickname "Monkey." Here his high spirits express themselves in many ways, only one of these ways being poetry. It is the whole person that we see—tempestuous in his frolics, his despairs, his loves, his hates, and his silences, and bent no less fiercely upon chasing a tattle-tale than upon reading a book or writing a poem. We see him writing one poem, and the spectacle has not a false note in it; the memory carried away is of a kinky-haired young fellow in uniform biting his quill and staring angrily ahead of him (not up, not vaguely off) at the word which refuses to come. Not the idea, or the mood, but the word. We see him reading a book, too. As he lies on his stomach in bed when the lights should be out, his face is a marvelous study: the eyes rigid with attention, the whole head fixed in a kind of critical wonder, and yet a few muscles twitching in intelligent and purposeful spasm about the mouth. He is the kind of boy who can say of a classmate: "He is a real poet, but his poems are bad." Pushkin's desire is not to be a real poet; it is to be a good one, and we are convinced that he is just that. We are prepared, then, for the great scene of his reading in competition before the toothless Derzhavin, surviving laureate of the eighteenth century, who has been waiting to die until a new poet should arise in Russia. Derzhavin's excitement as he totters to his feet and cries "Music, music! Gentlemen, a poet!" has none of that nonsense about it which makes most such scenes ridiculous. But this in turn is a reminder to say that the film abounds in superbly played old men as well as in perfectly directed adolescents. It is a triumph of taste and wisdom.

A revival for one night of Von Stroheim's somewhat legendary "Greed," a box-office failure fourteen years ago, was recently presented to the Ladies' Garment Workers' Union by its educational committee. The legend is that no copy of the fiasco survives; but here one was, borrowed from the Museum of Modern Art Film Library, and one could see why "Greed" had failed. It was too faithful to the naturalism of its source, Frank Norris's "McTeague," which also is a kind of failure, since in spite of its huge power it is out of print. "Greed" kept all the power and all the unpleasantness; but those were not and are not popular virtues.

MARK VAN DOREN

DRAMA

Good Dancing and Bad Jokes

IF "Between the Devil" (Imperial Theater) were everywhere as clever as some four or five of the choruses, then it would deserve a good deal more than merely passing praise. Unfortunately, however, the Messrs. Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz seem, on each such occasion, to have put their whole wit into one jest and to have been resolved to live as fools, if not for the rest of their dull lives, at least during the next half hour or so. The result is that the show is very uneven indeed, and that one might with some show of reason damn it completely or praise it with honest warmth.

Besides the meandering, impudent choruses above mentioned there is the presence of Evelyn Laye and of a newcomer to New York named Adele Dixon—to say nothing of Jack Buchanan, the praise of whose sleek manliness (virility in tails, I should call it) probably ought to be left to the ladies. Then there is the dancing of Vilma Ebsen, who has a jazz style subtly her own, and one mad song by the "Tune Twisters," which is dragged in by the heels but is probably the best single feature of the evening. Add an unusually good-looking bevy of young ladies and several moments of reasonably funny farce, and you have what sounds like a very good show until the description reaches the point where I am compelled to add not only that even these reasonably funny moments are too far apart but also that a good many moments in between are unreasonably unfunny.

Despite certain touches "in the modern manner," "Between the Devil" is not so much the "musical comedy" of the program description as it is what used to be called "a farce with music," and the back bone of its humor is composed of gags which were not very fresh in the days when that genre was common. The author of the book is like the Divine Astrea "who fairly puts all characters to bed," but except for this explicitness he writes naughty farce as it was written twenty-five years ago, and fails to titillate me at least when he requires Mr. Buchanan to take off his clothes behind a screen. As samples of the humor permit me merely to say that marriage to three persons is referred to as "trigonometry," that there are such puns-that-are-not-puns as "adding insult to bigamy," and that at an ardent moment the hero has to blow the feathers of a lady's hat out of his face.

This brings me to the moral of my piece. Why is it that those who borrow old jokes for the stage almost invariably borrow such bad ones? When a man is original but feeble, one assumes that he is doing the best he can, but if a humorist is going to plagiarize, there is no excuse for not plagiarizing from the masters. It is bad enough to be compelled to say of a gag, "That always was funny," but worse to be compelled to remark, "I never did laugh at that one." Several times during what was, after all, a frequently amusing evening, I found myself whispering, "The first time I heard that one I yawned in the cradle."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Letters to the Editors

For Sense in Censorship

Dear Sirs: "Spain in Flames" has not yet been seen by the free people of the sovereign state of Pennsylvania. But *The Nation* has left the record of the censorship incomplete.

On November 24 Judge Levinthal of the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia, in a scholarly and courageous opinion, reversed the order of the Board of Censors and directed the board to "approve 'Spain in Flames' in the form in which it was originally submitted." To the hopeful sentence in its "Spain in Flames" editorial stating that "legal action is, however, under way in Pennsylvania to force the Board of Censors and Governor Earle to rescind orders which have no basis in law," *The Nation* may now, for the information of its readers, add that at least one court in Pennsylvania has confirmed its editorial view that the order had no such basis.

But the final word in the history of this struggle for sense in censorship has not yet been written. On December 16 the Pennsylvania Board of Censors filed an appeal from Judge Levinthal's order to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. That appeal was taken while Governor Earle was on the high seas. It is to be hoped that he will move to have it dismissed so that the free citizens of Pennsylvania may have the opportunity to form an opinion about these flames in Spain for themselves.

ARTHUR W. A. COWAN

Philadelphia, December 22

Who Wants Partition?

Dear Sirs: If the choice in Palestine is truly "pogroms or partition," as Philip Bernstein suggested in your issue of December 4, then the case for partition need not even be stated. But the lack of enthusiasm for the suggestions of the Peel report indicate that such are not the alternatives in Palestine.

Could the extremists in Arab life be eliminated, there would be no reason for doubting the possibility of amity between the two peoples. It is generally taken for granted that the Mufti and his followers represent the Arabs of Palestine. It would be equally correct to say that the clergy and nobility in pre-revolutionary France represented the interests of the French peasants and bourgeoisie. The Mufti is a member of the effendi (landlord) class, and so are his followers. They and the money lenders are the exploiters of the Arab masses. In the present crisis the voice of the middle-class city Arab has been stilled by blackmail and murder. The peasant and the city worker never had a spokesman.

What are now the feelings of those who, poor as they are, have been envied by neighboring Arabs because of their opportunities to enjoy the prosperity which the Jews have brought to the country? Have the advocates of partition consulted them on their willingness to be turned over to Emir Abdullah's poorhouse, which in the euphemistic language of diplomacy is referred to as Trans-Jordan? SAMUEL DUKER

Washington, D. C., December 20

Political Surgeons

Dear Sirs: It was with much interest that I read the editorial in the December 11 issue of *The Nation* entitled Political Surgery. There is one point that you will be interested in knowing about. The committee composed of Drs. Malony, Wilson, Yoell, Peers, and Kilgore referred to in *The Nation* as the Publication Committee was the original Committee of Five which officially represented the California Medical Association in initiating the survey of which I was director. My report was handed in to this Committee of Five for publication on October 23, 1936. When they failed to release it after a reasonable amount of time, I insisted that they delay no longer. Finally, after any number of complaints on my part and on the part of the governmental officials who had been responsible for federal grants, I made plans for private publication.

In the meantime the California Medical Association had laid the "necessary groundwork" for disposing of the report as it saw fit. When complaints of those who were interested in not allowing the report to be killed through inaction became so loud that they no longer could be disregarded, the State Department of Public Health took the stage as the official public sponsor of the survey. One of its first acts was to appoint from among the members of the State Board of Health a new Publication Committee, whose duty it was to edit the report and to see that a document was published. Three members of this newly appointed Publication Committee were Howard Morrow, president of the State Board of Health and also president of the California Medical Association; Edward Pallette, a senior member of the State Board of Health and last year's president of the California Medical Association; and George Kress, another senior member of the State Board of Health and editor of *California and Western Medicine,* official publication of the Medical Association. Observing the make-up of this committee, one needs little imagination to figure out why the California Medical Association and the State Board of Health stood in perfect agreement as to what was to be done with the final report.

This is the "trust" that some of us *know* is operating in defense of the old system of private practice and at great sacrifice of public welfare.

PAUL A. DODD

Los Angeles, Cal., December 18

Advertising and Politics

Dear Sirs: It is not clear from Miss Woodward's article, How to Swing an Election, in your issue of December 11 whether she refers to an election held this fall or in 1936. However, in any case it was not the first instance of Lord and Thomas's participation in California politics. I remember that Upton Sinclair, in "I, Candidate for Governor and How I Got Licked," wrote of the role of this advertising agency in the smear-Sinclair campaign. The billboards and newspaper ads attacking Sinclair, together with the rest of the Republican publicity in the 1934 California gubernatorial election, were handled by this agency, Sinclair reports.

HY KRAVIF

New York, December 15

Money Must Be Spent

Dear Sirs: Keith Hutchinson's article in your issue of December 11 contained an excellent analysis of the present economic recession, but his conclusion, although in line with current liberal thought, struck me as inadequate.

Deficit financing was justified so long as it represented a replacement of the deposit money which vanished with the contraction of private credit during the years 1930-33. But now that deposits are as large as they were in 1929 there is money enough to finance production at capacity—if all the money were in active circulation. But the fact is that a vast sum is held idle in the banks by investors, trust accounts, and corporations. And so long as it is held idle we shall have unemployment and depression. Further pump-priming will stimulate business for a time, but the new money poured into the pump will again be drained off into private dry wells, as it has been in the past. And when the pump-priming ceases, as it must some time, business will decline again.

What we need is not a further increase in the volume of money but an increase in the velocity of its circulation. This might be brought about either by "restoring the confidence" of business men, which implies a complete surrender of the New Deal, or by devising taxes which would severely penalize the accumulation of idle funds.

The fact we must recognize is that our economy will not function—without the stimulus of credit inflation—unless all income received is either spent or invested. Money that cannot be invested must be spent. We cannot hope for a steady prosperity until measures are devised to give effect to this principle.

GEORGE R. WALKER

Boston, December 20

Mr. Epstein Unchanged

Dear Sirs: Mr. L. A. Beck's letter in *The Nation* of December 18 regarding your recent editorial and my presumed changes of mind is interesting to me only as an example of the bankrupt tactics of my critics.

As to Mr. Beck's charge that in my speech before the Colorado Conference of Social Work I attacked "the Social Security Act as well as the Social Security Board and others who are not in full agreement" with me, Mr. Beck knows that I did not make reference to either the Social Security Board or other people's point of view.

It is significant that Mr. Beck uses the same quotation from my testimony before the Congressional committees studying the social-security bills as was recently cited to me by a member of the Social Security Board. The frightful inconsistency charged to me is that early in 1935 I indorsed the major portion of the President's general program and even favored the old-age insurance plan then proposed. What Mr. Beck does not tell is that my testimony referred to a bill which was entirely different from the one finally enacted. That bill not only provided for lower contributions, to be attained at a slower rate of increase, and for less than one-third the present contemplated reserve, but also—which is most important to me—for a direct governmental contribution.

My chief criticisms of the insurance provisions of the Social Security Act are based on the fact that the present taxes are placed almost entirely on the workers as wage-earners and consumers, and that since this must inevitably reduce their purchasing power, production will be curtailed, unemployment increased, and insecurity enhanced. There is thus no inconsistency in my indorsement of a plan which offered a base for a socially desirable system and my criticism of an act which is directly the opposite. Indeed, until there is a governmental contribution to the present old-age and unemployment-insurance provisions, obtained through progressive taxation, I must continue to denounce the act for what it is—a measure tending toward social insecurity rather than security—if I am to be consistent with the principles I have held steadfastly for over twenty years.

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN, Executive Secretary
American Association for Social Security
New York, December 17

Margaret Fuller

Dear Sirs: I am preparing a biography of Margaret Fuller and would be glad to hear from anyone possessing letters or information about her not hitherto made public. Any letters or other material sent to me in care of Reynal and Hitchcock, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City, will be carefully handled and promptly returned. MASON WADE

New York, December 27

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Dear Sirs: I have undertaken a study of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and her times, and I shall be obliged if owners of letters from Miss Wilcox will send copies of them to me for examination, or, if more convenient, the originals, which will be promptly copied and returned. I shall also be grateful for any memories of the poet which her friends or acquaintances may send.

JENNY BALLOU

Short Beach, Conn., December 23

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* correspondent in Spain, has just arrived in the United States for a short visit.

MARQUIS CHILDS, Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* is the author of "Sweden: The Middle Way."

REINHOLD NIEBUHR, professor of applied Christianity at Union Theological Seminary, is the author of "Beyond Tragedy."

GEORGE GROSZ has recently published a portfolio of drawings, "Interregnum," from which *The Nation* has selected several for publication.

ALAN BARTH is a New York newspaperman.

PAUL ROSENFELD is the author of "By Way of Art."

ABRAM L. HARRIS, professor of economics at Howard University, is the author of "The Negro as Capitalist."

NATHANIEL WEYL, formerly an economist for the AAA, is working on a book about South America.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, author of "Farewell to Reform," is on the staff of *Fortune.*

PHILIP RAHV is an editor of the *Partisan Review.*

MARVIN LOWENTHAL is the author of "The Jews of Germany."

EMERY NEFF is assistant professor of English at Columbia University.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN is a close student of the economic forces which motivate wars. He is the coauthor of "Merchants of Death."

GEORGE WILLISON is the author of "Why Wars Are Declared."

Correction—In the issue of November 27, L. O. Prendergast stated that telephone service in Mexico "is in the hands of two foreign companies, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Swedish Ericcson trust, in which the A. T. and T. has a 35 per cent interest." Mr. Prendergast intended to say the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, not the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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The Shape of Things

✶

MR. ROOSEVELT'S MESSAGE ON THE STATE OF the nation was among the sharpest commentaries on the functioning of the capitalist economy that any President has sent to Congress. In form and temper it marks an abrupt departure from the demoralized Administration mood of the past several months. In terms of actual program, however, there was little to put one's teeth into that had not already been discussed in previous messages. Despite the "candor" of his phrases, the President is clearly marking time in foreign affairs. In the domestic sphere he pleaded again and persuasively for the farm and wage-hour bills; retreated from the "balanced budget" philosophy, but not far enough to adopt the opposite philosophy of government spending to combat the recession; promised again that no one would starve if the WPA could help it; and took a firm stand on tax revision, implying that he would favor no changes in the capital-gains tax, and only such changes in the undistributed-profits tax as would ease the burden on small business. There is not much here that is new; yet, in contrast with what looked like an earlier tendency to bargain away the principles of the New Deal in return for business "cooperation," even to hold fast to what has already been enunciated seems like a step forward. The weakness of the message is its lack of a constructive and articulate program for dealing with the recession. The President's reference to an annual wage in the building industry is scarcely a major contribution toward recovery. His unwillingness to commit himself to government spending is ominous. In this respect Senator La Follette's insistence on more spending bolstered by heavier taxation would seem to smell more of the spirit of "action and action now" than the President's message.

✶

IT IS WHEN HE TALKS OF BIG BUSINESS and the government, however, that the President reaches the crux of the message. Mr. Jackson and Mr. Ickes, by their speeches, stirred up a storm; Mr. Roosevelt now seeks to ride and command it. It is noteworthy that the emphasis of the message is not on monopoly or on any projected trust-busting. One must assume that the President can read history as well as the next man, and that he knows the record of the failure of anti-trust legislation, as pointed out in our editorial elsewhere in this issue. His emphasis is rather where it should be—on business power and irresponsibility rather than on size, and on the price and production policies not only of the monopolies but of the rest of big business. His indictment of particular business practices is important not because they violate some fancied competitive ideal, but because they carry with them "control of other people's money, other people's labor, other people's lives." What the President fails to see, or is unwilling to say, is that while his indictment applies only to a minority of business men, that minority controls our economic life. But a more important omission is the absence of a definite program for dealing with this concentration of power in the hands of an irresponsible few. The President hints at banking legislation, which may mean that he appreciates the fact of the government's dependence on the big capitalists for continuing investment and realizes that it was just such a dependence that caused the death of reform governments in Great Britain and France. Upon the nature of the President's supplementary messages, with their specific proposals, will depend one's judgment as to whether this message was chiefly rhetoric or the beginning of a new turn in policy.

*

THE CENSUS OF UNEMPLOYMENT SHOWS that there is a larger number of jobless in the United States than anyone believed possible. While there will be endless controversy regarding the exact interpretation of the statistics, a strict mathematical count indicated that the number of unemployed in mid-November was 10,871,000. Since that date at least another million have been thrown out of work, bringing the total to very nearly twelve million. Assuming that a fourth of the two and a half million women listed as jobless would not be in the labor market if their husbands had work, the total is still well over eleven million. A few, but very few, of these will be eligible for unemployment insurance in another few weeks. In New York, which is one of the twenty-one states in which unemployment insurance becomes payable this month, only 185,000 of the 1,350,000 who are out of work have applied for benefit payments, and it is impossible to know how many of these will be disqualified. Throughout the country approximately two million persons are on government work projects. But there remain at least eight million who are receiving neither jobless benefits nor work relief. As things stand at present, these millions are in precisely the same plight as were the unemployed in the early days of the Hoover Administration. They must look to the state, to the municipality, or to private charity for such aid as is available. But if the past few years have taught us anything, it is that the local communities are incapable of meeting the demand for relief. Pending the development of a coordinated national-security program, which would eliminate discrimination, Congress might well consider the proposal put forward by the Community Mobilization for Human Needs for an immediate resumption of federal grants-in-aid to enable the states to cope with the growing crisis.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S DECISION TO RESIGN the Premiership and concentrate on military affairs may be taken as an indication that the Chinese leaders have determined to fight the war to the finish. H. H. Kung, the new Premier, is one of Chiang's most trusted aides and may be expected to carry out his policies. Despite the rapid Japanese advance in Shantung, the military situation is not wholly unfavorable to China. Observers of the utmost reliability who have recently returned to this country from the Peiping area report that the large Japanese army in Shansi, Suiyuan, and parts of Hopei has practically been immobilized by the guerrilla tactics of the Eighth Route Army. At most, Japanese control extends only about five miles from the railroads, and even these are frequently cut. Popular feeling in both the occupied and unoccupied sections of the country is growing more bitter against Japan as a result of the systematic, wholesale pillaging of the towns and countryside which have been occupied by the Japanese troops. Evidence which has come to light recently makes it clear that the undeclared war, including the Shanghai adventure, was not the outgrowth of unfortunate incidents, as appeared at the time, but was deliberately planned months in advance by the extremists in the Japanese army. It is apparent, however, that the strength of Chinese resistance was seriously underestimated, and that even the extremists would now welcome peace if it would guarantee Japanese domination over North China.

*

NOT THE LEAST REGRETTABLE ASPECT OF the Panay incident was the inflammatory purpose it was made to serve. For days before the newsreels reached the United States their coming was heralded by news items describing the dangers attendant on their recording, outlining their itinerary, and explaining the delays. When the pictures finally arrived, full double-column advertisements appeared in the New York dailies listing all the moving-picture houses in the metropolitan area at which they would be shown, and many of the larger houses advertised separately, giving lurid descriptions of the horrors to be revealed. On the first day the films were shown, the papers reported the exact degree of fever raised in each theater, and one journal even sent a reporter around to ask members of the audience whether the pictures made them feel like going to war. Several responded with a gratifying ferocity that was played up in the headlines. Actually the newsreels themselves were not nearly as inflammatory as the build-up, but the running comment was assuredly not intended to cool fevered brows. The bombing itself was shown only indirectly, and there was no sign of the machine-gunning of the Panay. But the fulsome discussion of the commentator made up for that. As the film showed the flag-draped coffin of an American seaman who was killed on board the gunboat, the voice of Lowell Thomas reminded us, in grim staccato and with what sounded like disapproval, that the government says the incident is closed. Without all the ballyhoo the films would have

PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame

been calmly accepted as a reasonably good newsreel; as presented they became a challenge to "red-blooded Americans" to stand up and put those Japs in their place.

*

WHEN THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATS ASSEMBLE at the annual Jackson Day dinner, where the governorship prospects are usually lined up, the figure on whom all eyes will be turned will be another fellow by the name of Jackson. Besides having the running start of a good name, Robert H. Jackson has recently been catapulted into national prominence by his speeches attacking big business. These have given him the build-up he has needed in order to become available for the governorship of New York State this year. Jackson first gained attention as general counsel of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, where he made a brilliant argument in the tax suits against Andrew Mellon and did much to strengthen the tax administration. He is something of an anomaly—a former corporation lawyer who has turned out to be one of the strongest Administration progressives. He would undoubtedly receive the support of the Labor Party in New York as against District Attorney Dewey, who is almost certain to get the Republican nomination for governor. The only candidate who could replace Jackson is Senator Wagner, and a boom has already been started by Tammany to head Jackson off by drafting Wagner for the governorship and running Lehman for the Senate in Wagner's place. The maneuver has a double purpose: not only would it spike the Jackson boom, but it would replace a strong liberal in the Senate with a man more to the liking of the financial interests. Wagner would make a strong candidate for governor, but he should not be taken out of the Senate, where his talent for holding the liberal bloc together makes him indispensable. New York labor will do well to insist that he stay where he is and to throw its strength to Jackson for governor.

*

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE NEW STATE OF EIRE leaves de Valera and the Irish people with their basic problems as far from solution as ever. Although the last ties with the British Empire have nominally been cut, Ireland is still not independent. True, it has obtained complete control over its domestic policies, but its autonomy in this respect is really no greater than was granted in the Free State charter of 1921. In theory it is no longer dependent on the British Commonwealth of Nations for its foreign policy, but in practice it is as much a vassal as ever. Mr. de Valera is actually working in closer harmony with Great Britain than at any time in the past five years. Nor has any progress been made on the problem of "partition." The new constitution invests Dublin with sovereignty over the whole of Ireland, but the British have decreed otherwise. While the constitution was created to unify the country, it has only served to accentuate political differences and weaken de Valera's power. Most of the changes are minor, but they lie in the general direction of an authoritarian state. Civil rights are guaranteed, subject to rather sweeping exceptions. The President is granted power which in the hands of a strong man might facilitate the establishment of a dictatorship. For the moment, however, the strength of the opposition precludes any move in that direction.

*

LORD HALIFAX'S VISIT TO HERR HITLER may appear to have been a failure to those who hoped it would fail, but it was not so regarded by the group in England which is responsible for having brought it about. The London *Times* of December 3 contained a long and highly interesting description of the second annual dinner of the Anglo-German Fellowship. Five hundred persons attended, Lord Mount Temple presided, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, president of the Deutsche-Englische Gesellschaft, sister organization in the Third Reich, was the chief guest. Lord Mount Temple noted that the Fellowship has grown to 700 members—"citizens of weight and influence, occupying responsible positions, and drawn from all parts of the British Isles." The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha made it clear that Lord Halifax's visit must be regarded as the first success in a continuing campaign rather than the final fiasco in a failing cause. Herr von Ribbentrop uttered similar felicities, and Lord Halifax, with an almost jocular verbal wink at his distinguished audience, which responded with laughter, said that he intended to speak mainly of the hunting expedition which, he wished to remind them, was the "original purpose" of his visit and that it would therefore be the subject of his address. The *Times* list of "among those present" was formidable with lords and ladies, admirals, and field marshals. They included Sir Robert and Lady Vansittart. Sir Robert has just been made chief diplomatic adviser to the British Foreign Office.

The Attack on Monopoly

THE new moves to grapple with the monopoly problem which are implicit in the President's message to Congress and were spelled out in the speeches of Mr. Jackson and Mr. Ickes may be seen from two angles. Most of the discussion has been centered on the immediate politics of these moves, with the President again getting the worst of it so far as the newspapers are concerned. If the turn in policy were limited to trust-busting slogans and the attempt to fix the blame for the recession, we should agree with much of the criticism of it. But if it marks a recognition by the President that his whole recent policy of compromise and concession has been as unfruitful politically as it has been futile economically, the change is a good one.

Then, too, there is the larger perspective. These considerations of politics and morale, however important on the eve of the opening of Congress, are not of prime significance. Five or ten years from now the question of who was to blame for the depression, or whether the

President was politically clever in his moves, will be unimportant. But the question of what measures were taken to cope with the recession, and what long-run policy was adopted for the regulation of business, will be crucial. It was inevitable, of course, that after Wall Street had persisted in blaming the recession on the Administration, the Administration should retaliate by blaming it all on business; and the speeches of Mr. Ickes and Mr. Jackson, with their unfortunate emphasis on personal devils, must be read in this light. But it is time the question of *who* is responsible for the depression were shifted to the question of *what* is responsible.

There are men around the President who are beginning to make an analysis not only of the recession but of the whole impasse of American capitalism that runs beyond campaign thunderings and political snap judgments. This analysis is implicit in the recent Administration utterances, although overlaid by political incrustations. Its central approach to the ups and downs of the permanent depression has three phases. First, the major part of American industry is controlled by corporations so powerful that most of our prices are what Gardiner C. Means has called "administered" prices, with a resulting lack of price flexibility and an incapacity for change as required by changing needs. Second, these corporations have been in a position (in Mr. Jackson's phrase) to "skim the cream off recovery" by their huge profits; they have profited from advances in technology and lowered costs, but instead of following the Brookings formula of lowering price and increasing volume and thus pumping the technological savings back into purchasing power for labor and the consumer, they have chosen to maximize their profits, even at the expense of higher prices and smaller volume. Third, industrial and financial concentration has gone so far that a relatively small number of men now control the sources and pace of investment and have the power to withhold it; and that control is exercised in the thoroughly undemocratic way that characterizes the management-control and banker-control of industry. This latter, incidentally, is the core of relevance in Secretary Ickes's reference to America's "sixty families."

If this analysis is sound, the power, inflexibility, price and labor policies, and investment policies of the giant corporations are crucial to the whole situation. We have never believed in what Justice Brandeis has called "the curse of bigness" as such; the problem is not one of bigness but of irresponsible power and inflexibility of adjustment to economic needs.

But the remedy for our economic ills is not trust-busting. The Administration has much to learn if it thinks it can bring prosperity by enforcing the anti-trust laws. They are part of the exploded and outmoded folklore of capitalism—a folklore, as Thurman Arnold has pointed out, that allowed us to cling to our ideal of a competitive society and at the same time allowed the trusts to flourish. The anti-trust policy has been a failure ever since its adoption in 1890. Fifty years of agitation have resulted only in the Sherman, Clayton, and Federal Trade Commission acts. The anti-trust suits and the consent decrees have amounted to practically nothing. The whole policy is vitiated by the attempt to control a living economic institution in terms of the dead ritual and incongruous procedures of criminal litigation. Theodore Roosevelt tried trust-busting and ended by turning his face Janus-like in both directions at once, with a distinction between "good" and "bad" trusts. In the immortal words that Mr. Dooley placed in his mouth, "On wan hand I wud stamp them undher fut; on th' other hand, not so fast." Woodrow Wilson tried trust-busting, and his failure was shrouded in war.

It has been one of Mr. Roosevelt's merits that he has up to now recognized the futility of the anti-trust laws, and has addressed himself instead to the regulation of business. It is true that he has gone about regulation often in the wrong way, and that the NRA did much to increase the power of the monopolies. But in fairness to the Administration, one should point also to the Public Utilities Holding Company Act, the SEC, the NLRB, and the TVA as moves in the right direction, and to the light that the Pecora and Wheeler hearings have shed on corporate finance. In long-run terms the recent moves represent a recognition by the Administration that its policy of regulation has not accomplished its objectives; that despite the partial successes of the government, the recession has caught it with Big Money still in the saddle and still powerful enough to sabotage the purposes of the New Deal. We welcome the change of Administration policy as a sign that Mr. Roosevelt means to push on with his reforms. But the direction is all important. If Mr. Roosevelt means to move back to the Sherman Act and the cloud-cuckooland of a competitive system, the results can only be tragic. If he means to move forward to more stringent and more intelligent regulation of business, he is on the right track.

Here, or anywhere in government regulation, the beginning of wisdom lies in the recognition that absolutes must be avoided. The industrial system presents a whole hierarchy of methods by which prices are determined. In certain sweated industries cutthroat competition reigns and "chiseling" is a real menace; in the distributive and retail trades, one must face the problem of resale price maintenance and of the independent merchant as against the chain-store; in the case of the railroads, consolidations must be part of a realistic program; the public-utility field is the happy hunting ground of holding companies and financial marauders, and only drastic control accompanied by the TVA principle and a change in judicial rate-making can help the consumer; an industry like aluminum represents a case of a 100 per cent perfect monopoly, protected by patents and ripe for socialization. Some of the most important industries—steel, autos, oil, movies—fall between these categories in the area of what the economists are now calling by the barbarous name "oligopoly," where a few large companies divide the field, often through linked financial directorates, and where there is a community of interest in price and production policy.

Obviously no ready-made pattern will fit these varied needs. What the Administration needs is not a slogan but a program. Fortunately it has the materials for one in the studies of the National Resources Committee, in the WPA studies of recent changes in industrial techniques, in the files of the NRA, and in the series of excellent studies of price policy made in the Labor Department under Walton Hamilton and soon to be published. It should use them.

The Boycott Is Winning

FOUR and a half months have passed since *The Nation* first urged a consumers' boycott as the most practicable means of opposing Japanese aggression in China. During that period the boycott has been steadily gaining strength. And within the past week it has suddenly emerged as a nation-wide movement of unprecedented proportions. Doubtless the sinking of the Panay and the subsequent showing of the films depicting that attack have played an important role in bringing home the realities of Japanese aggression to the American people. But there is also abundant evidence that Americans are beginning to grasp the fact, for the first time, that they, in cooperation with other peace-loving peoples, have the power not only to stop Japan but to diminish the threat of war throughout the world.

The success of the four-months-old movement to stop the purchase of Japanese goods is almost incredible. Within the past week officers of six of the country's largest chain stores—F. W. Woolworth, S. S. Kresge, McCrory, S. H. Kress, the F. and W. Grand Stores, and the National Dollar Stores—have announced that they are not placing additional orders for Japanese manufactured goods. The only other important chain in the same field, the W. T. Grant Stores, was earlier reported to be considering a similar ban, but it has not made any definite announcement.

So far the department stores have not come out as openly as the chain stores, but the *Herald Tribune* of December 17 reported that two of New York's largest stores had discontinued purchases from Japan and that others were holding up orders pending an appraisal of popular sentiment. Similar reports have been received from San Francisco, Washington, Portland, and other cities.

The effect of the boycott on the sale of silk has not been as dramatic, but there is plenty of evidence that inroads are being made on this most important of all Japanese products. On December 18 it was announced that the silk-hosiery manufacturers would be forced to "plan a midwinter curtailment of production." On the following day it was reported that the number of producers of lisle stockings had increased from five to fifty-five within six weeks. Since that time one of the largest manufacturers, the Gotham Silk Hosiery Company, has announced a new stocking made of cotton lisle "to meet such demand as may develop." A large number of firms have also branched out into the production of full-fashioned rayon stockings.

To the annual convention of the American Student Union must be given credit for one of the most colorful incidents in connection with the boycott. The bonfire which consumed silk stockings, neckties, and other garments has been a front-page story throughout the country. A less publicized but even more dramatic incident occurred in a New York settlement house when a group of children were presented with Japanese-made toys at their annual Christmas party. Spontaneously indignant, these slum children, to whom even the cheapest toy is a prize of great value, returned the gifts to the settlement house, where they lie today, a testimonial to the children's hatred of war and a rebuke to the donors.

It is impossible within our limits of space to attempt to list the organizations which have indorsed the boycott. They represent all sections of the nation and all shades of political and religious opinion. In addition to the American Federation of Labor, the Committee for Industrial Organization, the American Student Union, and the American Negro Congress, we find such various groups as the United Christian Council for Democracy, Division 36 of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the City Council of Hamtramck, Michigan (a Polish-American community), the Kiwanis Club of Boston, the Lions Club of Charleston, West Virginia, the Massachusetts State Grange, the Lieutenant John A. Patten Post, American Legion, Troy, New York, and the American Artists' Congress actively supporting the boycott. We could cite many more, equally diverse but similarly united in opposition to the Japanese invasion. The Independent Merchants' Association of Montana, which earlier voted to suspend buying Japanese products, has written to the National Retail Dry Goods Association asking similar action. In Richmond, Virginia, a state Committee for Boycott against Japanese Aggression has been set up as a branch of the national committee in New York.

Details on the spread of the boycott movement in other countries are lacking, but it is significant that the Council of the powerful League of Nations Union of Great Britain unanimously adopted a resolution on December 17 which (1) "welcomes the action taken by individuals and societies, both at home and abroad, to refuse to purchase goods of Japanese origin; and (2) trusts that there will be such an extension of this refusal to purchase Japanese goods as will convince the British government of the strength of public opinion on this subject." On December 15 the international executive committee of the International Peace Campaign, under the leadership of Viscount Cecil, voted unanimously to organize, on a worldwide scale, a private boycott of Japanese goods. A World Boycott Conference will be held in London beginning February 14, with the slogan "Save China—Save Peace." Thirty-nine international organizations with an aggregate membership of some 300,000,000 are to take part in this drive.

While figures showing the effect of the American boycott campaign during the last two months will not be available for at least sixty days, some effect is discernible in the September and October trade figures. Despite a general increase in American foreign trade during those months, trade with Japan, both imports and exports, fell off sharply as compared with the same months in 1936. Particularly striking is the fact that our imports of raw silk, in volume, dropped almost exactly 25 per cent in each month as compared with the previous year. As the price was also down about 5 per cent, the net loss in purchasing power to Japan was approximately 30 per cent. While all this loss cannot be attributed to the boycott, a number of reports from trade circles indicate that even three months ago "resistance to Japanese products" on the part of consumers was noticeable.

Even from this brief survey it is apparent that a development of utmost importance is under way. For the first time in history the common people of the world are discovering an effective method of registering their protest against war and aggression. True, they have not yet stopped Japan. But as it becomes apparent that China is settling down to a long-drawn-out campaign of resistance, the possibilities for effectively using this weapon are greatly increased. Japan has reserves to carry on its invasion of China for several months longer, but its capacity for continuing its drive beyond that period depends entirely on the economic support it receives from the principal commercial countries—the United States and the British Empire. Denied that support, Japan will find itself unable to obtain the war materials necessary to carry its campaign through to the end.

Carol Drops the Mask

THE news of the past week from Bucharest was not as unexpected as some of the correspondents make it appear to be. For the better part of a year King Carol has been telling the foreign journalists who came to see him that events of the gravest sort were brewing. What he left to the imagination was that he intended to play the part of destiny himself. But a glance at the political checkerboard of Rumania made that manifest. The young monarch had for seven years been enjoying himself hugely at the game of reigning. A constitutional ruler on paper, he was in fact ignoring parties and parliamentary majorities; and he labored with no little skill and with all his energies to get rid of them altogether. To this end he sowed discord in the more powerful groups—like the Liberals and the National Peasants—and raised up dictator-apprentices to undermine their influence. But his efforts were not entirely successful. The party of Maniu gained suport in the country, though not proportionately at elections, while the Iron Guard of Corneliu Codreanu, grown strong and arrogant, snapped at the hand that had been feeding it. Thenceforth there was but one course open to the King. With a quasi-republican foe on the left and a totalitarian one on the right, he must drop the mask and frankly break up the party system. The recent elections, in which, despite official pressure, his minions failed to obtain the required plurality, were the last straw.

In calling to office Octavian Goga—poet, anti-Semite, and hooligan chief—Carol followed in the footsteps not of Hindenburg but (with variations and precautions) of his late brother-in-law King Alexander of Yugoslavia. The leader of the numerically insignificant National Christian Party is a transparent screen behind which can be discerned the features of the real dictator, Carol himself. Had the ruler wanted to turn the country over to a veritable, dynamic totalitarian, he would have called upon Codreanu or Vaida Voevod, the dissident peasant chief. In aims and program these three differ not at all, and Codreanu is the only one to possess a private army. Goga's threat to mobilize 200,000 of his troops is an idle boast, and he as well as the King knows it. Carol did not even make the army over to his new Premier, but intrusted it to General Antonescu, a soldier independent of parties and ideologies whom the monarch could control separately.

The purpose of the royal move is thus clear enough: it was a maneuver to preserve and consolidate the throne, to crush the peasant left, and by the same stroke to take the wind out of Codreanu's sails. But surprises may yet come. It is doubtful, for instance, whether the King, for all his sympathies with nearby despotisms and his repugnance for the French Popular Front, intended to precipitate a break with the traditional foreign policy of the country. There was no compelling reason why he should swing over in the direction of Rome and Berlin at this particular moment. Along with Colonel Beck of Poland and Premier Stoyadinovich of Yugoslavia, he rather relished sitting on the fence, being courted by both groups of great powers, and committing himself outright to neither. Wherefore the speedy and somewhat vigorous reaction in Paris must have come to him as a shock. M. Daladier's prompt stoppage of arms shipments may possibly serve to sober Rumania's ruler. The question is whether events have not slipped out of Carol's scheming hands. Coups d'état, like revolutions, often fail to do what their makers expect of them. Ideological sympathies are all very well, but France and Czechoslovakia are in a position to furnish arms on credit, whereas Germany and Italy, having poured the contents of their arsenals into Spain and being hampered by lack of raw materials, are hardly able to supply them even for cash.

As a matter of fact, even internally, Carol must already realize that he has loosed a bigger avalanche than he could have wished. The racial policies of Goga cannot fail to make worse the position of other minorities besides that of the Jews and thereby to increase tension with Hungary, Bulgaria, and Russia. If Goga weakens he will be overwhelmed either by the Iron Guard or by the National Peasant party of Maniu, which, be it remembered, has military resources of its own. In the last analysis the issue may depend on the attitude of the army. For the moment the army is faithful to the monarch. But should the situation become confused, it is at least conceivable that, in a country where corruption is not unknown, its loyalty may be shaken. In that case the German and Italian press may have triumphed prematurely.

Can Hitler Be Bought?

BY ROBERT DELL

Geneva, December 20

FOUR years of refusal to learn by experience—of persistence in a policy of capitulations and concessions to gangsters and blackmailers although its disastrous consequences had again and again been demonstrated—have ended as sooner or later they were bound to end. Anglo-French diplomacy is bankrupt, and the poor-spirited incapables to whom the two great Western democracies have intrusted the management of their affairs still refuse to face realities and to reverse the policy that has put them in an almost inextricable situation.

Neither in Paris nor in London has any definite information been given about the Anglo-French conversations of last month. It is doubtful whether all members of the British and French governments have been fully informed about them. It is, however, certain that the conversations did not result in a decision to make a stand against the arrogant and aggressive policy of the new Fascist Triple Alliance. So far as Japan is concerned, the capitulation is already complete. As the London *New Statesman and Nation* said on December 18, the Brussels conference was a "degrading farce," for which the United States, England, and France are equally responsible. Not one of them was prepared even to join in an embargo. An attempt appears to have been made to induce the Soviet government to take action alone against Japan. Potemkin is said to have replied that the Russians were not prepared to be cannon fodder for the Western powers. The Brussels conference should never have been held in the circumstances, and it cannot be denied that President Roosevelt's Chicago speech misled European opinion. He should not have talked as he did if he had not the power to act. Now the Japanese feel they can do anything they like, as the attacks on American and British ships show. As the *New Statesman* said in the article already quoted, "it would be sensible for Englishmen to prepare their minds for the peaceful liquidation of British interests in the Far East" and to "face the fact that Japan is now mistress in the Pacific."

In Europe, on the other hand, all is not yet lost, and it would still be possible to redress the situation if the British and French governments were willing to take the initiative in organizing collective defense against the alliance of the aggressor states. It is clear, however, that they are not willing. They cannot do it without the cooperation of Soviet Russia, and the British government refuses to cooperate with Soviet Russia. Under British influence the French government has been for some time past becoming less and less friendly to Russia. If England, France, and Russia declared tomorrow that they would tolerate no aggression against and no interference with Austria or Czechoslovakia or any other European country, it is extremely improbable that there would be any such aggression or interference, and if there were none, there would be no war. If England, France, and Russia joined in a pact of mutual assistance open to every other country in Europe, every other European country except Germany and Italy would ultimately be brought into it. Even Austria and Hungary could hardly stand out permanently. It is not true that further concessions to the fascist powers are the only alternative to war.

The tour of Delbos in Eastern Europe, which was arranged before the visit of Chautemps and Delbos to London, has been a complete failure if its purpose was to restore French influence in Poland, Rumania, and Yugoslavia and to strengthen the Little Entente. In Warsaw the divergences between Delbos and Beck were so evident that even the official communiqué did not venture to say that they were in agreement. Poland has not formally adhered to the Fascist Triple Alliance, but it belongs to it for all practical purposes, although there is little doubt that the majority of the Polish people are opposed to Beck's policy. It can hardly be doubted that the majority of the Yugoslav people are also opposed to the policy of their government. The arrival of Delbos in Belgrade was the occasion of an incident that must be unprecedented in such circumstances. The police charged and shot down demonstrators for the crime of showing their sympathy with democratic France and their hostility to fascist Italy. When Benes visited Belgrade, there were similar demonstrations, and the roads into the capital were closed to prevent the inhabitants of the neighboring country districts from joining in them. The visit of Stoyadinovich, the Yugoslav Prime Minister, to Rome on the eve of Delbos's visit was an insult to France, and it is clear that there is some sort of secret agreement between Italy and Yugoslavia, even if it be not a written one. Yugoslavia is now definitely in the German orbit, and the reconciliation with Italy was brought about by German and British influence. The Yugoslav government did not consult France or its partners in the Little Entente before signing the "Pact of Accord" with Italy on March 26 last, but it did consult Mr. Campbell, the British Minister to Belgrade, who recommended the signing of the pact, acting no doubt on instructions from his government. Thus Mussolini has regained the influence in the Balkans that he had lost by his own blunders.

In Bucharest Delbos was perhaps a little less unsuccessful than in Warsaw and Belgrade, but he could not shake the determination of the Rumanian government not to accept the pact of mutual assistance offered by the

Blum Cabinet to Yugoslavia and Rumania about a year ago on condition that they agreed to convert the Little Entente treaty, which at present provides for mutual assistance only in the event of an attack on any of the signatories by Hungary, into a general pact of mutual assistance. It is not even certain that he tried to shake it. The Blum Cabinet, under British influence, had previously refused a similar proposal made on behalf of the Little Entente in June, 1936. When, later, the French government took fright and itself made the proposal that it had previously rejected, it was too late. Yugoslavia and Rumania had passed under German influence. This was perhaps the worst of the many blunders in foreign policy made by the Popular Front government, which has a great responsibility for the present situation.

In Prague Delbos had, naturally, an enthusiastic reception, but by agreement with Neville Chamberlain and Eden he urged the Czechoslovak government to make concessions to Hitler. Hitler is trying to impose on Czechoslovakia a "cultural" agreement on the lines of that already existing between Germany and Poland. The effect of the agreement would be, among other things, that the Czechoslovak press would cease to publish anything distasteful to the German government, especially information about what is going on in Germany, that the German government would have a free hand to send into Czechoslovakia as many spies as it pleased masquerading as newspaper correspondents, and that the Czechoslovak government would suppress all the periodicals published by German refugees in Prague and forbid German refugees even to write for Czechoslovak papers. The fact that the Czechoslovak government is actually negotiating on the subject is significant.

It is extremely probable that Delbos advised the Czechoslovak government to make such an agreement with Germany, for he himself is negotiating about a similar agreement between Germany and France. The suggestion was made about a month ago by Aschmann, head of the press department of the German Foreign Office, in a letter to Pierre Comert, who holds the same position in the Quai d'Orsay. Delbos sent Comert, much against the latter's will, to Berlin to discuss the matter with Aschmann. When Delbos was passing through Berlin on his way to Warsaw, Neurath, in the course of their short conversation at the Berlin railway station, again raised the question of a "cultural agreement" and said that one of the conditions insisted on by the German government would be the suppression of all the periodicals published by German refugees in France. Delbos consented to consider the matter and telegraphed from Warsaw instructing Comert to go to Berlin without delay. It may be hoped that the negotiations will come to nothing, but the fact that Delbos insisted on them is a sufficient indication of his abject attitude toward Nazi Germany.

The very existence of the League of Nations is now at stake. The German manifesto against the League was undoubtedly a signal for an offensive with the object of destroying it. It seems likely that the political offensive will be started by Poland. On December 15 a communiqué issued by the political information bureau in Warsaw expressed the fear that the League would now become the representative of an "ideological bloc" opposing Germany, Italy, and Japan. "This would mean," the communiqué said, "that the Geneva institution would be turned into a mere doctrinaire camp without due regard to realities," in which case "the Polish government would have to reconsider very carefully whether this is not in conflict with the basic principles of Polish foreign policy and as a result of such consideration to regulate Poland's future attitude to, and her relations with, the League of Nations." The Polish government has sent the text of this communiqué officially or semiofficially to the Secretary General of the League of Nations with a covering letter saying that it expresses the views of the Polish government.

This is in effect a threat on the part of the Polish government to leave the League of Nations unless the Covenant is amended by the suppression of Article 16 and the League formally renounces any form of collective defense and any action against an aggressor. It is believed in Geneva that Poland will probably raise the question at the next session of the Council of the League, which will begin on January 17. If so, Poland is quite likely to have the support of the British government, and even of the French government if Chautemps has his way. French correspondents accompanying Delbos on his tour have been openly saying that a change in French policy is contemplated in the sense of an abandonment of the idea of collective security.

An article by Pierre Etienne Flandin published in the *Journal des Nations* on December 19 undoubtedly expresses the views of Chautemps. This article shows that Flandin has become, at any rate temporarily, as pro-Nazi as Lord Halifax or Lord Lothian or the Astor family. He says in so many words that the Covenant of the League of Nations must be conciliated with the political principles set forth by Hitler in "Mein Kampf," and that for that purpose there must be "a partial and momentary abdication of the ideal expressed in the Covenant." France, Flandin says, must aim at conciliation and "the future reorganization of European relations in a League of Nations amply remodeled." It is clear from internal evidence that the article was written before Italy gave notice of withdrawing from the League and therefore before Germany declared that it would never return to the League in any circumstances, but it is none the less ominous.

The offensive against the League is to be economic as well as political, and the economic offensive will be led by Van Zeeland, who recently resigned his post as Prime Minister of Belgium in not very creditable circumstances. He has now drafted his report on the economic situation. A few days ago he had an interview in Paris with Chautemps, to whom he showed his report, but he refused to show it to the Quai d'Orsay. At the time of writing, Van Zeeland is in Rome, where he has shown his report to the Italian Foreign Ministry. His presence in Rome was at first denied by the Italian press,

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which has now, however, admitted it, adding that Van Zeeland has not seen and will not see Mussolini, which may or may not be true. In his report Van Zeeland recommends all that the fascist powers have demanded. His report is in direct opposition to those of the economic and financial committees of the League of Nations, which have recommended financial assistance to autarchic countries only for the purpose of enabling them to abandon autarchy, control of exchanges, and so on, and then only with political guaranties to prevent the use of the credits for armament purposes. Van Zeeland recommends that credits and financial assistance should be given to autarchic countries to enable them to continue their autarchic system and without any political guaranties at all. He proposes a five-power conference of the United States, England, France, Germany, and Italy, to draft a scheme which would then be submitted to a world conference. In his conversation with Chautemps, Van Zeeland said that if the League Covenant were amended in the sense desired by Germany and Italy, and those countries returned to the League, it could be the organ for executing the decisions of the world conference. If not, a new economic organization would be set up, as was proposed by the King of the Belgians in his letter of July 21 last to Van Zeeland, which was instigated, if not actually written, by Van Zeeland himself.

Van Zeeland's proposals are an attempt not only to destroy the economic organization of the League of Nations, which is one of its most valuable departments, but also to strengthen the fascist powers economically and politically. We know Van Zeeland at Geneva. More than once he did the dirty work of the British delegation, notably during the Abyssinian affair. It has been clear for some time past that he is equally prepared to do the dirty work of Hitler and Mussolini. It is to be hoped that the United States will give no encouragement to his intrigues.

The Life and Times of "Red" Kuhl

[*We print herewith from the verbatim report of the La Follette Committee on Civil Liberties the typical sections of the testimony of C. M. ("Red") Kuhl, a labor spy who had worked for various agencies. Senator La Follette had begun by questioning Mr. Kuhl about the companies he had served and the "jobs" he had been assigned to.*]

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE. You have been in the business a long time, Mr. Kuhl. Can you tell us and just describe in your own way how they get these strike-breakers, where they get them, and what kind of men they are?

Mr. KUHL. There is a kind of an underground grapevine system that puts out this call, and everyone hears it. They have certain places they congregate. For instance, in New York they have got a certain place at Forty-second and Broadway. In Chicago it would be down in the Loop around Randolph Street. In Philadelphia, for instance, it is down around the Reading Depot. And one of them will hear about it. For instance, these agencies will put out the word to one fellow, and he will go down and spread the word, and they are all around there looking for the job.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. How do they sign them up for these jobs?

Mr. KUHL. Well, they sign them up on a contract where the fink or strike-breaker practically signs away his life. . . .

Senator LA FOLLETTE. What else?

Mr. KUHL. Well, that is about all. They get paid.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. Where did they put the men up on this New Orleans job?* Where did they house and feed them?

Mr. KUHL. They slept in car barns. . . .

Senator LA FOLLETTE. And who were MacGuffin's aides on this job?

Mr. KUHL. Well, there were quite a number of aides there. It covered five barns. . . . MacGuffin was in charge. This C. W. Williams was next. And then I was sort of an assistant to C. W. Williams. . . .

Senator LA FOLLETTE. Are there different rates of pay between finks and nobles and lieutenants?

Mr. KUHL. Yes. Well, I can go down the line, start from the top and tell you the pay. MacGuffin received $50 in salary.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. A day?

Mr. KUHL. And $50 expenses a day, and a bonus.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. What is the bonus for?

Mr. KUHL. Well, probably if it is a good job, a very good paying job, why there would be a bonus connected with it. Williams received $25 a day and a bonus. That bonus was a verbal bonus, and went something like this: For all of the time he laid off the drink or the booze why he would receive a bonus. Myself and the rest of these fellows I mentioned, we received $20 a day. Naturally, we make more money on these jobs, you know, when these men are housed up in these barns, and take particularly a street-car job where there is a lot of money transacted, why these finks, they keep all the money, you know, that they take in on the cars. And they do a lot of gambling. These lieutenants of the barn take care of the games, and that is their cut. And they cut pretty heavy.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. What do you think some of them made on that job?

Mr. KUHL. Well, I don't know. The word come out that Williams had himself $15,000 or $18,000. . . .

Senator LA FOLLETTE. Were you on the Republic Rubber job?

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* A street-car strike against the New Orleans Public Service.

Mr. KUHL. Yes; I helped hook a man on that job. . . .

Senator LA FOLLETTE. Where did you get the names of the prospects that might be hooked?

Mr. KUHL. Why, the manager there, the man that bought this service.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. The personnel manager or the manager of the company?

Mr. KUHL. I would say the manager of the company.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. He gave you a list of men he thought you might hook?

Mr. KUHL. He gave the National Corporation Service salesman a list of the men he wanted hooked.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. What type of men were they?

Mr. KUHL. Radical men; union men.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. Did you hook one of them?

Mr. KUHL. Yes. There was one of them hooked. I am pretty sure this fellow Cameron, or Campbell, or some name like that, he was hooked.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. Were you on the Johnson Bronze Company job at Newcastle?

MR. KUHL. Yes, sir.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. Do you know who sold that job?

Mr. KUHL. I think the first service that was sold to the Johnson Bronze that Harry R. Hill sold it. And that was inside stool-pigeon service that went on for a year or a year and a half before a strike occurred there.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. Do you know who did most of the hooking on that job?

Mr. KUHL. Well, I done some. Bill Gray done some. That is that W. H. Gray. And there were a number of street men that worked on that job, and they naturally wouldn't have to be hooked.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. What was the situation among the employees of that company, if you remember?

Mr. KUHL. Well, they were poorly paid. . . . There was quite a few girls and women working in there, and they received 10 cents an hour. I heard that even the telephone operator received 10 cents an hour. . . .

Senator LA FOLLETTE. And who was in charge of the strike-breakers and the street operators?

Mr. KUHL. Well, John McCabe was in charge. . . .

Senator LA FOLLETTE. Do you remember how many were used there?

Mr. KUHL. Oh, about a hundred.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. Was any gas used on that job?

Mr. KUHL. Yes, sir.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. How did you get it?

Mr. KUHL. Why, the Johnson Bronze bought that gas direct from the Lake Erie Chemical Company. The National Corporation Service wouldn't let their name enter in that they would buy gas.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. Was there much trouble?

Mr. KUHL. Yes, sir. There wasn't anybody killed, but there was considerable beat up, and they finally run all the strike-breakers out of town.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. Did the street operators help to cause the trouble?

Mr. KUHL. Well, I don't know whether this is the truth or not, but G. W. Fiske, one of the street operators, told me when he seen this riot, or all these bricks and gas flying around, he said, "I was trying to hit you with a brick," and says, "I don't know whether I got you, but I probably got somebody else in there." He was right out there in the pickets throwing them bricks.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. Is that customary, for one operator to heave a brick at another?

Mr. KUHL. Well, he told that. I don't know whether it is a fact or not. But the chances are if he got a chance he would throw a brick at me.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. Was there any work done there to form a company union?

Mr. KUHL. Yes, sir. . . .

Senator LA FOLLETTE. How did that work out?

Mr. KUHL. Well, from both inside and outside. These inside operators would talk and talk against the union, the American Federation of Labor, and use a point similar to this, "Well, why pay dues to a lot of organizers, presidents, secretaries, one thing and another?" And another, "For instance, if we give a dollar here in our particular local only a quarter stays here, and so much goes down to Columbus at the state headquarters, and the rest goes to Washington. So out of an actual dollar we put in the American Federation of Labor union, why we only keep that quarter here. Now, if we keep a company union we don't pay any dues, and we save those dues, which will amount to $2 or $3 a month." . . .

Senator LA FOLLETTE. Did you have anything to do with the Akron rubber accounts, at Akron, Ohio?

Mr. KUHL. Yes, sir.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. Tell us about that.

Mr. KUHL. There were three companies that the National Corporation Service had business with. On the Goodrich I paid those "ops" over there, and contacted McLaughlin, Cassell, Bailey, and one or two others I can't recall. I also was arrested in Akron.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. What were you arrested for?

Mr. KUHL. Causing a disturbance, trying to break up a union meeting.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. Where did that happen?

Mr. KUHL. At one of the public schools.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. Just describe that for us, how you operated, how you went about it, and what happened.

Mr. KUHL. MacGuffin got me to carry there a supposed bunch of gorillas.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. What are gorillas?

Mr. KUHL. I don't know, you read the newspapers, that is where I got the word—these strong-arm men.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. Are they the same as finks?

Mr. KUHL. Yes. They wanted this union meeting busted and there was a party that Bill Gray had in tow by the name of Felix Catlin, quite a soap-box orator. He was supposed to get in there and make a speech. I went over the first Sunday, and Felix failed to connect, and didn't make any speech. I came back to the office and was reprimanded by Mr. MacGuffin that the job didn't go through, so the next Sunday we went back again and practically the same thing happened.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. With the same plans laid?

Mr. KUHL. With the same plans, and this Felix, he fell through again.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. Did you talk to Felix to find out why he didn't make these speeches?

Mr. KUHL. I am not supposed to talk to him, I am supposed to be on the opposite side of the fence when Felix goes in to make his speech. It didn't happen, and I thought, well, I will go back to Youngstown again, and I will hear about this, so I thought I would start a little commotion in there.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. What did you do?

Mr. KUHL. Destroyed a little property, broke some chairs and windows.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. All by yourself?

Mr. KUHL. There was another fellow with me by the name of J. P. South. We were caught and brought down to the police station. We didn't say very much, naturally; the unions wanted us to, but we kept our mouths shut, and MacGuffin's attorney came over and got us out. . . .

Senator LA FOLLETTE. What do you recall about the Lake Erie Power and Light job at Bellevue, Ohio?

Mr. KUHL. That was against a municipal power plant that the mayor and probably two or three councilmen were in favor of putting in this power plant. This would be financed by one of the government agencies, I don't know what it was, the FRA or one of them that finances, and naturally this Lake Erie Power Company was opposed to it. A fellow named Fiske and myself went up there and opened this job. Our cover was that we told about the bad water, and that in fact they needed a new water plant more than they needed a light plant, but we convinced them, that is, this management of the power company, that two of us wasn't enough, and we built the job up to about six.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. Was the water really bad there?

Mr. KUHL. Yes; the water was bad, it was a good talking point. Three or four of us were arrested in that town, too.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. How did that happen?

Mr. KUHL. Well, these city councilmen or mayor became suspicious of us, and one of these fellows, by the name of Earl Smith, he happened to look like some fugitive from the law from Detroit that the authorities were looking for, and they picked him up on suspicion and held him there, and then went around and found the rest of us, and they thought probably we might be all broke out of jail.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. Was he really wanted, or was it a case of mistaken identity?

Mr. KUHL. It was a case of mistaken identity.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. Why did you leave the work in 1935 for the Corporation Service?

Mr. KUHL. I was fed up with it; I didn't want any more.

Senator LA FOLLETTE. Why was that?

Mr. KUHL. I can't explain just the way I would like to explain, but I thought the work was pretty dirty, and I thought I would get out of it.

Haven at Hankow

BY CRISPIAN CORCORAN

Hankow, December 1

NANKING has come to Hankow. Old residents, used to nodding to every foreigner met along the street, glance bewildered at the flood of new faces. *Evacués* from Nanking, on the other hand, recognize in the crowd moving snakelike along the river front the continuation of the evacuation parade along Chungshan Road, chief artery of the capital—with the difference that here the crowd is on foot. In Nanking the procession was made up of thousands of passenger cars, light trucks, and heavy Diesel buses. Hankow moves on foot or in rickshas, sometimes in old-fashioned victorias drawn by shaggy, half-starved Mongolian ponies.

I came to Hankow with the rest of Nanking, and with the rest of Nanking spent my first day here seeking a place to stay; room is rare and precious now in this city which has become the vortex of a swelling flood of refugees—from Shanghai, from Nanking, from the lost north. Like many others, I found a place only through submitting to robbery—the charge was $15 a day for accommodations normally costing $3. The room, moreover, was not entirely my own; in the other bed was a White Russian general turned instructor in Chiang Kai-shek's Central Military Academy. The general was fat, erudite, and beamingly pessimistic. He cheerfully pointed out "fatal errors" by the Chinese high command and expressed his belief that the regular forces of the country were being wiped out and his disbelief in the possibility or efficacy of popular resistance in the form of widespread guerrilla warfare. It was too bad, he burbled.

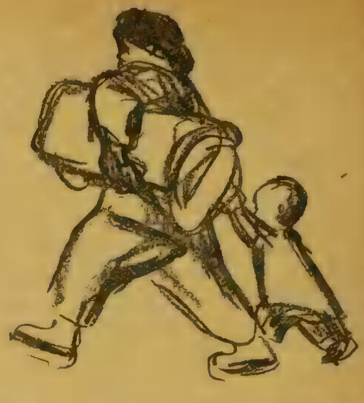
Downstairs, at lunch, I found myself at a table with two French fliers who after fighting Franco for nine months in Spain had come to China as part of a group organized by an American bombing expert to fight Japan —for a consideration. They were full of news, but weren't telling any to a newspaperman, only discussing it among themselves in

French. The gist of it was that foreign pilots were already flying with the Chinese army; some had been shot down, and among the dead were four Americans. The chief talk of the town is of the Soviet planes, their superlative speed and general excellence. China's official Central News Agency has reported that seven Japanese naval units composing part of the fleet attempting to force the boom at Kiangyin were bombed and sunk by planes of the new Chinese air force, which is composed not only of Soviet planes but also of imported French and German machines and Curtiss-Hawk models manufactured in China, except for the engines, by American concessionaires. Nobody seems surprised or particularly skeptical. Planes buzz over the city constantly. They are new—and good.

In the afternoon, a walk through the chief streets of the city. On every hoarding are fresh wall newspapers and cartoons. They are signed by various National Salvation groups composed of workers, students, intellectuals. The bookstores are full of new publications. Predominant are the works of National Salvation leaders—notably of the seven who were arrested early this year and released after the outbreak of hostilities. One paper can be recognized as the organ of China's battle-hardened Communist Party—its name a slogan, *People's Front*. One is the Hankow edition of an extremely successful venture started in Shanghai, a resistance newspaper made up entirely of cartoons. The *War News Pictorial* is devoted to photographs taken at the various fronts.

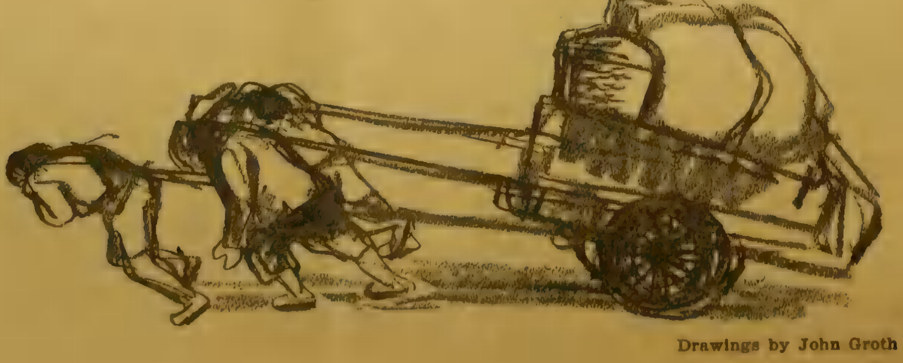
In dilapidated Chungshan Park, crowded Hankow's only pleasance, a fête was being held in honor of five thousand members of the citizens' military training corps who had completed their three months' course. The citizen soldiers, surrounded by a huge mass of townspeople, wounded soldiers, and tough-looking Kwangsi warriors on their way to the front, watched a popular play performed on an open-air dais. The play was "Throw Down Your Whip!" foretelling the end of oppression. The star was a famous Shanghai actress, Lily Li. Afterward the citizen soldiers went through smart military evolutions, marched up one of the arterial roads, were dismissed, instantly dropped their martial bearing, and ran to their friends in the crowd, proud and smiling.

Nanking was a collection of handsome administrative buildings scattered about as if at random, with wide spaces between them. The people tilled their fields calmly in the interstices of the city, walked humbly along the unpaved sides of gleaming asphalt thoroughfares, did not count for much. But Hankow is a city of the people, so brimful that officials who have spent their lives writing things on little bits of paper in spacious rooms now are unable to write because of the mass of humanity jiggling their elbows, and sit bewildered in all sorts of holes and corners serving as bedrooms, storerooms, file-rooms, and offices. In Nanking they looked at the crowd from Olympian heights; here they are dwarfed by the massed humanity, a mass which is becoming increasingly conscious of its own strength.



Six months ago Liu Liang-mo, moving spirit of China's patriotic singing movement, told me of the readiness with which the great commonalty learned words and music and assimilated the lessons of songs of resistance —and told me of Japanese pressure and official efforts to hush the full-throated chants of the people. Today the "March of the Northeastern Volunteers" with its thundering *Cheelai* (Arise!) is on the lips of everyone. Wherever you go on the streets of Hankow, someone is humming it. Soldiers, townspeople, children, all sing it. You hear it in trains, on the lips of sailors on Yangtze steamers. Wherever men march in groups it keeps time with their swinging stride.

There are two mass movements here. One is officially inspired, dignified, fairly well supplied with money. The other is just beginning to stir and be articulate; it is given no encouragement because the fear of "radicalism" still pervades official ranks. But the air is charged with it as it is charged with the song of the Volunteers, whose ringing appeal *Tungpei Tungpao* (Brothers of the Northeast) has now been altered to *Chuan Kuo Tungpao* (Brothers throughout the country), *Cheelai!* Arise!



Drawings by John Groth

Uncle Sam, Privileged Boss

BY STERLING D. SPERO AND SAMUEL PAUL PUNER

THE recent decision of the C. I. O. to establish a union of federal workers has again brought the question of the government's relation to its more than 800,000 civil employees into the public forum. President Roosevelt used the occasion to say:

> Organizations of government employees have a logical place in government affairs. The desire of government employees for fair and adequate pay, reasonable hours of work, safe and suitable working conditions, development of opportunities for advancement, facilities for fair and impartial consideration and review of grievances, and other objectives of a proper employee-relation policy is basically no different from that of employees in private industry.

Then, true to the traditional practice of the government employer of hedging every recognition of its employees' rights with partially nullifying restrictions, the President continued:

> All government employees should realize that the process of collective bargaining, as usually understood, cannot be transplanted into the public service. . . . The very nature and purposes of government make it impossible for administrative officials to represent fully or to bind the employer in mutual discussions with government-employee organizations. . . . Particularly, I want to emphasize my conviction that militant tactics have no place in the functions of any organization of government employees. . . . Since their own services have to do with the functioning of the government, a strike of public employees manifests nothing less than an intent on their part to prevent or obstruct the operations of government until their demands are satisfied. Such action, looking toward the paralysis of government by those who have sworn to support it, is unthinkable and intolerable.

This is merely a restatement of the government's long-established labor policy. Every guaranty of freedom of action which federal workers have in law or public regulation is accompanied directly or inferentially by some restriction limiting its full exercise. Thus an act of Congress permits them to join a labor organization but, if they are postal workers, not one "affiliated with any outside organization imposing an obligation or duty . . . to engage in any strike . . . against the United States." The Civil Service rules recognize their right "to vote as they please," but declare that they must "take no active part in political management or in political campaigns." The law says that they may "individually or collectively . . . petition Congress," but the President says that "militant tactics have no place in the functions" of any of their organizations.

On what does the government base its claim that it is entitled to special privileges as an employer? It bases this claim, first, upon the necessities of sovereignty, second, upon the exceptional social importance of the functions which it performs, and third, upon the impartial or neutral character of the public services. These assumptions have long been accepted as political axioms, but closer examination reveals that the government employer is receiving special consideration hardly warranted by the facts of the situation. The functions of government employees, disregarding for the moment the distinction between federal and local, fall roughly into four categories: administrative, industrial, service, and law enforcement. For the most part, these activities parallel, compete with, or supplement non-governmental activities. The administrative functions are similar to those which any large business concern or institution must carry on in order to operate at all, and include clerical work, auditing, correspondence, and the like. Certainly there is nothing in the character of these services to justify the government's claim for special consideration as an employer. The industrial functions include the operation of plants for the manufacture or repair of supplies and equipment, and they supplement or compete with private industry. It would be difficult, indeed, to maintain that the manufacture of armament in government arsenals or ships in government navy yards is more greatly affected with the public interest than the manufacture of these in private plants. The service functions—the conduct of utilities, education, welfare institutions, and so on—are likewise paralleled by the work of private organizations.

Nor do the law-enforcement functions of the state present a problem different from the rest. The fact that they are peculiarly the functions of public authority endows them with no sacrosanct characteristics which entitle them to special consideration. Like all other social functions they must be judged and tested by their social validity. Furthermore, the processes by which law-enforcement functions operate, like other social processes, are dependent upon the smooth running of the whole social machine. New York or Chicago could not be policed at night if employees of private industry did not keep the lights on. The law could not be enforced and public order could not be maintained in modern society if the privately owned communication and transportation systems did not continue to operate. The continuity of governmental functions depends upon society as a whole, not exclusively upon the government's law-enforcement employees. If the governmental agency can insist upon special privileges here which would restrict the civil rights of its employees, including the right to strike, its claim can logically be extended to all employees in socially vital industries. The definition of a socially vital industry can obviously be almost indefinitely extended until the working class has been stripped of its defenses.

The government's claim to special privileges as an employer does not merely limit employee activity in the larger field of action; through restrictive laws and practices it has also served to deprive the government worker of adequate redress when official superiors have disciplined him for organization activity specifically guaranteed him by law. There has been a surprising number of such cases, not only in past years but during this Administration. One of the most flagrant of these cases is that of Jonathan Levine, who before he was brought up on charges had been employed as a clerk in the New York Post Office for eight years, and had achieved an efficiency rating of 98 per cent. The case begins with the dismissal of another clerk, Herman Edelsberg, whose union activities had got him into trouble with the department. Edelsberg was dismissed for a technical violation of the rules, a violation which fourteen of his fellow-clerks, over their signatures, declared was necessary and had therefore been condoned for years by the supervisors in his station. The offense was changing die stamps on the cancelation machines five minutes before instead of on the hour.

At a meeting of the New York Post Office Clerks' Union, Local 10 of the National Federation of Post Office Clerks, an A. F. of L. affiliate, a resolution was unanimously adopted by the membership condemning the department's action and setting up a special committee to work for Edelsberg's reinstatement, as well as for the broader objective of legislation providing for the right of appeal, by dismissed workers, to an impartial agency. The members of this committee, which included Jonathan Levine, were all service veterans, having been on the job for twenty-seven, eighteen, thirteen, nine, eight, and seven years respectively. In the midst of the committee's campaign, the department, without any warning, cited each of the members for removal "for composing, aiding, and abetting in the preparation of untruthful statements, thereby reflecting discredit upon the service, and causing the publication in newspapers of said ambiguous, untruthful, and misleading statements tending to bring the service into disrepute." While it has always been the practice of government departments to dispose of removal cases in comparatively short order, these cases hung fire for nine months. Suddenly the removal citations against five of the committeemen were dropped and lighter sentences imposed; Levine alone was dismissed from the service, despite the explicit provision in the Civil Service rules that "in making removals or reductions, and in other punishment, like penalties shall be imposed for like offenses."

The Levine case, in its disregard of established employee rights, is by no means unique. The sanctimonious formulas of "bringing the service into disrepute," "conduct unbecoming a government employee," "for the good of the service" have been used many times to give the record the appearance of truth and to avoid bringing particularly flagrant cases before the public. The law places no effective restrictions on the power of governmental executives to discharge their employees, and such discharges, with minor exceptions, cannot be reviewed by the Civil Service Commission, the courts, or such agencies as the National Labor Relations Board.

Dismissals for union activity have not been confined to old-line departments like the Post Office but have taken place in New Deal agencies as well. The cases of William Sumpf and Bernard Schultz, who were dismissed from the Baltimore office of the Social Security Board, were referred to an arbitrator as a result of pressure by the C. I. O. union, the United Federal Workers of America. Hearings on the case began on August 11, 1937. A decision recommending the reinstatement of the employees was rendered on October 26. But since this arbitration was extra-legal, the two employees improperly removed suffered loss of pay for the time they were out of the service. And even after the arbitrator's decision, it appeared for a time that one of the employees, Schultz, might not go back to his job. His reemployment medical examination disclosed diabetes, though several very recent examinations, both governmental and private, had not discovered it. Whether or not this examination report was correct is actually less significant than the fact that many government workers were ready to believe it a subterfuge to evade a decision against a department. These workers know that governmental agencies are not above resorting to devices which the government condemns or actually forbids by law in private industry.

A case in point is the disclosure of incipient company unionism in the Department of Agriculture. Last July the personnel director of this department issued a "Memorandum for Employees in Washington" announcing the establishment of an Employee Activities Council, "to consist of a board of five members . . ., three to be selected by the officers of the Welfare Association, and two from all other employee organizations which care to participate." One of the "duties of the council" is to "contact the Director of Personnel on matters of general policy in order that the employee activities . . . may conform to the standards desired by the department."

Another variant of company unionism, a sort of limited "employee-representation plan," was recently launched in, of all places, the Department of Labor. Back in 1933 Secretary Perkins set up a Conciliation Committee to handle grievances in the department, but the Committee functioned so rarely that it had been all but forgotten. Then suddenly, after three requests for conferences with the United Federal Workers had come to her desk, the Secretary ordered that whenever an employee felt that he had a grievance which had not received proper consideration, the matter should be referred to the Conciliation Committee. Reference was thus made compulsory to a committee consisting of six supervisors, including the Secretary's assistant acting as chairman, and six employee members appointed by the Secretary, responsible solely to her, and required to keep the proceedings confidential. True, the Secretary appointed nominees of the unions—the National Federation of Federal Employees (formerly A. F. of L. and now independent), the American Federation of Government Employees (A. F. of L.), and the United Federal

Workers of America (C. I. O.). This, however, only made matters worse by giving an illusion of union representation not justified by the facts, since the Secretary was free to reject these nominees, who actually were her representatives, not the employees', and were not permitted to report to their unions.

The United Federal Workers protested against being compelled to submit to the judgment of six officials and four rival union members, and to lend its sanction to the plan by participating as a hopeless minority. When the newspapers printed the report that the C. I. O. union would carry its demand to represent its members in direct negotiation with responsible departmental officials directly to the President, the Secretary of Labor yielded.

These events should make it clear that statements of enlightened personnel policy or broad legal guaranties of civil rights to government workers are not sufficient to prevent governmental employers from pursuing policies forbidden to employers in private industry. Unless machinery is devised to curb the power of public authorities to interfere with the free organization of their employees through their practically unlimited power to discipline, the law's guaranties will continue to mean but little.

Los Angeles Grows Up

BY OLIVER CARLSON

Los Angeles, December 20

"UNUSUAL," "amazing," "unique," those words so commonly associated with a description of Southern California's climate, have this year been used by awe-struck Angelenos to describe the sudden metamorphosis of Los Angeles from an open-shop paradise into a seething center of labor unrest. That this year-round health resort and realtors' paradise should become a great industrial metropolis was inevitable, given its favorable geographical location, low taxes, cheap power rates, modern harbor, and abundant supply of labor, recruited in part from movie-struck youngsters and semi-retired Middle Westerners. But the amazing growth of unionism and the imminent arrival of the closed shop in every major industry are still incomprehensible to many of the inhabitants.

Los Angeles leads the nation in airplane manufacture, oil refining, and motion-picture production. It ranks next to Detroit in automobile assembly, next to Akron in the manufacture of tires, and is number three in furniture. In the manufacture of wearing apparel, in printing and publishing, meat packing, and machine shops it is well up among the leaders. Only yesterday all these industries were completely open shop. Mere skeleton organizations existed among the building trades, teamsters, clothing workers, machinists, retail clerks, musicians, and screen actors. Printers and longshoremen were not much better off. Strikes were a rarity. The Labor Temple, shabby and forlorn, was inhabited by a handful of organizers, low in spirit and lower in funds. The leading business men had banded together as early as 1890 under the leadership of General Harrison Grey Otis, publisher of the Los Angeles *Times*, to fight the inroads of unionism. When the McNamara brothers confessed to the dynamiting of the *Times* building in 1910, a body blow was delivered to the local unions. Labor was to remain impotent for nearly a quarter of a century.

The inauguration of the NRA did a little to arouse the giant from his apathy. A come-back was staged at that time by the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union and, to a lesser degree, by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. Federal requirements for union labor on PWA projects proved a godsend to the building-trades organizers. The successful strike of the San Francisco longshoremen in 1934 brought a campaign of organization in San Pedro. Labor's forces were also strengthened by the "Production for Use" slogan of Sinclair's EPIC movement, which awakened thousands to the power of organization. And the depression wrenched the dominant middle class from its narrow sheltered groove, threw thousands of its members into a precarious economic state, and made them particularly receptive to labor's point of view. Later the establishment of the National Labor Relations Board and the fearless and aggressive manner in which it functioned here under its regional director, Dr. Towne Nylander, did much to stiffen the backbones of employees long used to threats and discrimination, while news of the successes achieved by labor in the Midwest and East inflamed their spirits.

Labor began to stir on so many fronts that organizers were at a premium. Unions advertised in the daily papers for them. Boys and girls fresh from college, ex-organizers for the many political reform movements that had swept over Southern California, workers direct from bench and lathe rushed to the leadership of organized labor. Desire for organization blossomed in groups hitherto looked upon as hopeless—teachers, lawyers, doctors, technicians, social workers, screen actors, screen writers, newspapermen, even movie directors. The lowly Mexican laborer earning five dollars a week became a union "brother" of the famous screen hero.

The threatened destruction of the cherished open-shop tradition was immediately combated by the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association. Spearhead of the militant "open-shoppers" since 1897, this organization uses intimidation, propaganda, and violence, and serves as both board of strategy and financial fountain-head in the fight to keep "labor racketeers" out of Los Angeles. Its membership is kept secret, but that it embraces a large percentage of the heads and personnel managers of every important factory, merchandising organization, and farm association in Los Angeles and environs is well known. The association's offensive at first caused many of the old-time union organizers to beat a retreat. But the leadership was soon seized by younger spirits from the Middle West and East, who took advantage of the friendly attitude of the federal Administration to lay the groundwork for new unions.

Two years ago Los Angeles had less than 20,000 unionists. Today there are about 125,000 almost evenly divided between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O.—although the former alone claims 100,000. The Labor Temple is a beehive of activity with business agents and organizers everywhere. No fewer than 191 local unions are affiliated with the Central Labor Council of the A. F. of L., and 30,000 union members marched in the Labor Day parade. The Los Angeles *Citizen,* official organ of the A. F. of L., once a feeble four-page sheet, has quadrupled in size and circulation. Its columns are filled with advertisements and greetings from business houses. Local politicians have become labor's "dearest friends."

The impetus given to mass organization of labor by the formation of the C. I. O. seems to be more obvious in Los Angeles than elsewhere. During the past year powerful C. I. O. unions have been set up in more than twenty industries, with a membership which today amounts to more than 50,000. The largest of these is the Automobile and Aircraft Workers' Union, with from 13,000 to 15,000 members. It embraces a majority of the men in the General Motors, Chrysler, Ford, and Willys plants and has strong representation among the Northrop, North American, and Douglas Aircraft companies. Ten thousand steel workers of Southern California, fully 50 per cent of all steel and steel-fabricating workers in the region, are also in the C. I. O. And what is important, the men already organized are in the large plants of United States Steel, Bethlehem Steel, the American and Continental Can companies, and other key corporations. The Rubber Workers' Union has enrolled nearly 4,000 members in the great plants of Goodyear, Goodrich, and United States Rubber. The Oil Workers' Union has more than 5,000 members, and in the face of relentless opposition is winning its way against the giant corporations, Standard Oil and Shell. The Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers' Union already has from 8,000 to 10,000 members. The longshoremen, about 3,600 strong at the port, have added approximately 3,000 new members from the warehousemen. Between 3,000 and 5,000 agricultural workers and more than 1,000 dairymen are now enrolled under the banner of the C. I. O. In addition organizations have been set up in the electrical and radio industry, among the shipyard workers, office workers, government employees, laundry workers, newsboys, and communications workers; and thousands of persons in the motion-picture, meat-packing, and furniture industries are openly sympathetic with the C. I. O. and await the opportunity to join.

These figures make the picture seem a rosy one, but in reality the C. I. O. is in a critical situation. It must subdue the open-shop interests now organized for militant self-defense. It must fight the company unions which have been set up to prevent its inroads. It must carry on the battle with the Old Guard of the A. F. of L., who are leaving no stone unturned in their effort to wipe out this lusty competitor. And last but by no means least, it is torn by bitter internal struggle for control between Communist and anti-Communist groups.

Here as elsewhere Communists have been active in the C. I. O. almost from its inception. Though a decided minority, they have managed by bloc action and clever maneuvering to obtain an influence in the local Industrial Council and in some of the unions out of proportion to their numerical strength. And they have used their influence to push forward their party, its program, its fringe organizations, and its publications.

The red scare is being whipped up all through California but particularly in Los Angeles, and it has already weakened many C. I. O. groups. The whole officialdom of the A. F. of L. has joined in the hue and cry. At the state convention a veritable witch-hunting campaign was launched against what State Secretary Edward D. Vandeleur described as "the C. I. O.–Moscow combine." A resolution proposing the appointment of a commission by President Roosevelt to bring peace between the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. was voted down on the ground that "under the guise of 'unity' it would give aid and comfort to the Communist-controlled, secessionist, would-be union-breaking, so-called C. I. O." The appointment of Harry Bridges as C. I. O. director for the West Coast did not help this situation, since, able as he is, the red label has been firmly attached to him.

With a labor movement still in its swaddling clothes, Los Angeles has become the scene of the most violent conflict in the whole country between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. The arguments used have been court injunctions, blackjacks, crowbars, and six-shooters. Four months ago Dave Beck's mop-up boys descended upon Los Angeles to remove the menace of the C. I. O. for all time. William Green's white-haired boy was hailed with joy even by bitterly open-shop industrialists. But while they were willing to give his men aid and encouragement in fighting the C. I. O. unions, they were not prepared to let Beck run them. This he tried to do, and in their anger the open-shoppers have almost forgotten the red menace. In tens of thousands of working men and women this fratricidal struggle has aroused a growing skepticism of the value of unions controlled by either organization, and masses are enrolling under the banner of "independent" unions which to all intents and purposes are company controlled. The big push of the legitimate unions is over for the time being.

The scent of orange blossoms is still in the air. Stately palms still line Los Angeles streets and boulevards. Trim little stucco bungalows, set amid shrubs and flowers, make a picture of peace and contentment. These are but surface appearances. Beneath is a gigantic commercial-industrial set-up; new economic and political forces are surging. Los Angeles has grown up!

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE news that President Roosevelt is going to ask Congress for more money for the navy, somewhere between $560,000,000 and a billion, in addition to the regular appropriations for army and navy, which have now risen to the astounding total of $1,250,000,000 a year, is disheartening but not surprising. I was so sure that he would plunge us into militarism and navalism if elected that I refused to vote for him in 1932 and 1936. I have no doubt that Congress will grant the money and that the business world will approve of it despite all the howls about balancing the budget. We are in a state of hysteria because of the Japanese developments, and most people say that they are for any amount of armament if that will only keep us out of war. But as Calvin Coolidge said to the American Legion, no amount of armaments ever kept any country out of war; Stanley Baldwin, now Earl Baldwin, said a few years later that if Europe rearmed it would not mean peace but war.

The new Roosevelt program is being represented to the country in the newspaper dispatches as "rearmament." That is, of course, an absolute falsehood. We have never been armed as this program now proposes to arm us. Next it is represented as a good thing because it will put a lot of men to work building battleships and cruisers, and so prime the pump once more for the heavy industries. That is also dubious. The chief beneficiaries of battleship and cruiser building will be the six shipyards that have a monopoly, whose bids on the last two battleships advertised were so high that the government decided to build them in two of its own yards. When done, the battleships will represent pure economic waste. At best their life will be twenty years; there are plenty of army and navy officers who believe, as did the late General William Mitchell, that the day of the battleship was over long ago. As for priming the pump, even the New York *Times* has found it necessary to warn the country that rearmament programs abroad and in this country are not helping recovery but injuring and delaying it. Rearmament creates an entirely fictitious prosperity. England is now spending $7,500,000,000 for rearmament over five years. Hundreds of factories are expanding their plants, taking on workers, operating day and night. When that money is spent, there will be unemployed workers and idle factories unless the demand which will then go up for manufacturers to continue rearmament so that employment and profits may keep up becomes controlling, and a need for still more battleships, airplanes, tanks, heavy artillery, and all the other paraphernalia of modern war is suddenly discovered.

It is a dance of death—economic death—even if war does not come. Here my star witness is again Stanley Baldwin, who said three years before he began rearming England that if the rearmament race were undertaken in Europe, several nations would go into bankruptcy. Yet he swallowed his words, and wound up his career by fastening this terrific program upon England. These are totally unproductive expenditures. They create no great public works, like the TVA or the magnificent bridges that we are getting all over the country, thanks to government funds. A single invention may make utterly useless and antiquated a large portion of the armaments created. But we are told that it is a necessary insurance and that we must no more cavil at the size of the premium than would a business man who insures his plant and inventory. Yet the simple fact is that these rearmament programs make nowhere for lasting prosperity, but bring grave evils in their train.

The most criminal part of the Roosevelt program is the fact that it is not being thought through. The President insists that we are arming only for defense, but asks for offensive battleships, and he cannot deny that there is no comprehensive plan for a defense of the coasts of the United States that anybody has ever heard of. Generals like Smedley Butler and Johnson Hagood have pointed this out repeatedly, but nothing happens. We just pour money out with no plan, no established government policy. We have never settled what we are going to defend or where we are going to defend it; nor have we coordinated army and navy. We even have four government air forces uncoordinated and buying airplanes separately. No business man would dream of embarking on so vast a program without having the objectives and aims carefully worked out by experts; he would go bankrupt if he did. The President, however, gives no sign that he realizes the ramifications of what he is now doing. More battleships and cruisers mean more officers and more men, who become a permanent charge if only because they constantly increase the retired lists—more privileged persons entitled to government support until they die. They mean more shipbuilders and armament manufacturers who feel that the government is committed to support them to the end of time. Those companies which are monopolies, like the one which builds parachutes, have every reason to rejoice, but not the taxpayers, or those who feel that in the long run we must balance the budget, a decent budget which shall take care adequately, as we never yet have done, of the humanitarian needs of the country. To say that we need to arm more against the Japanese is ridiculous, as I pointed out last week on the authority of no less a person than Franklin D. Roosevelt himself. We cannot war upon them with fleets, nor they upon us.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

CAPITALISM AS MAGIC

BY MAX LERNER

WE are a perverse lot. Thurman Arnold has written a witty, learned book,* full of principles and examples, to prove for all time that learned books full of principles and examples are feckless and insubstantial things — mere symbols to mediate between our lingering illusions and the advancing world of reality. And having been told that learning and theorizing are so much eyewash, we flock in hordes to buy and devour this particular offering.

This is Mr. Arnold's second book, his first, "The Symbols of Government" (published last year), having had little more than a *succès d'estime*. He pursues pretty much the same theme in both books, for Mr. Arnold is a tenacious sort of fellow, who has got hold of some ideas that are good things; and with these ideas he has been poking about, like a photographer with a good camera and a remarkably fresh eye, in all sorts of corners and emerging with pictures of men, their minds, and their society that have been shot from startling angles.

It is rather characteristic of the book that one's first impulse is not to tell what it says, but to give examples. The book is molecular. It mounts up by aggregation, like Burton's "Thousand and One Nights," rather than by systematic exposition, like John Stuart Mill's "Principles of Logic." The beautiful thing about it is that the author has violated every rule on how to write a treatise—which may account for his brilliant achievement. I nominate him for whatever prize, from the Pulitzer up, is awarded to the man who best succeeds in being the *enfant terrible* of his craft and in standing our world on its head.

The total effect is joyous. To give a connected account of the theme of the book would be, therefore, like giving a solemn report on a gay and buoyant Mardi Gras one has just come away from. It is not so much what happened that counts as the general spirit of the thing. Everyone was dressed in costume, and there was a lot of snatching off of false faces, and Dorothy Thompson and Westbrook Pegler and Walter Lippmann looked rather sheepish when theirs were torn off, but no one could feel upset about it because eventually it happened to everyone. The place was a veritable shambles before you got through, with punctured windbags going off everywhere and shirt-stuffing lying about inches thick.

But there is far more in the book than wit and paradox and iconoclasm. There is a heroic attempt to see our economic system and our ideas about it in anthropological terms. Mr. Arnold adopts what Kroeber has called the "anthropological attitude" toward our own culture. He watches us much as an ethnologist might watch a ceremonial dance among the Hopi Indians, with the same detachment and lively curiosity. His basic thesis is that the "society" we live in is actually a whole set of smaller social organizations within larger social organizations, like boxes within boxes—family, club, church, business firm, university, government; that these organizations have in common certain creeds, rituals, and mythology; that the so-called "sound thinking" of law and economics and political theory is in itself so much folklore, used in order to give the members of the tribe a sense of tribal unity; that in expounding this folklore the high priests of scholarship and opinion in university and editorial room start with pictures of the world, already formed in their heads, which obscure their vision of the things they are trying to describe; that the result is that corporations are treated like glorified persons, the economic system as if it were an assemblage of hucksters instead of an army of industrial organization, government as if it were the malignant monster which tribal tradition says will eventually destroy the tribe; that the real function of the folklore of capitalism is not realistic accuracy, but consolation both to the thinker and the mass, and the shutting out of the unpleasant things that the encroaching world of reality is always trying to force on our consciousness; that our thinkers—radical, liberal, and conservative alike—are so obsessed with the ceremonial of logical consistency that they would rather be ineffective than follow the wrong ceremonial; that the best platform for an observer of government and society is to see the whole thing as a dramatic spectacle with a religious theme—a sort of miracle play, with opposing devils, angels, and gods; but that the art of political dynamics is secular and not theological, that it must deal not with logical systems and eternal verities but with functioning social organizations which yield to the skilled compromiser far more than to the scholar or the martyr.

As I reread this summary I know that I have not done the book justice. I shall attempt a very different sort of summary on another occasion, for Arnold's mind is so supple, so full of all sorts of marginal meanings, that you cannot make your full reckoning with it at once. He has been given some pretty lavish praise in the reviews, Fred Rodell comparing him with Karl Marx—to Marx's disadvantage; Alfred Bingham saying that the book will rank with Darwin's "Origin of Species" in the history of human thought; Stuart Chase seeing him as the new Machiavelli of our age; and Ralph Thompson calling the book the most penetrating political study in America since Thorstein Veblen's "Theory of the Leisure Class" in 1899. I think I see what they are driving at,

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**The Folklore of Capitalism.* By Thurman W. Arnold. Yale University Press. $3.

but those are large orders. Mr. Arnold does not pretend to be, like Machiavelli, Marx, and Veblen, a system-builder, an articulator of a new world consciousness. But his book is one of the most hopeful signs I have seen in some years of the vitality of American social thought.

That vitality has stemmed from the very thing that Mr. Arnold says the universities are not doing—the transcending of the boundaries between social disciplines. In fact Veblen's importance, forty years ago, was that he broke down the fences between economics, politics, anthropology, psychology, and law. Arnold himself is, as the reviewers say, "a phenomenon"—a Wyoming lawyer, formerly Mayor of Laramie, Dean of West Virginia Law School, now teaching law at Yale, a man who has brought some of the Wyoming horse sense into the pomposities of the academic disciplines. But that "phenomenon" cannot be understood unless we remember that Mr. Arnold is part of a whole movement of thought that has been indigenous to America—the "realist" school in law, the "institutionalist" school in economics and social theory, the "psychological" school in politics. What he has done has been to set down the insights of those schools, along with his own wit and sense of paradox, in the most sustained study of existing ways of thought that we have had in the post-depression years, of whose disillusionments it is to some extent a product.

Its weaknesses, like its strength, flow from the weaknesses of the institutionalist, realist, psychological schools. It is basically anti-rational, anti-intellectual, atomistic; it takes what is at best a metaphor—that society is a drama or a battle—and extends it until it becomes the basic method of analysis; it fails to see that the enormous strides that men have made since their beginnings have been due to the rational thinking about themselves and their world which is science, technology, social science; it concentrates on the words and ideas that we use, while in the tensions of our day we have a more dire need of understanding the economic realities. Nowhere does Mr. Arnold differentiate between the levels of symbolism—between the symbols that are mere abbreviations and those that are powerfully evocative ways of thought hard to displace. Nowhere does he distinguish between the over-rational symbols of law and economics and the too little rational symbols of popular opinion. Nowhere does he set the folklore that challenges the status quo against the folklore that hems it in and defends it—both systems of folklore, but how different in their class base, how vastly different in the resources of social power that are brought to their support! And nowhere, finally, does he make us understand that the battle of the symbols is not a bloodless battle of categories, and that history will be decided not by symbols alone but by the strength of what they stand for.

I have no objection to brilliant talk about capitalism as magic, and I get a lot of fun out of it. But I want more light on how capitalism works or doesn't work, and how to control it or displace it. The emphasis of the recent stream of books on the tyranny of words and the folklore of ideas is a healthy emphasis. We need to sharpen our tools, but the basic jobs still remain.

Red in the East

RED STAR OVER CHINA. By Edgar Snow. Random House. $3.

TODAY the future of the United States is generally admitted to be bound up with the future of the people on the other side of the Pacific. We have been nationally interested, and occasionally absorbed, in China for many years, but for the first time since the United States became a Pacific power we find that we can no longer afford not to know what China is about, and what the Chinese people really are like. Of course missionaries, school teachers, and the like generally have told us about the Chinese at great length. But what we want at this point is to hear the "inside story" from an unpretentious and representative American. Edgar Snow is such an American and he has given us the inside story.

Snow has not attempted to cover all of China. He has confined himself instead to that small and, until yesterday, nomadic minority—the Soviets. And he has portrayed them in the act of releasing that "discharge of katabolic energy" which, no matter how the present war ends, will never dissipate itself until China finally becomes a nation. This is why Snow had no need to cover non-Soviet China, and it is also the reason why he has written a social drama instead of another political polemic or survey. For decades foreign authorities have dogmatized about the impossibility of ever infusing social and political consciousness into the filth and squalor and indescribable horror that is Chinese peasant life. Snow himself recalls how in 1932 the peasants outside Shanghai continued to till their tiny patches, unperturbed by the fact that a war was raging on every side of them for the future of their country and inevitably of their precious land as well.

Snow's point is simply that the Soviets have changed all this. He shows how, wherever the Soviets have come—and they have covered many thousands of miles—peasant horizons have widened and peasant life has suddenly swept out of its age-old ruts and into the broad stream of Chinese life. To be sure, the red peasants and the Red Army men, or boys, talk in clichés. They attribute their success with the peasants to this or that factor. And if they do, why do they? Here is the answer. "Every youth there seemed to have a personal experience to relate to prove that the 'peasants like us.' I see from my notes that I wrote down seventeen different answers to that question."

In the middle of 1936 Snow learned about the political situation that had developed in northwestern China, in those same provinces which over 2,000 years ago had catapulted the Hans into China's first crusade for nationhood—the achievements of which are still visible in the Great Wall, where China's former red armies are now fighting the invader. The Young Marshal and his expatriated and irreconcilably nationalistic Manchurian troops had achieved an understanding with the Soviets whom they had been commissioned to extirpate. Snow himself was offered the opportunity to go to Sian, the Young Marshal's capital, soon to be Chiang Kai-shek's seat of judgment, and to fly in the Marshal's own airplane into the red districts. He accepted the offer and after some adventure ran the blockade on foot, the first white man to reach the first section in China where landlordism, Confucianism, illiteracy, taxation, and all the rest of it had been swept away. This is not to say that Soviet China was Communist or anything else but primitive. But unquestionably it provided the only base from which the progressive elements in China could operate until the entire nation would again be swept up in the national and democratic revolution which was interrupted in 1927. Snow quotes Mao Tse-tung, the Communist leader, as saying that the present union with the Kuomintang is "a great retreat" from the days when a proletarian dictatorship was the immediate goal. Be this as it may, the world is today agreed that China's outlaws and "bandits" of yesterday are playing a vital role today; and the outcome of this war becomes less significant beside this new and basic fact: China can never again rest until it is not only a united nation, as the Kuomintang doubtless wanted to make it, but a democratic one also, as the Kuomintang did not try to make it. And in this fact alone the Soviets can find more than vindication. This is why Snow's book about Soviet China is really a book about the new China.

Pages on pages of absorbing material tempt the reviewer: here is a brisk and comprehensive, not to say comprehensible, retelling of Chiang Kai-shek's kidnapping; here is an epic narrative of the great Long March; here are excellent and unique photographs. But above all here is a picture of the people who have revolutionized the old China. Take Mao himself first. Compressed into his life have been all the events of modern civilization. Born in 1893, he first saw a newspaper in 1911 and first came into contact with workers in 1920, by which time he had become a well-known revolutionary. And when he became a Communist, what were the three books that made up his mind for him? First the "Communist Manifesto," and then Kautsky's "Class Struggle," and an obscure history of socialism. From such seeds grew the strength of the man who is now opposing a formidably mechanized army in a war upon whose outcome the future of the Western world may well hinge.

Then there is leader P'eng Teh-huai. Listen to him tell what he came from:

> My grandmother regarded us all as her slaves. She was a heavy smoker of opium. I hated the smell of it, and one night, when I could stand it no longer, I kicked a pan of her opium from the stove. She was furious. She called a meeting of the whole clan, and formally demanded my death by drowning because I was an unfilial child.

And General Hsu Hai-tung, who had managed not to think of his family, until Snow got him to talk of them, since the time when the sixty-six relatives who could be traced to him had been executed for his sins. He related this incident that occurred in 1933, after the reds had recaptured a peasant district from the enemy:

> They led us out to a valley and showed us the scattered bodies of seventeen young women lying half-naked in the sun. They had all been raped and killed. The white troops had evidently been in a great hurry; they had taken the time to pull off only one leg of a girl's trousers. That day we called a meeting, the army held a memorial service there, and we all wept.

And there is General Chu Teh, the Hannibal of the 6,000-mile Long March:

> One might have thought he had everything he desired: wealth, power, love, descendants (by the score), poppy dreams, eminent respectability, and a comfortable future in which to preach the proprieties of Confucianism. He had, in fact, only one really bad habit, but it was to prove his downfall. He liked to read books.

And, finally, there is the very dignified Beau Brummel of the Young Vanguards, the snappiest-looking soldier in the town:

> Beside him Mao Tse-tung looked a tramp. But his name happened by some thoughtlessness of his parents to sound very much like chi-pa, and so to his unending mortification he was often called Chi-pa, which simply means "penis." One day he came into my little room in the Foreign Office with his usual quota of dignity, clicked his heels together, and addressed me as "Comrade Snow." He then proceeded to unburden his small heart of certain apprehensions. He had his name carefully scrawled down on a piece of paper, and this he deposited before me. I half expected him to offer me the choice of swords or pistols. But he thanked me, made a grave bow, and once more gave that preposterous salute. "I wanted to be sure," he said, "that when you write about me for the foreign papers you won't make a mistake in my name. It would give a bad impression to the foreign comrades if they thought a red soldier was named "Chi-pa."

With that remark, Snow says, the lad walked right into his book beside the generalissimo, the dignity of history notwithstanding. But this page and every other page in the book will absorb you with its sense of a people's consciousness—every last one of them—of the making and changing of history.

ELIOT JANEWAY

The Ways of Philosophy

FOUR WAYS OF PHILOSOPHY. By Irwin Edman. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

PHILOSOPHY is a discipline in which only the naive expect to find agreement, progress, or demonstrably true conclusions. In this it is more like poetry than science. Every generation is sure to discover some philosophers who protest that the situation is scandalous and attempt to reform the ways of philosophy. The history of philosophy is largely a history of these reforms. Many of these reforms yield insights which become part of a common heritage, but all fall short of their objective. For either their point of view or their method, or both, rests on certain assumptions. And not all assumptions can be proved. A starting-point, an emphasis, a canon of intelligibility, a bias of one sort or another is always taken for granted. But what cannot be proved in a philosophy can at least be understood. Criticism which is not preceded by an understanding of the contexts, occasions, and intent of doctrines is apt to run out into thin exegesis. Any approach to philosophy which fails to illumine the key assumptions and compulsions of philosophers makes the history of philosophy appear as a succession of incredibly fantastic mythologies compounded of pseudo-science, bad logic, and worse rhetoric.

The usual introduction to philosophy fortifies this impression. It expounds and refutes positions without really convincing sober and critical minds that they were ever seriously entertained or, even less, firmly believed. In welcome contrast, Professor Edman's discussion of four perennial ways of philosophic thought is a brilliant interpretative study. Its great merit is the imaginative skill with which it recreates the moods and attitudes whose compulsions make formally invalid arguments and conclusions appear plausible to those who hold them. The performance is all the more noteworthy because Professor Edman does not accept most of the philosophies he seeks to understand. But he presents them in such a way that they appear to be natural articulations of a specific kind of experience and vision. Adherents of the philosophies he does not accept will find it difficult to retort that they have been misunderstood, because he has expounded their central assumptions, as distinct from their detailed argument, more persuasively than most of them have ever succeeded in doing themselves.

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The four ways of philosophy considered are philosophy as logical faith, as social criticism, as mystic insight, and as nature understood. The author does not claim that they exhaust the possible philosophies or that they are necessarily exclusive of each other. He asserts, and rightly, that they must appear in every account which aims at reasonable completeness. That he is primarily concerned not with the dialectic of philosophy but with what controls its direction is explained by the interpretative frame of his exposition. The intelligent layman will have to go far to find a comparable introduction to the systems of thought whose vital nerves are here so deftly laid bare. Professional philosophers can learn from Professor Edman the difficult art of imaginative reconstruction of points of view different from their own. They are also sure to enjoy the penetrating and effortless prose in which philosophical ideas are communicated.

Professor Edman's own philosophy is a form of experimental naturalism. If his style suggests that of Santayana, without its burnished opacity, his thought reflects that of John Dewey, without the technical incrustration. In the light of his naturalism Professor Edman reveals the sources in nature and experience of doctrines that are supernatural and non-experimental. For all his sympathetic exposition he does not neglect to raise questions and doubts at crucial places. In his effort, however, to enlighten without wounding, his criticisms are so gentle and painless that those at whom they are pointed will probably look over their shoulder to discover the ones meant.

Although Professor Edman gladly admits that every philosophy has a social context, his own study accents a little too strongly the determinations of personal temperament. And although he affirms that the principles of logic are "the grammar of merely human and earthly discourse," not laws of metaphysical being, he does not take note that this brings his naturalism close to the orbit of logical empiricism. To one reader, at least, Professor Edman's book suggests that his mode of interpretative exposition is a useful supplement to the rigorous syntactical analysis of the logical empiricists. For it indicates a way of avoiding the cultural crime of throwing the history of philosophy into the discard. "To make the philosophy by which men live the philosophy by which they speak" is a felicitous statement of a common program for all naturalistic and empirical philosophies. Psychology, sociology, and imaginative reconstruction then become the appropriate instruments for understanding philosophers who cannot make themselves clear to others.

SIDNEY HOOK

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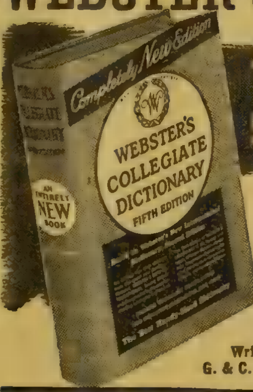

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to build will build modern; especially as the designers have flexibly adapted "functionalism" to Mexican needs and tastes.

The story of how modern housing became a part of Mexican life—what it costs, what it looks like, its adaptability to low-cost state projects for workers, who the builders are, and how they work—is of immediate interest to everybody who is aware of our urgent need to replace our obsolescent living-quarters with others more nearly parallel to our lives and industrial possibilities. It is a double story, technical and social, which only a person at once scholar, technician, and reporter is competent to tackle. This is a rare combination of talents; but Esther Born, photographer and reporter for the *Architectural Record,* proves she has them in the magnificent way she has put together photographs, data, and social insight to make "The New Architecture in Mexico." It isn't often anybody turns out a book as fine as this. Beyond its connection with Mexico, it should be a source of pleasure and excitement to anybody who has ever daydreamed "house."

In his book on modern Mexican painting Agustin Velazquez Chavez undertook to supply the growing need for a source-and-reference handbook of the "movement" which is exercising such a potent influence on modern American painting. The men who founded this movement in 1922 knew very well what an important job they were doing, that theirs was the most significant step in art since the revolt of the European moderns—the effort to join modern painting to current social needs and architectural development. Paradoxically, Mexico invented what industrial America needed. And today, fifteen years after, American painters are discovering this, and making modern mural art the continental, widespread, and familiar thing that the Mexicans planned.

Velazquez Chavez gives very little notion of what the "Mexican renaissance" was—and is—as a group impulse, though group impulse was its essence, as in Renaissance Italy. He views each painter as a separate individual, developing individually; in other words, he simply catalogues them and lists their outstanding works. This would be useful if it were complete, or complete at least as regards the earlier men, whom the writer had no excuse for ignoring. Xaxier Guerrero, Ramon Alba Guadarrama, Amado de la Cueva, Emilio Amero were all among the founding members of the famous "Syndicate of Painters and Sculptors" which transformed the work of all of them—including Orozco and Rivera—and created "Mexican modern." Yet Chavez, though he lists a good many men less important than these, omits them. There are still more glaring silences, dictated apparently by personal taste or obscure prejudice; for instance, Ramos Martinez, the founder of the open-air schools, is forgotten, as is Jean Charlot, to whom the syndicate owed most of its early technical guidance and aesthetic orientation. The author might argue that Charlot was born in France. With similar logic Picasso would be excluded from a list of the French moderns.

ANITA BRENNER

Misdirected Energies

PEACEFUL CHANGE. By Frederick Sherwood Dunn. Council on Foreign Relations. $1.50.

NO one can question the fundamental importance of the problem considered in this book, namely, how to bring about a more equitable distribution of the world's wealth among nations without resort to force of arms. Ordinarily, the dilemma is somewhat crudely stated as an issue between the so-called "have" and "have-not" countries. In this form, the inference is usually made that the "have-not" countries—the three fascist powers—should be granted concessions, both as a matter of justice and as a means of preserving peace. At the present moment such a position is tantamount to approval of Japanese aggression in China.

Mr. Dunn carefully avoids any such implication. In contrast with much of the current pacifist literature on the subject, his book shows that Germany, Italy, and Japan are not the true "have-not" nations, and that many other countries far inferior in economic opportunities have made no threats against the peace of the world. His analysis reveals that the desire for colonies does not rest on sound economic grounds: comparatively few inhabitants of the dissatisfied powers really desire to emigrate; raw materials can be obtained from colonies belonging to others; and the importance of colonial markets tends to be exaggerated. No ground is found for a transfer of territory to the dissatisfied powers either for the purpose of relieving population pressure or supplying raw materials.

Having eliminated, quite properly, any direct means of satisfying the demands of the "have-nots," Mr. Dunn is forced into a somewhat academic argument for a "code of fair practice" in the exploitation of natural resources, the extension of international credits for the purchase of raw materials, and a general reduction in trade barriers. While all these measures are readily defensible on theoretical grounds, the spectacle of the organized peace movement, following Mr. Dunn's lead, considering international planning and tariff reduction when the very structure of international law is being challenged by Japan and the fascist countries strikes one as worse than futile. Granting that the problem of "peaceful change" will have to be solved before we can have any assurance of permanent peace, the fact remains that those who dissipate their energies in that direction in the present crisis are, in effect, aiding those who would make force the sole arbiter of our destinies.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

ART

The Demuth Memorial Show

THANKS are due the discoverers of the efficacy of insulin at the very least for one American force. This is the painter whose representations of the inner life of American things now adorn the walls of the Whitney Museum in New York. It is the late Charles Demuth.

As an artist, Demuth came into being but a few years before he sickened dangerously with diabetes. A painter since his nineteenth year, at one time a pupil of Chase's, this shoot of old Pennsylvania Dutch families did not find himself before he was thirty. Around his thirtieth year, in 1912, he went to Paris. In New York he had seen Marin's water colors. In Paris he digested the new *fauve* and cubist art, including that of Duchamp, author of the notorious Nude Descending a Stairway. When the war drove him home, Demuth returned with a few sensitive water colors. They were the first original work of a man destined to become an important agent of American self-consciousness. And during the next few years he commenced developing his very personal art.

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In point of form some of these subtle, in instances flowery, in other instances geometrical little designs of the early Demuth might be called *fauve*. Like Matisse's paintings, they are decorative arrangements of the pictorial elements. Others of them might be called cubistic, since they are compositions of the inherent straight and curved lines and surfaces of the depicted objects—acrobatics, peaked roofs, belfries, fruits and flowers—disposed on serried planes. Still, there is nothing derivative in the formal details or in the sums of these modest little pieces. All have a peculiarly American elegance, an elegance now jazzy and now refined. Again, they might be charged with a certain preciousness. There is no doubt that their tendril-like or ruled lines, their somewhat pink-and-blue color harmonies, their shapes and total forms, are excessively refined. Unlike Marin's free-running wash, Demuth's almost equally luminous one was scrupulously wiped and blotted. But there is nothing false, anemic, or merely ornamental in this exquisiteness, any more than there is anything derivative in the conceptions. Structural details and sums have vital qualities which make the beholder comprehend certain of the essences which give American existence its peculiar graces. Through the arch, half-ironic designs suggested to the artist by vaudeville stunts, circus acrobatics, jazz-band acts, and the night life of the streets, he comes into touch with the nervous alacrity, the devil-may-care momentum, the half-vulgar erotic flush which creates Broadway, that lane running from New York through the continent unto Alaska. Through the soberer ones suggested by the contents of gardens, the sea-light of Gloucester and Bermuda, New England and Pennsylvania dormered roofs and church towers, he faces the shy, puritanical, almost unadjustable sensitivity which underlies other, finer, but equally American expressions. And through the series inspired by the concrete and iron shapes of the industrial world, there speaks to him the mysteriously precise spirit, the physical accuracy, the almost mechanical sensibility, which makes Americans supremely able machinists and technicians.

Indeed, a deal of the scope of Demuth's feeling was already intelligible from this work of the years anterior to his crisis. Yet had he died at thirty-six, as in the Armistice year it appeared that he must do, we should be the poorer for an important force. Certainly, he had discovered his form. The general range of his themes, including the subjects of Zola's and Henry James's novels, had indeed defined itself. A few paintings in tempera and oil had evinced his endowment with gifts for mediums other than water color. Still, in comparison with the feeling which projects itself in his later work, that of his "first period" is relatively superficial and thin. It is no more than an exquisite and affecting minor artist's. Only a few of the strong, high-pitched Bermudan landscapes declare the dawning mastery.

But Demuth lived on for upward of fifteen years. During the war the value of insulin had come to light. Reprieved, almost as much a well man as he had ever been, and he had always been somewhat an invalid, Demuth once again hobbled sociably through the world—as ever very lively and spick-and-span—and in his native Lancaster enjoyed his mother's excellent cookery, and resumed his work. The old humor and impishness reappeared in it. Only, the feeling had deepened. Had death, in touching Demuth, rendered him clairvoyant? Or had he merely attained his normal maturity? We only know that during those last years his pictorial form grew very full. The intricate, partially overlapping washes in his water colors achieved the amazing bloom and depth of tone which give so many of his still-lifes a crystal-like luster. The line, which had sometimes got tangled in his earlier work, became certain and clear. With their beautifully synthesized gross and flowerlike shapes, his designs became broad. The color harmonies were strong, opposing and combining pearly tints with homely magentas, purples, the tones of aniline dyes, and with rare and sumptuous whites. They have been compared, these later lyrical water colors of Demuth's, to immortelles: because of their wax-like immaculateness and "studied" look. A comparison to Indian pipes, the chaste and fictile pine-saps of the American woods, might seem more justifiable. They have the small plant's crispness and translucency, and their roots in humid earth. And a dignity put in its appearance in the large late temperas and oils, with their Christopher-Wrenn-like shapes and Vermeer-like surfaces. The designs approached monumentality; the harmonies of blues, silvers, and whites, or of dusky reds and grays, a rare profundity. Only in certain of the late posterish designs, where Demuth used the forms of machine-cut block-letters, directive arrows, and other commercial products symbolically, did the inevitable cast its first shadow in the form of a noticeable attenuation.

But his feeling of life had fully been transmitted. Suddenly, as we stand among his later paintings, from one of them there reaches us the peculiar American snap. The communicative medium is a bright little "cubistic" pattern suggested to the painter by a display of striped and colored shirtings in a haberdasher's window. Instantly our mental eye perceives holiday-making young bucks en route to summer beaches. Even more than their appearances, we comprehend the common inner smartness. And one by one the other late pictures similarly unite us with other American forces; so drenched are they with the quality of the graceful driving powers central to the American being, not only of the past and Demuth's own prosperous epoch, but of the present and for all we know the time to come. Most frequently, like their forerunners among the earlier pieces, although with greater intensity, these works harmonize us with the inner tension which expresses itself in the American's perennially shapely, attractive appearance and love of shapeliness for its own sake. It is the parent of phenomena apparently as various and unrelated as physical style, athletic hardness, and the preference for gemmy, clean-cut contours, and, *mirabile dictu,* the extraordinary plasticity of the output of literary representatives as remote in time from one another as Hawthorne, Henry James, and Ezra Pound. In other instances his pictures connect us with the equally undying puritanical refinement verging upon morbidity and rejecting the flesh in the interests of a perfection impossible in life, possible only in death. In still others, and perhaps the most affecting, they relate us to the power—the artist's and the devoted workman's both—which carries certain of our people above personal ends, and sets them like bell-towers amid prismatic light, or sturdily erect with others of their kind like chimneys in all sorts of weather. We call this power faith in light and love.

Thus Demuth stands among the giant clan. Other artists possibly have given America a wider consciousness of its internal self than he has done. But he has beautifully added to and deepened our self-knowledge. As we quit exhibitions of his work such as his memorial show, we seem to see him standing in the general landscape in the form of one of his own church or factory turrets in blue and in gray weather: shapely, tall, serene, among the high agents of communal life.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Letters to the Editors

Thanks for Mary M——

Dear Sirs: You can't imagine what a relief the article by Mary M—— was to me and several of my Catholic friends. All these months we have been blushing with shame at the pro-rebel stand of our top hierarchy and our slavish "Catholic" press. We Catholics who have to sweat for a meager living understand well enough what is going on in Spain. The pro-fascism of our upper Catholic circles does not surprise us in the least. Their stake in big business is just as substantial as Hearst's. If you examine their newspapers (not unlike Hearst's, by the way, in general tone), you will find a rather high consistency in position. Mixed up with some pro-labor demogogy there is a marked sympathy for those who are opposing the much-needed reforms of Cárdenas in Mexico. There was enthusiasm among them when Vargas recently put Brazil on the fascist side. Some of them actually crowed with delight at the reactionary antics of the Quebec authorities a short time ago. Like Hearst they are trying to discredit every single progressive movement.

You see, even our Catholic world is torn by class lines—tories versus the people. My thanks to Mary M——, who had the courage to show that the church comprises more than a few bigwigs.

J. J. HUGHES

New York, December 27

Our Minister to Spain

Dear Sirs: I was a bit shocked in your issue of December 18 to find so intelligent a writer as Oswald Garrison Villard complaining of the choice of such men as Claude Bowers and John N. Willys for diplomatic posts, implying that they are of the same sort. Probably everybody would agree that Willys got his job because of his wealth and that he had no other qualifications for diplomacy—I'm not even sure that he was a good automobile manufacturer—but Mr. Villard should know that Claude Bowers could not have been appointed because of wealth. He happens to be an outstanding American historian and can hardly be grouped with a mere business entrepreneur.

Mr. Villard also comments that Bowers "has sat comfortably in Hendaye since the war in Spain." Where else should he have sat comfortably or uncomfortably? He stayed in Spain until the State Department ordered him to go to the French border. Incidentally, all the other diplomats also went there; Bowers has done a tremendously useful job, I am told, in offsetting the pro-Franco propaganda sent out by Sir Henry Chilton, the British ambassador. Besides having scholarship and a rare facility of expression, Bowers has a lot of the same brand of shrewdness and horse sense that made Benjamin Franklin a successful diplomat.

FRED C. KELLY

Hickory Hills, Ohio, December 25

Shade of Roger Williams!

Dear Sirs: Your readers may be interested to know of the inroads on civil and religious liberty that are being made, quietly, in Roger Williams's home state, Rhode Island.

On the religious front the leaders of the Catholic hierarchy are supporting a plan "to put a fourth 'R' in the curriculum" of the public schools, by means of voluntary courses of religious instruction. Protestants and Jews are opposing the proposal. The legislature has already passed an act appropriating public funds for transportation of parochial-school students to and from their sectarian institutions, and in one town, at least, the public-school building was made available for use as a parochial school during the summer.

The most striking infringement of civil liberties has occurred in connection with moving pictures. Last spring the Providence Bureau of Police and Fire prohibited the public showing of "Spain in Flames," and a few weeks ago it took similar action with respect to "The Spanish Earth."

The stated reasons for censoring these two films should be of considerable interest. "Spain in Flames," the censors argued in their official statement, was "reeking with communistic propaganda, tends to incite riot and class hatred, is distinctly disrespectful to two friendly nations, and is a sordid depiction of the terrors of a civil war, illustrated by many reproductions of newsreels, with numerous repetitions and some extraneous scenes and admittedly a Russian film—Amkino" (*sic*). In banning the commercial exhibition of "The Spanish Earth" six months later, the police officials exhibited an increasing sophistication. The censor ruled that its showing "might tend to antagonize and stir up racial hatreds among a large number of people of foreign extraction. We are living peaceably together in this community." The Bureau of Police and Fire, indorsing his recommendation, added that it considered the film "propaganda," and "taking cognizance of remarks made in the dialogue of the picture criticizing friendly powers," it decided to follow its "usual practice" and forbid the exhibition of the picture.

In the near future a court challenge of the Police Bureau's arbitrary exercise of its discretionary power will be instituted. In the meantime the struggle over religious education in the schools goes on.

IRWIN M. TOBIN

Providence, R. I., December 28

Not Only Spain Is at Stake

[*The following letter was written to a friend in Paris by a German theological student who helped to organize the Hitler Youth in 1931 but was disillusioned when the Nazis came into power.*]

Dear ——: Such important issues are being decided today in Spain and the Far East that many people are losing sight of internal political developments in Germany and giving no thought to the struggle which is being carried on by a small but tenacious opposition. Perhaps it is surprising that I speak of a "small" opposition. It is only too true, however, that those who oppose National Socialism with another political philosophy, for which they are willing to fight, are few in number. This political élite comprises perhaps from one and a half to two million persons. That does not imply that the German people as a whole are National Socialist. The overwhelming majority are completely apathetic toward politics. They are not National Socialist at heart; they simply give no thought to any kind of political activity. They offer, therefore, a fertile field for the efforts of the opposition.

And now I come to what I wish to

say in this letter. The masses of the people are held back by a restraining sense of National Socialism's very successful foreign policy. One hears everywhere: Why bring on a struggle against a government which is continually widening Germany's sphere of influence? The Spanish government is about to fall; no attempt is made to turn back the Japanese from their slaughter of the Chinese—are not these facts proof that the democratic states care less about upholding their ideals than about preserving the peace of Europe?

What shall we reply? We can all see that the Spanish people are facing catastrophe, that another nation is falling into the arms of fascism. Anyone who knows how strong is the psychological and material pressure brought to bear on every German by National Socialism must understand how much inner idealism is necessary to carry on the struggle against it, must understand how we suffer at the sight of the collapse of European democracy—its spiritual collapse, its lack of energy.

It would mean a great deal to us here in Germany if the cry "Open the Spanish border!" became a reality, if England, especially, would recognize its responsibility to Europe. With Franco victorious, we shall confront a situation that is almost hopeless. But if the democratic states should finally be roused to action, the German opposition would be greatly strengthened; both its numbers and its inner stability would be increased.

Not only Spain is at stake, but our whole future. H. S.

The Furnases Defended

Dear Sirs: Permit me to register objection to the review of the Furnases' book, "Man, Bread, and Destiny" written by Hugh H. Darby and published in your issue of December 11. The reviewer says of the book: "In any department accuracy is at a low level," and he further states that the authors tend throughout "to jettison truth in favor of the spectacular." In substantiation of these serious accusations he brings forward three essentially frivolous examples. Thunder and lightning, Mr. Darby doubtless knows, are more or less closely associated; so are calcium and phosphorus in the formation of bones and teeth. This, obviously, is all that the authors meant to convey by their rhetorically vulnerable but otherwise entirely unimportant statement. The criticism is, as I say, frivolous. So are the others, about Cleopatra and Dr. John Hunter. Where in the book is truth jettisoned in the authors' serious treatment of nutrition?

In the last paragraph of the review Mr. Darby's general condemnation of writers of "popular" science has no application to the authors of this book. Dr. and Mrs. Furnas are good writers, they have full and expert knowledge of their subject, and they comprehend the scientific method. Their dramatizations are legitimate, they admit lack of knowledge where they should, and they show no tendency to debase or discard the scientific method.

Mr. Darby's review, by the way, fails also in positive virtue; it tells almost nothing about the contents of the book.

H. M. PARSHLEY

Northampton, Mass., December 18

Darby Sticks to His Guns

Dear Sirs: Replying to Mr. Parshley's criticism of my review, I wish to say first that I do not consider that the three examples I gave of the "low level" of accuracy in "Man, Bread, and Destiny" can be called frivolous. When an author opens his book with a challenging statement, and then can produce only a very poor case in point, he had better reconsider his statement. On the other hand, if he does not recognize the weakness of the example—and apparently even Mr. Parshley agrees with me that it is a poor example—then his ability as a thinker is brought into question. As to the "thunder and lightning" example, I do not know that they are "more or less closely associated." I know that thunder and lightning are two results of a common cause, and that no such relation exists between phosphorus and calcium. The criticism in my review was aimed at this very lack of precision.

One cannot quote *ad infinitum,* but here is a sentence that should refute the assertion that the writers have "full and expert knowledge of their subject": "Fats form a protective layer around the nerves, apparently to cushion these delicate wires from undue shock." The myelin sheath which surrounds certain nerves has a high fat content, but its function is still the subject of considerable doubt among physiologists.

The last paragraph of my review applies not only to the Furnases but now also to Mr. Parshley. I should have expected a science teacher at Smith College to have the history of nutrition and the present status of nutritional studies more clearly in mind than his letter indicates. HUGH H. DARBY

New York, December 26

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Correction—The pages of last week's issue, Number 1, Volume 146, should have been numbered 1 to 28.

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The Shape of Things

*

NOT SINCE THE HOOVER ADMINISTRATION has a federal budget been proposed so lacking in economic realism as that presented by President Roosevelt last week. Despite the business recession, the President assured Congress that no new money would be borrowed between now and June 30, 1939. Although a theoretical deficit of $950,000,000 will appear in the 1938-39 budget, there will be an actual surplus of more than $200,000,000 when account is taken of the collections under the federal Social Security Act and the railroad- and government-employees' retirement funds. This surplus is to be achieved in the face of declining revenues and increased armament appropriations by a reduction of nearly $600,000,000 in governmental expenditures. Included in this heavy slash are cuts of $500,000,000 in the appropriation for the WPA and other relief agencies, of $40,000,000 in the outlay for reclamation, rivers and harbors, and flood control, and of $21,000,000 in the amount set aside for new public buildings. In other words, the recession is to be met in precisely the same manner that the Great Engineer met the depression—by a stringent curtailment of government spending. The budget will be balanced, for all practical purposes, by means of the taxes imposed by the Social Security Act on the wage-earners, and there is no indication that an effort will be made to levy increased taxes on those best able to pay. In the face of fundamental facts such as these, the President's attack on the malefactors of great wealth would appear to have little more than political significance.

*

MOST DISTURBING OF ALL IS THE BILLION which the President has requested for national defense, and the implication that this is just the beginning of a rearmament program comparable to those recently imposed upon the peoples of Europe. Mr. Roosevelt is supposed to favor a plan calling for the construction of 237,000 tons of naval vessels in excess of our commitments under the London and Washington treaties. An attempt is being made to defend this subsidy to the armament makers on the ground that it "gives employment to American workers" and also that a strengthening of our armed forces is necessary to resist fascism. Both arguments are rank hypocrisy. Naval construction gives much less employment per dollar than road building or housing and represents sheer economic waste. Our defense establishment, as Mr. Villard recently pointed out, is already far greater than is necessary for any legitimate purpose. It is true that the demand for rearmament has been backed by some advocates of collective security on the ground that it would be helpful in enforcing peace against would-be aggressors. Actually, however, an armament program of these proportions would be needed only if the United States were planning to tackle the job of law enforcement single-handed and by force of arms. As has repeatedly been stated in these columns, economic pressure by a group of determined powers would be sufficient to bring any aggressor to terms. Some degree of responsibility for the rearmament program must be attributed indirectly to the opposition of the isolationist group to any form of international cooperation. For if the United States is to play a lone hand in world affairs, the demand for a navy and an air force second to none is bound to win large popular support, however much it may be opposed by pacifists in the isolationist camp.

*

ANY HOPE THAT THE PANAY INCIDENT would strengthen the moderate elements in the Japanese government has been dissipated by the events of the past week. Reports from Hangchow indicate that Japanese troops looted the city with as little restraint as at Nanking and Paotingfu. At Shanghai imperious local Japanese units came into conflict with both British and French police when they sought to extend military rule into the concessions. The sharp struggle over fundamental policy which has been going on for some time in Tokyo appears to have ended in complete victory for the extremist groups. Rumors are current that Prime Minister Kenoye, a moderate reactionary, may soon resign in favor of Home Minister Suetsugu, a leader of the fascist clique. Former War Minister Araki, usually regarded as the most extreme of the ultra-nationalists, has been named to the Cabinet advisory council and is expected to be admitted to the Cabinet in the near future. The effect of the extremists' triumph can only be guessed. It is significant, however, that Suetsugu openly advocated war with Britain only a few weeks before he was appointed to the Home Office. Araki is known to favor war with the Soviet Union. No one can say which group will triumph, but it is clear that Japanese militarism has headed into an adventure from which there can be no retreat.

*

JUSTICE SUTHERLAND'S RETIREMENT MARKS the passing of the old Supreme Court as we have known and not loved it. Justice Van Devanter was the real brains and strategy of the diehard group of four that dominated court policy for years and held at bay the whole movement for government control of business. But he wrote almost none of the group's decisions; that was left chiefly to Justice Sutherland, a faithful wheel-horse who was thrust forward to write the opinions because his manner was mild and ingratiating and he could always supply the right words and citations—and plenty of them. The court conservatives have thus through the last two resignations lost their leader and their front man. Justices McReynolds and Butler are doomed, at least for several years, to be rather lonely company for each other. President Roosevelt has for the first time a chance to clinch a liberal majority on the court. But the question is: what kind of liberal will he appoint? Even Justice Sutherland was, on occasion, at least a civil-liberties liberal. And so also, on most occasions, are the Chief Justice and Justice Roberts. Mr. Roosevelt may be tempted to play a generous role toward business by selecting a mildish liberal whose economic philosophy is nebulous. But he will do well to consider that the coming three years will be crucial if Congress should decide on a program that approaches genuine economic planning. Only a man with a grasp of economic reality will have the clarity and strength to follow the great Holmes tradition of giving to legislative enactments the benefit of every reasonable legal doubt.

*

THOSE WHO SUPPORTED SENATOR BLACK'S appointment to the Supreme Court on the ground that he would bring to it a new economic realism have reason to take satisfaction in his dissenting opinion last week in the Indianapolis Water Company case. The press has given a good deal of attention to the reformed court attitude in the matter of the PWA loans to municipalities for power plants; and, notably in Arthur Krock's column, has assessed the importance of the Pacific Gas and Electric decision, which represents a wedge for reintroducing historical or prudent-investment cost as a principle of valuation in place of reproduction cost. But the press appears to have quite generally overlooked the importance of the Black dissent in the Indianapolis case. The opinion is written with clarity, vigor, and a grasp of the relevant legal and economic material. It cuts cleanly through the maze of judicial opinions about principles for arriving at fair valuations of utilities, through the fantastic delays of due-process procedure, and through the overgrowths of legal learning which screen the fact that in the last analysis it is the consumer who bears the burden of excessive prices. In this dissent Justice Black stands not only against the Old Guard on the court but even against his liberal colleagues. The opinion indicates that the battle of valuation is by no means over, and that in time Black may perform the function that Brandeis performed twenty years ago—of gathering about himself a liberal minority whose basis of decision is economic realism and not the lesser of two oppressive legal doctrines.

*

IF WE WERE A TALL, GAUNT MAN LIVING IN rooms in Baker Street with a certain Dr. Watson, nothing would give us greater pleasure than the Case of the Missing Robinsons, or the Adventure of the Phony Passports. But since our name is not Holmes, we make no sense of an affair involving both Tammany Hall and the Kremlin, and we think the best thing we can do is to sit tight and make no further comment, even if Herbert Hoover is dragged into the case, followed by the Dionne girls, Lin Yutang, and Ted Healy's stooges. Until all the characters are rounded up in the last chapter and all the loose threads pulled together in a knot, our only opinion in the matter is that the Soviet Union has the worst publicity department in the world. Why is so much Soviet news dished up as mystery garnished with melodrama? If the Russians have tracked down a couple of spies, let them say so. Let them at least announce whether or not their suspects are in prison, whether they are Americans, perhaps even what their names are, and when they will be tried. As it is, there is some doubt that Mrs. R. is even in Russia; one report has it that she has already been expelled from the country under promise of silence. Surely the Soviet government would be revealing no state secret if it answered these simple questions of fact—and it would leave a better taste in the mouth of a world still wondering what has become of Bukharin, Rykov, Romm, and others who have vanished from sight. If the heads of the Russian state had an ounce of good publicity sense they would clear up this mystery before you could say Jack Robinson-Rubens-Lepke-Marinelli-and-Trotsky.

*

MAYOR HAGUE OF JERSEY CITY GATHERED his loyal supporters about him on the evening of January 6 by the simple device of ordering his political machine to order jobholders to come out and put on a "monster rally"—or else. Its numbers were set at 75,000 by the faithful and at 15,500 by disrespectful newspaper men; and with one voice—the voice of Hague accompanied by several echoes—it denounced the "un-American invasion of Jersey City." The two principal echoes were Governor-elect A. Harry Moore and Judge Robert Carey, once Hague's bitterest Republican enemy. With remarkable illiteracy and a brutish eloquence, Hague roared out his usual defiance, denouncing the C. I. O., the "civil liberties," and various and sundry individuals, including "Mr. Ernest," as communistic, atheistic disturbers of his peace. Professing the tenderest sentiments for labor, he dared it to prefer the C. I. O. to the A. F. of L., with which he has worked so harmoniously in the past; in the name of Americanism and liberty he made it clear that neither would be tolerated in his jungle; invoking the Constitution, he made it equally clear that any attempt to exercise the rights guaranteed by it would be met with assorted blows over the head. Two days later the C. I. O. answered Mayor Hague by filing in the federal court an injunction which would open up Jersey City to other Americans and incidentally allow the natives to practice the right of free speech and assembly. Meanwhile we have to keep reminding ourselves that Hague is a national committeeman of the enlightened Democratic Party, which controls the federal Administration. Isn't it time Washington crossed the Delaware again?

AMERICANS WILL HAVE TO FACE SOONER or later the problem of what to do with the growing openness and arrogance of Nazi activities in this country. We print elsewhere in this issue an article by Lucille B. Milner on the working of the British Public Order Act, passed to deal with fascist incitements. The record is a disheartening one. Yet we do not believe that the proper conclusion to draw from it is that every attempt to control this menace does more harm than good, and that inaction is better than action. The moral is rather that such legislation should be drawn with care and scrutinized with anxiety, lest it be used to hamper legitimate activities of all groups. We hope in a later issue to deal in some detail with the problems that such legislation would have to solve in this country. Here we want only to say that the Nazi camps scattered throughout the country, with their military organization, their uniformed men, their drilling, and their preparation for what can only be violence, represent a potential state within a state that no nation could ignore. We believe that any legislation to control such developments should be limited strictly to their military aspects. We believe also that its enforcement cannot be left, as it was so largely left in England, to the discretion of the local police authorities, but should be at least partly a federal concern. If the depression deepens, as seems almost inevitable, fascist doctrines will find fertile ground among the unemployed, the insecure, the demoralized. It is better to deal with the problem now than to wait until it has become an unmanageable growth.

*

DURING THE WINTER A BIG ITEM IN THE consumer's budget is the price of coal. That gives an importance to the work of the National Bituminous Coal Commission which has not been reflected in newspaper accounts. The work of the commission is an experiment in price control by a seven-man board made up of representatives of the producers, labor, and the "public." Usually the result of such a set-up is, as in the case of the NRA codes, that labor and the producers get what they want and the public (the consumer) pays and pays. The present commission has had rough sledding, with charges of graft and patronage made openly in Congress, and a four-to-three division developing within itself between supporters of the operators and supporters of labor. These inner difficulties have delayed the work of the commission, but recently it announced a price schedule which is far better than had been hoped for. This schedule should bring in $40,000,000 in increased revenue, to make up the losses under which the industry has been operating. The burden of increase falls on the heavy industries and railroads rather than on the domestic consumers, who actually get a slight reduction in price. Naturally the big industries have been lobbying vigorously against the schedule during the past two weeks. These facts may lead consumers to assume too readily that they are being helped by the commission. Although the commission is undoubtedly a stabilizing force in the industry, the increased prices for railroads and heavy industry will of course be passed on in the form of higher freight rates and increased commodity costs. The consumer cannot hope to benefit from this sort of sleight-of-hand.

Victory at Teruel

TERUEL is a great victory, not only because the Loyalists have occupied terrain, shortened their line, repulsed a monster counter-attack, lessened the threat of a Franco thrust to the sea, and completely ruined the rebels' chance of an offensive in the near future, but also because it should teach those who believe "events in Spain are moving to an insurgent victory" that they are wholly wrong.

Between 1914 and 1918 Germany won most of the battles, but lost the war. The Allies got started late but their resources and strength grew, while the fortunes of the Central Powers followed a descending curve. So, too, in Spain. Teruel must be judged against a background of past Loyalist performances. Between July 18, 1936, and November, 1936, the green government forces, except in the Guadarrama Mountains, were incapable of defense. Then began the historic resistance at Madrid. The republican army, nevertheless, was still weak and badly led, and in February Malaga fell. March brought an Italian offensive at Guadalajara. The government counter-attacked and routed Mussolini's legions. But the Loyalists did not themselves stage an offensive until July, 1937, a year after the war started. That was at Brunete. At the time the government leaders said that they proposed to initiate several limited offensives to teach their new army the art of attack. At Brunete some mistakes were made. Inexperience showed. The Loyalists won territory and in the inevitable counter-attack had to relinquish 30 per cent of it. The army fought better in the September offensive at Belchite.

The lessons learned at Brunete and Belchite helped the Loyalists to win their first big victory at Teruel. Instead of taking government territory with few losses as in the past, Franco has lost thousands of men and much equipment in a vain effort to recover his own ground. Teruel thus marks a turning of the tide. Although still inferior in artillery and aircraft, the republic can attack and win and hold its gains. The government army has progressed from a retreating militia to a *no pasaran* defense force and now to a powerful forward-thrusting machine. Franco's military establishment has deteriorated.

Barcelona looks ahead hopefully to the near future when the output of its recently regenerated industries will offset the rebels' advantage in foreign supplies. It is reasonable to expect, too, that the defeat at Teruel will still further depress the morale in Franco's territory. Loyalist spirit has been high despite the unbroken chain of defeats in the first year of the war, while Franco has had serious difficulty behind the lines despite considerable military success. This trouble should now be aggravated. If the resulting situation at last convinces Hitler and Mussolini that Franco is an empty barrel and that all their assistance is wasted, they will find themselves in a quandary. They will give the rebels more help because there is no alternative. But fascism cannot win in Spain. The struggle, however, will be long and bitter, and the Loyalists need strong support from foreign enemies of aggression.

While Teruel weakens Franco's hold on the civilian population, it serves to consolidate the Negrin Cabinet. The Caballero opposition is no more. In May, 1937, when Caballero ceased to be Prime Minister because he refused to relinquish the war portfolio although his inefficiency had provoked a demand for his retirement, he tried to take the large Socialist U. G. T. trade unions into the opposition with him. The majority resisted and voted to support Negrin. Before long Caballero's hold on the membership of the U. G. T., which he had led for so many years, became extremely tenuous. And now, having to reckon with the mounting prestige of the Negrin ministry and the workers' natural urge to support it, he has finally stepped down from the leadership of the U. G. T. This move reinforces the cohesion of the Popular Front, and reduces internal political friction. Loyalist Spain is today more united than ever. It is eager and increasingly able to cope with the fascist enemy.

Wanted: Three-Year Plan

IN HIS Jackson Day address, which within its limits was a fine fighting speech primarily addressed to the problem of party unity, the President referred again to the financial power concentrated in the hands of a few, to the holding-company tail that wags the dog of industry, and to the evils of price-rigging, unfair competition, and monopolistic practices. "Give to me and give to your government," he added, "the credit for a definite intention to eradicate them."

We do not doubt the President's intention, or that of a minority of progressives in his Administration. What we have questioned is the nature and even the existence of their program of eradication. The picture drawn in our Washington dispatch elsewhere in this issue is of men of good-will, expert at political tactics and showmanship, who have failed to come to grips with their essential economic problems. Mr. Cummings's report on anti-trust enforcement, written by Mr. Jackson, instead of presenting a program, passes the buck to Congress. Senator Wheeler's program for breaking up the railroad holding companies is still being kept a secret. Perhaps the outlines of a general program will merge in the President's special messages. At its best, it will probably call for a strengthening of the trade associations of small producers, a revision of the patent laws so that big industry will not be able to build empires on exclusive patents, and a strengthening of the intercorporate dividend tax. It may not go as far as that. And even if, as seems unlikely, we should succeed in stopping the further growth of the leviathan of big business, we should still have the existing business structures to deal with.

That is why we feel that the remedy either for the present depression or for our long-run economic ills does not lie in breaking up holding companies or prohibiting unfair practices. Those purposes are in themselves desirable and we favor them strongly. But it is well not to mistake the vanguard of the enemy for his main columns. And the best starting-point we have seen for grappling directly with the basic problem of poverty and unemployment amid potential plenty is to be found in the President's message. He used to talk merely of bringing back prosperity. He has substituted for that glittering generality a new concretion. He now talks of our national income of sixty-eight billion dollars for the past year, and of a potential national income of ninety to a hundred billion a year. That marks an important step forward—if he will follow it up.

It marks a step forward because so far what planning we have done has been a piecemeal restrictive planning, in single industries, in which the program has at best been to adjust the industry's price and production to what the rest of the country could absorb. This has been true of the NRA, the AAA, the bituminous-coal industry, the oil industry, the present Ellenbogen plan for the textile industry. The result is the familiar one—a measure of stabilization accomplished at the expense either of workers or consumers or both, or at the risk of cartelization. It would be far better to start with an estimate of national income (Mr. Roosevelt's figures are taken from the National Resources Committee) and an estimate of potential consumption for the products of each basic industry based on that national income. Each industry—automobiles, steel, oil, cement, copper, electrical products, chemical products, textiles, coal—could then produce for an expanded market; and in the very process of doing so it would create the employment and purchasing capacity that would constitute such an expanded market.

This is clearly planning instead of empirical blundering. And planning is exactly what we must have, whether under that name or some other. The present Administration will be in power for three years. If it had the courage and vision, it could start a three-year plan reaching toward the President's goal of a national income approximating his figures. The first year's goal might be seventy-five or eighty billion, the second year's ninety billion, the third the full hundred billion. Given the economies of large-scale manufacture in the mass-production industries, the expanded volume of automobiles, steel rails, electric refrigerators, and other products that this would mean could be produced at relatively low prices; and the savings could be pumped back, not to swell existing profits, but mainly into wages and lower costs—that is, into greater purchasing capacity.

Many intricate problems would be involved. We have just begun to get some real knowledge in our government departments of how the industrial processes work. Strangely enough, in the Department of Commerce, where you would most expect it, there is none; more material is in the Federal Reserve Board and the National Resources Committee. There would be other problems: the margin of error in estimates of production or consumption, the allocation of production between the capital-goods and consumer-goods industries, the need for maintaining a broad area of private initiative within the government controls. There would be finally the problem of bringing the intrenched forces of big industry to an understanding that their own interests lay with those of the community. These are always the problems of a rational production policy. We have the resources. We have the established democratic processes that alone would make economic planning safe. Have we also the necessary will to master the problem and force the minority that Mr. Roosevelt has been talking about to accept the solution?

The Ludlow Amendment

ALTHOUGH the Ludlow amendment has been buried by a close vote, we may assume that its bones will rise again—perhaps even during the present session. It obviously represents a large body of pacifist opinion, and ultimately it will be forced out of committee despite the opposition of the President and the State Department. Many of the objections to the measure are discussed by Mr. Villard elsewhere in this issue. While we are naturally in sympathy with what we take to be the objectives of this amendment—the lessening of the possibility of war and the spread of popular responsibility for vital decisions—we feel that Mr. Villard's catechism has omitted some of the practical dangers in the proposal.

When critics of the plebiscite declare that it undermines representative government, they are not denying that it is perhaps even more democratic than the present system. Nor do they imply that national referendums could not be developed alongside our present representative system. They are merely pointing out that the proposal stems from a wholly different philosophy of government, one that is as yet untried and untested on a national scale. The assumption that the people as a whole are better equipped than their elected representatives, either in information or native intelligence, to deal with the most vital questions affecting national policy is, to say the least, questionable.

Behind the theoretical case for representative government may be found certain practical considerations that we dare not overlook in considering the Ludlow amendment. Mr. Villard makes much of the point that the proposal, if adopted, would deprive the President of his war-making powers. Actually, the reverse would almost certainly be true. In an international crisis threatening to involve the United States in war, decisions would probably have to be made very quickly. Lacking time to set up the machinery for a national referendum—which we believe would take far longer than Mr. Villard suggests—the President would be forced to act independently. Thus in the end the people—like the German population—might be asked merely to ratify accomplished facts. Once hostilities had actually broken out, formal ratification would be inevitable, given the agencies of propaganda which are available to the government.

In placing checks on the declaration of war rather than on the pursuit of policies likely to lead to war, the Ludlow amendment would serve to strengthen one of the most sinister developments of recent years—the tendency to wage war without a formal declaration. In this respect it reveals a lineage similar to that of two other American peace proposals, the Kellogg Anti-War Pact and the Neutrality Act.

The most serious count against the Ludlow resolution, however, is that of poor timing. Not since 1918 has the threat of a war provoked by deliberate aggression been as great as at the present time. Since cooperation among the democracies is the one bulwark against such a conflict, nothing could be more encouraging to existing and would-be aggressors than the belief that the policy of the United States is dominated by the elements that pushed through the Neutrality Act and oppose the idea of collective action. Whether justifiably or not, adoption of the Ludlow amendment at this moment would surely have been interpreted abroad as a triumph for the isolationist elements. No one can say how far a Hitler, a Mussolini, or an Araki would be willing to gamble if America's aloofness were apparently confirmed to this extent.

Remember Chicago!

CHICAGO has long had the reputation of being a city where you can get away with murder; that reputation was sustained by the sequence of events after the Memorial Day demonstration in which ten persons were fatally shot and many others seriously wounded; and it was confirmed, with insolence, when sixty-three of the marchers, including some of the injured, were recently convicted of unlawful assembly—the original charge was criminal conspiracy—and fined $10 each. The dead were not prosecuted.

The sensational films of the Memorial Day incident and thousands of words of first-hand testimony given before the La Follette committee prove to any person with normal senses that the crowd which straggled across the field that day was a peaceful crowd, peacefully assembled, in which women and children and old men mingled. It is known that although the police pleaded self-defense to explain the shooting and claimed that the marchers had guns, not one of the officers was touched by a bullet; and there is extremely convincing testimony to indicate that after their victory the police, in an effort to prove that they had been attacked, systematically collected from the field and from dumps at its edges tomato stakes, rocks, and other refuse that had been there before the rout took place.

Finally there are photographs that show policemen clubbing helpless men already down, and there are gruesome tales, thoroughly substantiated, of wounded and beaten men denied first aid and then dumped one upon the other in patrol wagons where some of them bled to death. Yet in the face of this evidence a state court in Indiana and an official coroner's jury in Chicago have upheld the police in the crimes they committed on Memorial Day in collusion with the Republic Steel Corporation, which provided both tear gas and extra police power for the occasion. Presumably the police may repeat the performance with impunity; the labor-police history of Chicago practically guarantees new murders, new investigations, new acquittals of the murderers.

Is there no recourse? In this case the only possible legal redress seems to lie in an appeal from the convictions mentioned above or in suits for damages, of which some are pending. The Department of Justice made no move, at the time of the steel strike, to bring Girdler to terms, and apparently has no intention of doing so now. The La Follette committee has done its part, but its sensational findings have not, so far as we know, found their way into any court record. There remains otherwise only the recourse of continued agitation inside and outside Chicago. In the city itself the issue is not dead; on the contrary, there is a chance that it will become an important factor in the next mayoralty campaign. With the help of liberal opinion throughout the country it is conceivable that the issue can be forced; and the South Chicago massacre will not have been entirely in vain if the corrupt machine which rules the city can be turned out as a result of the events of last Memorial Day.

Meanwhile there remains the larger question of how the federal government intends to make effective the excellent work now being done by such agencies as the La Follette committee and the National Labor Relations Board. In Detroit a local judge acquitted the Ford service men who beat up U. A. W. organizers on May 26, though he had before him the same evidence on which the NLRB based its scathing verdict of guilty. In the Rand case still another judge, a federal judge this time, directed acquittal in the face of overwhelming evidence against a company which has boasted of its anti-union policy and which, like the Ford Company, was the subject of a thoroughly damning NLRB report. The Chicago case was somewhat different, involving as it did city officials and not a private employer. But in all these cases the spirit if not the letter of important federal laws has been violated; in each case a duly constituted federal investigating agency has proved violation beyond any reasonable doubt; in each case the culprits have been acquitted and the evidence gleaned by the investigating body ignored like so much water running down a waste pipe.

One remedy would be to strengthen the federal laws involved. Even more important is a will on the part of the Department of Justice to prosecute a billion dollars with the same fervor with which it goes after the malefactors of little or no wealth. For all the name-calling of the past few weeks, that will is not yet in evidence.

Mr. Roosevelt, Ringmaster

BY MAX LERNER

Washington, January 9

DURING the past two weeks the Administration has managed to survive a crisis in morale. I wrote in this space a month ago that the President had about made up his mind to move left and was uncertain only about the timing. I have since learned that what determined the timing was a confluence of factors—the unemployment figures, the down-at-the-heel demoralization of the departments, the lull in press and radio, the need for catapulting Robert Jackson into national prominence if he was to be available for the New York governorship race, the reassembling of Congress and the need for action before the tories could get to brooding again over the ills that business has suffered.

Concerning the political success of the President's new move, there is little disagreement here, whatever may be said for public consumption. Mr. Roosevelt has always been strongest in the attack; he is happy in being able once more to assume this role and is spreading the contagion among his followers. He has left the enemy, on the other hand, addled and bewildered. There can be little doubt of his showmanship. The daring succession of speeches by his lieutenants and himself, the deft turning of what might have proved a fatal attack on the Administration because of mounting unemployment into an attack on big business, the handling of the Panay incident so as to capture public attention, and the linking of big armaments with the fight against the depression—these prove once more that Mr. Roosevelt knows how to provide circuses for a distraught people. What is far less clear is whether he can provide bread as well, and how he proposes to deal with the grim and intractable material not of politics but of economics.

Not all the speeches have been just verbal pyrotechnics. But they have been perilously close to it. There are many who have wondered at the "violence" of Mr. Ickes's speech, and Mr. Jackson's, while more substantial, contained some strong medicine. But it is understood that the President allowed them to talk that way—perhaps even encouraged them—because it was an effective riposte to the recent Wall Street talk. It was a way of saying to the New York banking and industrialist group who have been running down the Washington bureaucrats, and whose muttered threats about direct fascism have been leaking through to the White House, "Well, here's the sort of demagogic material we have, if we want to use it. In an exchange of demagogic strength, let's see who has the edge." Which proves very little more than that Mr. Roosevelt is a born ringmaster.

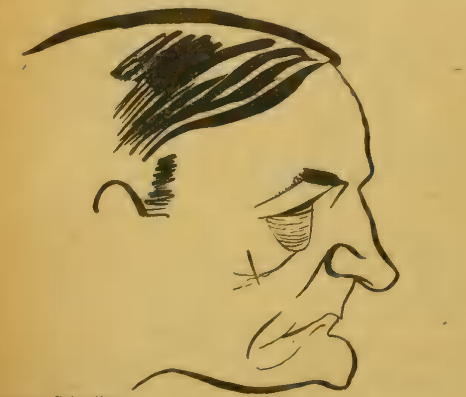
If you ask for action rather than words around here, the answer you get is that to fight a war you must have soldiers, and that before the President can fight either the depression or capitalism, he must first command his own party battalions. He will need all his skill for that task, because the second Civil War is still being fought in the halls of Congress, and along with the secession of the South there is the threatened secession of the New York delegation as well. That is why the two big events of the past week, in their repercussions on Washington, have been events in local politics—Lister Hill's victory in Alabama and the auspicious start of the Robert H. Jackson boom for Governor of New York.

Hill, running on a straight New Deal platform, licked the stuffing out of Tom Heflin in the primary race to determine the successor to Justice Black's seat in the Senate, which Mrs. Dixie Graves has been occupying in the interim. I am told that the politicos here had been predicting either a Heflin victory or a very close race, since plenty of utility and industrialist money was poured into the Heflin campaign. The issue was clearly the wage-hour bill, and so far was Hill from pulling his punches in defense of the bill that he came back from his campaign to the House, of which he is a member, in order to vote against recommittal of the measure. The spirit of the whole progressive group in Congress has picked up because of this victory. It is taken to indicate that the incredibly reactionary Southern bloc by no means represents the Southern rank and file, although it may represent the textile-mill owners, steel manufacturers, and lumber kings of the South. The Hill majority, which was large, is all the more impressive because even the labor strength in Alabama, concentrated at Birmingham, is A. F. of L. Since the wage-hour bill was strongly opposed by William Green, Hill's victory may indicate not only that the South is not represented by its Congressmen, but that the A. F. of L. is not represented by its officers. These conclusions would be more persuasive, of course, if it were anyone except doddering Tom Heflin who had been beaten, and if this were not his third successive defeat. Nevertheless, it has made the Southern tories in Congress jittery.

The first concrete result of the attack on monopoly, curiously, has been that Robert H. Jackson is now out in front in the race for the New York governorship. New York is crucial in New Deal calculations, both for its own strength in Congress and because the election of any except firm New Dealers in the coming contests for Governor and Senator would be widely interpreted as a defeat for the President in the labor stronghold of the country. It looks now as if it will be hard to head Jackson off, not because the New York machine has any love for him, but because he is the only man except Senator Wagner who could get the Labor Party indorsement. There is little belief here that Wagner would allow himself to be drafted for the governorship fight, largely because he is happy here, because the Democrats would lose his seniority rights, and because the other members of the progressive bloc would enter strong protest. They would not regard either of the candidates eager for Wagner's seat—Governor Lehman or Boss Edward J. Flynn of the Bronx—as capable of replacing him.

I find among some of the Administration advisers a strange confidence that the present "recession" will be conquered—a confidence that is disheartening because it is not accompanied by any economic realism to match the political realism with which the place is cluttered. As far as I can see, all that the Administration is relying on to combat the present phase of the depression is the remaining WPA appropriation of a half-billion and the armament appropriation of a billion. Beyond relief and battleships, there is a lingering hope that materials and labor in the building industry will go down in cost, and that the building boom will start.

The most ominous sign that the attack on big business may lead to nothing or worse than nothing was the President's press conference on the day after his message. It was a masterpiece of anti-climax. The progressives had looked for signs of an effective program for dealing with the irresponsible power of business, and what they got instead was a vague reference to the co-operative control of inventories by government and business—a reference that sounded rather NRA-ish. The fact is that the ghost of Donald Richberg still hovers over the White House—and Richberg himself not infrequently lends his more substantial presence. I find a tendency here to regard Richberg as an amazing Scheherezade who has found some story-telling secret that allows him to live on from night to night. All the past favorites—Moley, Tugwell, Professor Warren, Hugh Johnson—have been retired, but Richberg lingers on, more dangerous perhaps when he is not in power than when he was. The probable truth of the matter is that it is not so much Richberg that is fascinating as the idea he stood for. The President still believes that capitalism is essentially sound, and needs government merely to smooth out its rough edges. Each time he finds he is wrong, as happened when the big break came two months ago, he gets flustered and thrown off his balance. Then he rights himself again and continues on his way.



Georges Schreiber

Senator Minton

To those who urge him to undertake a deliberate program of industrial control, his answer is that all his economic advisers have differing versions of the economic picture, and their advice cancels out. There is some force in this. There are inflationists and deflationists, those who think that only a drastic economic plan will be effective and those who feel that it would be incredibly naive to base an economic plan on the scanty knowledge of the detailed industrial and financial processes that Washington now possesses, those who would break up the big business structures and those who would leave them alone. Most of these battles are waged between theorists and chart experts in the bureaus and commissions, and never reach Congress, which is completely innocent of economic theory and has the amateur's distrust of it. The only exception is the industrial-expansion bill, introduced by Representative Jerry Voorhis of California and based to a considerable extent on the plan set forth in Mordecai Ezekiel's excellent book, "$2,500 a Year." But Ezekiel himself has been in the doghouse for almost two years, so far as the President is concerned. Amid these cross-purposes Mr. Roosevelt's mind turns more to arms and navalism, where he feels himself on firm ground, and away from economics, where (if I may be allowed the pun) he is at sea.

But the time will come when Mr. Roosevelt will enter a new phase. With the present program, even if there is an upward turn this spring, business indices are bound to drop again and unemployment to rise. The President will be compelled to act on the phrase in his message about our potential national income being ninety to a hundred billion a year, and to force production and price policies to gear themselves to a purchasing power that will approach that level. When that time comes, perhaps in 1940, the President will find an old problem reviving itself—the question of the Supreme Court. For there is considerable doubt whether even some of the liberals on the court would be enthusiastic about so vigorous a program of control. That is why the question of the successor to Justice Sutherland is so important now. Such "liberals" as Donald Richberg, Judge Harold Stephens, and Judge Bratton, whose names have been mentioned, might turn out to be frail supports. Senator Minton of Indiana and Solicitor General Stanley F. Reed are most prominently discussed, but the liberalism of both is an unknown quantity. Minton stands up as one of the better progressive Senators, and the appointment would come well as a reward. But there is little more to say for it. Reed is a good lawyer and has won his court cases, but much the same applies to him. It is thought that he will be held in reserve until Justice McReynolds resigns. The chances are that the selection will be from the Middle or Far West, and Lloyd Garrison, Governor La Follette, and Governor Murphy have been mentioned. But here again, the best guess is that Mr. Roosevelt will do the incalculable.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Cal.

Fighting Fascism by Law

BY LUCILLE B. MILNER

WHEN, after considerable verbal warfare in Parliament and press, England passed its Public Order Act early in 1937, optimistic anti-fascist forces hoped that here was a positive cure for the black-shirted plague that had been festering on the island. But only two months after the passage of the act, London witnessed the emergence of anti-Semitism as a political issue for the first time in the long history of the County Council. Hooliganism unparalleled in British political life marked the March elections, with Sir Oswald Mosley baiting the Jews at their very doorsteps in East London and demanding a "mandate on this Jewish question." Gangs of fascists wearing British Union of Fascists badges and carrying the Union Jack paraded through the Jewish sector shouting anti-Jewish slogans: "We gotta get rid of the Yids"; "Perish Judah"; "Roll on the pogrom." Shops were wrecked and citizens were brutally assaulted.

Fascist candidates polled almost 8,000 votes in three London districts—18 per cent of the total vote. As a result there was an intensification of Jew-baiting and violence, followed by a period of comparative quiet. "The grosser forms of Jew-baiting diminished," according to the Commissioner of Police. But not for long. A report of the National Council for Civil Liberties presents an alarming list of outrages in the Jewish district. On May 4, at a large fascist meeting in Glasshouse Street, Mick Clarke, known as the Julius Streicher of the British Union of Fascists, indulged in anti-Semitic taunts through a microphone from the top of a van. After the meeting the crowd, escorted by foot and mounted police, marched through Whitechapel shouting: "Dirty Jew bastards . . . get back to Palestine." In June a fifteen-year-old Jewish boy, on his way home from work at midnight, was knocked to the ground, viciously kicked about the head and face, and left unconscious with a serious injury to one eye. In July an East End shopkeeper, opening his door late one night, was met by two fascists who yelled: "Filthy Jew, we'll settle you later on." A few days later three men walking through Bethnal Green were attacked by a band of fascists; one, an elderly man, was beaten on the face with the buckle of a belt and severely injured. A bomb which failed to explode was thrown at a Jewish shop. A shopkeeper's supply of eggs was destroyed. Fascists whitewashed the initials "P. J." (Perish Judah) on a shop front, declaring the symbol stood for "Poor Jews." Investigators report that almost every evening some trouble develops in the Jewish districts.

It is generally believed that police partiality and police-court leniency are responsible for the continuance of these outrages, and that the Home Office has permitted this state of affairs to reach its present proportions. An increase in the number of police in the Jewish district and the introduction of nightly patrols and plain-clothes officers have been of little avail. Actually, there has been an increase in the number of assaults on Jews since these steps were taken, and there is considerable evidence to prove that the plain-clothes officers are the worst offenders. No improvement can be expected, responsible individuals in the district insist, until the police are instructed by the Home Secretary and the Commissioner of Police to enforce the Public Order Act impartially.

Cases of obvious police leniency are many. At the fascist demonstration in Glasshouse Street on May 4, police were present in large numbers, but made no attempt to put an end to Mick Clarke's anti-Semitic tirade. No curb was attempted in July when Clarke led a procession of fascists through East London, singing provocative songs and obstructing traffic in direct violation of the ban imposed by the Commissioner of Police on all processions in that section; or at another fascist meeting where the speaker attacked prominent living Jews, including Lord Melchett, and described them as "hook-nosed, yellow-skinned, dirty Jewish swine"; or at still another meeting where the fascist speaker referred to Jews as "venereal-ridden vagrants." All these utterances are offenses under the Public Order Act, which prohibits insulting words and behavior from which a breach of peace might result. Yet in each case the police officers refused to issue a summons against the speakers.

Police-court magistrates have shown provocative leniency toward those offenders who have been haled into court. On one occasion, when twenty fascists had attacked four men, the magistrate discharged the assailants with the mere comment that it was unwise for private individuals to take the law into their own hands. In another case the magistrate imposed only a small fine, remarking, "I can see you are decent young fellows." After fascists had assaulted a Jewish storekeeper and damaged his property, the magistrate at the Old Street Police Court chided them for behaving "very stupidly." One of two men summoned to court for insulting behavior at an East End meeting had been before the court on a similar charge six months earlier and been promised imprisonment if his offense was repeated, but the magistrate decided to give him still another chance.

Occasionally, however, so-called violations of the Public Order Act are prosecuted. A newspaper vender calling out the caption on his placard, "André executed by Nazis," was charged by the police with using insulting words and behavior likely to cause a breach of the peace, although the words were true. At an exhibition at Hendon Aerodrome a man was charged with insulting behavior because he put up a small pacifist poster on a fence near the aerodrome. A man was convicted of using insulting words when he called out "Give us bread!" at a demonstration of the unemployed.

A striking example of discrimination against anti-fascists was the charge of mounted police into a Thurloe Square meeting called to protest against the repeated denial of the use of Albert Hall to anti-fascist organizations. The speakers included a clergyman, a Liberal candidate for Parliament, and a member of the Labor Party. The meeting was orderly. At 9 p.m., during the clergyman's address, a squad of mounted police rode their horses into the crowd, swinging their clubs indiscriminately and injuring many persons. Public indignation was aroused and a government inquiry demanded. But the Home Office refused to intervene. An unofficial inquiry was set up by the National Council for Civil Liberties, and in a preface to the report of the investigating committee Harold J. Laski, professor of political science at the University of London, wrote: "There is no use denying that there is an ugly body of suspicion abroad about police behavior in dealing with the problems created by the fascist movement." In a public address A. M. Wall, secretary of the London Trades Council, declared:

> I am appalled by the glaring instances of the failure of the authorities to enforce adequately the law against Sir Oswald Mosley and his associates. The British brand of fascists have slavishly copied the Jew-baiting tactics of Hitler. Their use of insulting epithets and filthy language has, however, probably excelled even the most vulgar of Hitler's henchmen, and I am filled with apprehension by the failure of the authorities to apply the law [Public Order Act] to these cases. Perhaps a reason why the police hesitate to charge these ruffians is the leniency shown by magistrates when convictions have been secured.

The Public Order Act was passed in January, 1937, in response to the demand of certain Liberal and Labor members of Parliament for legislation to deal with the militarization of politics and the wearing of semi-military uniforms. Friends of civil liberties pointed out that the existing law was satisfactory if the police would exercise its powers against the fascists as it had against labor and radical leaders, and warned against the dangers of further legislation of this type. When the text of the government's bill was published, it was found to go much farther than the existing crisis. Repressive measures which the government had had under consideration for over two years were included. The opposition was ineffectual, and the government measure was passed.

The act makes it an offense to wear political uniforms in any public place or at any public meeting, but police chiefs may sanction the wearing of political uniforms in public for any "ceremonial anniversary or other special occasions" if it is believed that this will not cause public disorder. This loophole practically nullifies the section, for "anniversaries" and "special occasions" are the very times when the wearing of the uniform may be provocative. A political uniform is not defined in the act; it rests with the magistrate or judge to decide what constitutes such a uniform.

Members of an association, the act provides, may not be trained or equipped for the purpose of usurping the functions of the police or of the armed forces of the Crown, or "for the use or display of physical force in promoting any political object," or merely "arouse reasonable apprehension" that they are so trained.

Police chiefs are given discretionary and virtually dictatorial powers to forbid processions if they have a "reasonable ground" for fearing serious public disorder. Further, the police chief may apply to the local council for an order prohibiting all public processions for a period not exceeding three months. The requirement of an order from the local authorities was considered a concession to members of Parliament who insisted upon some slight element of democratic control. But shortly after the act was passed, the Home Secretary circularized local authorities advising them to delegate these powers to their Watch Committee. Since the police chief is the executive officer of the Watch Committee, this advice voided the slight concession. Police chiefs may also forbid banners bearing provocative slogans. Since it is well known that the fascist groups carry only Union Jacks and black flags similar to Italian military standards, and that trade unions and democratic organizations use banners bearing slogans, this clause is considered a direct attempt to interfere with the expression of legitimate political opinion by labor, liberal, and radical groups.

The section of the old law penalizing the use of "threatening, abusive, or insulting words or behavior" whereby a breach of the peace is likely to occur formerly applied only to streets and public places in large towns, but the act extends the offense to the entire country and to meetings held even in private halls. The warning of liberals that this section might be abused has been justified by the behavior of pro-fascist police officers and courts. In the Harworth Colliery strike the section was used against the miners in a half-dozen or more cases.

The Public Order Act has had one good effect and one only. It has deprived the fascists of uniforms which had proved valuable in advertising and recruiting. Marching in mufti, the British Union of Fascists has lost much of its conquering-army glamor. However, while the uniform was an aid in recruiting members to the Mosley forces, it is questionable whether the ban on it has actually affected their numbers. The decline in Mosley's strength evidenced by the defeat of his candidates in the November elections was due more to financial difficulties and the defection of some prominent members than to the act. In addition to the British Union of Fascists certain other groups of a more or less political nature wore uniforms. Sections of the Independent Labor Party wore red shirts, and the Social Credit Party displayed green shirts. These too are banned by the law. Such organizations as the Boy Scouts and the Salvation Army continue to wear uniforms because they are regarded as non-political.

The act has enormously increased the power of the police to interfere with the legitimate activities of democratic and left-wing organizations. For instance, the Commissioner of the London Police on June 21 prohibited *all* political processions in East London for a period of twelve weeks and recently renewed the ban for another six months. Since the act gives the authorities the power to place a ban on any kind of procession which is likely to cause a breach of peace, the general order was unnecessary. It has become obvious that when circumstances necessitate any kind of action against fascists, the government uses the opportunity to take action also against democratic groups.

Yale Needs the C.I.O.

BY GEORGE BUTLER

New Haven, January 8

YALE UNIVERSITY is one of the largest educational institutions in the world, spending over $8,000,000 each year and employing thousands of professional and non-professional workers in its colossal plant. It is also one of the most prosperous institutions of its kind. Among the members of the Yale Corporation are representatives of the Chase National Bank, the New York Trust Company, the Morgan interests, United States Steel, and various railroads and public utilities.

Since Yale University is such a large and prosperous and well-governed institution, one might expect it to maintain model labor standards. What are the facts? A few years ago one of the professors became interested in this question and attempted to study hours and working conditions in Yale and other institutions of higher learning. But when the Yale treasurer heard of the project, he protested to the dean of the Divinity School, saying that thousands of dollars were at stake. The dean tactfully suggested to the professor that he turn his researches into less dangerous channels. An unhampered investigator, however, soon discovers that in the Divinity School itself wages and working conditions for the lower-paid employees lag far behind the best practice. Maids, most of the janitors, and all of the gatemen work a seven-day week. Practically all service employees work intolerably long hours. None receive adequate compensation. Few receive vacations with pay.

Consider Mrs. X, who has charge of the steam table in the refectory. Mrs. X starts work at 7:30 a. m. and finishes at 6:45 p. m. She is supposed to have three-quarters of an hour free in the morning and two in the afternoon, but she lives too far away to go home and Yale provides no rest room for her. This system of long hours split by rest periods but with no rest rooms provided is practiced throughout the university. Mrs. X receives $12 a week for her six-day week. And at the start of the school year she must work many hours of overtime without pay.

Maids throughout the university work five hours a day seven days a week, and receive $8.75. Mrs. Y, a Law School maid, must clean fifteen suites, or forty-five rooms, in five hours. She was responsible for only thirty-six rooms until Yale's economy program went into effect a few years ago. Since almost all maids and janitors are laid off for the entire summer vacation, Mrs. Y's yearly wage is $332.50.

Compare these conditions with those in the laundry industry of Connecticut. According to the official survey of 1935, the median wage for women laundry workers in cities of 100,000 and over is 29.1 cents an hour. Yale's rate is 25 cents. Of 967 women employed in laundries, only 15 received less than 25 cents an hour. In other words, more than 98 per cent of the women laundry workers of Connecticut received as much as or more than the maids in Yale buildings. Yet not Yale but the laundry business is considered a sweatshop industry.

Connecticut laundries pay male workers a median wage of 38.8 cents an hour. Yale University pays a night watchman, whose position is one of trust and responsibility, $25 a week for ten hours a night, seven nights one week, six the next. Averaging sixty-five hours a week, he receives 38.5 cents an hour.

The New Haven Hospital receives $50,000 a year from Yale University because of its close relationship to the medical and nursing schools. A study of wages paid non-professional help, such as orderlies, ward helpers, messengers, and kitchen assistants, shows that four-fifths of them receive an average wage of $51.30 per month, or $615 a year—hardly a health and decency wage. True, meals are supposed to be furnished to these workers, but no allowance is made for family men who prefer their meals at home. The hospital workers also work long hours, averaging 53.7 a week.

During the depression the Yale Corporation did not reduce the salaries of professors and deans in the $10,000 class, but it cut the pay of the lowest workers and laid many of them off. In the main library, for instance, seven maintenance persons were discharged, their duties being added to those of the workers who remained. In one of the departmental libraries so many were discharged that the librarian said it was physically impossible for those who were left to handle the work. In 1935 wages of about 600 of the lowest-paid workers were reduced 5 and 10 per cent. Janitors were cut from $20.77 a week to $20 a week; library maintenance workers from $23.07 to $22; campus police and gate porters from $38.50 and $24.50 to $35 and $22, respectively.

As a result of this economy program, $28,000 was saved, not a large item in the Yale budget. Many students protested vigorously in letters to the *Yale Daily News* and the *Alumni Weekly*, pointing out that a 1 per cent cut in faculty and administrative salaries would have saved $30,000, or more than was saved by the 5 and 10 per cent cuts in workers' wages. David B. McCalmont, '32, editor-in-chief of the *Yale Law Journal,* wrote:

> The affair is probably just an April Fool false rumor, for the university seems to be spending just as much money as ever on luxurious upholstery to soothe our backs, expensive wood carvings to delight our eyes, fertilizer for the lawns to delight our noses, and new books on stained-glass windows and ancient English poetry to satisfy our aesthetic sense. For these noble purposes, to be sure, our janitors will be more than willing to give up the luxury of riding two or three miles to and from work on a trolley car, or the luxury of serving milk to their children.

With the return of prosperity and generous gifts, Yale restored the pay cuts in the academic year 1936-37.

Members of the Divinity School Student Council last spring sent a vigorous protest to President Angell about the inhuman working conditions which obtained at the Divinity School. After waiting two weeks and receiving no reply, they tried to obtain an appointment with Dr. Angell. They were referred to the associate treasurer and comptroller, Mr. Farnum, who granted them an interview late in May, 1937. In response to a request that Sunday work be abolished at the Divinity School, Mr. Farnum said that since the work was light, he felt that a seven-day week was good for the employees—it kept them occupied and out of trouble. He said further that he had received no complaint from the employees concerned, and he was sure there would have been no trouble if agitators had not stirred them up. As a result of this interview, the Student Council appointed a continuation committee to carry the matter farther this year. That it will be carried farther is now assured by the promise of Michael F. Widman, Jr., regional director of the C. I. O. for New England, of an immediate organizational drive among Yale's service employees. The drive is to be aided by a permanent student committee and will have the support of a specially created alumni advisory committee for which Alfred M. Bingham has consented to serve as secretary.

The head of the New Haven Charities told me that not only are Yale employees forced on relief during the summer months, but that even during the winter some of them unfortunately blessed with big families receive supplementary relief to piece out Yale's parsimony. Doubtless New Haven citizens will be glad to know that their welfare agencies keep Yale's workers from starving during the summer. Some may even consider it a privilege to pay taxes and contribute to the Community Chest, knowing that such contributions make it possible for Yale's workers to buy milk for their children. How happy should New Haven taxpayers be to know that their tax money is in reality a contribution for God, for Country, and for Yale!

Probably few corporations in the country, from Republic Steel to Henry Ford, are in more desperate need of the C. I. O. than Yale.

Mussolini Schemes for Egypt

BY LEONARD CARLTON

THE imperial systems of both hemispheres watch with a jealous eye the half-dozen strategic centers of military power. Singapore, Gibraltar, the Dardanelles, Suez, the Panama Canal—all of these are key points which may determine the outcome of future wars. Today the attention of the world is riveted on events in Egypt. An eighteen-year-old king dismisses his government and unrest sweeps the land, but the ratio of royal to civil power is a domestic issue, of little importance beyond the nation's borders. Europe's chancelleries are concerned about something quite different: does the action of King Farouk foreshadow a changing foreign policy at Cairo which will replace London with Rome as guardian, policeman, and adviser?

It is still too early to say with assurance what Farouk and his advisers have in mind, but the chances are that no major shift in Egypt's international orientation is impending. Italy cannot meet the bills, equip and pay the army, extend the loans which an ambitious ruler wants. Mussolini is aggressive; Chamberlain is willing to bargain. Cairo knows that nothing would end this desirable state of affairs more quickly than a turn toward Rome. London is reasonable now, but that does not mean—and King Farouk knows it—that John Bull will let control of the land bordering the Suez slip through his fingers.

In the bitter rivalry between Italy and Great Britain over Mediterranean supremacy, the land of the pyramids is the ace of trumps. Those who have viewed Mussolini's pact with Germany as a transitory phase of Italian foreign policy have paid inadequate attention to the shifts in basic strategy which Rome has carried out since 1935. There is nothing temporary in a policy which looks on with complete tranquillity at the spectacle of Germany making hay along the Danube but reacts galvanically to every ripple on the surface of the Mediterranean. General Vallee, Under Secretary for Air, recently commented on the "radical change which has occurred in the strategic field assigned to our air arm, under which the center of gravity has clearly shifted from the valley of the Po toward the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean." In the development of naval and air bases there has been a definite shift eastward; Taranto, for example, is being developed at the expense of Spezia, and Messina and Brindisi are receiving attention which formerly would have gone to Venice and Pola.

Twice in the last two years Italy has struck at France and Great Britain by moving troops to North Africa. In 1935 the Duce answered League of Nations sanctions by swelling his Libyan garrison to some 50,000 men. This autumn, when there were indications that France was about to open its border to allow shipment of arms to Loyalist Spain, one entire army corps was assembled on Libyan soil and the organization of another begun for a total of about 80,000 men. Egypt, to be sure, was assured that these reinforcements were no threat to it, but the British and Egyptian military organizations have been speeding up their preparations against attack ever since. Maneuvers have been held, appropriations increased, soldiers moved to their desert stations, and military training extended. Both Cairo and London know that there is only one military justification for such a striking force to the westward. They know that the Duce as early as 1924 declared, "We must have Egypt; we shall be great only if we can get Egypt."

If Mussolini's pretensions to empire are to be maintained, he must break the British hold on the bottlenecks at Gibraltar and Suez. The clear object of the Italian navy's building program is to convert an excellent force of small craft eminently suitable for operations in narrow waters into a full-fledged high-seas fleet. As General Franco makes the English position at Gibraltar increasingly precarious, so the flames are creeping closer to Suez. The only great public-works project which Italy has completed since the Ethiopian campaign is the $5,000,000 trans-Libyan road—pointed unmistakably at the heart of Britain's empire.

How much does London know of these plans? Surely enough to take them seriously. In June, 1936, Geoffrey Mander, a Liberal M. P. asked Anthony Eden if he would "state the nature of the plans for an Italian attack on Egypt which were found in the Italian staff plane that crashed in the Sudan in August, 1935 . . . and what representations were made to the Italian government on the matter and what action was taken." He got little satisfaction from the cautious Foreign Secretary, of course, but it is worth noting that the British military, in September, 1935, began to develop the little desert port of Mersa Matruth, 140 miles from the Libyan frontier, and in four months made it a strong right flank against invasion from the west. By the end of 1935 the Egyptian government had decided to extend the Alexandria-Fuka railroad to Mersa Matruh, a distance of forty-nine miles. And in the incredibly short time of seventy-seven days the rails were laid. It almost seems as if there were some point to Mr. Mander's question.

Egypt, without question, is the strategic center of the British Empire. Admiral Mahan wrote in 1900:

> Egypt in military situation approaches the ideal; for to a local concentration of forces, defensive and offensive, operative in two directions, toward Gibraltar or toward India, it adds several streams of supply, so diverse in origin that no one navy can take position to intercept them all. . . . If the Mediterranean be blocked, the Red Sea remains, always the shortest route to India. . . . The truer solution for a state already holding Malta and Gibraltar would seem to be to grasp Egypt firmly, to consolidate local tenure there, and to establish in India, Australia, and the Cape sources of supply of ammunition and arms, against the chance of temporary interruption on the side of England.

Its importance may decrease when the Admiralty achieves its dream of an independent Far Eastern fleet based on Singapore, but at present the ability to get to Singapore quickly is crucial, and the Cape route to China takes a good seventeen days longer than by way of Suez. At least one Japanese authority has frankly admitted that the outcome of an Anglo-Japanese war would depend in large measure on London's ability to send a battle fleet to its great Far Eastern base in time. If Japan's good friend at Rome can block the passage of warships through "his" sea, Great Britain must be able to base a fleet in the eastern Mediterranean.

Actually, how well can Egypt be defended? Developments of the twentieth century have certainly weakened its position. In a British Admiralty report issued in 1912 it was laid down that no possible opponent should be permitted to hold a naval base less than one thousand miles from Suez, or in other words east of Malta. Italy now has two within the proscribed area—in the Dodecanese Islands of the Aegean and in Libya at Tobruk, only 60 miles from the Egyptian border and less than 450 from Port Said. Italy's naval strength is often sensationally overestimated. A strong British naval force in the eastern Mediterranean should be able to protect its bases and keep the Haifa pipe line and the Suez Canal safe from any purely naval attack. Mussolini's announced new building program, which will give him the largest number of submarines of any navy, will, however, make the task more difficult.

To some extent the chances of a successful land campaign against Egypt from the west will be determined by naval control. Should the British retain freedom of movement in the eastern Mediterranean, the Libyan seacoast road along which the large mechanized Italian army would have to travel would be under the fire of the fleet's big guns. The Italians are seeking to counteract this threat by building desert roads to the Egyptian frontier at more southerly points. One of these is said to reach the border at Jarabul, while another runs from Tobruck to the Sudan at Oweinat. There is little doubt that the army in Libya is becoming formidable. Last September the Cairo correspondent of the London *Daily Herald* reported that the Italians were organizing mechanized forces for desert service made up of equal numbers of air-borne, motorized, and camel-mounted troops, and that native Askari soldiers were being sent into the interior while newly arrived, highly trained Italians were taking over the border positions. He asserted that great stores of food, fuel, and munitions were being accumulated along the strategic roads.

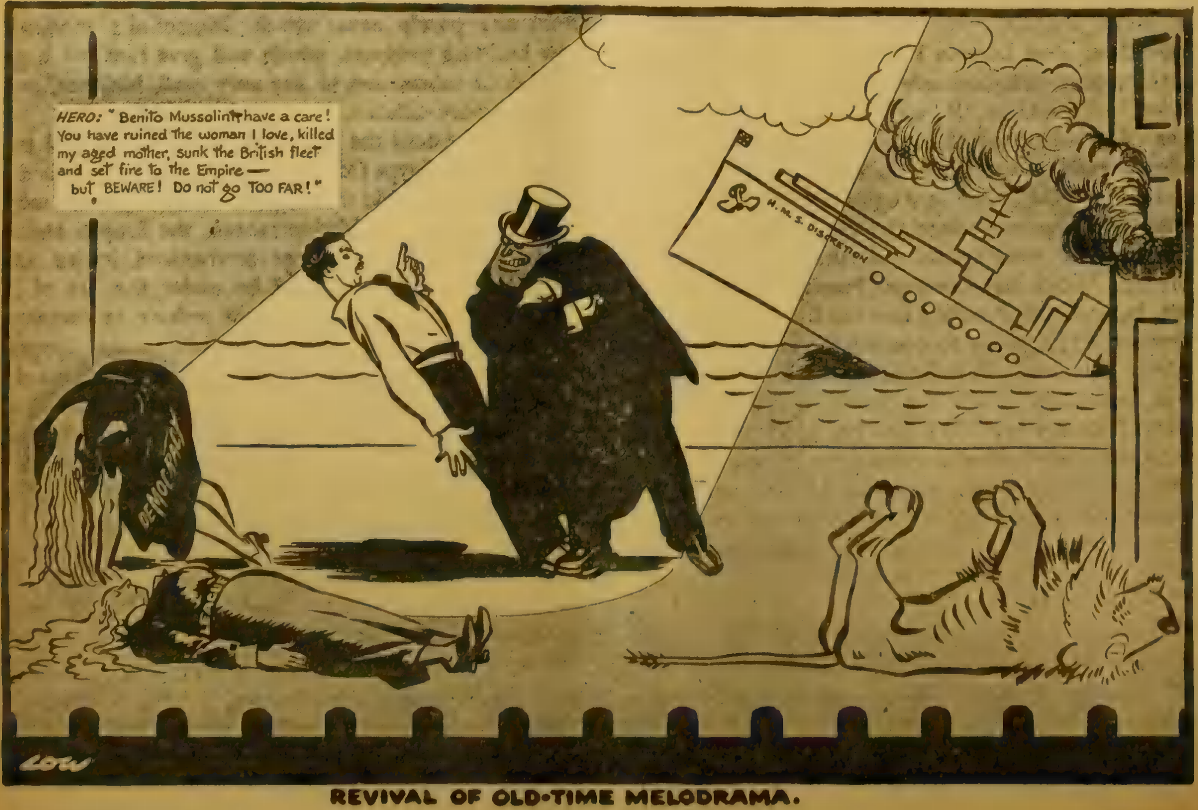
But it is the air weapon which has stripped Egypt of its island-on-the-land position. The new Italian bombers care little for the 400 miles of desert to the west or the 90 miles of cruel, rocky terrain which lie between the Nile Valley and the Gulf of Suez. The lack of bases in the immediate vicinity of Suez should not be too great a handicap. In last summer's Sicily maneuvers, air-force units working from widely distributed bases covered as much as 560 miles on the flight to their objectives. Planes operating from Ethiopia would be only from 100 to 250 miles from important centers in the Sudan.

Egypt has indeed cause to fear the air raid. Not only are its cities vulnerable, but it must guard the Suez Canal, the all-important Nile irrigation barrages, and the great dams of the Sudan which control floods and store the water on which the farmer depends for his crops. Italy, for its part, has pioneered in the development of long-range bombers. In the Savoia-Marchetti 79 three-engined bomber, the Regia Aeronautica boasts one of the world's best. Visitors to last year's Milan air show were impressed with a new twin-engined craft, the Piaggio 32 bomber, which is said to maneuver like a small plane and to be able to work with a minimum of fighter protection. It has a stated speed of 260 miles per hour carrying a load of 7,700 pounds, and is reported already in quantity production.

What is Great Britain going to do about it? Ironically enough, the nationalist agitation which gave Prime Minister Baldwin a severe headache in 1935 has resulted in an Egyptian defense organization much superior to that which London would otherwise have been able to command. The very concessions which the Wafd Party fought for are taking a considerable burden off English shoulders. A British military mission has been transforming an army of some 13,000 men, without machine-guns, armored cars, or tanks, into a strongly mechanized and motorized force of twice that size with a strong air force. The new Premier, announcing his adherence to the Anglo-Egyptian treaty clauses, has talked about raising an Egyptian army of 50,000 men. Two Egyptian infantry battalions have moved into the Sudan, closed to them for the past thirteen years. It is reported that they will take over the development of Port Sudan, the defense of Khartoum's great Gebel Aulia dam, furnish coastal defense, searchlight, and anti-aircraft units, and patrol the Eritrean and Ethiopian borders.

Even the pending withdrawal of British troops from Cairo and Alexandria will not be the blow it might once have been. Since the Romans the conquerors of Egypt have held it by garrisons at Alexandria, Cairo, and Aswan. Until the Anglo-Egyptian treaty restrained their infantry to the canal zone, the British had held to the same strategic disposition, for which, in fact, there was considerable military justification in the lack of desert roads and railroads necessary for freedom of maneuver. These are now being built and extended. Mechanization leads to mobility, and today Cairo lies within two hours of the canal areas. Moreover, squadrons of the Royal Air Force are to remain in the areas which will be evacuated by the infantry.

The defense of Egypt depends on the cooperation of the Egyptian throne and government with the British government. As has already been said, this will most probably be continued. In any case, however, the land of the pyramids is likely to see harsh and bloody days. If Italy and England fight they will fight about Egypt first.


HERO: "Benito Mussolini, have a care! You have ruined the woman I love, killed my aged mother, sunk the British fleet and set fire to the Empire — but BEWARE! Do not go TOO FAR!"
DEMOCRACY
LEAGUE
H.M.S. DISCRETION
LOW

REVIVAL OF OLD-TIME MELODRAMA.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

That War Referendum

BELIEVING that there is much public misunderstanding of the Ludlow war-referendum proposal—a misunderstanding sedulously cultivated in reactionary and military circles and by all who would profit by war—I have endeavored to bring together the arguments against the proposed amendment and the answers to them. If any important ones have been overlooked, it is not intentional but due to necessary space limits.

1. The referendum would be a blow to our whole system of representative government.

Answer: A national referendum in which the people could vote on important issues has been successively urged by Theodore Roosevelt, William J. Bryan, Robert La Follette, Sr., Woodrow Wilson, and, I believe, Franklin Roosevelt. War is the most important of all issues. The referendum is in use in many American states, notably in New York; it has for centuries been in use in the democracy of Switzerland. No injury to representative government arises from the use of referendums.

2. The referendum will cripple our diplomacy and tie the President's hands.

Answer: This is true only if diplomacy and the President cannot function without being prepared to use war as an instrument of national policy—this use of war was formally renounced by the United States when it pledged its name and honor to the Kellogg Peace Pact. The purpose of the Ludlow referendum is to deprive the Executive of the war-making power as far as possible.

3. The President can be trusted not to put us into war; he will know when the cause is just and what the people want.

Answer: General Grant denounced the war in Mexico, in which he served as an officer, "as one of the most unjust ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation"; he called it "unholy." In the Spanish War, as history now records, Spain surrendered to the United States completely *before* President McKinley went to Congress asking for a declaration of war. The President deceived Congress by withholding the Spanish surrender. James Ford Rhodes and other historians assert that this was done for purely political reasons, to strengthen the Republican Party. Mr. Wilson put the country into war seven times and only once asked consent of Congress.

4. The Congress can be trusted to vote as the people wish because the people are its constituents.

Answer: As shown above, the war-making power, lodged by the Constitution in the hands of Congress, has been usurped by the Executive, who can and does render Congress impotent to exercise its free will by using the prestige of his office, the power of Presidential propaganda, and even, as did Woodrow Wilson in the case of the armed-ship bill, public denunciation of the legislators opposing him as "twelve wilful little men." By the use of army and navy and the diplomatic service the President can maneuver us into a position where there is nothing left for Congress to do but to vote yes.

5. But this state of affairs will not be altered if the referendum is voted because the President will still be commander-in-chief of army and navy and head of the diplomatic service, and will still have the power of prestige and propaganda.

Answer: This is true. A President can put this country into war no matter what laws may be framed, until such time as the American people definitely forbid the resort to war. The referendum will, however, slow up the President, put an additional brake upon him, and impress upon him the desire of the people to reserve to themselves the war-making power. President Roosevelt admitted the present control by the President when he said at Chautauqua on August 14, 1936: "Nevertheless . . . the effective maintenance of American neutrality depends today, as in the past, on the wisdom and determination of whoever at the moment occupy the offices of President and Secretary of State."

6. The President, bearing his tremendous responsibilities for the maintenance of peace, is less likely to be swayed by passion or propaganda than are the people, who may be misled by demagogues using the radio and other means of communication.

Answer: The case of McKinley is again in point here. But the best witness is Franklin D. Roosevelt, who in the same speech at Chautauqua declared that if war should break out again, thousands of Americans would attempt to break down our neutrality, "seeking immediate riches—fools' gold." He continued: "To resist the clamor of that greed, if war should come, would require the unswerving support of all Americans who love peace." He demanded that the nation, confronted with a choice between profits and peace, should answer, "We choose peace"; and he said, "The answer will be clear and for all practical purposes unanimous." He gave us the truthful picture of a President subject, when war nears, to terrific pressure by interested groups, as Wilson was in 1914-17, to put us into war for the sake of profits. The passage of the referendum would relieve the Executive to *some* extent of such pressure. As for the possibility that the people may be misled by propaganda and induced to vote for war, there can be no doubt that that may happen. It is a risk of democracy, and it pertains not only to war but to every election. But at least the parents of the boys then about to die, and the boys themselves if twenty-one, will have voted on their fate.

7. A referendum would advertise the differences of opinion and so encourage possible enemies.

Answer: There has never yet been a war fought by the United States to which there was not tremendous opposition up to the very moment when war was declared—even in 1812. There is much evidence to show that had there been a referendum in the United States in 1917, while the Atlantic seaboard would have voted for war, the people in the West would have voted no. There will always be differences of opinion in Congress as to any war, as well as in the public press.

8. The country may be attacked, in which case (a) there will be no time to take a vote, and (b) the President and the military forces will be weakened if not estopped by the referendum.

Answer: (a) The amendment will not be operative if the country is attacked, and every foreign war in which the United States has engaged has approached slowly; months and years of preparation have preceded the declaration. A vote could be taken today on whether the people of the United States wish this country to go to war with Japan or not. It is preposterous to assert that there would be long delays in ascertaining the people's will by the use of existing or new electoral machinery. A vote could be obtained within seventy-two hours, since by means of the radio the government could notify the remotest hamlet what the question was and when the voting. (b) The referendum will offer no grounds for the army and navy to cease preparing for hostilities. If, as Mr. Stimson declares, the necessity of waiting for a decision "would destroy the initiative and spirit of our personnel," there must be something very wrong with that personnel and its leadership.

9. As Mr. Stimson asserts, "the power and speed of modern naval and air attacks" would make possible in twenty-four hours "a devastating blow upon one of our great cities and its neighboring industrial centers and the landing within a week of 100,000 men . . . "

Answer: This is the purest guesswork. It presupposes the defeat of the fleet, the passing of all mines, the conquest of the coast defenses of the harbor, and ability to force a landing. If one begins by conceding everything to the enemy, one can prove the conquest of Washington in two weeks. Obviously Mr. Stimson is entirely misleading when he declares that an army of 100,000 men could be landed a week after a surprise attack. There is no nation except England which has the merchant fleet to move such a force and its impedimenta quickly. It is absolutely unthinkable that the preparation for such a gigantic undertaking, which must use hundreds of ships loaded with tanks, airplanes, poison gas, heavy and light artillery, plus enormous supplies of ammunition and gasoline, could be hidden. There are only a dozen ships which could move soldiers across the ocean in a week.

10. But naval ships might be sunk and the government could not mobilize the nation for self-defense.

Answer: If every ship in our Asiatic squadron were sunk tomorrow by Japan, we should have plenty of time simultaneously to mobilize and to await the taking of the referendum on whether the American people wished to plunge the country into war to revenge the loss of those ships. Further, the question is an indictment of our military and naval preparations. If our war departments have today no plans for immediate mobilization of the first and second lines of defense in case of attack, then they are entirely incompetent to defend us.

11. Why should we, as Mr. Stimson asks, take up with "untried panaceas" in this critical hour of the world's history?

Answer: We progress only by trying new methods and measures. Our whole neutrality legislation, whether good or bad, is a new venture in diplomacy. There is no precedent for it to be found anywhere; it is a complete reversal of our historic policy. Yet no fair-minded judge will deny that that legislation was passed three times in response to the overwhelming sentiment of the American people. It may be an unsatisfactory device to keep us out of war, but the American people wanted it and were not deterred by the fact that it was an "untried panacea."

12. The referendum would fatally cripple, if not end, the Monroe Doctrine.

Answer: If this is true it presupposes that the American people would decline to fight to protect Central or South American nations from European attack. Is there any reason why they should not decide whether they wish to sacrifice their sons, the national wealth, perhaps our institutions, to keep Germans out of Brazil or the Argentine? They are competent and have the right to pass upon such a question. As a matter of fact, Senator La Follette's alternative to the Ludlow plan specially exempts cases in which there is an attack on the territory of any North American or Caribbean nation.

13. The amendment cannot be phrased to cover every case.

Answer: This argument is true, but it is not controlling. No neutrality legislation can be framed which will foresee every possible contingency, but that is no reason why there should not be the best possible neutrality laws which it is in our power to draft. Mr. Ludlow's referendum is intended for debate and amendment.

14. Could not Executive usurpation of the war power be ended and Congress still left in control of it?

Answer: In the eyes of those who support the Ludlow resolution the war-making power should rest only in the hands of the people because a war today, as distinct from the Civil War, or the war with Spain, would jeopardize the very life of the nation, and destroy our democratic institutions. Modern war involves every citizen, probably the children; even if victory comes, it means staggering debts, world-wide industrial depression and unemployment, complete industrial dislocation through the turning over of a large portion of industry to the war machine. There is every evidence that the country would come out of it with a fascist rule established. The American democracy is the most precious thing in the world today. Only the American people should have the right to decide whether its very existence shall be risked by their going to war.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Keeping the Peace

THE FINAL CHOICE: AMERICA BETWEEN EUROPE AND ASIA. By Stephen and Joan Raushenbush. Reynal and Hitchcock: John Day. $2.50.

NOT so long ago a group of New York editors, economists, and authors sat around a table to discuss American foreign policy. Nearly everyone began by taking a stance on one of several high barrels each labeled "IF." IF the great democracies—England, France, the United States, and (by courtesy) Russia—would stick together and take a strong hand with the berserker nations . . . IF the so-called satiated nations would collectively apply economic sanctions, withholding steel, scrap iron, oil, rubber, and credits . . . IF the "haves" would make a really magnanimous gesture and give Herr Have-Not Hitler the old German colonies, plus a loan, plus *Anschluss,* plus a free commercial hand in the Danube basin . . . IF the United States would stick firmly to neutrality-plus-cash-and-carry . . . IF the United States would forget Europe and Asia and fight for socialism at home . . . and so on. Before the evening had ended, every single barrel had been knocked into kindling: each defender of an IF had brilliantly exposed the flimsy nature of every other IF. Whereupon each defender—including yours truly, the writer of this review—went home to reconstruct his barrel on the theory that it is better to have a flimsy barrel than no barrel at all.

The virtue of the Raushenbushes resides in their cantankerous, obstinate, mulish insistence upon analyzing the tacit assumptions that underlie most of the IF's. They start with no *parti pris* for "isolationism" or "internationalism," the two polar abstractions that tend to shut off rational discussion. The historical section of their book traverses a territory made familiar to us by Grattan, Millis, Borchard, and others. But even in going over old ground the Raushenbushes contribute new detail, new insights. Since they are Multiple Causationists, they waste no time trying to isolate the war bacillus: in their opinion the United States entered the World War through the dynamic interaction of cultural predisposition, promise of profits, fear of economic collapse, idiocy in Washington, an obsolete conception of international law that made no provision for technological change in armaments, and many other things. But they are certain that fear of economic collapse (see the Page cablegram) was the final preponderating factor. And since the fear of economic collapse tipped the scales once, the Raushenbushes think that we shall drift belatedly into the next major conflict unless war sales are forcibly held to some norm that is based on peacetime plant requirements and the ability of foreign nations to pay in cash for what they take.

But to come to the IF's. The trouble with them, as the Raushenbushes show, is that they do not arise out of demonstrable realities: as abstractions, they have no one-to-one correspondence with existing groups or interests pursuing certain existing diurnal ends. "IF the great democracies would stick together . . ." Yes, but who leads the democracies and to what ends? Let us assume that "we" as a "liberal" nation ought to champion the cause of the Chinese. Does this mean that the State Department career boys would stand by "us" if and when a triumphant Chinese communism threatened to paint the features of Stalin on the Japanese Rising Sun? Does it mean that United States business—the men who now profit by selling oil and scrap to Japan—would rather see Russia dominate and develop the Orient than sell their own capital goods to a victorious Japan for the industrialization of China? Hearst, after a lifetime of irresponsible cultivation of the Yellow Peril, is now discovering the Peril of Red China. This is merely amusing when taken by itself. But it suggests a conclusion—that American "interests" would let China down should Russia threaten to become a predominating factor in any Far Eastern settlement.

Again, let us assume that Germany and Italy can be licked by force of arms. I am not at all afraid that England, France, the United States, and Russia would come out on the short end of a war with the fascist bloc. But there is no evidence that British and French capital wants to lick either Germany or Italy. All the evidence is, in fact, the other way: the idea of certain powerful British and French interests is seemingly to prop up Hitler and Mussolini domestically, and to finagle them out of any clear-cut victory in Spain or Rumania or elsewhere. Now, how are you going to get finaglers and people who don't want to think of fascists as inevitable enemies to unite on any strong, positive program? Even assuming that they could unite, I cannot visualize the peace resulting from a war against the fascist bloc as being any better than the "peace" we have now. It takes an act of pure faith—yea, one has to be as trusting as the ewe lamb—to believe that progressive elements could maintain control in democratic countries throughout a war. And if the progressive elements couldn't stay in power long enough to dominate the peace, then what is the use of "collective action" to defeat fascism? Would a "democratic" coalition run by a Soviet of Dollar-a-Year Men representing British Tories, French peasants, and United States Morgans and du Ponts be willing to guarantee the right of the defeated and by-that-time revolutionary nations to self-determine their way to communism, even to a democratic communism? If not, would the United States be willing to help police central Europe for the sake of upholding democratic puppet states? The answer to all this would seem to be obvious: imperialism, even defensive imperialism, doesn't mix with communism, nor is American provincialism, always rampant after war, compatible with "mandates" to play God across the water. This same provincialism, when disappointed in the results of a crusade, is apt to turn ugly. Remember the treatment of the wobblies and the breaking of the steel strike in 1919?

The IF about purely economic sanctions is just as unreal as the others: ineffective sanctions are futile, while effective sanctions would very likely lead to war (it is the cornered rat that bites the cat). As for the IF about neutrality-plus-cash-and-carry, the Raushenbushes say "there is no certainty that the United States will reorganize itself domestically to afford peace." It is here that we come to the crux of the matter: there are powerful interests at work in the world that tend to make peace impossible no matter which way liberals turn. If it is collective action that United States liberals want, these interests can be counted on to dominate the collective action and turn it to greedy ends. If neutrality and a Ludlow amendment are desired, these same interests can be counted on to forestall them or to render them innocuous. A united program for liberal journalists, then, would seem to be this: *to name names and to cite statistics which go to prove that certain groups are blocking both the international and the isolationist roads to peace.* (Eliot Janeway's investigation of the so-called capitalist international is an example of proper technique.) There is no use constructing hopeful programs based on "if" clauses that present falsified pictures of reality.

In the end the Raushenbushes mount a barrel of their own. But their "contract for peace or war," which provides for an implemented super-League with the guns, the war vessels, and the men to beat chiseling nations into line, is a Wellsian fantasy whose chief merit is a negative one: it shows that sovereignty extends no farther than the police power. If and when we do get a real League of Nations, it must be along the lines the Raushenbushes propose. But that is another IF which has no one-to-one correspondence with 1938 reality. If the Raushenbushes intended their "contract for peace or war" as irony, it stands as a fitting close to a superbly hard-headed book. If not, it shows what a hell of a way we still have to go before the Parliament of Man becomes a working proposition. Meanwhile this reviewer will go back to his own neutrality-plus-cash-and-carry barrel with little hope that he is going to be effective but with the assurance that he is going to be no more disillusioned than the collective-action liberals who think *they* are taking the only realistic path. Continued neutrality is probably a vain dream in a world that is marching to war. But a strong neutrality bloc in the United States is a pragmatic desirability *now.* It is desirable because uncertainty about the ultimate stand of any strong nation means more hesitant betting by the other nations as they go about playing the great poker game of balancing the power.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Dance Through the Ages

WORLD HISTORY OF THE DANCE. By Curt Sachs. Translated by Bessie Schoenberg. W. W. Norton and Company. $5.

THIS book is certainly one of the most important books that can be read about the dance in general, and in particular about the dances of primitive peoples and the emergent social dances of the Renaissance. It is called a "World History of the Dance," but it is something rather different from what its title indicates. Upon a solid base of colossal industry, erudition, and scientific organization the chief root types of the dance are set and analyzed in a frame which exemplifies the best German scholarship of recent date. Even if one did not know that Dr. Sachs was a distinguished musicologist, even if his book were unsigned, one must immediately mark the scope of its reference, its richness of analogy, the breadth of its correlations combined with almost Wagnerian overtones, elevating physical facts into the realm of mystical experience. Dr. Sachs is in the tradition of the Nietzschean dance lover, but Freud has also colored his categories. It would be impertinent, ungracious, and arrogant to question the value of this great work as a whole, but I should like to clarify several problems resident in Dr. Sachs's attitude which have bearing on dance in relation to theater. In this I am assuming that Dr. Sachs's opinions have cogency for anyone working with dance today, but most of us seriously occupied with dance must be so from a predominantly theatrical angle. Dancing is not done in our streets but in our theaters, and yet Dr. Sachs and many other dance enthusiasts, such as John Martin of the New York *Times,* have a profound resentment of dance in the theater, a resentment not always clearly stated but everywhere clearly felt. This anti-theatrical bias is, I feel, very dangerous for the general future of the dance.

Dr. Sachs feels that the dance is the first of the arts, living at once, unlike music, poetry, painting, and architecture, in time and space. And yet, just at the moment when the dance asserts itself on an equal and conscious footing with the other arts, Dr. Sachs leaves it, almost with resentment that it has quit its original communal function to become, what he himself first calls it, an *art.* He says, "Let us consider as dance all rhythmical motion not related to the work motif." He should further extend his restriction to dancing in theaters. He investigates "pure convulsive" dances, "weakened convulsive" dances, he relates the East African to the Cambodian, and in a philological paragraph analyzing the Hebrew verb *rakad* he asserts that King David *skipped* rather than danced before the ark. Fact after fact is examined, qualified, and presented in the first half of his book, "Dance Throughout the World."

In part two, "Dance Throughout the Ages," he traces the development of social dancing in the Western world, primarily in Europe, from the Protolithic period, through the lower Paleolithic, through the middle Paleolithic, down through the Protoneolithic to the later tribal cultures and Greece. His discussion of Renaissance social dances is no less detailed and no less interesting, but it is curious that he gives so much space to remote antiquity and comparatively little to more recent periods, which are as completely documented as they are completely unorganized for students. These later periods do not admit of theorizing or reconstruction and have the additional impact of their immediacy for us. In a special study this glaring gap might not be so noticeable, but in a "world history" it is hard to explain. It is not that Dr. Sachs does not know everything about maxixe, tango, charleston, shag, and big-apple. Only they do not for a variety of reasons deeply occupy him, since he considers them phenomena of a social degeneration from the primitive typus.

He divides his basic dancing types into introvert and extrovert, the one "incorporeal, transcendental," the other having "faith in his senses and in his sensual perceptions, in his strong limbs, and in the power to cause the metaphysical to become physical." As long as Dr. Sachs can occupy himself with dances of the Dinka, the Nauru, the Nilotic Nanda, or the Toba of the Gran Chaco he seems temperamentally approving. He believes in the value of an instinctive impulse which is so pure that it is almost subhuman. And even more complex forms, such as the passecaille, chaconne, sarabande, have the safely remote charm of a puzzling past. But when he comes to dancing that is to be seen and not done, when he attacks the spectacular as a degeneration of the purely communal forms, one is at a loss to follow him. He feels that the "ballet of the Orient is in the deepest sense true and inspired," since the religious tradition has kept its connection with dancing, and the natives (up to the European conquests) believed what they saw danced. Yet "the European ballet is no longer in the service of God and nature, but in that of ruling princes. Its beginning and end are cringing flattery, not god-fearing piety and devout prayer—and what goes between is empty play." Play, we grant you, but by no means empty play, unless much of princely commissioned music, poetry, architecture, sculpture, and painting is equally servile. Also dismiss all Italian mural painting,

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COLSTON E. WARNE, *President* ARTHUR KALLET, *Director* D. H. PALMER, *Technical Supervisor* chamber music, and ecclesiastical architecture. The dialectic of Marx would have balanced the puritanical dogmatism of Freud in Dr. Sachs's categories. Dr. Sachs feels a sacred value in primary forms of social dancing as such, resenting its entrance into conscious art. The ballet left the royal court theaters before 1750 and has been a genuinely popular bourgeois spectacle ever since, rivaling drama and opera. It is so today. Louis the Sun King dancing only reminds Dr. Sachs of the ecstatic dances of the kings of Mexico and the Sudan. "The dancing Louis is feared by none but admired by all. He is not possessed by the god, for he is not dancing the God in whom he believes. The dance of the Sun King is the futility of egomania."

What use is there in facing this Savonarola of the dance with a protest that Louis was an artist in the direct line of the Renaissance humanist creators, whose ego was a belief in the divinity of themselves as human beings? The ballet has always been expressive of the glory of the human body released into actions which are symbols of the infinite possibilities which human beings by their own efforts may obtain. It has borrowed many decorative cloaks, as Dr. Sachs admits in one of his few late paragraphs, when he makes a half-hearted attempt at amend in speaking of the Russian ballet of Diaghilev. But these few words of praise do not compensate for the profound distaste he has of theater, a distaste which one feels is bred not of a prejudice but of a lack of familiarity. Abstract purity, or even the concrete intellectual purity of communal dance as such, has a far more distant, decorative, and romantic meaning to us than a discussion of what Noverre really meant in his reaction against the Paris Opéra. The Opéras are still with us, here in New York, in Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco. The stage is the place of the dance today as it was in Greece, as it was in Rome, and primitive peoples are still primitive. We need facts for the stage to help us be a better audience. Even if we are seated, we are participants. But no one can afford to omit Dr. Sachs's researches from his library, and our debt to him can never be repaid. LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

The Problem of Morals

THE CONCEPT OF MORALS. By W. T. Stace. The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

MR. STACE'S book is not the usual academic treatise on morality; it was written by a man who has sought to solve the problems of ethics in terms acceptable to his own age. For this reason, if for no other, it deserves the careful scrutiny of practical and worldly men.

For our author morality is a human device, relative to the needs that created it. Because the reviewer also calls himself a modern, and because he also believes that modernity involves the acceptance of a whole-hearted empirical attitude, he has no quarrel with the avowed temper of the book. His quarrel is based rather on Mr. Stace's failure to appreciate fully the implications of empiricism in ethics.

An empirical morality, we are told, must be grounded on three universal human traits—man's desire for happiness, his social nature, and his altruism. To the first of these traits one must object. For the term happiness is too widely used to retain any meaning. But the central objection refers to the author's arbitrary selection of these three traits from among a larger number, although morality is defined by him, and correctly from his empirical point of view, as "the proper and natural functioning of human personality." But if it is so defined, morality should include all universal human traits without exception and not only those which Mr. Stace happens to prefer. Otherwise morality is not the proper and natural functioning of human personality but its improper and most unnatural functioning. And the result is not an empirical and realistic morality but a "humanistic" one, in the Babbitt-More sense of the word; with this advantage however, that the "humanistic" conclusions have been arrived at without the silly and primitive pseudo-psychology of Babbitt and More.

If moral theory is to refer to the proper and natural functioning of the human personality, its fundamental problems must be redefined, for until now its problems have been those of either an authoritarian or a rationalistic morality, chiefly concerned with discovering the means of arriving at the correct judgment of right and wrong. The fundamental problem of an empirical morality, however, arises out of the need to satisfy the permanent and urgent impulses of men in society. This is, in other words, the problem of devising techniques of satisfaction, of discovering "moral equivalents" for all genuine human impulses, those which have been traditionally repressed no less than those which have been traditionally preferred and fostered. And this in turn may call for a thoroughgoing reconstruction of human institutions. It is indicative of Mr. Stace's half-hearted empiricism that he deals with ethics without making any reference whatever to politics and economics. Now an empirical ethics will still have to face some of the traditional problems, for instance, those arising out of the effort to define with adequate clarity the concepts of right and good. But an empirical ethics cannot consider these problems as purely theoretical, but must seek to solve them by direct and constant reference to the fundamental problems of practical adjustment.

When we shall have worked out a satisfactory theory along these lines, we shall have a morality that is truly empirical or scientific. But such a theory will have to wait until we actually begin to build a society which is capable of meeting the fundamental human demands of its members. And only when we shall have tested action and theory in terms of each other, as natural scientists do in their own fields, shall we be able to avoid the duplicity which today so deeply infects all our living—a duplicity arising from the possession of theories which are "noble" but irrelevant and practices which are "low" but inevitable.

These remarks do not imply a disparagement of Mr. Stace's book. Half-hearted in its empiricism though it is, it makes some very incisive remarks on the problem of morals for modern man. ELISEO VIVAS

Education Under the Führer

THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES AND NATIONAL SOCIALISM. By Edward Yarnell Hartshorne, Jr. Harvard University Press. $2.

THIS book is written by an expert in German history who not only has used official legal documents and extensive unofficial text material unknown abroad (*vide* the three hundred items of the bibliography) but has also had wide personal experience: Dr. Hartshorne spent the year 1935-36 in Germany in order to compare the documents with reality.

He reports the introduction of the Führer principle into the universities, the destruction of the self-governing machinery of the faculties, non-intellectual criteria for selection of candidates, the introduction of military science, compulsory gymnastics, the prohibition of all and any scientific publication without the imprimatur of the politically appointed Führer-rector; and last but not least he describes the ironic situation of the students who struggled to establish National Socialism and who are now more strictly regimented than any other group.

Although his data do not favor his final conclusions, Dr. Hartshorne presents them fairly and enables us to make our own independent interpretation. In striking his balance he asks how these university "reforms" should be evaluated, and peculiarly enough, he answers that they are destructive to truth and science but favorable to Germany. He thus accepts the suppression of truth in the name of national advantage—which is the first unintentional step toward fascism.

Mr. Hartshorne is right in referring repeatedly to the so-called *Wehrhaftigkeit* which plays a decisive role as criterion in school and Gymnasium examinations. This word *Wehrhaftigkeit* is translated here (as in most books of this kind) as "defense-mindedness," whereas its actual meaning is "fighting spirit." The German word is thoroughly aggressive; the English translation awakens harmless associations. Entirely absurd is the translation of the German term *völkisch* as "eugenic." It must be admitted that a translation of this term offers more than technical difficulties. For *völkisch* has no descriptive function but is a political and ideological weapon unknown in American history. Let us hope that it will remain impossible to translate German history into American terms.

G. S. ANDERS

For William Tyndale

WILLIAM TYNDALE. By J. F. Mozley. The Macmillan Company. $4.

APPEARING as it does near to the four hundredth anniversary of Tyndale's martyrdom and within a few years of the same anniversary of the achievement of the ideal for which Tyndale lived and suffered death, this sturdy book is a clear reminder not only of Tyndale's courageously honest life and zealous endeavor but as well of the large debt all lovers of English prose owe to the father of the vernacular Bible. Without special pleading but with keen and thorough scholarship the author makes clear the extensive and direct borrowings indulged in by all subsequent translators and revisers of the Scriptures, particularly the New Testament. This dispassionate but positive analysis of the later and enduring fame and influence of Tyndale grows naturally out of a complete and thorough biographical and critical study in which traditional sources are carefully re-examined and several sound new conclusions are reached. Tyndale emerges from the pages of this book a strong personality and a thorough scholar, a priest in whom there was faith and through whom flowed good works, a fierce and selfless fighter for brave ideals.

Though marred by awkwardness of style, the book gives special satisfaction by its integrity. It is the work of a real scholar, who, because he is master of his field, is naturally just not only to his secondary figures like Sir Thomas More—who is less noble in relation to Tyndale than in some of the studies brought forth by his recent canonization—but also to Tyndale himself, who is not spared the revealment of his weaknesses by a light as bright as that which illumines his massive accomplishment and his saintly life.

DONALD A. ROBERTS

Outline of Western Economics

AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF THE WESTERN WORLD. By Harry Elmer Barnes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.50.

IT IS a very delicate task to apportion the amounts of praise and blame which I feel are the due of this compendious history of Western economic life. At this date it would be possible to stand on the shoulders of previous reviewers, if they had not seemed to suffer from a similarly delicate disorder.

From this it may be gathered that the disorder is at least in part generated by Mr. Barnes. Previous reviewers have found it possible to praise his well-known skill as a bibliographer and to admire the sweep of history which he has comprehended in one volume. They have mentioned in varying tones of praise his display of journalistic abilities. It is when they come to consider his point of view that they find themselves in trouble. To this trouble Mr. Barnes contributes by his preface. Here he explains:

> No preconceived notions or historical dogmas have guided its execution. The purely narrative and chronological approach has been supplemented by the more fundamental technique of institutional economics as expounded by Veblen, Sombart . . . and others of this school. A consistent effort has been made to let the dominant and cogent facts of material progress tell their own story, basing the organization and interpretation of the abundant materials upon the historical data themselves rather than upon any rigid or dogmatic philosophy of history.

It seems fair in the light of this quotation and other evidence to take Mr. Barnes to task by holding him up against the standards set by his acknowledged master, Thorstein Veblen. In an essay entitled Economics and Evolution which appeared in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* in 1898 Veblen wrote, "From what has been said it appears that an evolutionary economics must be the theory of a process of cultural growth as determined by the economic interest, a theory of a cumulative sequence of economic institutions stated in terms of the process itself." Nowhere in this extensive new work does Mr. Barnes demonstrate that he has ever achieved a complete grasp of these principles laid down by Veblen. The "purely narrative and chronological approach" does not seem to have been "supplemented by the more fundamental technique of institutional economics as expounded by Veblen."

This is a highly useful book, especially for teachers of modern economic history. By devoting more than two-thirds of his space to the period since 1700 and more than 300 of the 750 pages to contemporary economic life beginning with what he calls the second industrial revolution, Mr. Barnes has provided us with a narrative of worldwide economic development for which any teacher of an elementary course should be grateful, if only because of the references to the outstanding works on the different sections of the subject. Mr. Barnes's particular brand of "liberalism" has insured that his work devotes much more space to many of these topics than does any similarly compendious recent work.

The shortcoming here under criticism is the invertebrate character of the book. Chronology and topicality seem to have dictated the material and its organization. Having no adequate understanding of what Veblen has called cumulative causation, Mr. Barnes is unable to state his theory of the sequence of economic institutions in terms of the process itself. The interrelationships of the various parts of his subject are for him purely mechanical. The reader who observes

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and our thanks, Mr. McAree

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that, in conclusion, Mr. Barnes predicts that "the days of monopoly and finance capitalism are definitely numbered" may object that it is unfair to say that Mr. Barnes has no theory of cumulative causation. In reply it is impossible for me to say how Mr. Barnes arrived at these conclusions, but it is certain that he has not led his reader to arrive at them by any theory of cumulative sequence within this book.

The materials he presents are assertions, most of them out of the mouths of others; these are not usually well related one to another, and their value lies for the most part in their impetus to the reader to seek out the original and find what it was intending to say. It is to be hoped that the time will come when slightly less comprehensive histories of Western economic life will be written according to the formula set forth by Veblen. It is easy to predict that when they are written, Mr. Barnes will not write them.

Teachers of economic history will hope that they may go on having the benefit of Mr. Barnes's editorial hand, and the lay reader will stand prepared to read the next Barnes work as he has the last. The liberals will continue to be confused by Mr. Barnes's confusion, and the Soviets will forgive him much if he will devote the last thirty-five pages of each of his books to the experiment in Russia.

R. K. LAMB

Shorter Notices

YEAR'S END. By Josephine W. Johnson. Simon and Schuster. $2.

The hypersensitive personality so clearly revealed in Miss Johnson's novels finds in this book of poems perhaps a better medium for expression. These are not great poems, but they are interesting—largely because of their almost neurotic intensity. Relying not on the fine line, not on the extraordinary image, not, certainly, on music, but almost wholly on the uniqueness of her feeling about life and social injustice, Miss Johnson is an original if not a finished poet. The two poems entitled The Mortal Companion are almost first-rate. The larger number of poems here will be remembered because of the inner drama analyzed in them or because of the story told. Obviously Miss Johnson works intuitively and without much critical check; she is able to penetrate into the more subtle personal feelings but gives very little universalization. Nevertheless, one is impressed by the sincerity and the occasional power of these lyrics.

TOMORROW'S PHOENIX. By Ruth Lechlitner. Alcestis Press. $3.

The cause of left-wing poetry will not be appreciably advanced by this volume. It contains little evidence of the integration which social interests have brought to a number of writers in recent years. These pieces were obviously written out of intense conviction, but the author has not acquired the intellectual control or undergone the technical discipline which would enable her to achieve a poetic rendering of her faith. The combination of artiness of technique with artlessness of idea has become all too familiar, and it has proved a blind alley. The mode of statement here is mannered instead of forthright, the imagery is cloudy, and vigor of rhythm is sought through dispersion rather than by means of pattern and cumulation. With a few exceptions the poems give the impression of set pieces on assigned themes. They seek to corroborate an idea, not to create an experience. The exceptions, such as Recitation on Going Abroad and Noon: Southwest, suggest that Miss Lechlitner does best when she makes use of direct observation.

THE ARTS

The Battle of the Roof

TO THE hysterical thirties was reserved the insanity which made a political isue out of the slope of a roof. The battle is still going on. Hitler, shortly after coming into power, proscribed flat ones. Time has modified even the German practice; but the emotion engendered by the question of the pitch of a roof illustrates how humankind still approaches its "technical" problems. Flat-roofers and pitched-roofers throughout the European world are still Guelfs and Ghibellines; the flat roof is rational and modern, the pitched roof traditional and mystical. Since the roof is by all odds the most important sheltering element of a house, perhaps noncombatants may be interested in a few notes on the background of the great roof battle.

Historically our interest centers neither on the cavemen and cellarmen, who had no great roof problems, nor on the Mediterranean peoples, whose equable climate permitted them flat roofs at an extremely early date, but on those of our ancestors who lived in the woods of northern Europe. Their earliest known form of dwelling was a sort of tent or tepee, which combined extreme structural simplicity with efficiency in shedding rain or snow. The great drawback was the cramping of space. If the cavemen may be said to have lived in cellars, the tent man lived exclusively in the attic. The sides of the tepee or charcoal-burner's hut, by sloping inward like rafters, permitted a man to stand full height only in the center, as the camper stands in his tent today.

An improvement over the tepee such as the Saxon "cruck" house is therefore to be rated as a great technical advance. A cruck was a straight tree trunk, cut off just above a straight diagonal branch. Two parallel rows of such trunks with their branches meeting at the center produced the equivalent of two vertical side walls surmounted by a gable. The trunks were the posts and the branches were the rafters. The roof was now up and out of the way. Under the attic, at last, there had been inserted a house! The inhabitant could walk upright through any part of his long hall. Spaciousness having been won through the upright wall, further improvements were mere matters of detail. A flat ceiling could be inserted under the rafters converting the attic into a storage loft; then the number of floors could be multiplied as the framing improved, and so on. Every subsequent step was a victory for the house proper at the expense of the attic, which had once been the whole thing. With later structural advances not even our warehouses any longer take the steep gabled form of the great warehouses of Nürnberg, since storage as well as living is easiest with vertical walls. Given the vertical wall as the boundary of the useful room, then attics are mere residue; and since a flat roof has the least area to frame and cover, the builder makes his roof as flat as he can. Under modern conditions, a steep pitched roof is aesthetically no longer shipshape; it expresses nothing of what goes on inside but on the contrary conveys the impression that someone is in there bumping his head against angles and dormers.

To say that a good builder makes his roof as flat as he can is not to say that it must always be a "flat roof." At the very moment when the followers of the rationalizing Le Corbusier were out to impose his flat roofs on America as a matter of

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Blocking Japan—

How China's Eighth Route Army is stopping Japan's advance in the Northern Provinces will be told in a startling article in an early issue of The Nation by T. A. Bisson, who has just returned from the scene of battle.

modern "discipline," their leader was experimenting with roofs that were composed of a series of low arches.

Like any element in a wisely designed house, the good roof reflects, in each instance, a different balance of forces. And these forces are psychological as well as technical. There is a sense in which, in the complexity of factors, the good architect *finds* the best house but cannot force it. Floods of water and curses punish the wilful transgressor. Unexpected blessings flow upon the imagination not bound by rules. Thus, in some recent California houses by R. M. Schindler a stupid site restriction calling for a sloping roof was transformed into a positive asset. The gradually rising ceiling of the large living rooms so opens the inside space toward the sky as to rouse a sense of exhilaration. A strictly rational flat ceiling could never give exactly the same pleasure.

To meddle in the balance that produces the best roof for a particular house is a privilege usurped only by dictators. The battle of flat against pitched roofs, in its extreme form, is a battle of antagonistic tastes frozen to dogma. The general tendency toward the low roof is the tendency of reasonableness, economy, the desire for free movement and openness, a readiness for new adventures; the extreme pitched roof is usually an expression of atavism, flourishing among the "dream houses" of the ignorant, desired by obfuscating dictators, welcome to those who love best to rummage in attics. And whenever M. Dali and his friends convince their followers that their homes should provide an escape to something nearly approximating the mother's womb, we shall look upon still another set of roof forms, which only the psychiatrists will be able to explain. DOUGLAS HASKELL

DRAMA

Elizabethan Frolic

ONE of Orson Welles's many gifts is apparently the gift for discovering "social significance" in places where most contemporary directors have neglected to look. I very much doubt that all that he and his critics seemed to find in "Julius Caesar" was really there, or at least that Shakespeare himself intended anything of the sort; but the case of Thomas Dekker's "The Shoemaker's Holiday" (Mercury Theater) is different. It is both the rollicking farce which Mr. Welles's company has made of it and also a genuine social document. To have brought it back to such vigorous and amusing life is a real achievement.

I, to be sure, should have preferred to see a little less "gagging" of the play itself. The permanent set—bare platform, three curtained recesses, and a sketchy background of high-gabled houses—is excellent, but there are moments when we are asked to laugh at rather than with the play, and I should have preferred to have omitted those moments of satiric emphasis on the conventions of stagecraft when the thing is treated rather after the manner of "Princess Turandot" or "The Yellow Jacket." Nevertheless, there can be nothing but praise for the lusty playing of the low-comedy parts and for the general air of brisk good fun which makes the short performance pass very swiftly and gives the audience as good a time as it is likely to have anywhere in the theater. All of Dekker's hearty bawdiness is there, but so too is the full flavor of his romantic, middle-class optimism.

As historians of the drama have long been in the habit of noting, the play is somewhat unusual for its time. Not only Shakespeare himself but most of his contemporaries as well preferred to soar. Whatever their own origins might have been, their sympathies and their imaginations were chivalric. They preferred to write about kings and princes, and if the simple citizen appeared he was more than likely to be treated with derision. Even Shakespeare's bumpkins, though doubtless in many instances drawn from his memory of the people of Stratford, and though treated with his all-embracing sympathy, are looked down upon from a tremendous height with the delighted amusement of a man perfectly aware that he is living in a different world. There is no class loyalty or class solidarity, intellectual or emotional, for Shakespeare does not feel himself any longer a member of that class. But Dekker, perhaps out of the simplicity of his heart, writes about his middle-class people with what seems to be a complete accord with their ideas and ideals.

The play is said to have been first performed before Queen Elizabeth, but it might with greater propriety have been performed before an audience of apprentices, who are pictured exactly as they liked to picture themselves. They are gallant lads, self-reliant and proud of their craft. Some day they may be masters themselves, with the prospect beyond that of becoming, like their master in the play, a lord mayor who can talk as man to man even with a king. At the same time there is a distinctive middle-class romanticism, with its pleasant belief in the substantial virtues as well as its firm conviction that love conquers all.

To those more keenly on the alert to make distinctions in such matters I leave the question whether the class consciousness of Dekker is of an authentic and commendable sort or whether he was only an escapist helping to delude his fellows with romance and unconsciously conspiring with their oppressors to keep them foolishly contented with an Elizabethan version of the hope that any boy may be President some day. What does concern me is the fact that the spirit is a very clearly defined one and that the production—incidentally it replaces "Julius Caesar" only on certain nights—conveys it to a remarkable degree.

J. B. Priestley never seems to be entirely at home in writing for the stage, and that is doubtless one reason why "Time and the Conways," now being acted at the Ritz Theater by an English cast with Dame Sybil Thorndike at its head, is structurally so cumbersome and unsatisfactory. Ostensibly the central theme is some rather Proustian conception that the true significance of any group of lives cannot be grasped by looking at any temporal cross-section of it but only by considering the pattern formed when successive relationships are contemplated as existing simultaneously in eternity. What one actually gets is one fine act, the second, which presents a grimly absorbing study of the hates and frustrations of a family group, and two other rather pointlessly meandering scenes which fail to be either interesting in themselves or to establish any special relevance of the Proustian moral, delivered in the form of a set speech, to the story here told. The second act is written and acted with real power, but the effect is more or less spoiled by the anti-climax of the last. As for the first, Mr. Priestley himself is said to be aware of some of its defects, though I doubt whether he knows that Americans can be as acutely annoyed by this sort of distressingly British coyness as the British themselves are at some American peculiarities. A jolly family doing charades is simply not our idea of an exhilarating spectacle.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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FILMS

A Wide Western

"WELLS FARGO" (Paramount) is one of those modern Westerns which demand of the producer as much research as poetry. The time is gone when such a film could do with simple and familiar properties: a patch of desert, a saloon (exterior and interior), a dozen cowboys, and several guns ready at a moment's notice to be drawn for soft-eyed Sally's sake. Now we must have a sense of history, perhaps a million square miles of background, and several hundred persons faultlessly attired in the coonskins and the silk hats of their day; everything must be authentic, and there must be a lot of it to accompany the tune played by time as it marches past milestone after milestone of subtitled dates. The danger, of course, is that we shall get from all this a narrative educated beyond its intelligence—heavy with misplaced learning, bloated like one of its own hoop skirts. The danger is seldom avoided, nor has "Wells Fargo" completely avoided it; the film is a little too long, and too many of its people are conscious of the history they are helping to make. But it is the best of its kind to date.

It begins at Buffalo in 1840 with Ramsay MacKay (Joel McCrea) arriving on an authentically primitive train from New York with the first oysters ever to get so far inland. He is bringing them to his employer, Mr. Wells, who within perhaps ten minutes of film time has extended his influence to St. Louis and within another half-hour is a force in San Francisco. The two thousand miles beyond St. Louis are filled in a little later by the pony express, an Indian raid on a stagecoach, and still later by Confederate attempts during Civil War time to capture cargoes of bullion coming overland to Washington—a glimpse of which we are not denied, with Lincoln talking to his Cabinet and Joel McCrea waiting to assure the President that the next cargo will arrive. The gold rush has its place, as have vigilantism and the Mexican War, not to speak of a romance between Mr. McCrea and Frances Dee which runs from first to last and involves perhaps six meetings after long separations. There is more still if I could remember it, and I have doubtless given the impression that there is too much. This is not, however, the case. Frank Lloyd, the director, has set his mass of material in continuous and significant motion; when he should be brief he is—brilliantly so—and when he should pause somewhere he does, and takes his time. He has had, indeed, a perfect sense of time; not as a historian perhaps, but certainly as an artist creating and cutting a film. Few pictures have been more steadily and naturally exciting.

The steadiness and the naturalness come in large part from the presence in almost every scene of one Hank York, an uncouth, heroic humorist played to perfection by Bob Burns. His slow, loud speech, his friendly common sense, his genius for understatement, his absolute courage, and his rather wild eyes which never look straight at the camera because they are rolling in contemplation of the next wise thing their owner is going to say—these do not quite tell all the story, but they are enough to suggest Hank's value as a natural. Without him the film would have been a mere whirl and a mess, a Wells Farrago. With him in it to slow it down and keep it human it is both rich and ordered. MARK VAN DOREN

Letters to the Editors

A Meat Packer Explains

Dear Sirs: In the article Why You Pay More for Food in your issue of December 4, Ruth Brindze stated that the difference between the price to the farmer and the retail price of beef was greater in October, 1937, than in October, 1936. She added, "The inference is inescapable that the increased margin is increased profit."

As a matter of fact, the average profits of the meat packing industry are at no time large enough to affect noticeably the prices of meat in the quantities purchased by the typical consumer. Government figures show that about 600 meat packers doing business last year, including large companies, earned only about one cent per dollar of sales, which is only a fraction of a cent per pound of meat sold. During the past ten years the average profit rate of all meat-packing companies conducting slaughtering operations has been less than 4 per cent on net worth—comparable with normal bond interest—and less than one cent per dollar of sales (according to reports filed annually with the Packers and Stockyards Administration by meat packers conducting slaughtering operations). Only a few companies have indicated in published reports their earnings for the current year, but those which have done so have reported profits generally lower than those in 1936. One large company reported a substantial loss for its operations during 1937.

The writer's figures concerning margins also were erroneous. According to figures of the United States Department of Agriculture, the margin in October, 1937, between the price of good steers in Chicago and the retail values in New York of cuts or products obtained from 100 pounds of live animal was 3.47 cents per pound. In October, 1936, the margin was greater—3.87 cents per pound. The wholesale value of the beef obtained from 100 pounds of steer of good grade increased only $3.52 from October, 1936, to October, 1937, whereas the price of 100 pounds of live steers yielding meat of that grade increased $4.44 during the same period. In other words, the increase in the value of dressed beef was less than the increase in the value of the live animal. These figures are typical of most other grades of beef.

Meat products are perishable and must be sold promptly for the going market price. Price-fixing would be economically unsound and impracticable. The prices at which meat packers sell their products to retailers are determined not by the desire of meat packers but by the amount which consumers are able and willing to pay for the available supply of meat.

WESLEY HARDENBERGH
Institute of American Meat Packers
Chicago, December 21

Dear Sirs: My statement on the spread between the farm and retail price of beef was based on data in "Price Spreads Between the Farmer and the Consumer" issued by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics of the Department of Agriculture. According to this report, which runs as far back as 1913, the "actual margin" in October, 1936, on 2.16 pounds of beef cattle on the farm and its equivalent of one pound of beef in the retail market was 16 cents. In October, 1937, this margin had increased to 19.6 cents, which according to the government's statistics was one of the all-time highs. In indicating the spread between farm and consumer prices, these figures, which are averages for the country, are more germane than the cost of meat at Chicago and the value in New York.

I am entirely familiar with the figures quoted in Mr. Hardenbergh's letter. The 1 per cent profit on net sales was widely publicized in New York during the meat strike. But corporate finance is far too intricate to accept such figures on their face. We must know more about items written off as losses, about depreciation reserves, profits from by-products, profits of subsidiary corporations, officers' salaries, and similar matters. In the Federal Trade Commission's report on the milk distributors, the difference between the profits reported and those estimated by the commission's staff indicates that business men sometimes do not know just how well they are doing.

RUTH BRINDZE
New York, January 3

"Tae Help Spanish Bairns"

Dear Sirs: You've probably heard of the fine thing the British cooperatives are doing in the matter of milk for Spain, but I thought you might be interested to learn of the "sixpenny tokens" that are on sale in every co-op branch. The response has been magnificent—they've collected well over two thousand pounds in the two or three weeks since the tokens went on sale. It's touching to hear some of these Scottish village women, many of them pretty hard up themselves, asking for a token. "It's a saxpence well spent," they say, "tae help thon puir Spanish bairns." Don't judge all the British by what their government is or isn't doing. There's a live and growing opposition to that government, particularly up here in Scotland, and among the working people.

I also want to tell you how tremendously *The Nation* is appreciated here. When we've read our copy it passes from hand to hand through a dozen little stone cottages in this village, and from there to the workers in the local paper mill, and always read from cover to cover until, I suppose, it disintegrates from sheer use.

CHRISTINE H. STURGEON
Currie, Midlothian, Scotland,
December 7

Addendum from Mr. Thomas

Dear Sirs: Will you be good enough to give me a little space to answer a question which has been raised concerning my recent article on America's peace policy in your pages. The question is: why did I not discuss in that article the Ludlow amendment, and what is my opinion of that amendment? I did not discuss the matter originally because the article was written to deal with the subject of collective security, and after I had seen the proof of Mr. Buell's article, there was no space to deal with the Ludlow-La Follette proposal.

Briefly my position in regard to a referendum before a declaration of war, except in case of invasion, is what I have frequently declared it to be in the past fifteen or twenty years. The amendment is no implement for peace. A 51 per cent vote would not of itself make a particular war right when a 49 per cent vote would make it wrong. No popular vote on the declaration of war could keep us out of war if a President's whole policy had been set toward war. Such a President might even along modern lines put us in war without declaring it. Nevertheless, I favor the amendment, partly because of its probable effect on Presidential policy. To believe in democracy and the right of the people to pass on, let us say, a bond issue but to refuse them a right to pass on the desperate issue of peace or war is to my mind insincere to the verge of hypocrisy.

There are no practical difficulties in modern times about taking a rapid referendum, and the populace in modern times is probably less likely to be stampeded into a foreign war than Congress. Most arguments against the amendment assume that despite the Kellogg Pact war must still remain an instrument of national policy and the threat of it a necessary element in our diplomacy. It is precisely this that I do not believe. The fact that a referendum in America was necessary to a declaration of war except in case of attack would somewhat tend to strengthen that popular opposition to war throughout the world which has been our main defense against a new cataclysm. It would not weaken the United States except on the theory that the strength of the United States depends upon the ability of an Administration to put a nation into war regardless of the opinion of the people who must fight.

NORMAN THOMAS

New York, January 6

Why Balance the Budget?

Dear Sirs: You appeared to concede in your leading paragraph on December 11 that the time has come for the federal government to balance its budget. I realize that this is a belief which is held with a great deal of conviction by many people of all political shades. To me, however, it seems to be a dangerous superstition which should be attacked and exposed at every opportunity.

Just what is it that we have to fear from a continued unbalanced budget? Inflation? All that inflation means is a larger volume of spending, and that is, by common consent, precisely what is most needed at the present time. If the increased spending goes so far as to draw into productive use the bulk of present unemployed resources and hence to threaten a sharp rise in prices, the time will surely have come to call a halt, that is, to balance the budget. But how is it possible to take the inflation bogy seriously when everyone is racking his brains to think up ways to induce an inflation through the more usual private agencies?

Or perhaps it is the "burden" of paying interest on the increased debt which ought to frighten us? The simplest way of solving this difficulty would be to have the government create the additional money directly instead of going through the ritual of having the banks create it (out of thin air in either case) and allowing them to tax the government for turning it over. But this solution, it may be conceded, runs too directly counter to received fiscal thinking to be practical. Let us admit that interest must be paid. The fact still remains that interest paid in this way is no "burden" but only a transfer from some of the rich to others of the rich, and if the social-security program continues unchanged, it will in time become in part a transfer from some of the rich to the aged poor.

On the surface it would appear that there is more substance to the fears entertained by some that a continuation of deficit financing will have a disastrous effect on the market for government bonds and hence on the government's credit. Stripped of phraseology, this means simply that there is a danger that the big bankers and their followers will refuse to buy government bonds; and indeed it is reliably rumored that they have already intimated to the Administration that this is their intention. In other words, they are saying to the Treasury, "Balance the budget, or else . . ." The example of France is sufficiently fresh to remind us that this may be no idle threat. And yet it can be successfully defied by courageous and resolute action. If the interests refuse to go along with a policy of deficit financing, the Administration has only to use the Federal Reserve system and its tremendous resources to checkmate this blackmail threat once and for all.

The problem facing the progressive movement at the present time, and perhaps for some time to come, is to make capitalism work in spite of the opposition of the capitalists. This can only be done if the purse-strings are taken out of the hands of Wall Street bankers and turned over to those who will know how to loosen them when the situation demands an expansion of spending. The best defense which the reactionaries have against such a development is the popular superstition about "economy" and a balanced budget. It seems to me that *The Nation* is doing no service to the progressive cause by lending its authority to this ideological bulwark of reaction.

PAUL M. SWEEZY

Cambridge, Mass., December 23

[It should be noted that *The Nation* has never advocated balancing the budget by economies, as the reactionaries have urged, but by increased taxes on the wealthy. Granting that much of the hysteria over the unbalanced budget is politically inspired, we submit that a pay-as-you-go program based on social taxation is open to fewer dangers than an attempt to beguile the cooperation of wealth through deficits. Mr. Sweezy himself has indicated one of the gravest defects in his plan—the fact that it permits reactionaries to sabotage necessary social expenditures by uttering the old but highly effective shibboleth that a government, as well as an individual, must live within its income. This may be untrue, but we defy anyone to demonstrate the fallacy to the average citizen.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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The Shape of Things

*

THE APPOINTMENT OF SOLICITOR GENERAL Stanley F. Reed to the Supreme Court comes as a reward for services rendered the Administration. Mr. Reed is a good legal technician and one who labored mightily to convince the Supreme Court that the New Deal administrative efforts could be rephrased in constitutional terminology and given a place in the respected file of past precedents without undue violence to the judicial mind. A man with such abilities, the President may have reasoned, clearly belongs on the court, where he will appreciate the arduous efforts of subsequent Solicitor Generals to make the living economic and administrative realities square with the formulas of past decisions. Even more persuasive may have been the fact that Mr. Reed, in the words of one of his colleagues in the Department of Justice, "is not a professional New Dealer." We are a bit mystified by the allusion, but presume it refers to some of the more progressive candidates who had been discussed. The appointment met with an immediate favorable response from many of the Senate liberals, who called Mr. Reed a "liberal," and from most of the conservatives, who called him "an able lawyer of the conservative type." Mr. Roosevelt has, in short, made an appointment calculated to soothe the opposition while giving the progressive wing of his party no tangible reason for protest. For while Mr. Reed's liberalism is putative, his conservatism is equally nebulous. The fact is, he has had no clear chance to demonstrate either quality clearly, and the question remains: for what social ends will he use his technical abilities? It is no reflection on Mr. Reed to say that he probably owes his elevation more to the President's determination to undo the damage he has suffered from the storm over Justice Black than to any desire in the White House to assure a genuinely progressive court.

*

MR. ROOSEVELT'S SWOLLEN VISITING LIST of big-business executives during the whole of last week may mean any one of a number of things. It may mean that the President is determined to carry through some of the policies he and his lieutenants have been talking about, and that he is choosing the personal conference as his vehicle for breaking the news to the big boys. It may mean that the President is still exactly where he started in the days of the NRA, and is laying plans with the industrial leaders for some fresh variation on the old theme of "industrial self-government." Or it may mean neither of these, but merely that the President is puzzled and worried and marking time. We tend to the view that Mr. Roosevelt's eclecticism is such that all three of the above possibilities contain elements of truth. The signs point to the use of taxation in the long run to relax the grip of the holding companies, without, however, giving more than rhetorical force to Mr. Roosevelt's sensational remark about doing away with all holding companies. But the signs point also to business-labor agreements to stabilize employment on the one hand and halt demands for wage increases on the other. It is significant in this connection that Mr. Lewis and Mr. Murray appeared as labor representatives alongside the industrial and banking magnates. What distinguished the discussions from previous NRA conferences, of which many members of the group are veterans, remains to be seen. Meanwhile the testimony of business leaders at the hearing of the Senate Committee on Unemployment must have made it abundantly clear to the Senators that business men are as innocent of real knowledge of the larger processes of industry as are Senators themselves.

*

THE STIFFENING OF CHINESE RESISTANCE IN Shantung is but one of many signs of growing unity within China in the struggle against Japanese aggression. Even more significant facts are the transfer of veteran Communist troops to the south and the striking victories achieved by the Eighth Route Army in Shansi. The execution of Chu Min-yu, former general secretary of the Executive Yuan, and Han Fu-chu, former Governor of Shantung, for cowardice gives further support to the belief that Chiang has decided to continue resistance until Japan is either economically exhausted or becomes engaged in a struggle with some major power. Despite the huge losses suffered in the past six months, China is in many ways stronger than at any previous time. The Japanese have been trapped into extending their lines into greater areas than they can possibly control. Guerrilla tactics have immobilized large detachments not only in Shansi, Suiyuan, and parts of Hopei, where the Eighth Route Army has operated, but also in the area around Nanking. A steady stream of supplies and modern aircraft appears to be coming in through Hongkong and French Indo-China. Moreover, there are increasing indications of Japanese disunity. The failure of the imperial conference to announce an immediate decision on policy concerning China may be due, as Tokyo implies, to a desire to await Chiang's answer to a Japanese peace offer, but it suggests with more likelihood serious differences on basic policy.

*

A FRONT-PAGE STORY IN THE NEW YORK *Times* reports that Japanese industrial interests have approached American business men for a $50,000,000 loan "for the purchase of machinery." Since credits for war purposes are unobtainable because of Japan's shaky financial position, the borrowers are making a vigorous effort to give the proposal financial and moral respectability by asserting that the machinery is to be used solely for the development of Manchurian industries. It is even intimated, but not stated categorically, that American engineers might accompany the shipment to see that it is actually installed in Manchuria. While the story carefully avoids all reference to political factors, it rather opportunely kills two birds with one stone. It suggests that Japan is strong enough to turn attention to the development of Manchoukuo at this time, and gives the impression that the Open Door is about to be restored in that unhappy country. But our suspicions are aroused by the fact that the head of the syndicate requesting funds is Yoshisuke Aikawa, chief supporter of fascism among the business leaders of Japan. Aikawa, more than any other one person, is responsible for the remarkable development of Japanese heavy industry in recent years; and he is credited with a dominant role in throwing the support of these interests behind the army's expansionist policies. With such a tie-up, one cannot be blamed for suspecting that there is a very interesting story involving the proposed loan which is not set forth in the *Times*. We shall make it our business to try to unearth it.

*

THE BUDAPEST CONFERENCE OFFERS A new ray of hope to those who believe that the tide is turning against the fascist international. Although the official statement issued at the close of the parley reaffirmed the close cooperation of Austria and Hungary with the Rome-Berlin axis, which representatives of those two countries referred to as "a guaranty of peace and reconstruction," Count Ciano failed in his effort to persuade them to withdraw from the League and to join the "anti-Communist" pact. After Teruel recognition of the Franco regime in Spain gave the appearance of a rather forlorn effort to bolster up the prestige of the weakening rebel cause. The gesture appears even less significant when it is realized that Franco has maintained diplomatic representatives in Vienna and Budapest since last September. No one expects Austria or Hungary to line up with the democracies on any crucial issue, but their failure to toe the mark for Mussolini indicates a wariness which is particularly welcome after recent developments in Rumania. It demonstrates once more the potential influence which the democratic powers might still exercise in European affairs.

*

THE FAILURE OF PRIVATE MEDICINE TO meet the health requirements of the American public has never been more clearly demonstrated than in the preliminary report of the National Institute of Health. After a house-to-house investigation of 740,000 families in 84 cities, the institute found that sickness disabled twice as many persons in families on relief as in families with incomes of $2,000 or more. Individuals in the relief families were disabled, on the average, three times as many days per year as individuals in the upper income

PUBLIC

groups. The rate of disability among families not on relief but with incomes of less than $1,000 a year was found to be more than twice as high as the rate among families in the highest income category. Yet the latter received 46 per cent more care from a physician for each case of illness. Families with incomes of more than $3,000 were twelve times as likely as relief families to have the services of a private nurse in a case of serious illness. We may assume from these figures that if the same type of medical care were available to the whole population as is now available to families with incomes of more than $3,000 we could cut the amount of illness in this country by approximately 33 per cent. This would mean a gain, according to the survey, of approximately 415,000,000 days of health a year, or three and one-third for every person in the United States—a sufficient inducement, we believe, for revitalizing existing efforts to improve our outworn system of medical care.

*

THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT IS SELDOM MORE grotesque than in its periodic protests against "foreign criticism." So abundant is Germany's export trade of violent propaganda that these outcries are as arrogant as they are transparent. William E. Dodd, retiring American ambassador to Germany, has once more wounded Nazi sensibility, an offense rendered especially significant by his having had so outstanding an opportunity to observe the new Germany at first hand. He saw, as he recalled in his New York address last week, how men were "denied religious, personal, and press freedom, how universities and schools were put under party control, and how almost as many personal opponents were killed in five years as Charles II had executed in twenty years of the seventeenth century." It was an impressive indictment. Even more damaging was Mr. Dodd's reminder of the reckless attacks against the democracies delivered by high Nazi officials at Nürnberg and elsewhere. Needless to say, these attacks on the United States were never suppressed in American journals, as Mr. Roosevelt's speeches are now being banned in Germany, or condensed into three lines, as the German papers have done with Mr. Dodd's remarks. The Nazis will do well to drop the subject. Their most recent outcry comes appropriately at the moment when the propaganda they have subsidized in Yugoslavia has succeeded in driving the last Jewish representative out of the parliament at Belgrade.

*

IT WOULD BE IDLE TO PRETEND THAT the service on American ships is all that it should be. But it is both dishonest and futile to center the blame for inferior service and outright abuses on ships' crews and on the unions to which many of them belong. The fact is that the maritime unions which became firmly established as a result of the 1934 and subsequent strikes have put an end to many abuses. Another important fact is that adequate laws for enforcing discipline are already on the statute books. The trouble lies elsewhere. Marine ownership in this country is shot through with the corruption that goes with huge indirect subsidies and the fight for profits. Daniel C. Roper's bureau of inspection has never fulfilled its function when the function went against the interests of the shipowners. And in particular the living conditions of mere seamen have been the last consideration, though the government has poured millions into the industry. The remedy does not lie in crippling the unions. The testimony of irate passengers is being given a big play in hearings in Washington in connection with possible changes in the maritime laws, especially as regards labor. The C. I. O. is protesting that much of this testimony is false and stating the case for its members. It is a good case, backed by official reports on the state of our merchant marine. Seamen are not perfect, but passengers with personal grievances are easily found. Certainly their testimony must not be used as a basis for laws which would hamstring the unions and leave the basic situation untouched.

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RECENT UNPUBLISHED INFORMATION CLEARS up a doubt regarding Italian intervention in Spain. In November reports appeared in the European press about the repatriation of Italian troops, said to have been transported from Spain to the Italian colony of Libya. At the same time Mussolini's representative on the London Non-Intervention Committee minimized the presence of Roman soldiers in Franco's ranks and announced officially that only 40,000 Italians were in the Spanish army. Had Mussolini really taken the non-intervention debating club seriously enough to withdraw his army from Spain? Not at all. But he did consider British pressure for withdrawal serious enough to cloak his activities. We now learn that 8,000 Negro and Arab troops from Libya recently arrived at Melilla, Spanish Morocco, where they were housed in newly built barracks; and that 900 Tripolitans disembarked from a Nazi steamer at Malaga on December 29. The reason for substituting colonials for white Italians is obvious: the Libyans can be taken for Moors. The Non-Intervention Committee has never even considered evacuating Moors from Spain, although under the Algeciras treaty the Moors are non-Spanish. The French oppose such a move because if the Moors of Spanish Morocco are not Spaniards, it follows that the Moors of French Morocco are not French—a conclusion that would rule out the future use of French colonials in Europe. For Mussolini an additional advantage of sending Africans to Spain is that reports of their casualties and the return of their wounded will not cause discontent in Italian cities and villages.

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"THOSE REDS ARE TRYING TO CONVINCE the country that I'm a tyrant and a dictator . . . the people have invested me with . . . power, and I am applying it for the benefit of the people." This was the beginning of an inimitable interview last week with Frank Hague, in which Jersey City's mayor tried to convince the country that there is no ground for comparing him with Hitler and Mussolini. When asked if it were not a violation of civil rights to expel men arbitrarily from the city without bringing them into court, Mr. Hague replied, "No. They went peacefully, didn't they?" He denied charges that he had brought pressure to bear on owners of private halls to prevent their lease for C. I. O. meetings but said he "thought it natural" that the owners should refuse their halls to groups hostile to the local administration. Right to the end the interview was so convincing that we found ourselves tracing a fascist chin and a Nazi mustache on the latest newspaper photograph of the Jersey Terror before throwing it into the wastebasket. Meanwhile we had been wondering just how happy the happy workers of Jersey City are under Mayor Hague's I-am-the-lawship. We read that while Hague waves the flag all city employees have been asked to waive their right to full pay in order that reductions of 15 to 23 per cent made last spring might continue in effect. We were also told by William J. Carney of the New Jersey C. I. O. that 292,000 workers in New Jersey receive less than the state minimum of $17, that 45,300 of these draw from $5 to $7.99 a week, that 34,000 get less than $5, and that in many Jersey City establishments workers get $3, $4, and $5 a week. He also said that 150,000 New Jersey workers and even some employers had succumbed to the alien blandishments of the C. I. O. That threatening fact and the horrible example of what happened to Tammany may explain why the political boss of one of the oldest of our sweatshop states has been perspiring so heavily since the C. I. O. sent him a Bill of Rights, collect.

The Fall of France's Popular Front

WITH the collapse of the second Popular Front government France has slipped back to the political uncertainty of pre-Popular Front days. Despite their overwhelming majority in the Chamber, the left parties, as in 1932-36, have found it difficult to work together. As a result, France came perilously near having a right government under Bonnet, and has in prospect at the moment a makeshift ministry which is a far cry from the vigorous left Cabinet with which Blum started two years ago.

It is easy to say that the Popular Front was bound to disintegrate as soon as the immediate menace of fascism was removed. There was little to unite two such different parties as the middle-class Radical Socialists and the Communists except the fear of an immediate fascist coup. Once that fear was lifted, it was inevitable that the two would clash on fundamental issues of both domestic and foreign policy. But to lay too much stress on this point is to ignore the fact that the threat of fascism in the international sphere is far greater today than it was in 1936. And it is precisely in this respect that the Popular Front has suffered its greatest failure.

If it is true that the Communists were first to desert the Popular Front, in spirit if not in votes, it was because the Spanish policy of both the Blum and the Chautemps government aided rather than curbed the growing menace of fascism. The lack of a strong Foreign Minister, like Briand or Barthou, to lead rather than follow England, has probably contributed more to the disintegration of the left coalition than doctrinal disputes over domestic policy.

It cannot be denied, however, that the Chautemps government was afflicted with the same sort of paralysis in the domestic field that ruined Ramsay MacDonald, and that to a certain extent hampers the New Deal. Any attempt to push through basic reforms for the protection of the working class while clinging to laissez faire economics is bound to fail. The Conservative Party of Great Britain has pushed through more reforms than either the Liberal or the Labor Party precisely because it made no effort to insist on the forms of laissez faire. In demanding exchange restrictions the French Socialists and Communists appear to recognize the necessity for economic controls even under capitalism, but the Radicals have found it extremely difficult to throw aside their traditional policies. This divergence of principle is probably the greatest weakness of the Popular Front as a practical bulwark against fascism. It is difficult to form a coalition to save traditional democracy without accepting, as a more or less unwelcome guest, democracy's shadow in the economic sphere—the doctrine of laissez faire.

Given these problems, it is difficult to be optimistic regarding the prospects of a new French Cabinet. There is no indication that it will be more realistic in either domestic or foreign policies. Broadening the base of the government may give it more initial support, but it adds to the number of issues on which internal disagreement may arise. An election at this time would be of little value, since it would probably bring only slight, if any, changes in the relative strength of the various parties. Unless unexpected leadership develops from within the ranks of the Popular Front, there is grave danger that France may become progressively more disorganized until it faces once more an immediate threat of civil war.

Squabble in the C. I. O.

WHEN two C. I. O. leaders like John L. Lewis and David Dubinsky begin airing their dissensions in public, as they have been doing, it is a cause for concern to all friends of labor. For it gives aid and comfort to labor's enemies and it diverts the energies of the leaders. Yet we are not seriously worried by the quarrel itself. Such squabbles are signs that a growing young labor movement has not yet petrified. If they did not crop out at this point in labor history, we should begin to suspect that machine dictatorship was suppressing them. For in building a new unionism, harmony is possible only in the arc of great and rapid growth. When the growth is halted, as it has been now by the depression, then the disparate elements of personal temperament, trade-union tactics, and social philosophy are bound to emerge to view. That is what Mr. Dubinsky means when he says that the C. I. O. honeymoon is now over.

Mr. Dubinsky's charges turn on Mr. Lewis's role in the peace negotiations with the A. F. of L. We may dismiss the rhetoric that has been bandied about, because Mr. Lewis would agree that "no man has a mortgage on the labor movement" and Mr. Dubinsky would agree that it is not "peace at any price" that he wants with the A. F. of L. What it all comes down to is differing versions of what happened during the peace negotiations and a difference of opinion as to what constitutes an "honorable peace."

Mr. Dubinsky accuses Mr. Lewis of not having tried hard enough to effect peace, and of not having followed up offers that might have constituted the basis of peace. There is no record available, unfortunately, to indicate what peace terms were actually offered or why the negotiations failed. No records were kept, and the A. F. of L. delegates were understood to have objected to a joint public statement of the terms discussed. But we do have the statements of Philip Murray, head of the Steel Workers' Union and chairman of the C. I. O. peace delegates —a person with a mind of his own and a will for realism. And from his comments several things are clear. The A. F. of L. delegates were at every point extremely vague; nor was it even certain that they had been given authority by the Executive Council to negotiate a peace. The basic C. I. O. condition was that all their members were to be reaffiliated, that where they had a preponderant strength their unions were to receive recognition along with the recognition of the principle of industrial unionism. Any situations in which serious jurisdictional differences existed were to be settled by negotiation between the two unions, and the C. I. O. leaders understood that they would have to make considerable concessions in this respect. The A. F. of L. delegates, on the other hand, insisted that they would not take back any except the original ten C. I. O. unions and that the remaining twenty-two unions that have joined the C. I. O. in the past two years would be enabled to come back only when they had reached an agreement with the corresponding A. F. of L. union leaders.

On several points there is considerable doubt. It is not clear whether the twenty-two C. I. O. unions were to come back singly or whether after negotiating singly they were to be readmitted as a group. It is not clear by what methods these agreements were to be reached: while there was some talk of appointing impartial arbitrators, this was never made definite. Finally, there was never any explicit statement as to the method by which the A. F. of L. Executive Council, which had enlarged its powers for disciplining the member unions, was to strip itself of those powers again. Clearly these enlarged powers would be a continuing threat to the C. I. O. unions returning under any arrangement.

The great weakness in Mr. Dubinsky's contention is that no evidence has been offered indicating that the A. F. of L. showed any inclination for an "honorable peace." And the reason is clear. The Executive Council feared that it would be overwhelmed by the new membership that would come pouring in from the C. I. O. It preferred, in Mr. Lewis's phraseology, to take back only what it could digest, and the members of the Executive Council seized the present occasion for a showdown because they felt that the depression gave them the whip hand. The depression is hitting the heavy industries, and therefore the C. I. O., first; the A. F. of L., being more institutionalized, is less dependent upon the size and welfare of its rank-and-file membership.

There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of Mr. Dubinsky's intentions, but the effect of his indictment will be other than what he intends. He has already become the darling of the editorial writers of the conservative press, which may be relied on to extend an eager welcome to those who stir up a tempest within union ranks. What is clearly necessary is that any evidence Mr. Dubinsky and Mr. Lewis and Mr. Murray and others may have should be presented to an impartial committee of the C. I. O.'s undoubted friends. The shouting of dictatorship and Communist influence in the C. I. O. may be useful in the political situation that Mr. Dubinsky finds in his own union, but it cannot do him or anyone else any credit. As president of the I. L. G. W. U. he is caught between the pressure of thirty-one vice-presidents, many of them under the influence of anti-C. I. O. sentiment such as is represented in the group clustering around the *Jewish Daily Forward*, an Old Guard Socialist paper. These groups are basically A. F. of L. in their thinking, and it would be unfortunate if Mr. Dubinsky, reacting to such pressure, should forget that there is a basic difference between the old unionism of the A. F. of L. and the new unionism of the C. I. O.

This whole dispute will be determined less by recriminations and accusations than by what the next few months will add to the volume of unemployment. If the C. I. O. unions are hit even harder than they have been thus far, the negotiations for a labor peace will undoubtedly be reopened and pushed to a conclusion regardless of personalities, but it is well to remember that the labor movement today is being split by the same basic cleavages that are splitting the Democratic Party. In both instances there are cries of communism and dictatorship. Mr. Lewis, like Mr. Roosevelt, undoubtedly has a flair for power and at times he sees the labor movement and himself in organic terms. We should be the first to say that the new unionism cannot grow to a healthy stature unless democratic checks are placed on him as well as on any other leader. The true health of American labor can lie only in its being thoroughly democratic. As for the charges of communism, they are as absurd when leveled against Mr. Lewis as they are when leveled against Mr. Roosevelt. The need of the hour is for firmness of tactics, militancy of effort, and the achievement of a unity that will not undo the great work of the past two years. Otherwise, at the very moment when labor needs its greatest strength because capitalism is breaking down, it will find itself without a fighting spirit and without a decisive social program.

France in Crisis

BY M. E. RAVAGE

THE first Popular Front government was overthrown from without; the second collapsed from within. Last June it was the defeated minority that struck the blow at Léon Blum; on Friday Camille Chautemps surrendered to the left wing of his own majority.

On the surface the two events are quite unrelated. In fact the one followed logically and inevitably from the other. With the departure of Blum from the Hotel Matignon and the arrival of Bonnet in the rue de Rivoli, the soul had gone out of the left coalition. Thenceforward it was a matter of time when one or another of the component parties would find courage to pronounce the coroner's verdict. Repeatedly in the last six months the moment seemed to be at hand. Each time it was averted through fear of the consequences.

Appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, I venture to say that Yvon Delbos and the foreign policy of the Chautemps Cabinet had at least as much to do with the crisis as Georges Bonnet, the instability of the franc, and the renewed wave of sitdown strikes. M. Bonnet was less reluctant to go than he cared to admit. The Socialists, on the other hand, would have greatly preferred to let well enough alone. This is not saying that Bonnet did not want to remain Finance Minister or even to become Premier, that Blum was not serious about exchange control, or that the Communists were indifferent about the "pause" degenerating into a standstill. The truth is that ever since his entry into the Cabinet Bonnet had dreamed and labored to head the next combination. Unhappily his much-advertised wizardry in finance did not measure up in practice to his task. He balanced the budget on paper. But despite his efforts, capital continued to emigrate, and the franc which he had set afloat sank lower than it had sunk since 1926. He sought an alibi for his failure, not without some justification, in the monetary agitation of the Socialists, in the intrigues of the Communists, and in the supposedly political labor unrest. But the Chamber was what the election had made it; so that it was not without relief that, failing to oust the Communists from the majority and fill their place with the Flandin-Reynaud Democratic Alliance, he saw an opening to leave with honor. His acceptance of President Lebrun's offer to form a new government was, he well knew, a gesture that deceived no one, since even his own party would not stand by him.

Technically, the Socialists upset the government by withdrawing their ministers from the coalition. But they did so under duress. In the present state of labor opinion it would have been not far removed from political suicide for them to withhold solidarity from their fellow-Marxists. Blum and his party had more reason than the Radical Socialists for being weary of the latter-day tactics of the Communists. Blum had known for an entire year the taste of Thorez-Duclos backing, which consisted of support in the Chamber and opposition outside. He liked no better than Chautemps the Communists' flirtations with clericalism and the "outstretched hand" to the Pope. And his party watched with uneasiness the maneuvers of their Communist "brothers" to bring about unity with the Socialist masses over the heads of the leaders. But precisely this last strategy made any appearance of Blum's compromising with Bonnet a mortal danger for the very existence of the Socialist Party.

The curious fact is that for more than five months Thorez and Duclos let the Socialists fight the Finance Minister single-handed. Their own sector was the Quai d'Orsay. They battled with Delbos-Blum for not retiring Alexis Léger, the permanent chief of the department. They sulked when Delbos-Chautemps met Chamberlain-Eden in London over the head of Moscow. And when Delbos made his swing around the circle recently and failed to include Russia in his itinerary, they vowed vengeance. There can be little doubt that some of the recent strikes were provoked by them for foreign-political objects. But Chautemps and Bonnet are mistaken if they imagine that the entire strike wave is of Communist inspiration. They need only compare the increases in wages and in living costs for the past year and a half to be convinced of their error.

It is extremely unlikely that Delbos will be Foreign Minister in the next government. But unless Thorez himself obtains that portfolio—which I think highly improbable—the new head of the Quai d'Orsay can scarcely be expected to adopt a very different policy toward the U. S. S. R. from that of his predecessor. The key to that difficulty lies not in Paris but in London.

The crisis as a whole promises not to be easy to resolve. Herriot, whom the Communists would like above everyone else, wants to succeed Lebrun in the Presidency, and has a veritable phobia for the Premiership. Daladier has declined the honor. Blum, having rallied to the "Van Zeeland formula"—national union under left leadership—advanced by L. O. Frossard (Ex-Communist, ex-Socialist, and a minister in the last Laval Cabinet) has tried and failed, and as I write Chautemps is once more trying his hand.

There remain two other possibilities—Flandin or new elections. I incline to the former, eventually if not at once, as the likelier solution. A new election would scarcely change the complexion of the Chamber; the nation continues faithful to the Popular Front. And the country has already had more turmoil than it needs or can afford.

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Cities That Consume Men

BY HAROLD WARD

AMERICAN cities are on the march. True, most of them do not know where they are going, and those that do are weighed down by such a pack of troubles—technical, economic, financial, administrative, and social—that their progress suggests comparison with those "Deserts on the March" so vividly portrayed for us by Paul B. Sears in his book of that name.

Some twenty years ago Sir Patrick Geddes, one of the founders of the regional-planning movement, warned against the dangers of an urban development that neglected the fundamental question of balance between town and country. He was particularly struck by the enormous human and social waste involved in the cancer-like growth of huge cities—a growth which he dramatized as a regressing cycle in four stages: Megalopolis, Parasitopolis, Patholopolis, Necropolis.

Were Sir Patrick alive today he would find much to confirm and not a little to qualify his fears in the first of a series of monographs to be issued by the Urbanism Committee of the National Resources Committee. This report, entitled "Our Cities, Their Role in the National Economy," is the first comprehensive official study of this vital topic since R. D. McKenzie's "Metropolitan Communities," issued as part of ex-President Hoover's inquiry into "Recent Social Trends." As such it is a document of great value and significance—especially to those 70,000,000 or so Americans who today find their destinies linked, for good or evil, to what McKenzie has aptly called the "gravitational field" of the city.

Nowhere has the acceleration of urban life been more marked and decisive than in the United States. A century ago we did not have a single city with 100,000 inhabitants, and a clear nine-tenths of the country's 13,000,000 people were classified as rural. Not until 1880 did the combined forces of industrial expansion, immigration, transportation development, and world markets make New York our first metropolis of a million inhabitants. Today New York is only one of ninety-four cities in the 100,000 class which dominate the economic and social life of nearly one-third of the American people. Another 3,071 communities listed by the census as "urban"—containing 2,500 or more inhabitants—bring the proportion of city dwellers to more than half the total population. All this means that since 1790 our urban population has increased 300 times over, as against a meager 15-fold increase in the rural districts.

Standing alone, facts like the foregoing mean very little. What is important is not the reality of urbanization, whose progress can be observed in every industrialized country, but its characteristics, its problems, and its social consequences as we are beginning to understand them in America. From the mass of contradictory and confused tendencies underlying our urban development three major strands can be disengaged. We have, first, the strikingly uneven regional development of our cities, resulting in part from the physical struggles with what Isaiah Bowman has called the "pioneer fringe" but even more from artificial handicaps imposed by wasteful methods of agriculture and by a socially unsound exploitation of "cheap labor" in the interest of larger industrial and manufacturing profits. Closely associated with this is the second factor in urban concentration, the drift of population away from economically starved rural areas toward a small group of highly congested "metropolitan areas," of which three—New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia—have an aggregate population density of 18,000 per square mile, against the national average of 42. The third factor, dynamically related to the second, is that of dispersion, an outward drift from the central cities into suburbs and satellite areas, of which there are nearly 500 in the New York region alone (a territory embracing 5,000 square miles in three states).

No more eloquent proof of America's failure to balance its rural-urban budget can be found than in the text and photographs of "You Have Seen Their Faces," by Erskine Caldwell and Margaret Bourke-White. In the region pictured in this book, in and around the southern Appalachians, the triple plagues of resource exhaustion, human exploitation, and political barbarism have reduced the proportion of those living in urban communities to about a third of the population. Mississippi rates a national low of 16.9 per cent, followed by Arkansas and Alabama—the TVA power development and industrial migration from the North are so far little more than shots in the arm of a very sick region. In sharp contrast, the New England states of Massachusetts and Rhode Island are over 90 per cent urban, New York and New Jersey over 80 per cent, and California—thanks largely to Los Angeles and San Francisco—about 75 per cent. An urban development which gives us a range of anywhere from 17 to 95 persons out of 100 living in cities, and this despite amazing technological advances in every field of production and distribution, is certainly nothing to be complacent about.

Outside the thirty-three major industrial areas recognized by the census, millions of Americans, lacking more balanced economic opportunities, look for an escape by drifting first into the great cities, then out again into the neighboring satellite areas. The Urbanism Committee tells us that "nearly one-half of the population lives within a radius of from twenty to fifty miles of cities of over 100,000 inhabitants," and that the percentage of our total population growth absorbed by these cities has increased from 46 per cent in the decade 1890-1900 to nearly 75 per cent in the period 1920-30. Commenting on this "urban magnetism" (in the remarkable study of "Migration and Economic Opportunity" by Carter Goodrich and associates) C. Warren Thornthwaite writes that in the twenties "the four areas of New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, and Detroit attracted four and a half millions of people—a figure more than half as great as the total number of people who left the farms for the cities." Metropolitan New York alone absorbed one and a half million; this despite a contrary tendency of the great cities to spill their excess inhabitants into surrounding communities whose "independence" of the center is more an administrative fiction than a social fact.

It is true that both these drifts were partially checked during the depression, but neither town nor country gained by the exposure of (1) the economic and technical incapacity of cities to take care of the millions of people—mostly under twenty-five—who had deserted impoverished rural districts for an imagined future in the Big Town; and (2) a compulsion to "live off the land" entirely out of focus with economic realities. An internal migration movement of nearly 700,000 people a year, most of them merely shuffling along in obedience to forces of which they have no understanding, following the line of least resistance toward the nearest job opportunity, piling up an enormous backlog of housing problems, health and hygiene deficiencies, crime, delinquency, suicide, and destitution—this is the seamy side of the brave outward show of American cities on the march.

It is all very well to say, as Chairman C. A. Dykstra and his associates of the Urbanism Committee declare, that "urbanism is a symptom of national maturity." Sir Patrick Geddes, and long before him Frederick Engels, understood that the real maturity of an industrial society dependent upon technics for its mastery of a physical environment implies "the abolition of the antithesis between town and country." If cities are the nerve junctions of the social organism, responsible for the smooth and prompt transmission of myriad stimuli to the remotest parts of the country, no real health is possible without the type of long-range planning which can integrate a complex of factors into one functioning whole. A balanced town-and-country economy will understand the connection between municipal zoning laws and the industrial possibilities of a large adjacent territory; it will weigh natural against human resources, and oppose to a decentralization which gives this country 175,000 separate governments costing (in 1932) more than four billion dollars some kind of unified but democratic control.

Since we are, so to speak, paying through the nose for the privilege of living in cities which are six parts traffic congestion, three parts living expenses, and about one part all-around satisfaction, we may as well think through the head about our possible urban trends. What is the probable course of urban life in the next generation or so? A shrewd hint on this is provided by a "Memorandum on the Selection of Manufacturing Areas for the Housing Program" submitted by Carter Goodrich and his coworkers to the Suburban Division of the Resettlement Administration. On the safe assumption that population will follow where wage opportunities beckon, and that these latter will accompany manufacturing developments, the "Study of Population Redistribution" group worked out a system of areas that might be expected to assimilate most of our slowly increasing population. It is noticeable that all these areas are in established industrial regions; the fifteen most promising ones, in addition to New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Detroit, include the cluster of cities around Bridgeport and Providence, Midwestern communities like Youngstown, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, and one Pacific Coast city, Los Angeles. Baltimore, Cleveland, and San Francisco are second-choice cities, while among the eight that do not deserve official attention at this time we note Indianapolis, Toledo, Rochester (New York), and two vigorous West Coast cities, Seattle and Tacoma. Ignoring size in favor of estimated "job stability," we may expect more urban development in the three Southern cities of Nashville, Chattanooga, and Knoxville—how much is this due to the combination of Northern capital and cheap Southern labor?—in Dallas, and in Denver, a central point in the Western ranch and mining country.

The interesting thing about this forecast based on "the probable stability of employment" is the concentration of possibilities east of the Mississippi: only two of the fifteen best choices—St. Louis and Los Angeles—seem to justify Horace Greeley's dictum, at least on any mass scale. It would appear that economic opportunities, far from becoming more evenly spread over the map, exhibit a centralizing tendency of their own. The half-million or more migrants who annually swarm over the country in search of elementary security must still depend on a relatively small group of what C. S. Stein has called "dinosaur cities"; and when they get there most of them must be prepared to find a heartbreaking assortment of hardships, of which bad housing is only the most conspicuous.

There is no escaping the fact—stressed by the Urbanism Committee—that "the large cities of the country as a whole have grown more rapidly than the small cities." The economic counterpart of this trend is indicated by figures showing that the great metropolitan areas account for from two-thirds to four-fifths of all industrial establishments, all wage-earners and salaried employees, all wholesale trade, and the value of all industrial production. This tremendous concentration of our productive forces within a relatively small area—10 per cent of the people of the country are living on .02 per cent of its surface—is a basic problem of our time. How to solve it, how to transform our cities from mere manufacturing centers or trading posts to well-rounded communities linked in a network of intelligently planned social services, is something for the entire American public, not merely planners and engineers, to worry about.

One point, at least, is clearly brought out by the preliminary report of the Urbanism Committee. It is that the entire urban development of the country got off to a bad start. Our first cities found their own economic and social level in accordance with a relatively simple economy based on agriculture and maritime commerce. With the opening up of a fabulously rich continent there came an attitude of reckless, devil-may-care exploitation: natural resources were inexhaustible, human resources could be had from a stricken Europe; mix them both together with a proper eye on the main chance of profit, and the rest would take care of itself.

It has—with the result that American cities, despite amazing technical facilities, quite justify their description as "consumers of men." Having to a great degree grown at the expense of their rural environment and in isolation from it, they have become social liabilities where they should be assets. Valuations imposed by a competitive agricultural and industrial economy have set one region against another; so that the very idea of obtaining a genuine balance seems utopian.

Too utopian, perhaps, for the National Resources Committee, whose "recommendations," eleven in number, stay well within the safety zone of more and more facts, more and more education, more and more cooperation with agencies, public and private, hopelessly prevented from taking any drastic, long-range action.

Memphis Is Safe for Ford

BY GEORGE LAMBERT

"I HAVE seen a man as gentle and as deserving of the protection of the law as you and I, whose head was hammered to a bloody pulp with an iron hammer on the main street of a great American city in plain view of many witnesses . . . but because the man was a union organizer, no arrests were made." The words are those of J. Warren Madden, chairman of the National Labor Relations Board, speaking before the United States Conference of Mayors; the "great American city" to which he referred is Memphis, Tennessee; and the man whose "head was hammered to a bloody pulp with an iron hammer" is Norman Smith, organizer for the United Automobile Workers of America. Unfortunately Chairman Madden did not give the facts behind the attack on Norman Smith. If he had, he would have laid bare a lamentable state of affairs in the city of Memphis—political bossism, police brutality, wholesale violations of civil liberties, and corporation domination of the city government.

On September 18 of last year Mayor Watkins Overton announced to Memphis newspapermen, "Imported C. I. O. agitators, Communists, and highly paid professional organizers are not wanted in Memphis. They will not be tolerated." Police Commissioner Davis indorsed the Mayor's remarks and added, "We know Norman Smith and his whereabouts and will take care of that situation very soon." Three days later the "situation" had been "taken care of." Norman Smith was in a Memphis hospital being treated for cuts and bruises caused by a beating administered by at least twelve men using empty bottles and cables. From the hospital he was taken to jail. On the same day Charles Phillips, a Memphis resident and an employee of the Ford assembly plant who had been active in organizational work, was also beaten. Prior to that time Ben McCullough, a Ford worker, had twice been beaten.

After his release from jail on the following morning Smith decided to take his case and that of the automobile workers to the people of Memphis by means of the radio. During the next two weeks he arranged for a series of broadcasts over station WMPS and made one radio talk. Meanwhile the police made a pretense of investigating his beating, the American Civil Liberties Union offered a $1,000 reward for the apprehension and conviction of his assailants, and the Automobile Workers sent three organizers from St. Louis as reinforcements.

On October 5, while on his way to the radio station for his second broadcast, Norman Smith was dragged from his car by six or seven men, slugged over the head with a pistol butt, and beaten with a hammer and pistols so brutally that he had to be treated for fifteen cuts, one of which required twenty-four stitches. His companion, Harry Elder, beaten less severely, managed to reach the radio station, where he made the talk Smith had intended to make. The police have the license number of one of the automobiles used by the thugs, and there were several eyewitnesses to both of Smith's beatings, but if any arrests have been made, the fact hasn't been published.

The Ford Motor Company has tried to prevent the organization of its outlying assembly plants by the same methods that it has used at the giant Ford plant in Dearborn, Michigan, methods which were outlined in the decision against the Ford Company recently handed down by the NLRB. These include the establishment of company unions, the open flouting of the principle of collective bargaining, the use of thugs to coerce workers and to beat organizers, and the use of the machinery of the city government both to assure the immunity of the thugs and to harass union workers with false arrests and police intimidation. But while in Dearborn the Ford Company has for some time completely controlled the political machinery of the city, in other cities it has had to persuade local officials either to give active aid in opposing organization or at least to remain passive while Ford agents took the necessary steps. The threat of moving the huge Ford pay roll elsewhere seems to have been sufficient in most instances to make officials decide to "cooperate."

This threat has certainly worked in Dallas, where in the past six months eighteen persons suspected of being interested in C. I. O. unionism have been beaten and not a single conviction has been obtained. In Kansas City the Ford Company closed its assembly plant early in the autumn and announced that it would remain closed unless the city could guarantee "proper protection to Ford employees." It was only reopened after City Manager McElroy went to Dearborn and evidently gave such a guaranty. Since his visit city police have been used as strikebreakers. Many Memphis citizens believe that the city government made an agreement with Ford that not only the Ford plant but also the giant new Firestone Tire Company plant should be kept unorganized. This plant, scheduled to open soon and to employ 5,000 or more workers, is requiring that all applicants for jobs must have been born in Shelby County, that is, in Memphis. With its opening Firestone's chief production center will no longer be Akron, Ohio, where the Rubber Workers' Union is very strong.

For more than twenty years Memphis has been ruled by a political machine headed by Boss Ed Crump. The influence of the Crump machine extends to the courts and the schools, and particularly to federal and state patronage; and until recently it took in the labor movement. The chief agency for suppressing any anti-Crump tendencies which may now and then spring up is the police force, headed by Chief Will Lee, one of the South's most notorious red-baiters. Chief Lee has used his police force to raid, twice, the offices of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, to break up picket lines, to raid and suppress meetings of the Workers' Alliance, and to jail anyone whom he labels a "Communist," which means apparently anyone interested in a labor organization not bearing the stamp of Crump approval.

To illustrate the police tactics of the Crump machine: during the 1936 political campaign I found it necessary to go to the Memphis police department to secure permission for Mrs. Kate Bradford Stockton, Socialist candidate for Governor of Tennessee, to speak in Memphis parks. Lee asked me first why we had held "a secret meeting" the night before, referring to an informal public meeting at which reporters were present. I assured him that the meeting had not been secret, but wanted to know if he proposed to forbid secret meetings. The Chief disregarded this question completely and told me that he knew that the meeting had been secret since he had a man covering it who reported that he couldn't get in. He then warned me that he could not guarantee police protection to Mrs. Stockton if she said anything against Gordon Browning, the Crump candidate for governor. Permission to use the parks was granted only after the Commissioner of Public Safety arrived and gave Lee instruction to issue our permits. Even then Lee made a final "telling" observation; after I had referred to Mrs. Stockton as "Comrade Stockton," he turned to the Public Safety Commissioner and remarked, "See there. They call each other 'Comrade.' Wasn't I telling you that them and the Communists are the same thing?"

In January of 1937 Memphis police arrested Herbert Harris, Socialist Party organizer, at a meeting of the Workers' Alliance where he was to show a labor film. I found out about the arrest a short time later and went over to the jail to learn the nature of the charges. The desk sergeant said they hadn't decided on the charge. A plainclothes man standing behind the sergeant then wanted to know who I was. When I told him that I was a Socialist organizer associated with Harris, he said, "We'd better hold you, too," and took me back to a cell. The next morning in court when charges were read I discovered that I had violated a fire ordinance and that Harris had operated a motion-picture machine without a license and had also violated a fire ordinance. We were released in court, but when Harris, accompanied by a Memphis attorney, went to the office of Chief Lee to reclaim his sound truck and motion-picture apparatus, Lee gave him twenty minutes to get out of town. He said that if Harris was not out of town in that time he would arrest him for vagrancy, and if that charge didn't stick he'd arrest him for being a suspicious character, and if that didn't stick he'd arrest him for having an improper license on his truck and keep on arresting him until he would be glad to get out of town.

After the police had disposed of Norman Smith, they turned to the Communists and arrested W. H. Spradling, organizer for the Communist Party, in his room at the Y. M. C. A., where he had been living for three months. Charged with vagrancy and with being a suspicious character, Spradling was fined $25 on the first charge and $50 on the second. As he was unable to pay the fine at the time, he was sent to the workhouse, where he remained for more than a week, until his organization was able to raise the money. A short time later Police Chief Lee called to his office H. L. Mitchell and Newell Fowler, secretary and attorney, respectively, of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union. In an affidavit to the La Follette committee, Mitchell states that the police chief threatened to raid the offices of the union again, as he had done three years before, unless the union cleaned out "the communistic literature which it has out there" and stopped "letting cars with foreign licenses park out in front of the office."

With liberals in Memphis so few and so thoroughly intimidated, there has been no loud protest even against such flagrant violations of civil liberties as those committed by the Crump machine during the past few months. However, the National Committee for People's Rights late in November sent in Laurent Frantz, a native Tennessean and a graduate of the Law School of the University of Tennessee, to organize the liberals of the city to demand the observance of constitutional guaranties and the arrest of those guilty of the series of anti-union beatings. As a final demonstration, if any were needed, of the insincerity of the claims of Boss Crump's henchmen that they were doing all they could, Mr. Frantz had hardly started on his work before police arrested him in his hotel room and took him to headquarters, where he was finger-printed, photographed, and questioned by Chief Lee for more than an hour concerning his intentions.

PUBLIC

Book Prices and the Law

BY CHRISTOPHER LAZARE

IN THE last six months two events of major interest have occurred in the publishing world. Both directly affect the buyer of books. One, an act of legislation, may result in the raising of book prices; the other, a commercial venture, may keep them where they are, or possibly lower them in general. The Miller-Tydings bill, signed by the President in August, authorizes what is equivalent to a national price-fixing plan for the resale of manufactured goods 97.5 per cent of which are drugs, cosmetics, or liquors, with books coming in through the back door—but in, none the less. Modern Age Books, Incorporated, is an experiment in the publication of new and reprinted paper-bound books to be sold at 25 and 35 cents, and in cloth for 85 cents.

The Miller-Tydings bill, which seems to be what producers have been waiting for since the strangulation of the NRA codes, legalizes interstate price-fixing agreements between distributor and manufacturer and brings national legality to fair-trade contracts already in effect in forty-two states. These fair-trade contracts, originally created for the purpose of maintaining merchandise-resale prices and thereby eliminating price-cutting, more specifically enabled the producer of trademarked goods to dictate the price at which his commodity was to be resold, within the state, by the retailer. The first statute of this kind was passed in California in 1931, under the tutelage of the druggists' association, after the defeat in the Senate of the Capper-Kelly bills, which sought to circumvent the Sherman Act. The California fair-trade act was, in fact, a successful evasion of two Supreme Court rulings: in 1911, in the case of the Dr. Miles Medical Company *vs.* Park, and in 1921, in the case of the Federal Trade Commission *vs.* the Beechnut Packing Company, the Supreme Court had found price-fixing unconstitutional, a bar to fair competition, and consequently a violation of the Sherman Act.

California slid from under these decisions by simply limiting price-maintenance contracts between manufacturer and retailer to the state boundaries. Within a short time similar laws were passed in Washington, Oregon, New York, New Jersey, and Wisconsin. In 1935 Doubleday, Doran and Company, in an attempt to test the New York law (the Feld-Crawford Act), haled R. H. Macy into court for price-cutting. The case was thrown out by Justice Frederick P. Close of the New York Supreme Court, who declared the act unconstitutional on the ground that the contracts bound non-signers as well as signers and gave "private persons unlimited power over the property of others." This was a severe blow to fixed-price advocates and of course in this state invalidated their best efforts. In December, 1936, however, the Supreme Court reversed Judge Close's opinion, as well as all past precedents, in decisions on four cases, two of which had reference to the California law, two to the Illinois law. The non-signer clause was found valid on the theory that non-signers interfered with the functions of contracts; the producer, the court also decided, had the right to protect his trademark against the "damage" of a price cut.

Twenty-seven states after this interpretation passed fair-trade laws, to be followed in Congress by the Miller-Tydings bill, presented as an amendment to the Sherman Act and providing for the exchange of uniform price contracts between the states.

The publisher, naturally, welcomes the fair-trade price and the protection it affords the small bookshop by eliminating the competition of the price-cutter. His reasons are practical rather than paternalistic. Unlike magazines, which enjoy the advantages of a reduced postal rate and have developed a large subscription and mail circulation, books are distributed almost exclusively through retail outlets. These outlets, the bookshops, derive 20 per cent of their profit from best sellers, or from what department stores have, in the past, largely converted into "loss leaders." The device of the "loss leader" is a simple one. An article, in this case a book, is sold at a minimum profit or even at a loss as a bait to patrons, to create a "bargain myth," and to increase the sale of non-trademarked goods at prices which more than compensate for the loss on the bait. Macy's, for example, sold "Gone with the Wind" ($3) at cut prices which went as low as 89 cents, and handled 18 per cent of the total 1,300,000 copies sold. Naturally, the bookseller with no other merchandise to offset his losses was unable to compete with the department store on those terms. Twelve stores throughout the country were in this way seriously undermining the profits of the local bookshops. Some of the booksellers (there are only about 800 with whom publishers have direct dealings) were driven out of business, unable to survive on the sale of poetry and gardening tracts, and the publishers began to give serious thought to a practice that threatened their outlets and, what was more alarming, themselves.

Their aroused interest in fair prices coincided with the campaign for price maintenance being waged by the National Association of Retail Druggists, and finally a committee headed by Donald Brace, vice-president of Harcourt, Brace and Company, developed a plan whereby minimum prices would be set by contract with the dealers, on "all titles which the publisher elects to protect" (leaving a loophole for the Literary Guild and other price-cutting organizations with which the dealer is still unable to compete). In a short time the publisher and the retailer were welded more closely than ever before, books were selling throughout the nation at the prices listed on their jackets, and Macy's was forced to return 36,000 copies of "Gone with the Wind" to the Macmillan Company.

But what of the consumer? What, now, is to prevent the price of books from rising? An important competitive factor has been disposed of, and a new kind of price coordination established between book manufacturer and retailer. In the only other price-fixing arrangement known in the book industry, namely, the NRA Booksellers' Code, a provision was inserted protecting the consumer from price-manipulation by the publisher. The present fair-trade act contains no such clause. The arguments against the possibility of price-raising are, on the whole, unsatisfactory. For example, Frederic Melcher, editor of the *Publishers' Weekly,* wrote in the *Atlantic Monthly:*

> No merchandise offered to the public encounters such extended competition as books. If a prospective buyer wants a book, he can get it from a local, county, or state library; he can borrow it from a friend; or he can buy a used copy; or he can rent a copy from a lending library. Is it probable that a publisher is going to jeopardize his chances to sell his product by putting an uneconomic price on it?

The conditions which Mr. Melcher describes are those which have always existed and which have never in the past "jeopardized" the publisher's "chances to sell his product."

A *new* condition is the uniform price which permits the bookseller to "push" a $3 book in preference to a $2 book without fear of being undersold elsewhere. The margin of retail profit is an important factor in price-raising. The retailer obtains his books from the publisher at discounts varying from 30 to 45 per cent of the list price, in proportion to the size of his order. It is no more than logical for him to "promote" those books which offer him a higher margin; 40 per cent of $3 is better than 40 per cent of $2.

An illuminating case in point is the experience of Pepsodent Toothpaste with the California fair-trade act in 1935. Pepsodent achieved national popularity through price reduction. After the passage of the fair-trade act it decided to void its contracts and return to its former low-price policy. Almost immediately it was neglected by the retailers in favor of other brands with a higher list price and consequently a higher profit margin. Within a few months Pepsodent not only was compelled to raise its prices but found it strategic to contribute $25,000 to advance the cause of additional fair-trade legislation.

Books, of course, are not as interchangeable as brands of toothpaste—nor are they daily necessities. They are bought and read for a variety of reasons, not always the most discriminating and discerning ones. In their extensive sale as gifts, for example, the element of personal selection is rarely as strong as that of shop recommendation. Many a customer bound for a hospital bedside or a birthday party has been gently guided by a clerk in the choice of an appropriate novel or biography. The clerk is being more than just "obliging." Very probably he is pushing a book which offers his employer the best profit in marginal discount.

An example closer home than the drug market is to be found in the failure of the Bonibooks. These books were published to sell for $1, or in the dealer's terms at about half the discount of the usual trade editions. From the beginning they were badly displayed or completely shelved, neglected in a way that was almost equivalent to a retailer boycott. When they subsequently failed, it was more because of a lack of dealer cooperation than of consumer demand.

If one or two publishers hoist their prices, it is not difficult to imagine the retailer having a similar preference for a $3 book over a $2 book. Nor to imagine the publisher of $2 books objecting, in turn, to the neglect of his output while the somewhat higher-priced editions of his competitors benefit by the retailers' sales pressure. Before he allows his cheaper books to go under the counter he will raise his prices, and the consumer will have to meet them, just as now people who buy books have to pay list prices in place of the former reduced prices offered by the department stores.

There is, however, another competitive condition which, while not as drastic as the "loss leader," may keep prices down—the publication of new books retailing for no more than most magazines, and competing almost as magazines with the "trade editions." Modern Age turns out minimum first editions of 50,000. Its profit lies in mass production, a manufacturing cliché which publishers have never been able to carry into practice, chiefly because of a lack of distributing facilities and retail outlets. The Modern Age books, small and paper-bound, are on sale on newsstands and in drug and chain stores in addition to bookstores. They have reached 7,000 outlets so far.

The average publisher loses money on 80 per cent of his books and makes his profit on 20 per cent—best sellers which fortuitously run into mass production. His editions are for the most part small; his production costs high. If Modern Age succeeds, and it is, of course, still in the experimental stage, the sale of any of its list books will be equivalent to the sale of the "moderate" best seller. On this basis the 25-cent book is commercially possible and beyond that should put a check on price-raising. The consumer responds to low prices. Perhaps that is why price-cutting became a menace to publishers who had nothing to gain from the "loss leader" practices of department stores. Books were sold to these stores at the usual discount. The profit was made by the stores themselves on articles in other departments. The habit of buying low-priced reading matter was being cultivated in the public. Modern Age is cultivating this same habit —and with prices being fixed and possibly going up, who can say that it is a bad one? There is one other habit which low-priced books encourage and which publishers themselves must welcome. And that is the habit of reading.

Behind Vansittart's Promotion

BY ROBERT DELL

Geneva, January 10

THE appointment of Sir Robert Vansittart as England's "Chief Diplomatic Adviser responsible directly to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs" appears on general grounds, leaving aside all personal considerations, to be a reactionary measure which justifies grave apprehension. The official announcement issued from the Foreign Office on December 31 says:

> The functions of the new officer will be analogous to those fulfilled by the occupants of the similar posts attached to other departments (the Chief Industrial and the Chief Economic Advisers to the Government), and will include advising the Secretary of State upon all major questions of policy concerning foreign affairs remitted to him for that purpose, and representing the Foreign Office on any occasions, whether at home or abroad, on which the Secretary of State may wish to avail himself of his services.

Incidentally, it would appear from the official announcement that the decision to create the new post and to appoint Sir Robert Vansittart to it was made by the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary without consulting the Cabinet. This procedure may be technically constitutional, but it is surely unusual. A change of such importance should not have been made without the consent of the Cabinet as a whole or without consulting Parliament.

The functions of the Chief Diplomatic Adviser as they are defined in the official announcement make it seem likely that in practice he will be a permanent Foreign Secretary, responsible only to his nominal superior, who will be obliged to cover him and to take the responsibility for his policy. This means that British foreign policy will be more than ever directed by a permanent official and withdrawn from the control of Parliament and public opinion. The only "Chief Diplomatic Adviser" to the government ought to be the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and if the government has so little confidence in him that a permanent official has to be appointed to look after him, it should find a more competent person to take his place.

The reason—or excuse—officially given for the creation of the new post is that conditions have for some time past "placed an increasing strain upon the personnel of the Foreign Office." That might be a reason for increasing the staff of the Foreign Office. It is no reason at all for creating a post hitherto unknown to the British constitution, which will confer on its holder power without responsibility. It is true that Vansittart, as Permanent Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, has had the predominating voice in shaping British policy. For example, he was primarily responsible for British policy in the Ethiopian affair and was the real author of the so-called "Hoare-Laval plan." He loyally recognized his responsibility by his offer to resign when that plan had to be abandoned. But hitherto the functions of the Permanent Under Secretary have been mainly administrative, and his influence on policy has depended on the will of the Foreign Secretary in office at the time. Men like Palmerston or Gladstone or Salisbury or Curzon did not allow any permanent official to shape their policy. This is the first time that a permanent official has been relieved of administrative duties for the express purpose of giving him a voice in the decisions on major foreign questions.

No doubt one of the reasons for the creation of the new post is a desire to secure continuity of foreign policy. There was no such continuity in the nineteenth century, when general elections were sometimes, as in 1880, fought almost exclusively on questions of external policy, and a change in government meant a changed course of action. When, however, Edward Grey became Foreign Secretary in 1905, he set the fashion of continuing the foreign policy of his predecessor, because in fact he was controlled by the permanent officials. The two Labor Cabinets to a great extent followed his example. Now, when a Labor government comes into office, it will find a permanent Chief Diplomatic Adviser whose advice on all major questions of external policy it is expected to ask and to take. It is to be hoped that it would have the courage to abolish the post, although no doubt there would be an outcry in interested quarters. Perhaps it is not a bad thing that this question should be raised now, for, as the deplorable experience of the Popular Front government in France has shown, a government of the left cannot hope to pursue a left foreign policy with a staff of permanent officials and a diplomatic service violently opposed to such a course.

The appointment of Vansittart to the new post shows that the temporary eclipse of his influence mentioned in my article published in *The Nation* of December 18 is at an end. Neville Chamberlain sent Lord Halifax to Berlin against the will of Vansittart, and the complete failure of the visit justified Vansittart's opposition to it. Evidently Vansittart has now once more the upper hand and his position will be stronger than ever. He will replace Halifax as Eden's mentor. Hitherto, whenever Eden has been away, Halifax has replaced him at the Foreign Office. The fact that Neville Chamberlain himself is going to take charge of the Foreign Office during Eden's forthcoming absence is therefore significant. It is clear that the influence of the pro-German group has been weakened, but it must not be assumed that there will be any change in British policy. The policy of an understanding with the fascist powers is likely to be pursued more consistently and perhaps more openly than hitherto. There has been a conflict between Eden and Vansittart on the question of the League of Nations, and events are likely to show that Vansittart has come out on top. He agrees with the German and Italian policy of suppressing Article 16 of the Covenant and depriving the League of any coercive powers against an aggressor, and it is probable that he will now pursue that policy openly, but time will show.

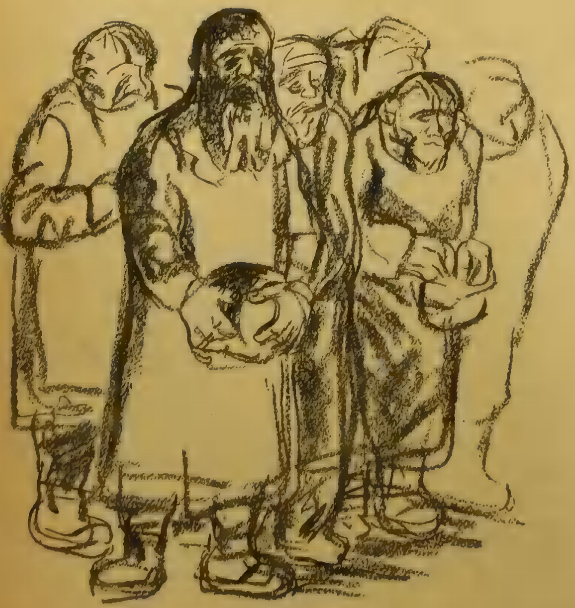
The conduct of the pro-German group, in which the Astors, Lord Londonderry, Lord Lothian, and Lord Halifax are particularly active, had become a scandal. It was at a conclave at Lord Astor's country house that it was decided to ask Neville Chamberlain to send Halifax to Berlin, after it had been ascertained that Hitler would like to see him, and it was to this group that Hitler communicated his demands mentioned in my previous article. Naturally Vansittart resented irregular negotiations of this sort behind the back of the Foreign Office, and he appears to have induced Neville Chamberlain to put a stop to the activities of the Astors and their friends. By the way, on December 21 a member of Parliament, Mr. John Parker, said in a speech in the House of Commons, "It is a great pity that we should have what used to be considered the leading organ in this country, the *Times,* becoming an organ on behalf of a foreign government." In the *Times* report of the debate next day Mr. Parker was made to say "on behalf of the British government." This is a pretty bad example of journalistic dishonesty, which suggests a guilty conscience.

The Elders of Komionka

BY GEROLD FRANK

I WONDER if they are still waiting for a reply from me, the Jewish elders of Komionka? We came there one cold spring morning by horse and cart from Skidel, which is a one-minute stop on the Warsaw-Wilno line, and we came to visit grandparents we had never seen.

They told us we were the third American couple to set foot in the village in the last fifty years; we could well believe it. Two lonely, rutted roads in the heart of Poland cross, and where they cross, that is Komionka. The roofs are thatched in Komionka; the ovens are of whitewashed brick. When night comes, oil lamps cast a yellow glow on bare wooden walls and earth-packed floors. In Komionka the Polish peasant buys cigarettes—sometimes as many as three at a time—and curses the Jew who refuses to sell on a holy day. And though you are as likely to see pigs as children at the peasant's door, his son finds joy in defiling the Jewish graveyard (preferring a Jewish grave to a Polish privy), and a Jew has yet to see the inside of the village hall.

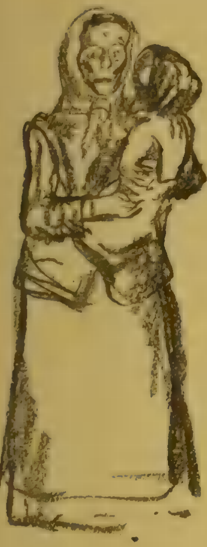


There are no doctors in Komionka. The child born gasping dies; the child born crippled limps through life. No man can tell a child's age in Komionka, for girls who appear to be twelve may be eighteen, and boys who look six may be ten. One talks of bread, not vitamins. Now and then the government tax appraiser comes, and since all Jews are rich, the cobbler and the cigarette dealer know his stamp. They feel the very metal in their flesh.

In Komionka the children stared at us with wide, dark eyes. They followed us wherever we appeared. If we halted, turning to look at them, they froze in their tracks, panic-stricken, ready to flee. My grandmother would shake her finger at them, crying, "Go back! Go back! You foolish children you, what do you want?" But when we turned and went on, they came to life again, scrambling after us hastily, whispering and giggling, the crippled bobbing grotesquely in their eagerness, the tiniest ones falling as they ran—a fantastic beggars' crew, gaunt and wizened little people in rags and cast-off clothes patched and patched again.

The older people grew tongue-tied in our presence. Or else their reticence fell away, their eyes filled, and they wept. What of her son, her prosperous son in New York, asked this old, barefooted woman; why had he forgotten? This aged man with his white, patriarchal beard, his eyes blue as a prophet's, his worn prayerbook never out of his hand—he, too, had a daughter in New York. What evil lay in the air of Golden America that made the heart ice and turned the eyes elsewhere?

The night before we left, the Jewish elders called upon us. We were packing, leaving behind us such pathetic possessions as we never expected to leave: a hot-water bag (how much better than a heated rock!), a box of aspirin tablets (with caution as to their use), odds and ends in every traveler's bag—soap and toothpaste and toothbrushes, iodine and laxative tablets, towels and safety pins, every available scrap of cloth and thread. We left behind, too, socks for the men, a little colored box for the children (they played with stones before we came), a sweater, bed sheets—"We shall cut them up and make shirts of them," exulted an aunt—clothing and money, zloties to buy a cow or pay for a funeral.



While we were packing, my grandmother stole into the room. She plucked timidly at my sleeve. She said apologetically: "A delegation of the men of the village are here. I told them you were busy but they beg you to receive them, if only for a word."

For a moment I did not know what to do. "What can I say to them?" I asked. "If they want money we have none to give. What can I tell them?"

My grandmother shook her head. "But only talk to them," she pleaded. "It will mean so much to them."

We walked into the low-hanging kitchen. The lamp had been placed on the heavy wooden table, and the men—there were perhaps a dozen, standing stiffly, bareheaded, each with his cap in his hand—loomed before us. They were tall, and in that room they seemed to tower. Somewhere I had seen this all before—medieval, strange, memorable.

We shook hands ceremoniously. Then one of the men stepped forward. It is impossible to convey the dignity and color of his words. What he said, in essence, was this:

"We do not seek to impose upon you. We know well that this village of ours has been honored to have visitors from America, and that to your people has come such honor, such grace, as comes to a man but once in a lifetime—to see a son's son from America a guest in his home and under his roof. Because of this visit we shall shine in your brightness until we go to our graves.

"But we learn that you leave us tomorrow, and we ask: Do not the people in America know our lot? Do they not know how we suffer? How hard life comes, and in what groaning and lamentation we draw our breath?"

"We know, we know," I said, helplessly. "But—" I stopped.

The spokesman twisted his cap in his hands and looked at the floor, and began again.

"The whole world reads of the misery of our people in Germany, but they forget us here in Poland." His voice was low and labored. "The hate against us is not organized so publicly, but it is here none the less. They choke us and crush us, little by little. We live a slow death. We hold our crusts of bread as if they were gold."

Another raised his voice.

"And our children," he said, hesitantly at first, then more firmly. "Who under heaven's eye will have pity on them? To whom can they turn? Where can they go? Palestine is closed save to the rich. And here they cannot live. The youth has no means to marry; the maiden has no dowry to offer. Without money, without hope, they live in this land like thieves in a prison. Aye, it is they who inherit a lot even sadder than ours."

The lamp wick sputtered, and shadows trembled.

"I cannot do much," I said at length. "I am only a tourist, an unimportant man. But I have eyes, and I will tell what I have seen here. Perhaps someone I tell these things to can help."

A murmur of voices and exclamations. "Ah, if he could do anything . . . if America could know . . ."

The spokesman voiced their thoughts.

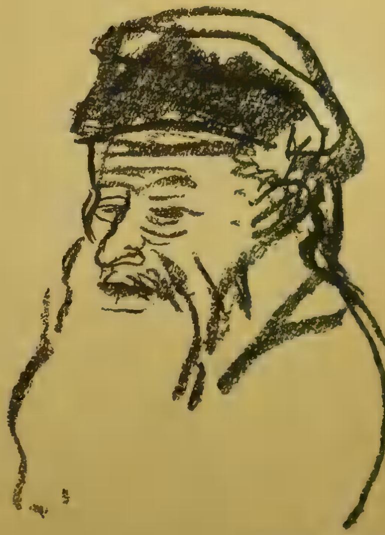
"Yes, yes," he said. "Only tell our people in America. Tell them of our lot. Tell them whatever can be done we shall be grateful. Let all America know. If the world only knew—"

"I promise," I said. "I will do what I can."

"Then we may go," said the spokesman humbly. "We are content. And when you leave us, our deepest prayers and blessings go with you."

Again, ceremoniously, we shook hands all around. They filed carefully out of the room.

The next morning we left.



Drawings by John Groth

Shall I write to them? Shall I say, I have told their story, and it is known? We all know. Three years have passed since my visit. Do the Jewish elders wait, in the cold, barren, hungry village of Komionka, in all the cold and barren and hungry villages of Poland, do they wait still?

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

COULD anything be more idiotic than the present armament race? If it were not carried on by alleged statesmen, it would be properly characterized as worthy only of morons. It is all of a piece with the horrible incompetence and stupidity which plunged the world, especially the United States, into the Great War. It may be, of course, that there is something radically wrong with me, but when I study the dispatches and letters of Colonel House and Walter Page and the twistings and contradictions and failures of Woodrow Wilson, I am staggered and then horrified that such vital decisions, resulting in the death of 50,000 Americans and the wounding of 250,000 others, should have been in the hands of men so utterly incompetent.

The same feeling of nausea comes over me when I read the details of this naval-armament race now going on. No sooner does England announce that it is building battleships than we follow suit and lay down two. Then Japan makes trouble in the Far East, and we propose to build three more battleships despite the fact that Admiral Sims, commander-in-chief of our fleet during the World War and one of the ablest officers this country has ever produced, publicly stated that in the next war our battleships would all be safely moored way up the Mississippi River. Then along comes Italy and announces that it is going to lay down two battleships which will be more effective ships than any now possessed by any other country, whereupon within three days it is announced from Paris that leading spirits in the government have decided that France will build three more battleships to offset Mussolini's new craft, and that it will continue to lay down ship for ship with the Italians. Just what the Germans are doing nobody knows. They are pretending to be bound by their naval treaty with England by which they have pledged themselves not to have a fleet larger than 35 per cent of the British fleet, but if there are those so innocent as to trust anything that Hitler says, I am not one of them. I wouldn't believe him after what he wrote in "Mein Kampf," and after his subsequent career, if he should stand at the throne of God and raise his right hand and swear to a statement—any statement.

Then there is the Soviet Union. For some unknown reason—perhaps because they have not the necessary facilities in view of our own orders—the American shipyards announce that they will not build any battleships for Russia. Therefore, according to the New York *Times,* the Russians are contracting for huge machinery in England which will enable them to make the necessary armor plate. When this machinery is set up, Russia too will enter the battleship race. When it does I will bet my best suit of clothes that Germany will tell England how sorry it is that it cannot keep its word but it will have to build more ships to meet the Communist menace. The more ships Germany builds, the more Russia will build. As for Japan, there again we do not know what is happening, but according to a dispatch in the *Giornale d'Italia,* three super-battleships, in addition to sixty-three other men-of-war, are being built now or are projected in Tokyo. Meanwhile England is straining every nerve to complete a 1938 naval program which Hector C. Bywater, the well-informed naval correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph,* believes will include three, four, or five new battleships. Britain plans to send a squadron of at least five battle-cruisers to Hongkong to overawe Japan—a procedure which seems to me just about as futile as to put five British submarines in the Baltic as a threat to Russia.

Speaking of submarines, the race there is also in full swing. It is announced that Italy has more submarines than any other country, but this is disputed by friends of Russia, who say that the Soviet Union has secretly built a far larger number than anybody knows and has enough of them in Vladivostok to make the Japanese extremely uneasy. Then, of course, there is the aircraft-carrier race, and the aircraft race too. The head of our headquarters air fleet, General Frank M. Andrews, sagely wags his head and says that we are falling alarmingly behind European countries in the number of our air pilots—as if that had any bearing whatever on our own defense problem. From London comes the startling announcement that England will soon have no fewer than 12,250 airplanes, more than France, Germany, and Italy together. At least it thinks it will have, but if Artemus Ward were by my side I am certain he would bet all his wife's relations on the Germans producing, when the 12,250 are ready, 1,000 more airplanes than the British General Staff thought Berlin had. Really this is the grandest child's game invented since ticktacktoo, and it has the advantage of being played with human lives and the resources of all the nations.

So once more we have the vicious circle before us. More ships, more armaments, greater expenditures, and then again more ships, more armaments, greater expenditures, with financial bankruptcy and the lowering of the standard of life of all workers right ahead of us. Stanley Baldwin said that another armament race would bankrupt a number of nations and make war absolutely certain. Then he put England into the armament race, and out of gratitude they made him a lord and retired him with all possible honors. Do I hear anybody assert that this is a sane world? If there is any such person he is a liar.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Prodigal Lewis

THE PRODIGAL PARENTS. By Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

I WILL put it very briefly. During the 1920's Sinclair Lewis was surely our most significant writer of fiction; today he is the author of "The Prodigal Parents." Whether he wrote this unfortunate book because he was naive or because he was canny, I am not prepared to decide; but it should as much restore him to favor with a class of people he once disconcerted as "Reflections on the French Revolution" restored Burke. This class of people are commonly called Babbitts. Fifteen years ago Mr. Lewis also turned his attention to them, and the general impression then was that he wanted to slaughter them skin and hide. Today it would seem as if he wanted to kiss and make up.

"The Prodigal Parents" is concerned with the revolt of a middle-aged couple named Hazel and Fredk Wm Cornplow against their uppish daughter Sara and their parasitical son Howard. Fredk Wm is a prosperous dealer in motor cars, a Republican, a creature of habit, a good provider, an easily touched and easily ruffled human being. To Sara he certainly is all these things, and that is his crime: Sara spends her life participating in all the most advanced movements, lives off her father while despising his way of existence, and clashes with him when she is not busy ignoring him. To Howard he is a source of supply, whether it be for education, pocket money, an automobile, or a job. After a while these things begin to stick in Fredk Wm's crop, in particular when his unbearably intelligent daughter and his unbearably stupid son become radicals. Mr. Lewis is very deft in showing us how badly Sara and Howard understand radicalism, and how well Fredk Wm understands Sara and Howard. On the whole he comes off far better than they do, especially since they remain Communists for a most indecently short time.

But after that, there is Howard's loafing on the job and Sara's interior decorating and Sara's efforts to thwart and enslave her father; and Fredk Wm gets pretty much fed up. All these years, though he may not have had a soul, he has fancied going off to see the world, and here are his children keeping him in harness so that they can be eternally provided for. But Fredk Wm fools them. One night he and Hazel steal off, and next are heard from amid the historic ruins of Europe.

Well, it is easy enough to sympathize with Fredk Wm Cornplow, one of whose children is a prig and the other a bum, and to clap hands admiringly at his successful revolt. I, personally, would approve of throwing Howard into an incinerator and Sara down a well. But it is worth pointing out that in creating Sara and Howard Mr. Lewis has had recourse to what is technically known as a set-up. Dreadful as the pair of them are, they are even more unconvincing. Their reality has been thrown to the dogs so that their father may have his innings.

But it is to be feared that these dummies of Mr. Lewis's are stalking-horses as well. It is to be feared that this book implies more than the shocking advantage which children can take of their parents; that it is, in fact, a paean to all middle-class, middle-aged virtues—to common sense, to plain bread and butter, to Yankee Doodle, to vox populi, to "You can fool some of the people" etc., etc. Mr. Lewis shows us the dried-up, contemptible snob who snoots good Fredk Wm; he shows us the new-fangled psychiatrist with his palaver and his high fees; he shows us, finally, the Communist organizer who steals money from the pockets of boys knocked unconscious in a motor accident. By contrast the sane, industrious, kind-hearted Fredk Wm becomes immensely touching—the only thing left in America whom we can point to as an example, now that everything else in America, including its novelists, has turned sour. Very mean of Sara to sneer at Fredk Wm. Although fifteen years ago, when his name was George F. Babbitt, Mr. Lewis sneered at him too. But each man kills the thing he loves.

"The Prodigal Parents" is, it seems to me, a fatally illiberal book. Not because satire at the expense of young people a great deal better than Sara and Howard, and young people's radicalism a great deal less shallow than theirs, isn't legitimate and mightn't prove salutary, but because it is always important to know the underlying attitude from which the satire springs; to realize whether a satirist aims at correcting abuses or at stifling progress. Mr. Lewis's novel is not just reactionary in its political implications; it is equally anti-intellectual in its whole view of life. If there is something good and useful and resistant in Fredk Wm Cornplow, let us at least measure it against what is good and useful and resistant in other ways of life. To measure him against two such imbeciles as his son and daughter, two such caricatures as the organizer and the psychiatrist, is to load the dice. But much more is involved than fairness of portrayal. The question of values is involved, of Mr. Lewis's standards of civilization—of what to his mind constitutes enlightenment, culture, a progressive society. On pages 99-100 he extols, in his own person, the achievements of the middle classes, and proudly exhibits how many great men have come out of their ranks. But, to go no farther, has he forgotten how many of these men became the sharpest critics of bourgeois life, how many suffered from its smugness, narrowness, and materialism, how many in desperation broke away? It is all very well to show that Fredk Wm Cornplow is no monster, but it is hardly necessary to imply that he is a hero. At any rate, Mr. Lewis has convinced us of nothing here except his own philistinism. And philistinism, in a writer, is the sin against the Holy Ghost.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Semantics for the Million

THE TYRANNY OF WORDS. By Stuart Chase. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

IN "The Tyranny of Words" Stuart Chase turns aside for the nonce from questions of economics and sociology and occupies himself with some of the problems of communication. How do meanings get attached to words? How do words get attached to meanings? What is the meaning of "meaning"? By what mechanism and with what degree of accuracy is thought conveyed from mind to mind? Does thought mold language or does language mold thought? Does the structure of our language influence our ideas of things? Why is failure of communication so frequent? And can anything be done to improve communication? These and similar questions have been running through Chase's mind for some time, as they ought to run through the mind of any writer who respects his craft and desires to say his say honestly and effectively. Having a gift for turning experience into copy, he has made a book out of his quest for the answers.

The book falls into two parts of approximately equal length—the first an outline of what Chase, a little grandiosely, calls "the semantic discipline," the second an application of the discipline to various cases. Neither part, however, is all that it purports to be.

Except for minor embellishments drawn from the writings of P. W. Bridgman, Lancelot Hogben, Thurman W. Arnold, Jerome Frank, and various others, Chase has gone for his theory directly to Alfred Korzybski's "Science and Sanity" and to Ogden and Richards's "Meaning of Meaning." It is unfortunate that he did not go to them indirectly by way of a few standard works on semantics and the theory of language, for these books are unwholesome reading for anyone unprepared to deal with them critically. From Korzybski Chase has derived, *inter alia,* an extravagant notion of the utility of semantics as an instrument for extirpating pernicious thinking and emotional reactions, a serious misunderstanding of "the *is* of identity," a slogan demanding "a language whose structure corresponds to physical structure," and the practice of littering his exposition with irrelevancies, physical, mathematical, psychological, and what-not, until the effect is that of a literary scavenger party. From Ogden and Richards he has borrowed more useful apparatus, such as their discussion of levels of abstraction and their diagram explaining the relations of symbol (word), reference (meaning), and referent (thing meant). With profit he might have borrowed more. He could have found no better weapon to his hand, for instance, than their fivefold analysis of meaning into the item presented for attention, the speaker's feeling toward the item, his tone toward the hearer, and his intention. Yet he seems to have missed it altogether.

The outline of "the semantic discipline" that he presents is decidedly fragmentary and is simplified and puréed to a fineness that Helen Hokinson's clubwomen could ingest without discomfort. It is finally summarized in fifteen propositions such as: that words are not things; that words mean nothing in themselves; that meaning in words arises from context of situation; that abstract words and terms are especially liable to spurious identification, and so on. "We are in sight of a technique," says Mr. Chase, after listing these fifteen propositions, "which will let us take a political speech, a dictator's ukase, a masterpiece of philosophy, a plan to save the world, a column by Mark Sullivan, analyze it, and tell specifically what is wrong with it, down to counting the blabs." One suspects that some people have been semanticists unawares all their adult lives. But in the presence of such ebullient enthusiasm for the dry axioms of an academic discipline there is really nothing to be said.

The second half of "The Tyranny of Words" is different stuff. In it Chase turns, with something like relief, to the practical examination of verbalism and the mischief that verbalism works in contemporary notions of economics, law, politics, international affairs, and other subjects. Except for the occasional appearance of such a term as "operational test" (taken from Bridgman) or "referent" there is hardly a trace of the semantics discussed in the earlier chapters. The method of attack is quite untechnical and is, in fact, nothing very different from the witty, realistic, commonsense, debunking technique which, from Benjamin Franklin to Mr. Dooley to Thurman Arnold, has been the favorite American method for removing stuffing from shirts, ideas, or institutions. The chapters on philosophy and logic, it must be said, are not so good as the others. In them Chase is on unfamiliar ground. His attack on "philosophic method" is obviously a sham battle; where is his referent? As examples of logic he exhibits syllogisms that every elementary textbook is engaged in destroying. What is the use of "the semantic discipline" if it doesn't deter a man from such follies? But the rest of it is very good Stuart Chase, in fact, Stuart Chase at almost his best, shrewd, witty, humane, open-minded. You have probably seen some of it in *Harpers Magazine,* and you will not want to miss the rest.

It is twenty years since the English periodical *Mind* opened its pages to a symposium on "The Meaning of Meaning," almost fifteen years since C. K. Ogden and I. A. Richards published their book of the same title. Few Americans seem to have been aware that in the intervening years an important study, almost an educational movement in itself, has been developing. Mr. Chase's treatment suffers, as I have indicated, from various shortcomings. But it is something to have sensed the wider aspects of semantics, as Ogden and Richards conceive the subject, and to have made the first attempt to write a popular book about it.

GEORGE GENZMER

Wealth Against Society

AMERICA'S 60 FAMILIES. By Ferdinand Lundberg. Vanguard Press. $3.75.

WITH all its faults—and there are many, although, it should be said at once, none is fatal—Mr. Lundberg's "America's 60 Families" is a very important book. It belongs in that group of "exposure" works that have been so typically American—inadequately grounded philosophically, yet instinctively right morally because they have sprung from a passionate human and humane conviction—and that have had such a profound influence on human action. We have not produced many pure thinkers of the very first flight; we haven't had our Miltons or Lockes or Marxes. But we have had our goodly share of the prophets—our Hinton R. Helpers, Henry Demarest Lloyds, and Gustavus Myerses. And it is in this latter company that Ferdinand Lundberg belongs.

What are the preoccupations of Mr. Lundberg in this big, sprawling, humorless work of his that looks and reads so much like an encyclopedic compilation? I have found three, largely: first, that present-day capitalism has ended in concentrating economic power in the hands of a top group of individuals; second, that our political leaders have been the conscious and wilful pawns of the owners of great wealth; and, third, that wealth has corrupted taste, neglected culture, and bastardized intelligence. I think that the author has oversimplified and hence distorted the validity of his first two points; his third, however, he drives home again and again unerringly.

It is from his first point that the current sensational interest in Mr. Lundberg's book derives. Through an analysis of the 1924 income figures—the only ones ever made public—Mr. Lundberg has come to the conclusion that private wealth is largely collected in the hands of some sixty family groups

COMMENTS on THE TYRANNY OF WORDS have come from leaders in almost every profession—Law and Politics, Business and Economics, History and the Social Sciences, the Arts, Journalism, Creative Writing, Mathematics, Education, Philosophy.

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Educational Counselor, National Broadcasting Company
(1) **THURMAN ARNOLD**
Yale School of Law, author of "The Folklore of Capitalism"
HARRY ELMER BARNES
ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES
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HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON
JOHN B. WATSON

STUART CHASE'S

The Tyranny of Words

Stuart Chase is serving notice on all who *blab-blab*. He is telling the public, sick to death of talking and being talked at over radios, in newspapers, from lecture platforms and campaign stumps, that they'd better ask, "What do you *really* mean by that?" He has discovered a new discipline which promises a revolution in the process of thinking and is attempting to give a muddled world a virtual *consumer's research report on words*. For the misuse of words is the most insidious evil of this age. Here is a book of far-reaching, yet everyday, importance. To one who reads it the world can never look quite as it did before.

Typical Comments

(1) My guess is that THE TYRANNY OF WORDS will be one of the most exciting and influential books of this decade.

(2) Everything he writes is hot off the bat of reality, but no book he has ever done is more exciting than this one. I have already gone through it twice and shall read it again.

(3) I read it through at one gulp. It's exhilarating reading.

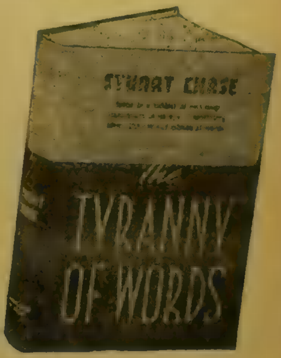
(4) The best thing Stuart Chase has ever done. Having read it through, I promptly proceeded to read it again and I expect to read it at least once more.

(5) If his book does no more than stop a few people from talking, particularly politicians, he will have done a humanitarian work.

(6) It is bright, quick, nimble, lively . . . The thesis so brightly handled is an exceedingly important one.

(7) It pleases me no end . . . I wish from my heart that you could somehow induce every politician, teacher, preacher, and all who listen to them to read it.

(8) On reading the last page I wired Stuart Chase that I never again would be the same person. I still feel changed. I also feel that this is one of the most needed books of this chaotic time.



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in America. Deriving their power from the ownership of the essential means of production and distribution, these families today constitute a closed ruling oligarchy. It is next to impossible for outsiders to be admitted into this charmed circle—for their scions intermarry—and it is impossible for single individuals, no matter how profligate, to destroy their towering accumulations.

Of course, there is much that is sound in this kind of analysis. More important, the symbolism of the "sixty families" is socially useful. Already, as we know, the symbol has become a social weapon (the New Dealers have already made it their own); and other weapons are being forged—advertising censorship, threatened libel suits—to weaken its strength. But the whole argument cannot be defended. Fortunes do disappear in modern times, especially when they are not linked with a special kind of monopolist privilege or when they are not to be found in the very first circle of finance capital. Mr. Lundberg, because his analysis is not very sensitive, has not sought to differentiate among various categories of modern private fortunes. Why do not our railroading and mercantile fortunes last as long as our industrial and banking fortunes? Why do our banking fortunes—even if, dollar for dollar at any given moment, they do not mount as high as any of the others—outlast them all? Where really is economic power to be found? The Goulds (railroading) and the Friedsams (merchandising), despite the fact that they are still very wealthy, have virtually disappeared from the reigning oligarchy; the Guggenheims (mining) are on their way out. The Morgans, the Rockefellers, the Mellons will remain; for in their possession rests power more than accumulated wealth. They have institutionalized power in finance capital just as the merchant capitalist class of the eighteenth century sought to institutionalize power in land and urban property.

In other words, Mr. Lundberg makes the mistake of viewing our plutocracy statically—as though they represented a kind of frozen privilege. The assumption would be: if only we would try to break their incrustated form off the body economic and politic (we could, for example, in terms of such an analysis, tax them out of existence), then once more the rest of us could live and breathe. We know and Mr. Lundberg knows that this is not so. Our "sixty families" cannot be cut away, for they do not constitute a lifeless mass. The fact is, by a kind of chemical action, they have succeeded in getting into and poisoning the whole circulating system of our economy and polity. We are confronted not by a physical malformation but by an active blood disease for which there is no specific.

The second of Mr. Lundberg's theses, that our recent political history is simply the obverse side of the nasty story of the processes of private accumulation, goes too far, as well. One would be on safe ground if one argued—leaving out the lesser fry and the obviously corrupt—that Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and Franklin D. Roosevelt were the captives of their own class educations and backgrounds; that since they were members of the middle class and inheritors of the middle-class tradition, their loyalties could not be other than they have been. But Mr. Lundberg is not content with saying simply this. He feels it imperative to show that virtually every political decision of consequence with which these political leaders were associated was dictated by a conscious awareness of the presence of economic masters behind the scenes. One does not have to go to great lengths to disprove such a claim. What if certain malignant financial powers did benefit from the construction of an isthmian canal at Panama? The fact is, with or without the special stake of the Panama Canal Company of America, such a canal was bound to be built. Again, Cleveland H. Dodge (copper) did have great personal influence with Woodrow Wilson. But, I venture to say, even greater mentors were Thomas Jefferson, Edmund Burke, and John Bright. To present the argument in its crudely determinist form as Mr. Lundberg does, is to weaken the effectiveness of a sound materialist interpretation of politics.

It is the third strain in Mr. Lundberg's work that makes his book so truly important. Piling up an extraordinary mass of factual detail—he has examined every aspect of the personal living of people of great wealth—Mr. Lundberg has proved that the effects of private accumulation have been anti-social. It is around this point that the greatest popular indignation is likely to collect. If our wealthy are not really using their fortunes as public trusts as their apologists contend they are, if instead of furthering the dissemination of intelligence they really prostitute it, if instead of cultivating the arts they really sterilize them, if instead of acting as the leaders of taste they really vulgarize it, then our ruling class is reigning without conviction or loyal supporters. After all, the outstanding hallmark of a class in power, when it was still performing a vital historical mission—witness the Periclean, Renaissance, Victorian, Third Republic ages—was such a leadership or, at worst, patronage.

Mr. Lundberg proves devastatingly—in long recitals of how our wealthy have acquired educational institutions, philanthropies, venal journalists, yachts, golden bathroom fixtures—that the processes of private accumulation have no social meaning. It is in these chapters of his book that the author does his extraordinarily effective, indeed profoundly disturbing work. If private wealth no longer has a creative function to perform in either the economic or the cultural sphere and if the voices of its sycophants have no echoes, then historically the middle class is finished. At this point we can say that the twilight of an epoch has set in. How long or short it will be will depend upon the rapidity with which a large enough group of Americans can assimilate the lesson at the heart of Mr. Lundberg's book. LOUIS M. HACKER

Hell

GOYA'S "THE DISASTERS OF THE WAR." Eighty-five Plates. With an Introduction by Elie Faure. Oxford University Press. $1.50.

COUCHED in sharp aristocratic prints, a macabre epic becomes generally accessible in this volume of facsimile reproductions. The book itself is perhaps the least triumphant as well as the least expensive of the remarkable Phaidon series. Certain of the reproductions represent inferior pulls, apparently taken after the aquatint had seriously impaired the singing quality of the original etchings. Others of them lose the almost matchlessly kinetic lines of their originals, and with it the fineness of the wonderful and terrible expressions. But a masterpiece is a thing no interpretation quite can compromise, not even interpretations far grosser than the Phaidon's all-in-all passable one of "The Disasters of the War." And the eighty-five plates handed to his friend Cean Bermudez by the old exile in Bordeaux in 1824 constitute such a thing. The sovereign beauty of six or seven of them and the terrific nature of the experience fully articulated, with the magic of passion, by the lot render the set not only one of the most imposing but one of the most masterly products of the etcher's art.

A record of Spanish resistance to Napoleon, because of its impartial attribution of the war-time horrors savagely depicted by it—butchery, rapine, miseries of all sorts—to both defendants and aggressors, and because of the very general character of the uniforms upon the figures of its soldiers, the grisly series remains one of the most terrible of all revelations of the horrors of organized warfare; and something besides a revelation of these horrors. The experience it projects by means of architectural organizations of harsh light and shade, prodigious varieties of dynamic motion, and cosmic effects of space, above all by the strange, almost sensual delicacy of its representations of suffering, dying, and dead human flesh, may have been crystallized in Goya by events of the invasion of 1808, the famine in Madrid in 1811, and the post-war reaction under Ferdinand VII. But the drawings' ultimate reference is to something timeless, beyond mere war and merely wakened and monumentally actualized by war. It is the hell in man. The sharp blacks and whites are saturated with the ferocity and sadism, the physical and mental suffering and pain almost boundlessly potential in the human creature and periodically his master. In moods of rage, of interrogation of causes, of compassion, and of utter despair, nightmarish design upon design makes us feel within ourselves and without these perennial almost uncontrollable impulses of brutality and savagery, bestial delight in cruelty and hateful satisfaction in destruction, and their terrible, pitiable aftermaths. "The Disasters of the War" indeed! Rather say "The Disasters of Living"!

Still a progress does obtain in this experience—possibly as the consequence of Goya's self-riddance of much perilous stuff. The third of the three books of plates, the one beginning after the projection of the feeling of the nihility of all things, and supposedly full of references to the reaction, is not only more fantastically, less naturalistically visionary than the preceding two, the books of the shambles and the famine. It also is more luminous, more hopeful and prophetic in all senses of the word. It delves profoundly into causes, symbolizing the friends of man's bestiality in the forms of brutes and eagles, churchmen and rituals; and, in the beautiful shape of a young woman, the light and the love that are its enemy and the friend of his ideal. In a sort of radiant future we find her significantly standing beside a Man who holds an implement of labor in his hand. But in the end the epic returns us to the actuality. It closes with three tragic prints of fettered captives.

PAUL ROSENFELD

That Happy Italian People!

THE PLOUGH AND THE SWORD: LABOR, LAND, AND PROPERTY IN FASCIST ITALY. By Carl T. Schmidt. Columbia University Press. $2.50.

MR. SCHMIDT describes the concrete bearing of fascism on the life of the Italian agricultural classes. He has read carefully the more than two hundred publications listed in the selected bibliography at the back of his book, and has not confined himself to copying their title pages as authors of long bibliographies so often do. He has lived in Italy for about a year, keeping his eyes open to discover the realities of life behind the official reports and the speeches and writings of Mussolini and his Italian and foreign propaganda agents. Moreover, he has realized that he could not appreciate the behavior of the fascist dictatorship today without taking stock of the physical conditions of the country and

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of historical precedents. His first two chapters, Rural Italy and A Struggle Against Poverty, are models of learning and understanding. Under his searching inquiry all that card-castle of false information which fascist propaganda has built up about the achievements of the Mussolinian dictatorship crashes to the ground.

To be sure, the "wheat battle" has led to an increase in domestic production and to a marked approach toward self-sufficiency since 1930. But to a large extent self-sufficiency is due to a substantial decline in the consumption of wheat products. Moreover, self-sufficiency in wheat does not mean self-sufficiency in all foodstuffs. The increase in domestic production has been purchased at the cost of seriously unbalancing Italian agriculture. Commodities other than wheat have been neglected. A general reduction of live stock, astonishingly severe in some regions, has been one of the worst consequences of the "wheat battle." Italy's dependence on foreign sources for animal products has increased.

Land reclamation started in Italy at least three thousand years ago. During the period 1862-1911, 550,000 hectares were drained. By the end of 1922, when Mussolini came to power, 47,000 more hectares had been drained, and reclamation works were then progressing on 623,000 hectares. For four or five years after the advent of the dictatorship the government showed little concern for reclamation, and outlays for that purpose declined. Work was largely limited to the maintenance and continuation of projects already begun. It was only in October, 1926, that Mussolini discovered land reclamation and made a solemn announcement: "It is our task to change beyond all recognition the physical and spiritual face of our country within the space of ten years." In the year 1927-28 expenditures began to rise appreciably. More than four billion lire were expended from 1929-30 to 1933-34. But since 1934 there have been a marked reduction in new works undertaken, a tendency to abandon all projects not urgently needed, and a concentration on those promising immediate political returns.

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One of these projects is the reclamation of the Pontine Marshes. This region, within sixty kilometers of Rome, offered the fascist regime an opportunity to carry out a project of great demonstrative value. Its conversion, regardless of cost, into small farms has become, with appropriate publicity, an important source of prestige for the regime. Nearly a third of all funds spent for reclamation since July 1, 1932, has been directed to the Pontine Marshes. Other projects, many of which would have had greater social and economic significance, have suffered in consequence. Maintenance of the work accomplished will call for further heavy outlays in the future. Some of the land has turned out to be poor. But the venture has been satisfactory in terms of publicity.

The last three chapters of the book are devoted to describing conditions among the Italian peasantry. Mr. Schmidt shows that the masses remain, as before, separated from control of the land but with even less hope of rising in the economic scale. The fascist era has seen a decline of small peasant proprietorship. The number of "operating owners" fell nearly half a million between 1921 and 1931. We have no statistics for the period after 1931, but there is reason to believe that there has been a continuous decline in the number of small cultivating proprietors.

To read this book would perhaps be illuminating to a certain professor at Yale University who, having been able to shake hands with Mussolini "during an unexpected audience," paid for that high honor by sending to the New York *Herald Tribune* of December 18, 1937, a letter in which he attributed to Mussolini, among many other miracles, that of having "astonishingly improved Italy in a material way."

GAETANO SALVEMINI

A Novel of Persian Life

THE WELL OF ARARAT. By Emmanuel Varandyan. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

OSTENSIBLY a tale of modern Persia, "The Well of Ararat," winner of the Avery Hopwood novel award, reads like a translation of some traditional legend of the tragic fate of frustrated lovers. A sensitive boy, Sassoon, tells the story, and it is through his eyes that we watch as Marina, idol of his slowly awakening adolescent passions, becomes the object of the attentions of his uncle and one-time hero, Ardavaz. With confused feelings he sees his uncle virtually purchase the reluctant girl from her parents and marry her in the most joyous and elaborate of Persian rites, the wedding

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ceremony. But the high water of his disillusion comes as he realizes that Marina is really in love with another, the lusty Aris, and as he witnesses, with ever-mounting horror, the fierce conflict of the three adults and its tragic outcome.

Although all this has moments of considerable tension, the accent of the book is not on the plot, its somewhat familiar triangular struggle, or even on the turbid reactions of the aroused adolescent; it is rather on those customs that best embody—as do the nuptial rites—the Persian conception of the fine art of living. Indeed, from time to time the novel overflows altogether and becomes a lavishly colorful, biblically lyrical celebration of the more pleasant aspects of the Persian way of life. Much of this is interesting, but a supercargo of custom and ritual, no matter how rich, does not make a novel. Occupied by colorful incidentals and pleasant but cloudy touches of symbolism, Mr. Varandyan forgets, one fears, the necessity of giving flesh and blood to the characters he calls up out of his memories of a Persian village.

MILTON RUGOFF

DRAMA

Musical Cartoon

CHARLES LAMB once denounced the cantata as a corruption of the cheerful uses of the playhouse. What he would think of Marc Blitzstein's "The Cradle Will Rock" (now settled down for a regular run at the Windsor Theater) I hesitate to say, for if that unusual work is something like a cantata it is not a bit like Handel. It is only intermittently "cheerful," but it is by no means solemn; and if the author is aware that Robert Burns once wrote "The Jolly Beggars" in a similar form, even Burns cannot have helped him much. Mr. Blitzstein's unjolly proletarians are not beggars but demanders, and are much more interested in the steel strike than in warbling the delights of rolling in the hay.

All who follow the news of the theater know already the history of the piece, which was originally intended as a Federal Theater production and then, when that production was canceled for reasons generally assumed to be connected with the violence of its partisanship, given without costumes before a special audience. The present series of regular performances follows the method of the original impromptu rehearsal. The only accompaniment is furnished by the composer at a piano, and the uncostumed members of the company simply rise from chairs at the back of the stage to act or sing their sketchy roles. All this may sound a bit bare and forbidding, but given the nature of the piece, it is quite possibly the best way to perform it. One thing is certain—the interest is held and the evening passes quickly.

So many superlatives have been used by so many critics of such different complexions that the prospective spectator perhaps ought to be warned that he will almost inevitably expect too much. "The Cradle Will Rock" is a sort of musical cartoon, with no more shading than a cartoon is expected to have. The writing and the singing are as casual as the staging; so that the success of the whole depends upon two things—a certain dash in the performance and also a certain hearty partisanship in the spectator, by virtue of which he will be ready, when necessary, to assume that whenever malefactors of great wealth are being denounced violently they

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are necessarily being denounced effectively as well. Mr. Blitzstein's vehemence is continuous but his wit is intermittent.

Having entered this caveat I can go on with a good conscience to conclude that "The Cradle Will Rock" nevertheless remains something which should certainly be seen. The very ferocity of the satire is remarkable, some of the lyrics are raffishly amusing, and there is a savagely cumulative absurdity hard to describe even in such minor matters as the successive introduction of the mill-owner and his family—Mr. Mister, Mrs. Mister, Junior Mister, and Sister Mister.

Certainly none of the other productions since my last report demands much attention. "Tortilla Flat" (Henry Miller Theater) is dramatized from Steinbeck's novel of the same name by Jack Kirkland, who was responsible for the stage version of "Tobacco Road." Like the latter it is again a study in total depravity, this time as cultivated by mongrel Mexicans living in California. It is supposed to be funny, but perhaps for the very reason that the grimness of "Tobacco Road" is absent it is not particularly effective. "The Greatest Show on Earth" (Playhouse) exhibits some ingenuity in costuming actors to suggest the circus animals they are supposed to represent, but I have no idea what the intention of the play is.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

Fairy Tale in Five Acts

THE question which everybody must have asked in advance about Walt Disney's "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" was whether it would justify its length. Not only was the film to be many times longer than anything Mr. Disney had done; it was to tell a story which he could be imagined as telling in the accustomed time. A fairy tale like an anecdote is by definition brief, and its form helps its content to be credible. We can believe three things that are done in three paragraphs when one of them alone, drawn out to epic length, would be preposterous. The question then was whether Mr. Disney had lost any of his secrets by abandoning his form.

The fact that everybody likes "Snow White" is not necessarily an answer, though it has its importance. Thousands are trampling one another to get into the Music Hall; but the question still is whether the good thing they are there to see could possibly be better. I am not sure that it could, and yet in view of the future which the film opens up I am sure that the matter should be argued. Mr. Disney has both expanded his story and contracted it. He has added animals; he has differentiated and named the dwarfs; and he has elaborated the wicked stepmother in her role as magician, giving her a laboratory with monster retorts and a long-legged raven to scowl in the corner. On the other hand he has suppressed two of her attempts on Snow White's life—the tight lacing and the poisoned comb—and he has stopped short of Snow White's wedding. The wedding is perhaps not missed, but my guess is that the queen should have had more things to do and less time in which to do them. She was the only one of Mr. Disney's creatures who even approached being tiresome.

Mr. Disney's other developments are all to the good, and indescribably delightful. The animals, for instance—I can remember no finer moment in any film than this one when at sunrise in the forest the banks of eyes which have looked so sinister all night turn out to belong to rabbits, fawns, chipmunks, bluebirds, and turtles. The transition is from shadowy evil to the clearest and most blithesome benevolence. The antics of these charming beasts vary henceforth between the beatific and the absurd; the pride of the baby bluebird in his voice, the ticklish turtle offering his belly for a washboard when Snow White starts housecleaning for the dwarfs, and the squirrels undoing cobwebs with their tails are but understatements of the very touching love for Snow White which they share with a helpless audience. Then there are the dwarfs—in their seven foolish ways as irresistible as the heroine, and of course no less devoted to her than the animals are; though one of them, Grumpy, remains a misogynist almost to the end. Mr. Disney's triumph with them, like all his other triumphs, is one of understanding. His technique, about which I know little, must of course be wonderful; but the main thing is that he lives somewhere near the human center and knows innumerable truths that cannot be taught. That is why his ideas look like inspirations, and why he can be good-hearted without being sentimental, can be ridiculous without being fatuous. With him, as with any first-rate artist, we feel that we are in good hands; we can trust him with our hearts and wits.

MARK VAN DOREN

RECORDS

A large number of readers, whom I thank collectively for their letters, have made known their wishes concerning this column. With one exception they prefer that I use my space for the records that are worth buying; from that point on they scatter. Some want a warning against an inadequate performance of an important work or a good performance of an unimportant work or a poor recording; others think I should not waste the space. Some want the comment to be extensive and detailed because they find it increases their understanding and discrimination; one asks me to limit myself to a concise statement about the performance and the recording and not to bother about the music.

Moreover, having taken pen in hand some writers go on to object to my giving space to jazz; an equal number ask me to give more space to it; and I will break the tie by saying that anyone with feeling for music should want to be told about trumpet-playing as beautifully imagined and sensitively phrased as Buck Clayton's (1) immediately after Billie Holiday's singing of "He's Funny That Way" (Vocalion 3748), and (2) at the beginning of the delightful "Good Morning Blues" of Count Basie's Orchestra (Decca 1446), which also provides a good introduction to Basie's distinctive piano-playing. He should want to know also about some of the old records of the incomparable Bessie Smith that Columbia has reissued in a special memorial album (six records, $5)—records that offer not only the singing of Bessie but the playing of outstanding jazz musicians like the pianist James P. Johnson in "Backwater Blues," the cornettist Joe Smith and the pianist Fletcher Henderson in "Weeping Willow Blues" and "Yellow Dog Blues," and Louis Armstrong in "St. Louis Blues" and "Reckless Blues." For my ears Armstrong has done nothing to equal his cornet obligatos in these records and in "Cold in Hand Blues," which has not been reissued and which you should clamor for.

There are suggestions to include comment on military-band

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records, information about record-changing mechanisms, criticism of careless labeling of records—for example, Victor's putting the Clock Scene from "Boris Godunov" on the A side of a record and Boris's Monologue which precedes it on the B side. There is also a suggestion to omit: "I propose that you stop reviewing Columbia records entirely until the mechanical defects which you so properly keep remarking upon have been remedied. With their present abominable surfaces Columbia records aren't worth buying . . . and I for one never read the reviews of them. How a company can pursue such a suicidal policy is beyond me." And me.

"If you weren't so rabid against much of Brahms and Sibelius I'd think you were very fine. As it is, I must conclude that you haven't familiarized yourself enough with many of their works that you think so little of"—is the response of one of the more fanatical admirers of Brahms and Sibelius to my discriminating appreciation of these two composers; and a second otherwise highly approving letter ends with the plea, "But seem not splenetic about Brahms." And finally there are two complaints about the lateness of my reviews, one reader pointing out that by the time they appear he has already made his purchases. But if he wants the benefit of my judgment he can wait for it and gear his purchasing with my columns instead of with the companies' announcements.

As a matter of fact I would be discussing January releases now if the Victor special list had not intervened. I have not yet heard everything on the list, but so far it has given me my first experience, under ideal conditions, of three of the most beautiful works I have ever heard—works miraculous in their expressiveness and loveliness in the way that only Mozart's and Schubert's music can be: Mozart's Piano Concertos K. 450 (three records, $5) and K. 459 (3½ records, $7), and Schubert's Trio Opus 100 (five records, $10). By ideal conditions I mean superb performances: Elly Ney's of the Concerto K. 450, Schnabel's of K. 459, the Busch-Serkin Trio's of Schubert's Opus 100.

There are also superb performances by Hephzibah and Yehudi Menuhin and Maurice Eisenberg, excellently recorded, of Beethoven's Trio Opus 70 No. 1 (three records, $6.50) and Tchaikovsky's Trio Opus 50 (5½ records, $11); on the other hand the Busch Quartet, while it does better than the Lener with the first movement of Beethoven's Quartet Opus 131 (five records, $10), does less well with other movements; this work should have been done by the Budapest Quartet, which, with assisting artists, wastes magnificent playing on Brahms's Sextet Opus 36 (four records, $8). And other orchestral items are a fine performance of Mozart's "Eine kleine Nachtmusik" (two records, $3.50) by the Vienna Philharmonic under Walter, with recording that includes much reverberation; a not too precise performance, well recorded, of the Vivaldi-Bach Concerto for Four Pianos (two records, $3.50); and Sibelius's Third and Seventh Symphonies (seven records, $12), well played by the London Symphony under Kajanus and the B. B. C. Symphony under Koussevitzky, respectively, with the Seventh less well recorded at a concert than the Third in a studio.

If you are one of those who love the simple songs Carl Sandburg has done for Musicraft (four records, $4.50) you will dislike his affected singing of them. A good Musicraft release is Kathleen Long's performance of Mozart's Variations on a Theme of Gluck (two records, $3.00). And Timely offers (four records, $8) exemplary performances, by the New York Simfonietta under Max Goberman, of a charming Quartet by Stamitz, a Concertino by Pergolesi of which the Andante movement is outstanding, and a dull Concerto Grosso by Locatelli.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

War and *The Nation*

Dear Sirs: For many years *The Nation* has stood for the very best in American liberalism. Its courageous opposition to participation in the World War and its defense of civil liberties then and later are bright pages in the history of that tradition.

But with a dangerous war spirit abroad in the land today, we are dismayed to find *The Nation* aligning itself with those forces, both of the right and of the left, which are pushing this country toward war. The Neutrality Act is a piece of democratic legislation expressing the will of the American people to keep out of war. The Administration has failed to invoke this act in the present Sino-Japanese conflict, and *The Nation* has editorially indorsed this failure. Had this act been invoked and its clearly implied purpose carried out, such a dangerous "incident" as the Panay bombing would have been unlikely. In commenting on this incident, *The Nation* seems to have ignored the embarrassing fact that at the time of the attack the Panay was convoying three Standard Oil tankers. Indeed, in its editorial of December 18 these tankers were actually described as "three American ships containing American refugees." Is this liberalism?

In this crisis *The Nation* has espoused an ambiguous policy of "collective security." If such a policy is not backed up by the willingness to use armed force, it is an empty threat and a program of rhetoric and wind. But if economic sanctions *are* implemented by military sanctions, *The Nation* itself has admitted that the result may be war. And war in defense of what? Of democracy? Of American civilization? Or of the interests of big business? *The Nation* for January 1 states editorially: "For years foreigners have enjoyed extraterritorial rights in China. In abrogating them the Japanese have virtually closed the Open Door in China, since few foreigners will care to do business —or indeed be able to—under the arbitrary supervision of the Japanese militarists. For these reasons, if for no others, we cannot believe that the State Department will bow to the latest Japanese decree." The journal which in 1917 so courageously exposed the economic motives behind our participation in the war, today in effect calls on the State Department to risk war to protect the scandalous extraterritorial rights of American imperialism in China.

We believe that the first result of another War to Make the World Safe for Democracy will be the establishment of virtual fascism in this country. Is it patriotism, under the guise of warding off the remote possibility of fascist invasion, to prepare the way for domestic despotism? And is it logical to combat fascism by methods which are certain to introduce it?

The issue is as clear as it is critical. Will *The Nation* continue to defend "collective security," with all the risk of war involved in such a policy? Or will it reassert its traditional opposition to *all* war and war-mongering, whether of the right or of the left? As readers, as contributors, as friends of *The Nation,* we protest against what seems to us a betrayal of its splendid liberal tradition. We hope the editors will reconsider their position on this crucial issue.

(*Signed*) THOMAS H. BENTON, ALFRED M. BINGHAM, ANITA BRENNER, JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, BERNARD C. CLAUSEN, LEWIS COREY, CARROLL R. DAUGHERTY, H. C. ENGELBRECHT, JAMES T. FARRELL, JOHN T. FLYNN, MARY FOX, RICHARD T. FRANKENSTEEN, CLINTON S. GOLDEN, LOUIS M. HACKER, MAURITZ A. HALLGREN, FRANK HANIGHEN, ABRAM L. HARRIS, FRANCIS HENSON, SIDNEY HOOK, QUINCY HOWE, SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE, WILLIAM POTTER LAGE, HARRY W. LAIDLER, FREDERICK J. LIBBY, DWIGHT MACDONALD, HOMER MARTIN, MARY MCCARTHY, ERNEST L. MEYER, A. J. MUSTE, LOUIS NELSON, GERALD P. NYE, PHILIP RAHV, JAMES RORTY, HAROLD RUTTENBERG, DAVID SAPOSS, MEYER SHAPIRO, ROSE STEIN, WILLIAM T. STONE, NORMAN THOMAS, LIONEL TRILLING, EDMUND WILSON, BERTRAM D. WOLFE, MOLLY YARD, CHARLES S. ZIMMERMAN, N. A. ZONARICH.

[We agree that the issues dealt with in the letter above are among the most vital that the American people face today. But we believe that it is both false and dangerous to assume that the United States can escape war by taking steps, such as invoking the Neutrality Act, without regard to their practical effect on the world as a whole. Is it not possible that the aid and comfort given to aggressors by the unneutral features of the act would serve to bring war much nearer?

There is nothing "ambiguous" in *The Nation's* support of collective security. We have consistently maintained that if the drift toward war is to be checked, collective economic restraints are essential. We do not admit for a moment that this policy must be backed up by military sanctions, or that it involves a serious risk of war. It is one thing to say, as many do, that military cooperation between the democracies might stave off a world conflict under the present circumstances; and quite another to say, as we have said repeatedly, that in the long run peace can only be assured by the development of a non-violent technique for the enforcement of law. It is precisely this which the isolationists, including many of the signers of this letter, have opposed on many occasions.

In order to keep the record straight, we should like to add that the Standard Oil tankers sunk with the Panay did carry both American and Chinese refugees, and that the quotation on extraterritoriality was simply a statement of what appeared to be the facts in the situation. There was not, even by implication, a suggestion that the United States should go to war to protect its imperialist interests.

Nor was there an implicit defense of extraterritoriality. For years *The Nation* has advocated the surrender of American extraterritorial rights and special privileges in China. We have not retreated from this position. But there is an important distinction between restoring full sovereignty to China and urging the American government to retreat from its traditional position in the East merely because it is challenged by Japan. Surrender of American special privileges in China at the present moment would be of no service to China, but would merely demonstrate to the Japanese militarists and other would-be aggressors the efficacy of war as an instrument of national policy.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Persecution and the Press

Dear Sirs: The case of Marcus Graham contains a clear threat to the freedom of the press, since his arrest and the resumption of deportation proceedings against him, on an order dated more than eighteen years ago, are indirect attempts to stifle the publication *Man,* of which he is editor.

A philosophic anarchist, Graham was first arrested in 1919 and ordered deported to Canada. But on his refusal to give the details of his birth on the ground that the proceeding was illegal, Canada refused to accept him. In 1921 he was rearrested and imprisoned by the Labor Department for six months. In 1930 the Labor Department again arrested him on the trumped-up charge of having crossed the United States border to Mexico without a permit.

Then followed official harassment of the monthly publication *Man.* Subscribers were visited by immigration inspectors and threatened with prosecution unless they canceled their subscriptions. In October, 1937, when Graham was again rearrested, immigration inspectors searched his home without a warrant.

Now the Labor Department is planning to send Graham to jail unless he discloses information which he has consistently refused to give for over eighteen years. As a preliminary to this imprisonment, the department has secured an order from the United States District Court requiring Graham to submit this information. He has refused to do so. A charge of criminal contempt has already been filed against him.

The Southern California Branch of the American Civil Liberties Union has organized a Marcus Graham Freedom of the Press Committee. The A. C. L. U. has furnished counsel to Graham and is sponsoring a civil suit for damages against the immigration officers. All believers in freedom should communicate immediately with James L. Houghteling, Commissioner of Immigration, Washington, D. C., urging a halt to this long campaign of persecution.

CLINTON J. TAFT, Director,
Southern California Branch, A. C. L. U.

Los Angeles, Cal., January 3

Democracy Begins at Home

Dear Sirs: Your proposals regarding the role that America should play in foreign affairs seem to me most unrealistic. To expect that the nations of the world would participate in any sort of "collective security" with all the attendant risks, responsibilities, and sacrifices, out of a desire to establish international law, order, and justice is naive and foolish. The chief motive operating behind the desire for collective coercion is not universal altruism but each nation's economic self-interest.

Our country does not have to cooperate indiscriminately with other nations in order to stop by force the spread of fascism, since that disease develops from internal irritations, not by contagion. And before we set about exporting our imagined surplus of democracy we should produce enough to satisfy the demand for it at home.

LESLIE CHRISMER

Ridley Park, Pa., January 17

Education by Night

Dear Sirs: A survey of conditions in the evening sessions of New York City's municipal colleges has just been completed by a joint committee of the Brooklyn College Evening Session Association and the New York College Teachers' Union (Local 537, A.F.T.). The survey reveals distressing exploitation of teachers and students in the evening sessions.

Nearly 24,000 students, 87 per cent of whom are matriculated for a degree, are taking their college work in the evening, for the most part because they are holding jobs, or looking for them, in the daytime. These worker-students are crammed into large classes, find it difficult, if not impossible, to use the library—since library rules are designed for day students—get no free textbooks, no regular gymnasium courses, and are generally treated as college stepchildren.

Evening-session students are taught by a staff as well qualified on the average as day-session teachers, but forced to teach under circumstances in which their efficiency cannot be at a maximum. Some of the evening-session staff are day-session teachers who after finishing a day's stint tack on extra hours in the evening at half-pay. More than half of the evening-session staff are employed by the colleges in the evening session only, but because of low salary schedules they are forced to seek other employment to supplement their incomes. Evening-session teachers are paid at one-half the day-session rate. Further, evening-session teachers are paid on an hourly basis, a vestige of the days, thirty years ago, when the evening session was an extension division with unpredictable courses and irregularly attending students. This hourly system of pay excludes teachers from tenure rights and from the teachers' retirement system; it penalizes them for illness and holidays. Evening-session teachers are not promoted, and their salary increments are haphazard and rare. The average annual salary in the day session of Brooklyn College is $3,754.54; in the evening session, for approximately a half-day teaching schedule, it is $720.

A meeting of all evening-session teachers has been called by several teacher organizations for Saturday afternoon, January 22, at the Twenty-third Street branch of the City College, to discuss a program of action for the correction of these abuses.

EDWIN B. BURGUM
President, New York
College Teachers' Union

New York, January 12

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The Shape of Things

FOREIGN MINISTER HIROTA COULD SCARCELY have been more frank in stating the ultimate aims of the Japanese militarists than he was last week in his speech before the Diet. Defining Chinese cooperation with Japan as meaning that "China must take Japan's side against Russia," Hirota also indicated that Japan would no longer be satisfied with separating North China from the rest of the country but would demand for the whole of China a puppet government which would be subservient to Japanese policy. At the same time Finance Minister Kaya, reporting on plans to raise vast amounts of money, partly by increased taxes but primarily through bond issues, admitted that Japan was a long way from achieving its objectives. He indicated that special measures would be necessary to limit the expected rise in living costs. On the military front it is openly admitted that the change in Chinese tactics has brought increased difficulties to the invaders. Within the past week Chinese detachments carried the battle to the Pootung area on the outskirts of Shanghai and threatened to recapture Hangchow and Wuhu. Attempts by the Japanese to land troops on the island of Hainan, south of Canton, were beaten off with heavy losses. The main Japanese offensive at Shantung appears to have made little headway. Further difficulties have been reported by the Japanese detachments in Shansi and Suiyuan. As the area of the struggle broadens, the effectiveness of the Japanese attack notably diminishes, arousing hope that in the long run Japan may find the cost of subjugating China beyond its resources.

*

THE TVA HAS COME OUT OF ITS BATTLES stronger than ever. It has, in the past few weeks, been the center of three major developments. The most dramatic was the decision of the three-judge Federal District Court that the TVA operations are constitutional. In its general reasoning the opinion follows the lines of Chief Justice Hughes's opinion in the Ashwander case two years ago. But it carries the logic one step farther and sanctions TVA competition with privately owned utilities in the sale of power. The resounding government victory is undoubtedly one of the reasons why Wendell L. Willkie is worried. One of the most skilful jobs Mr. Roosevelt has done in his press conferences was his point-by-point dissection of a memorandum submitted by Willkie setting down terms for a reconciliation of the government with the utilities. The terms included the permanent freezing of the top-holding-company structure, a definite limitation of the area of government competition, and a government commitment that reproduction cost would be guaranteed as a valuation base for the years up to 1932. None of these terms, of course, were possible. Their significance lies in their revelation of the whole attitude and temper of Mr. Willkie and his group. Our opinion of that attitude is in no degree changed by Mr. Willkie's subsequent offer to sell the utility system to the government. We disagree with Mr. Villard's opinion of this offer, stated on his page in this issue. Mr. Lilienthal's answer to Mr. Willkie, which had the President's support, is hard-headed and fair. To buy the system as a whole would be a clear way to saddle on the public the burden of the various write-ups in value that have occurred in the colorful history of the companies. Mr. Willkie's suggestion about procedure (incidentally it is difficult to think of the Supreme Court appointing a member of the commission) does not change the basis of negotiations. The only valid basis can be the physical and operating value of the companies. Moreover, there is no reason for contemplating federal ownership of the utilities now. There may have been twenty years ago, but since then the TVA and the movement for municipal power plants have indicated a better method. That is the yardstick and the acquisition by municipalities of particular power plants where duplication is threatened.

*

BENJAMIN STOLBERG IS NOT IN THE PAY OF Girdler or Hague or Henry Ford. He is honestly concerned about the working class and its major effort to create militant, effective organizations for collective bargaining. He believes in the C. I. O. These things we know to be true because Mr. Stolberg was for many years a contributor to *The Nation,* and we published several articles by him on vigilantism and labor as recently as last August. For that reason we particularly regret the appearance of his series of articles in the Scripps-Howard newspapers on factionalism in the C. I. O. We do not at this point wish to go into the question of Mr. Stolberg's facts concerning the efforts of the Communist Party to control as far as it can the unions in which its members are active. What disturbs us is the method employed by Mr. Stolberg. He has focused on one phase of the C. I. O.'s development as if it were the whole story of labor's swift rise toward power. He has mistaken a tide-rip for the incoming tide. No tributes to the growth of the C. I. O., no pleasant pen-portraits of some of its leaders can alter the distorted effect of the series. It is not that Mr. Stolberg loves labor less but that he hates the Communists more; and the product of his hate will be of better use to the gentlemen named in the first sentence of this paragraph than to John L. Lewis or Homer Martin. Happily the C. I. O. shows every sign of being able to survive its friends as well as its enemies.

IN SUCCEEDING HIMSELF CHAUTEMPS HAS not given France either a new or a lasting government. His return to office amounts to little more than the usual consent of a retiring minister to carry on the business of the state till his successor can be found. The absence of the Socialists from the council of ministers and the exchange of Tweedledee Marchandeau for Tweedledum Bonnet, have altered nothing unless it is for the worse. All the profound divisions, all the grave problems—financial, social, political, and diplomatic—which originally precipitated the crisis remain and cannot but go on aggravating themselves. Big business, against whose domination and against whose flirtations with totalitarianism the Popular Front was formed, has triumphed in compassing the break-up of that coalition; and nothing can be more doubtful than Chautemps's skill and will to cope with the powerful foes of social reform whom a united left has failed to bring to terms.

*

AMERICAN REPORTING OF THE FRENCH crisis leaves much to be desired. The inaccuracies, distortions, and downright misrepresentations of P. J. Philip, Paris correspondent for the New York *Times,* are particularly shocking. Space forbids our citing Mr. Philip at delectable length, but we cannot forgo a few instances. To believe him, M. Bonnet—"that courageous young man"—is a political party all by himself; it was Bonnet and not Blum who, at the risk of being abandoned by the Communists, had secured the tripartite monetary alignment; Bonnet's failure to form a Cabinet was due solely to the wicked Marxists and not at all to the opposition to him within his own party or to his second, tacit, devaluation of the franc; Flandin and Reynaud belong to the "central" Left Republican Party instead of being the leaders of the Democratic Alliance; Blum laid himself open to charges of treason for the crime of attempting to enlarge the Popular Front by drawing the center groups into the majority; and Louis Marin, political partner of the fascist Doriot, is a "stern defender of republican liberty in the widest sense."

*

THE CONVICTION OF SIXTEEN OIL COMPANIES by the federal grand jury at Madison is welcome if only to show that legal processes are not wholly futile in the fight against monopoly action and business price-fixing. We say this even though we are skeptical of anti-trust enforcement as the principal method for the regulation of business. There can be little doubt that the oil companies had a strong defense. They had been taught by Mr. Ickes's oil administration in the NRA days to fight the hot-oil companies and stabilize prices. They learned their lesson all too well, and after the Supreme Court invalidated oil control they continued price-fixing in their own interest. The jury's verdict cuts across the legal technicalities and expresses the attitude of twelve farmers and small business men toward the big monopolies. It is a good verdict, even if the path of control in the oil industry still remains to be explored. As for the general outlook for monopoly control, it is growing clear that the Administration program will have hard going. We have on the statute books a model law for the treatment of public-utility holding companies. The Treasury is likely to sponsor legislation aimed at holding companies in the banking field, where the concentration of power is as bad as in the utilities. And similar legislation, sponsored by Mr. Eastman, will be introduced by Senator Wheeler with respect to railroad holding companies. The government's position is sound, and a lively fight is to be expected.

*

OCTAVIAN GOGA, RUMANIA'S NEW PREMIER, has demonstrated that he yields to no one when it comes to effective anti-Semitism or flagrant disregard for legal formalities. One of his first acts in preparation for the elections called for March 2 has been to issue a decree compelling all Jews to establish their citizenship. Under this decree the 500,000 Jews living in provinces acquired from Austria-Hungary will be required to submit documentary evidence showing that they had residence and paid taxes prior to 1918. Those failing to satisfy the local magistrate with official proofs, in many cases almost impossible to obtain within the time limit, if at all, will be struck from the rolls and held liable to ejection from the country. Somewhat more ingenious was the announcement that the traditional party emblems would be discarded at the election in favor of a system by which the parties will be designated by a number of dots. The Goga party will be represented by one dot—similar to the traditional symbol of Maniu's National Peasant Party—while other parties will be confusingly identified by rows of dots numbering as high as twenty-eight. Should Goga be successful in obtaining support of 40 per cent of the electorate through such trickery, combined with wholesale intimidation, more sweeping anti-Semitic measures will assuredly follow. But it is not at all certain that he will even approach this figure. All the opposition parties, including Codreanu's fascist Iron Guard and the reactionary Liberal Party, have joined in an electoral pact to fight against terrorism and corruption in the forthcoming election—and these parties together polled over 90 per cent of the vote last December.

*

IN SPAIN'S REBEL TERRITORY, WHERE SO many biased witnesses have found "law and order" on the surface, the first big setback to the rebel arms might be expected to have had little or no effect. Yet in reality the disaffection behind the lines caused by the defeat at Teruel was so great that the Generalissimo felt forced to throw in his whole army to retake a small town which has much less strategic importance for him than for the Loyalists. Franco's Nazi staff officers, we learn, counseled against the violent rebel counter-offensive at Teruel on the grounds that it would interfere with the projected attacks on Guadalajara and Almeria and in addition seriously deplete the insurgents' reserves of men and equipment. But Franco swept aside these military considerations because be believed that the low morale behind his lines could not stand a defeat. Even if Teruel falls to the rebels, the price paid can hardly be worth the military gain, and the play for morale is so obvious as to defeat its purpose. For the trouble runs deep. Acts of sabotage multiply in rebel territory. Even Mr. Carney is forced to describe them in the New York *Times*. Moreover, the number of desertions to the government lines and to Gibraltar have increased. It is interesting to note that Queipo de Llano, the broadcasting drunken general of Seville, announced the capture of Teruel by the Loyalists while Franco's radio at Salamanca suppressed the news. And to make matters perfect for Franco, Queipo has now taken to broadcasting barbed insinuations about his Generalissimo's Italian allies.

*

RECENT UTTERANCES FROM THE VATICAN condemning anti-Christian aspects of the Hitler regime should fool no one into regarding the Holy See as a foe of fascism. The heiling pagans may be in bad odor for their Wotan-worshiping and priest-baiting but the cordiality between the Vatican and Mussolini grows more sugary by the month. Relations between these two resolved themselves into a mutual-admiration ceremony last week when Mussolini received a group of 60 bishops and archbishops and 2,000 priests who had distinguished themselves in the national campaign to attain self-sufficiency in the wheat crop. "The clergy of the fatherland's autarchic front is at the disposition of Il Duce," said Abbe Menossi on behalf of the assembled priests. And the more poetic Archbishop Nogara of Udine exclaimed: "Duce, you have won so many battles, may the Lord assist you and enable you to win all those you undertake with your energy and knowledge, for the grandeur, prosperity, and glory of Christian Italy and of Rome, center of Christianity and Imperial Capital." For his part Mussolini thanked the men of God for their collaboration in the struggle against the "Abyssinian hordes" and the "highly civilized hordes of sanctionism." Vatican circles, while careful to disavow any direct connection with the affair, unofficially praised it as "opportune and satisfactory," and the Pope himself received the same delegation two days later. "Hordes of democracy" please note.

*

JAMES H. R. CROMWELL FLEW ALL THE WAY from Honolulu to lay a plan in the House Ways and Means Committee. His plan is simple and has two parts. First you repeal the income tax and then you substitute a sales tax—on everything, including food, clothing, and medicine. Some quick-figuring committeemen estimated that on a federal basis it would mean a sales tax of 18 per cent on everything, and that if Mr. Cromwell's theory were extended to states and municipalities, the levy would be increased to 72 per cent, but Mr. Cromwell was not daunted. On the contrary, he said it would increase labor's bargaining power and would not put an undue burden on the poor. Presumably his plan would send so much money pouring into industry that workers would soon be able to demand such high salaries that they would shortly be riding around in sixteen cylinder Millenniums and spending their vacations with Mr. Cromwell and Doris Duke in Honolulu. Mr. Cromwell failed to say what Mrs. Automobile Worker Smith and Mrs. Steel Roller Poletti would be using to pay the 72 or even the 18 per cent sales tax on the family's bread between times. But perhaps that dilemma would produce a shortage of workers through starvation that would raise to even greater heights the bargaining power of those who were left. "It sounds," remarked Mr. Doughton of the House Ways and Means Committee, "like you are trying to bring the millennium. But I can tell you right now that it won't work." After Mr. Cromwell's dramatic appearance, the committee presumably went back to work. Which suggests that a sales tax of 100 per cent on sales talks by millionaire saviors might save a lot of wear and tear on Congressional committees.

The Fourth Phase

THE solemn filing of business leaders through the White House portals is in itself neither sinister nor encouraging. If Franklin D. Roosevelt wants to dress himself up in the starched collar and schoolboy tie of Herbert Hoover and receive the instruction of the Old Masters of finance, he has the right to do so. Our fear is that he will not greatly be the gainer in wisdom. But it is much better that he should get his advice directly from the sort of advisory council that is now being mooted than that business should fill the entire press with its clamor in order to get itself heard

It is less likely, however, that Mr. Roosevelt is panting for advice than that he is moved by considerations of political discretion. He is anxious to give the appearance of having taken every possible step and consulted everyone in his attempts to cope with the depression. For his eye is at the present moment mainly upon Congress. The filibuster has, in a curious way, served his purposes, for it has given him a chance to mark time and find his bearings. His primary concern at present is not with a legislative program but with morale. His alternate bows to left and right are meant chiefly to keep an organized opposition from developing within his party. It is significant that the President's whole policy of blowing hot and cold—of attacking holding companies, monopolies, and absentee ownership in the abstract while extending an olive branch to business men in the concrete—is one well-calculated to appeal to men of Mr. Garner's stamp, who will have the decisive voice on party cohesion.

The New Deal is entering on a critical period which may determine whether what it has accomplished thus far is to be consolidated or dissolved. Mr. Roosevelt confronts the fourth phase of his administration. The first was the period of emergency legislation—of "action and action now"—including not only the measures taken to meet the 1933 panic but also such measures of uncritical immediacy as the NRA. The second was the laying down of the permanent program, the long-run New Deal, with the Labor Relations Act, the SEC, the farm program, and the TVA as its principal elements. The third was the phase of political adventure and counter-attack, including the President's court plan, the Black episode, and the concerted drive on the principal New Deal agencies. The business setback rounded out this period and accomplished what the President's mistakes and the big battalions of the opposition had been unable to accomplish—it definitely stopped the farther advance of the New Deal.

The fourth phase will in all likelihood extend over the remaining three years of Mr. Roosevelt's term. It presents the problem of fashioning a policy which will at once halt a depression, heal a party breach, win an election, and continue a social program. Obviously such a task has its contradictions, if not its impossibilities. And Mr. Roosevelt's moves of the past few months must be taken as maneuvers toward a solution of these multiple difficulties. Time may prove their wisdom, but thus far they give us mainly the impression of a psychologist's mouse trapped in a maze.

The comments which the President jotted down as the members of Secretary Roper's Business Advisory Council read their statement to him, and which were published in a sort of antiphonal form along with their statement, do not constitute a program. They may perhaps be described as indicating a mood of restrained compromise on both sides. The President has discovered that his anti-monopoly campaign, regardless of whether it is economically valid, was doomed politically from the start. No capitalist regime can move against the very essence of capitalism without endangering the sources of its own support. Even the members of the advisory council who had previously been friendly to the President are reported to have been in revolt because of the Jackson and Ickes speeches, and ready for mass resignation. Nor does it take much acumen to see that some of Mr. Roosevelt's own supporters are themselves industrialists who enjoy incomes and power from monopolies. A real drive to break the power of the holding companies and the undemocratic control that the big banking interests have over industry can only be undertaken by an Administration that is ready to burn the bridges that link it with capitalist power. And the President, faced by a depression, a revolt, and an election, decided to let the bridges stand for the event of retreat.

His present strategy seems to revolve around new forms for exercising control over business while granting it a voice in that control. The basic question is of course how much of a voice that will mean. The general idea of an advisory group that will have a role in the shaping of economic policy is a promising one. The great danger is that it may become what the NRA was—another trap for cartelizing industry, strengthening monopoly, and penalizing the consumer. But it need not be that. A policy-shaping group that was truly representative of all the interests involved in industry—labor, the consumer,

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

the investor, management, and technology, as well as the financial groups—might well develop into a useful instrument. But its real purpose should not be to determine government policy—ultimately the Executive and Congress cannot absolve themselves of that responsibility—but to coordinate business policies. If it addressed itself to that purpose it could become the nucleus of an economic planning body. In the end America will find that it cannot escape the necessity of reaching its economic decisions nationally instead of leaving them to the hazards of corporate power or of piecemeal governmental action. That will, we hope, be the direction of the Administration's fourth phase.

Policies on Japan

IN THE six months that have passed since the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese conflict the outlines of the Administration's policy have become fairly apparent. It is essentially the traditional policy of a capitalist country which finds its interests menaced by a rival power. The Administration has attempted as far as possible to protect its interests in China, but has retreated on occasion rather than run the risk of becoming embroiled in war. In the Brussels conference it flirted with the possibility of international cooperation, but refused to assume the leadership that was necessary to make such collaboration a success. With the failure of the Brussels conference it has fallen back on an old-fashioned imperialist policy based on naval preparedness.

In some quarters this policy has been represented as a middle-of-the-road path between the program advocated by a vociferous minority of isolationists and the somewhat less vocal demands of the advocates of collective security, the assumption being that the middle course is probably the safest. This is essentially a false picture of the situation. The present program is in no sense a compromise between isolationism and collective security. It is a distinct policy, based on certain assumptions and representing a definite philosophy, and is probably the most dangerous of any course which the United States could pursue.

Faced by the reality of Japanese expansion in China, the isolationists would avoid a conflict by giving way to Japan. They would repatriate all American citizens in the war zone, withdraw our military and naval forces, curtail economic relations with both belligerents by invoking the Neutrality Act, and ease world tension by economic concessions to the aggressor nations. The weakness of this policy lies in its complete lack of realism. Our stakes in the Far East may not be great as compared with our national wealth, but the holders of these stakes—among them are such companies as the National City Bank, the International Telephone and Telegraph Company, and the Socony-Vacuum Oil Company—are far too powerful to permit withdrawal. Moreover, given the temper of the present leaders of Japan, concessions by the United States would certainly be interpreted as a sign of weakness and would lead to an intensification of Japanese aggression, with increased danger of war to this country. American withdrawal would also destroy any possibility of cooperation among the powers, since such action can only be obtained on the basis of existing rights and treaties. Abandonment of these treaties under duress would place this country in a position where it must accept at least partial responsibility for the disintegration of international law.

It is doubtful, however, whether the program advocated by the extreme isolationists is as immediately dangerous as that being followed by the Administration. Unable to withdraw and unwilling to cooperate in collective measures, it is attempting to play a lone hand in opposing Japanese expansion in China. It is compelled to rely largely on guesswork in its day-to-day actions to decide how far it can go without involving the country in an unwanted war. And in order to strengthen its hand, it naturally seeks a navy and air force second to none.

While it is fantastic to suggest that Japan, with a million soldiers bogged down in China, would voluntarily declare war against the United States, wars do not always develop logically. In any case the United States is running a far greater risk acting alone than if it were acting in concert with the other great powers. But the most alarming aspect of the Administration's program is to be found in its reliance on military preparedness. If history has demonstrated anything, it is that a country which prepares for offensive war ultimately engages in such a war. It bespeaks a reliance on armed force as an instrument of national policy which precludes the possibility of developing an alternative technique for dealing with international problems. As a concession to nationalist sentiment, it tends to make joint action all the more difficult.

It cannot be denied that collective action involves necessary compromises with the ideal. Radical isolationists have made much of the fact that British and French hands are not much cleaner than those of the Japanese, and suggest that cooperation to check Japan would merely support one imperialism against another. This is equivalent to saying that there is no difference between peaceful economic penetration and the holocaust perpetrated by Japan in China. Undoubtedly there are dangers in becoming involved in the struggle between imperialisms, as there are in any effort to enforce law. But the dangers of joint action are infinitely less than those inherent in the Administration's unilateral policy, and in the present crisis are almost wholly imaginary.

It is only fair to ask whether any practical possibility of collective action in support of international law exists at the present moment. Admittedly the possibility is slight. On the basis of past experience, each of the powers is certain that it would not be whole-heartedly supported by the others. The greatest skepticism exists with regard to the United States, since it was the refusal of this country to cooperate that was chiefly responsible for the failure of the League in 1931 and again in 1935. But at the same time it is becoming increasingly obvious that Japan must not be allowed to triumph. Inaction and unilateral action have proved equally unsatisfactory. Collective action is all that remains.

The proposal for international embargos against Japan submitted by Sir Walter Citrine, general secretary of the British Trade Union Congress, to the American Federation of Labor is an indication that the demand for collective action is far from dead among the mass of people. With the meeting of the League Council on January 26 pressure will once more be exerted by the British Labor Party and other anti-war groups for sanctions against Japan. This move will fail unless some definite assurance is forthcoming from the United States that this country will cooperate. But it is safe to say that if the United States, which with the British Empire controls more than half of Japan's trade, were willing to join in imposing embargos on Japan, the League powers would gladly come along. If this seems like a counsel of perfection, it is because the average American has not yet grasped the fact that Japan, because of its high degree of economic vulnerability, can be stopped in relatively short order by collective economic pressure, whether applied by governments or by individual consumers. Nor is it realized that if Japan can be stopped, the danger of a fascist-provoked world war will be materially lessened.

Financial Horse-Trading

THE announcement that Mexico has increased its tariff on a long list of imports from the United States has created serious concern among persons who advocate low tariffs for all countries except the United States. Frank L. Kluckhohn, Mexican correspondent for the New York *Times,* implies that the move is the result of growing Nazi influence south of the Rio Grande. That the move will be injurious to American exporters without necessarily aiding the Mexican economy goes almost without saying, but it is hardly realistic to see a German plot in Mexico's rather pathetic efforts to free itself from the financial domination of American capital. The fact that the United States normally supplies 63 per cent of Mexico's imports is perhaps the best indication of the extent of that control.

This subordination was clearly in evidence on the occasion of the recent visit of Finance Minister Eduardo Suárez to Washington and New York, the results of which have been to guarantee the stability of the Mexican peso and the continued purchase of Mexican silver by the American Treasury Department. Mr. Suárez, unlike many of his less fortunate predecessors, went home with a pact superficially, at least, more favorable to his country than has usually been the case in these periodic consultations with the financial overlords.

Was this happy denouement a new triumph of the good-neighbor policy over old-fashioned imperialist bullying? Such is the impression assiduously being fostered in official circles in both countries. But a closer examination of the deal, which must be made in the light of the realities of American economic domination of Mexico, reveals certain flaws in the arrangement. Approximately 75 per cent of the country's silver mines are owned by American companies, and if this country ceased to take their product, American interests would probably suffer more harm than those of Mexico.

The other half of the pact has an equally hard-headed purpose. The stability of the peso with relation to the dollar, to which it has been pegged since 1934, is vital to the United States. Foreign companies in Mexico engaged in the extraction and exportation of raw materials are naturally interested in a cheap peso, for they pay wages and other operating expenses in Mexican currency and sell their products in dollars. But this is only one aspect of the imperialist picture. American exporters, whose trade with Mexico, particularly in machinery and other capital goods, has been steadily increasing since the Mexican revival of the past few years, want a dear peso in order to maintain their present favorable position as well as to compete with the expanding German penetration of the Mexican market.

The experience of the past few years has shown that the existing exchange rate of 3.60 pesos to the dollar represents a rough equilibrium between these conflicting interests. However, the recent decline in the American price level was tending to drive the peso down in relation to the dollar, and had this process been allowed to continue, a new rate of 4 or perhaps even 4.50 pesos to the dollar, would certainly have been established, with ill effects on the American export trade as well as on the Mexican standard of living. The latter point is important as it must inevitably have produced a new wave of strikes which would have hampered the production of minerals and other raw materials vital to the armaments race.

In these circumstances it proved ordinary business common sense to protect the peso against fluctuation. There is reason to believe that the rate can be held at a fixed point with relative ease owing to its independence of the ordinary influences in the balance of trade between the two countries. Mexico's permanently "favorable" balance, which ought theoretically to produce a high exchange rate, is largely fictitious. Although Mexican imports average only about 65 per cent of its exports, the apparent balance is in reality exported from the country annually in the form of the profits of the foreign monopoly enterprises which control Mexico's oil, mining, and other industries. This condition is partially compensated by the dollars left in Mexico by American tourists, but the volume of the tourist business is insufficient to exert a marked influence on the value of the peso. Thus by keeping the peso pegged permanently to the dollar the United States gains an advantage over other countries.

It is clear that in the temporary emergency, and from a strictly capitalist point of view, Mexico has had certain advantages despite an inherently weak position. For the moment the most important question is whether the Mexican government has been adroit enough fully to exploit this momentarily privileged position or whether Finance Minister Suárez was obliged to make excessive concessions in the preliminary horse-trading.

Jackson versus Richberg

BY MARQUIS CHILDS

Washington, January 24

THE nomination of Robert H. Jackson as Solicitor General may touch off a quarrel that has been brewing here for a long time. This dispute, which has sharply divided lefts and rights within the Administration, has as its focus the Department of Justice. But it involves more or less directly future policies for the next two years and perhaps a great deal more than that. Mr. Jackson, who is Assistant Attorney General in charge of the anti-trust division, went a long way in his anti-monopoly speeches a month ago. It is inconceivable, of course, that he should have made such important utterances without the approval of the White House. But beyond doubt the initiative was his. He believes ardently in the objectives of the New Deal, and all through the fall he watched with something like despair while the gains of recent years crumbled away.

But at the same time that Mr. Jackson was inveighing against monopoly control of business Mr. Roosevelt was listening to another philosophy. From subtle persuaders he was hearing that business could not be revived under the threat of anti-trust prosecution; that only through some plan of industrial self-regulation could the present ominous trend be reversed. Foremost among these persuaders was Donald R. Richberg. As a private practitioner of the law in Washington, the former head of the NRA has attracted an imposing list of clients, including some of the largest corporations in the country. The line of reasoning that Mr. Richberg has taken with the President is resourceful. The whole nature of industry has completely changed in the past twenty years, he says. It is ridiculous to think that you can apply the anti-trust laws of another era to business today. To do so will only result in hopeless confusion and a deepening of the depression. Very cautiously, insisting that it has nothing to do with the old NRA, he approaches the general outline of a plan for self-regulation. Under such a plan industrialists would be able, with the blessing of an administrative commission to be set up outside the Department of Justice or the Federal Trade Commission, to allocate production and otherwise get around the anti-trust laws. They would be subject merely to civil and not to criminal anti-trust prosecution. This is the general idea that has been under discussion with business leaders and others at the White House.

In all this, of course, there is nothing surprising. What is surprising is that Mr. Roosevelt's Attorney General, Homer S. Cummings, is more or less in sympathy with the Richberg proposal. He is definitely not in sympathy with the opinions expressed by his assistant, Mr. Jackson. In fact, to callers he has made no secret of his annoyance and pain over Mr. Jackson's recent speeches. This difference between Mr. Cummings and the head of his anti-trust division is made even more interesting by an illuminating bit of background that involves all the principals. A month ago, while the anti-trust division was seeking a criminal indictment in federal court in Milwaukee against the big motor corporations and the companies that do their financing, the Department of Justice initiated in Washington an effort to obtain a consent decree in the case. This so angered Federal Judge Geiger that he proceeded to dismiss the grand jury, whereupon Attorney General Cummings in a letter to the House Judiciary Committee requested an investigation of Geiger's court.

While he has said nothing publicly, it is reported in Washington that Mr. Jackson was opposed to the attempt to obtain a consent decree at the same time that the case was being held before a grand jury. It happens that Mr. Richberg was counsel for two of the finance companies and two of the motor corporations, Ford and Chrysler, named in the suit. He makes no secret of his indignation at the effort to obtain criminal indictments against his clients. It is, he says, an example of what happens when business tries to plan. The motor companies were trying to reduce carrying charges and eliminate the loan sharks, and along comes the federal government with a big stick to tell them they're crooks. In his discussions with the President and the industrialists whom he has brought to the White House, Mr. Richberg has in all probability used this case as an example, for he feels very strongly about it.

Among the President's more leftish advisers there is consternation at the ease with which Mr. Richberg goes and comes at the White House. They say that he takes his clients in and out of the President's study and argues the case there. Beneath their resentment of Mr. Richberg is a very real concern that he may have persuaded Mr. Roosevelt to adopt the idea of industrial self-regulation. At his press conference last Friday the President talked about the ultimate necessity for business and labor to sit down and plan; no legislation would be required for this cooperative endeavor. It was very vague, but behind the generalizations one could discern faintly the shadow of Mr. Richberg's plan.

More than this immediate issue is likely to be involved in Mr. Jackson's confirmation. While conservative Democrats such as Senator Bailey of North Carolina are prepared to make a field day over Jackson's name, others in the Senate will take the opportunity to assail the present Attorney General's conduct of the Department of Justice. One of these is Senator Borah of Idaho, long-time foe of monopoly. The senior Senator from Idaho was incensed over the department's handling of the case against the motor finance companies. But his indignation does not stop there. Along with almost everyone else in Washington he has heard the reports of the laxness with which important matters are treated in the Department of Justice. These reports chiefly concern the way in which political lawyers have access to the Attorney General and the frequency with which they appear as representatives of large corporations having business with the department. The conspicuous example is J. Bruce Kremer, former Democratic national committeeman from Montana. One of the favorite topics of Washington speculation is the extent of Mr. Kremer's law practice.

When the President was in the West last fall, he stopped in Idaho to have a long talk with the first citizen of that state. The subject of their conversation, it is scarcely necessary to add, was monopoly and what to do about it. Concluding their talk, the President declared himself in complete agreement with the Senator from Idaho. For several months Mr. Borah has waited for some tangible move to be made in the drive against monopoly control and concentration. Now his patience has come to an end. He wants action, and if it is not forthcoming he will make a noise. One of the difficulties, of course, is that there has been no agreement on a program. The task of breaking down monopoly concentration appears at this stage so formidable that it is difficult for the New Dealers to see any approach. The decision of the jury at Madison, Wisconsin, finding the oil companies guilty of monopoly price-fixing was encouraging, particularly since the anti-trust division had been none too optimistic about the outcome of this suit. Nevertheless, it remains true that anti-monopolists in the Administration have not come to an agreement on any attack. And, by contrast, Mr. Richberg is perfectly sure of what must be done.

Those in the Administration who are most apprehensive that the President will approve some plan which will allow business to circumvent the anti-trust laws were opposed to Mr. Jackson leaving his present place at the head of the anti-trust division. It was Mr. Jackson's chief, Mr. Cummings, who recommended that he be rewarded for his labors by elevation to the post of Solicitor General, left vacant when Stanley Reed was named to the Supreme Court. What it amounts to is another move up on the political escalator, with the New York governorship on the next landing, and after that perhaps the Presidency.

If all goes smoothly and the threatened quarrel in the Senate fails to materialize or dwindles into a mild flurry of oratory, then all will be quiet in the Department of Justice. The left wingers have their own candidate to succeed Mr. Jackson, but they have no real hope that he will be chosen. While he will nominally remain in the department, Mr. Jackson will be so absorbed with his duties as Solicitor General that he will have little time to give to anti-trust policies. The prospect for the moment, therefore, is not a cheerful one for those who want Mr. Roosevelt to go after monopoly concentration. It is a fairly safe bet, however, that if the facts about the Department of Justice do not come out at this time, they will come out at a later date, and they will look no better for having aged.

Spiking Japan's Guns

BY T. A. BISSON

ACROSS the field of Japanese conquest in North China falls the shadow of the Eighth Route Army. This force is commanded by leaders whose names became a legendary byword in the Chinese countryside during their ten years of warfare with the Nanking government. The healing of the split between these bitter opponents in the late spring of 1937 symbolized China's determination to present a united front to the invader. It was the climax of a rapid sweep toward political unification. Within a single year the Kwangtung armies, the able leaders of Kwangsi province, the northeastern troops of General Chang Hsueh-liang, and the motley forces of Szechuan province had successively accepted the centralized military control of the Nanking authorities. For the first time since the establishment of the Chinese Republic in 1911, national unity was emerging from the mists of unreality into the realm of fact. It came none too soon. The last details of the Kuomintang-Communist rapprochement were still being worked out when Japan's war machine launched the most determined and ruthless of its long series of unjustifiable aggressions in China.

Before Japan's full forces had been landed in North China, the Eighth Route Army had become an integral part of the Chinese national forces and had established complete liaison with the central military authorities at Nanking. Its divisions of seasoned regulars, roughly 100,000 strong, had been transferred to the mountainous regions of northern Shansi, the strategic center of North China. All observers, both Chinese and foreign, testify that the stiffest resistance encountered by the Japanese expeditionary forces in the five northern provinces was in the area lying between Tatung and Taiyuan in northern Shansi. This statement is not intended to belittle the morale or fighting ability of the other Chinese armies which participated in the North China campaign. The odds against these troops, especially when they operated in the open plain, were too great to be overcome.

For the Japanese push south of Peiping and Tientsin in Hopei province, which began on September 10, the invaders mobilized some 300,000 troops and lavishly

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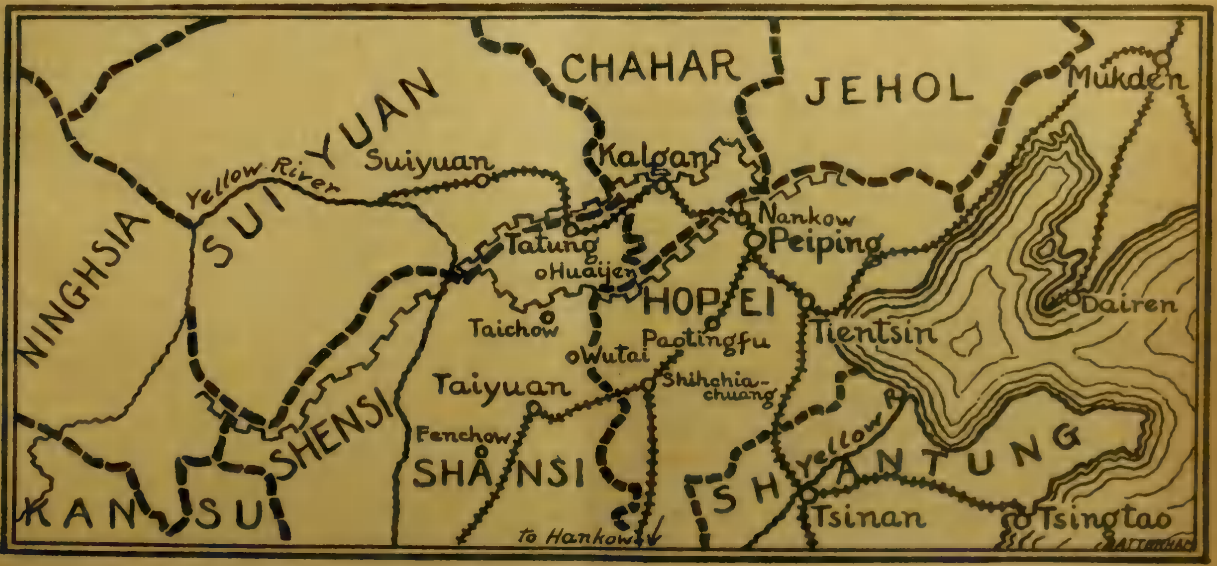
supplied them with mechanical equipment, including more than 100 bombing and pursuit planes. A month was spent in preparations for the drive. In early September, while traveling from Tientsin to Peiping, I watched Japanese munition and food trains being unloaded at the intermediate stations and their stocks added to the mountainous piles of crates, boxes, bags, and baskets of all kinds stacked along the platforms. Against the weight of such an offensive, backed by methodical preparation for every eventuality, even the best Chinese force would have been at a hopeless disadvantage. As it was, the Chinese commanders on this front made no effort to overcome their mechanical inferiority by resort to mobile warfare or attacks on the Japanese lines of communication. The intrenched armies, lacking adequate artillery and without a single war plane, waited almost fatalistically for the attack. When it came, the center of the Chinese front collapsed and both wings were rolled up. Blasted from their prepared positions and mercilessly bombed during their retreat, the fleeing troops were never able to consolidate their secondary defense lines. By mid-October the Japanese army had moved past Paotingfu and occupied Shihchiachuang, junction of a railway line running west into Shansi province from the Peiping-Hankow Railway. The occupation of this strategic junction point later proved of inestimable value to the hard-pressed Japanese forces in northern Shansi.

In this province the scheduled plan of Japanese operations was rudely upset by the desperate resistance of the Eighth Route Army. The details of the campaign, which was covered by none of the foreign correspondents, were virtually unreported during October, in which month some of the severest engagements were fought along the passes through the mountain barrier. Not until December did the correspondents in Peiping begin to piece together, from reports of missionaries and information gathered by the foreign military attachés, the full story of these operations.

Japanese forces entering the northern provinces from Manchuria had gained control of Kalgan, capital of Chahar, in August, after two weeks of severe fighting at Nankow Pass. Advancing southwest along the Peiping-Suiyuan Railway, they had then entered Shansi and occupied the important city of Tatung. By the middle of September they had left the railway and taken Huaijen, some fifty miles farther south. The mountain passes along the Great Wall in northern Shansi were before them.

Here the Japanese troops were split into three or four columns which attempted to force their way southward through the passes, of which Pinghsiangkuan, Juyuehkou, and Yenmenkuan were the most important. Sections of the Eighth Route Army had taken a position in all these passes. Early in October the former Communist forces isolated a full division of Japanese troops in a narrow defile at Pinghsiangkuan, the easternmost pass, and cut them to pieces. At about the same time, however, another invading column broke through at Juyuehkou and debouched into more open country at Fanchih and Taichow. Large Japanese reinforcements also increased the pressure at Pinghsiangkuan and finally forced the pass, whereupon a considerable portion of the Eighth Army fell back to Wutai and the Hsinkou range, covering the approach to Taiyuan. During these operations the Eighth Army leaders refused to be drawn into a positional battle in which they might have been destroyed by the bombing planes and superior artillery of the Japanese. The Japanese force which first broke through at Juyuehkou totaled about 50,000 troops; it was surrounded by overwhelmingly larger Chinese armies to the south of Taichow and for a time was in desperate straits. Even with the reinforcements which came to its support, bringing the combined Japanese forces to 100,000 or 150,000, it was unable to break the Chinese resistance which developed along the Hsinkou range. From the middle of October to the end of the first week in November the Japanese troops which had penetrated the northern passes were held up north of Taiyuan. Sections of the Eighth Route Army, still operating in the passes, completely disrupted the supply lines of the invaders and made it impossible



for all except large and heavily mechanized detachments to advance south from Tatung.

But the occupation of Shihchiachuang by the main Japanese forces in mid-October provided the high command with a new line of advance into Shansi along the Chengtai Railway to Taiyuan. By the end of the first week in November a force detached from the army operating on this line was approaching the outskirts of Taiyuan. Thus taken from the rear, the Chinese defense along the Hsinkou range was compelled to fall back, and Japanese troops entered Taiyuan on November 9.

Weighing the results of the campaign, the Japanese army command could find little cause for self-congratulation. The task of conquering northern Shansi, originally intrusted to several relatively small Japanese columns, had eventually required an army of between 200,000 and 300,000 men. After the fall of Taiyuan a good portion of this force was required to hold the gains already achieved. There was no question of occupying more territory. At the beginning of December the city of Fenchow, distant only about eighty miles from Taiyuan on a good motor highway, was still held by Chinese troops. The Eighth Route Army ranged across the Japanese line of communications from Tatung to Taiyuan, rendering it useless as a supply line.

General Chu Teh, commander-in-chief of the Eighth Route Army, on the basis of these first clashes with Japan's war machine, formed certain preliminary judgments which reveal his coolly calculating temper. The Japanese, he remarked in an interview with a newspaper correspondent, had superior arms and used them well; they could act according to their plans and keep their plans secret; they did not surrender their guns but fought until killed, mainly because they feared death if taken captive; they could retreat and bring in reinforcements more quickly than the Chinese. On the other hand, the war spirit among the rank and file was low; the Japanese soldiers did not like to build defense works; they feared hand-to-hand battles; and their intelligence service worked slowly. He pointed out that most of the Japanese killed had fallen in hand-to-hand combat; hand grenades accounted for the second largest number. At Yenmenkuan on October 18 the Eighth Army had attacked the Japanese air field; using hand grenades it had destroyed twenty-one Japanese planes, leaving only three on the field before it retreated.

The severe losses inflicted on the Japanese army during this campaign, no less than the protracted character of the campaign and the number of troops required for the capture of Taiyuan, demonstrated the efficacy of the guerrilla warfare advocated by the Chinese Communist leaders. The formal conclusion of the campaign has left the Japanese command with a military problem scarcely less serious than the one it faced at the outset of its operations. Its chief opponent, the Eighth Route Army, by avoiding positional battles, has emerged virtually intact to continue the struggle. The Eighth Army's war base in the mountains of northern Shansi is the most important strategic area in the whole of North China. As long as the Chinese forces led by Chu Teh and his associates can operate in this region, the consolidation and pacification of Japan's conquests in the northern provinces will be a long-drawn-out and inconclusive affair, engaging the efforts of large and expensive armies of occupation. From northern Shansi the Eighth Route Army can send raiding detachments into the provinces of Suiyuan, Chahar, and Hopei to harry all the main Japanese lines of communication in these provinces. As already noted, the Japanese command has thus far been unable to establish a regular supply line from Tatung to Taiyuan. Recent dispatches indicate that serious guerrilla attacks have developed along the Chengtai Railway, running from Shihchiachuang to Taiyuan through the Niangtsekuan passes. In the middle of January a severe Japanese reverse at the hands of the Eighth Route Army was reported a few miles south of Taiyuan.

Of basic importance is the fact that the population of this whole area has been opened to the organizational efforts of the Eighth Army, which for the past ten years has been demonstrating the extraordinary military potentialities of the Chinese masses when properly led. Paradoxically, the Japanese invasion, which claims to be saving China from bolshevism, has enabled the Communist leaders to exercise their talents for making effective soldiers of workers and peasants in a larger area than they had ever dreamed of. Japanese excesses in the countryside, reported in Peiping by a succession of eyewitnesses, may be counted upon to win for the Eighth Army sympathy and support. Many observers felt that the Kuomintang-Communist agreement of last spring, which restricted the red forces to the comparatively poor Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia districts, would eventually bring about the decline and disintegration of the Chinese Communist movement. Japan's invasion of North China has completely altered the situation. The Eighth Army has now a large and fertile field in which to foster its program and policies.

The extent to which its efforts have already achieved success is indicated by the testimony of missionaries and other foreign observers from the interior of Hopei province. North Shansi, by virtue of its geographical position, dominates the greater part of the Hopei plain south of Peiping. The mountain ranges extending from Shansi into western Hopei offer excellent cover for military forces entering this region, especially if they possess the confidence of the Chinese peasants. At the beginning of the war the Eighth Army leaders sent upward of 10,000 regulars into this area. This force later split up into numerous bands which, accompanied by experienced organizers, scattered across western Hopei with the object of establishing friendly contacts with the villagers. These units have been reorganizing remnants of defeated Chinese troops, collecting all available arms and ammunition, and organizing new peasant guerrilla forces. A recent estimate by Agnes Smedley places the total of new guerrilla detachments thus organized in Shansi, Hopei, and Suiyuan at 100,000. At present these detachments are poorly armed, but past experience suggests that the

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Eighth Army leaders may rapidly overcome this deficiency with captured Japanese equipment. Chu Teh declared in the interview referred to above that in many units only fifteen or twenty out of a hundred men possessed rifles, the rest being armed with hand grenades. On the leadership and morale of guerrilla troops depends much of their effectiveness. Chu Teh claimed that with all the hand-to-hand fighting of the Eighth Route Army the Japanese had not captured a man.

Eighth Army units in Hopei province are fighting as well as organizing. In Peiping during the last two weeks of November we heard of from sixteen to twenty attacks on Japanese detachments along the Peiping-Hankow Railway from Peiping to the Honan border. Only heavily armed Japanese detachments, usually escorted by airplanes, dared to venture into the interior of Hopei. Actual Japanese military control embraced but a narrow strip of approximately five miles on either side of the railway, with somewhat larger areas around the more important cities, such as Paotingfu. East of the Peiping-Hankow Railway the countryside was still controlled by remnants of the Chinese divisions which had been swept aside in the big September push. In this area at the beginning of December the Japanese command was still unable to utilize the highway from Tientsin to Paotingfu as a regular supply line. Current reports show raiding activities have extended to the outskirts of Peiping and Tientsin.

The facts thus briefly outlined do not mean that the Japanese military position in North China is untenable, or that Japan's armed forces are likely to be driven out of the northern provinces in the near future. They do mean that the Japanese command is faced with a military problem of large dimensions, which will continue to require an expensive army of occupation for many years to come. The "pacification" of North China, certainly of any considerable section of the interior, will not be accomplished unless the Eighth Route Army is completely annihilated. Failing this, from fifteen to twenty divisions of Japanese troops will be required to maintain control of the lines of railway communication in the northern provinces. And the problem may become steadily more serious if the Eighth Army is able to complete its organization of the peasants in the areas off the railway lines. The present guerrilla operations, it is important to note, are being carried on during the winter months, when the grain has been cut and cover is meager—a season when the armed Manchurian volunteers are normally driven into the most inaccessible areas of the northeastern provinces. The campaign, in other words, has got off to an early start. Consisting of an initial force of 100,000 troops seasoned by a decade of mobile warfare under the most difficult circumstances, and led by experienced commanders, the Eighth Army will almost certainly carry on a wasting conflict which will try Japanese nerves to the utmost. The Communist leaders are convinced that China, because of its semi-colonial status and backward technique, cannot defeat Japan by the orthodox methods of modern warfare. Chu Teh made this point to me, during an interview last June, in these succinct sentences: "China must depend on its peasant and worker strength if it is to fight Japan victoriously. For China this war must be a totalitarian war. Even all of our four hundred millions are not quite enough."

Laughter in Madrid

BY LANGSTON HUGHES

Madrid, December 15

THE thing about living in Madrid these days is that you never know when a shell is going to fall. Or where. Any time is firing time for Franco. Imagine yourself sitting calmly in the front room of your third-floor apartment carefully polishing your eyeglasses when all of a sudden, without the least warning, a shell decides to come through the wall—paying no attention to the open window—and explodes like a thunderclap beneath the sofa. If you are sitting on the sofa, you are out of luck. If you are at the other side of the room and good at dodging shrapnel you may not be killed. Maybe nobody will even be injured in your apartment. Perhaps the shell will simply go on through the floor and kill somebody else in apartment 27, downstairs. (People across the hall have been killed.)

Who next? Where? When? Today all the shells may fall in the Puerta del Sol. Tomorrow Franco's big guns on the hills outside Madrid may decide to change their range-finders and bombard the city fan-wise, sending *quince-y-medios* from one side of the town to the other. No matter in what section of the city you live, a shell may land in the kitchen of the sixth-floor apartment (whose inhabitants you've often passed on the stairs), penetrate several floors, and make its way to the street via your front room on the third floor.

That explains why practically nobody in Madrid bothers to move when the big guns are heard. If you move, you may as likely as not move into the wrong place. A few days ago four shells went through the walls of the Hotel Florida, making twenty that have fallen there. The entrance to the hotel is well protected with sandbags, but they couldn't sandbag nine stories. All this the desk clerk carefully explains to guests who wish to register. But most of the other hotels have been severely bombed, too. And one has to stay somewhere.

The Hotel Alfonso a few blocks away has several large holes through each of its four walls but is still receiving guests. One of the halls on an upper floor leads straight out into space—door and balcony have been shot away. In one of the unused bedrooms you can look slantingly down three floors into the street through the holes made by a shell that struck the roof and plowed its way down, then out by a side wall into the road. Walking up to your room, you pass a point where the marble stairs are splintered and the wall pitted by scraps of iron; here two people were killed. Yet the Hotel Alfonso maintains its staff, and those of its rooms that still have walls and windows are occupied by paying guests.

The now world-famous Telefonica, Madrid's riddled skyscraper in the center of the city, is still standing, proud but ragged, its telephone girls at work inside. The Madrid Post Office has no window-panes left whatsoever, but the mail still goes out. Around the Cibeles Fountain in front of the Post Office the street cars still pass, although the fountain itself with its lovely goddess is now concealed by a specially built housing of bricks and sandbags, so that the good-natured Madrileños have nicknamed it "Beauty Under Covers," laughing at their own wit.

Yes, people still laugh in Madrid. In this astonishing city of bravery and death, where the houses run right up to the trenches and some of the street-car lines stop only at the barricades, people still laugh, children play in the streets, and men buy comic papers as well as war news. The shell holes of the night before are often filled in by dawn, so efficient is the wrecking service and so valiantly do the Madrileños struggle to patch up their city.

A million people living on the front lines of a nation at war! The citizens of Madrid—what are they like? Not long ago a small shell fell in the study of a bearded professor of ancient languages. Frantically his wife and daughter came running to see if anything had happened to him. They found him standing in the center of the floor, holding the shell and shaking his head quizzically. "This little thing," he said, "this inanimate object, can't do us much damage. It's the philosophy that lies behind it, wife, the philosophy that lies behind it."

In the Arguelles quarter to the north, nearest to the rebel lines—the neighborhood that has suffered most from bombardments and air raids—many of the taller apartment houses, conspicuous targets that they are, have been abandoned. But in the smaller houses of one and two stories people still live and go about their tasks. The Cuban poet, Alejo Carpentier, told me that one morning after a heavy shelling he passed a house of which part of the front wall was lying in the yard. A shell had passed through the roof, torn away part of the wall, carried with it the top of the family piano, and buried itself in the garden. Nevertheless, there at the piano sat the young daughter of the house, very clean and starched, her hair brushed and braided, her face shining. Diligently she was beating out a little waltz from a music book in front of her. The fact that the top of the piano had been shot away in the night did not seem to affect the chords. When passers-by asked about it, calling through the shell hole, the child said, "Yes, an *obús* came right through here last night. I'm going to help clean up the yard after a while, but I have to practice my lessons now. My music teacher'll be here at eleven."

The will to live and laugh in Madrid is the thing that constantly amazes a stranger. At the house where I am staying, sometimes a meal consists largely of bread and of soup made with bread. Everybody tightens his belt and grins, and somebody is sure to repeat good-naturedly an old Spanish saying, "Bread with bread—food for fools!" Then we all laugh.

One of Franco's ways of getting back at Madrid is to broadcast daily from his radio stations at Burgos and Seville the luncheon and dinner menus of the big hotels, the fine food that the Fascists are eating and the excellent wines they drink. (Rioja and the best of wine areas are in Fascist hands.) But Madrid has ways of getting even with the Fascists, too. Mola, a lover of cafes, said at the very beginning of the war that he would soon be drinking coffee in Madrid. He was mistaken. Then he said he would enter Madrid by the first of November. He didn't. Then he swore he would enter the city on the eighth of December. He didn't. But on the evening of the eighth some wag remembered, and the crowds passing that night in Madrid's darkened Puerta del Sol saw by moonlight in the very center of the square a coffee table, carefully set, the coffee poured, and neatly pinned to the white cloth a large sign reading "For Mola."

Bread and coffee are scarce in Madrid, and so are cigarettes. The only cigarettes offered for sale more or less regularly are small, hard, and very bad. They are so bad that though they cost thirty centimos before the war they bring only twenty now despite their comparative scarcity. The soldiers call them "recruit-killers," jocularly asserting that they are as dangerous to the new men in the army as are bombs and bullets.

Bad cigarettes, poor wine, little bread, no soap, no sugar! Madrid, dressed in bravery and laughter; knowing death and the sound of guns by day and night, but resolved to live, not die!

The moving-picture theaters are crowded. Opening late in the afternoon and compelled to close at nine, they give only one or two showings a day. One evening an audience was following with great interest an American film. Suddenly an *obús* fell in the street outside. There was a tremendous detonation, but nobody moved from his seat. The film went on. Soon another fell, nearer and louder than before, shaking the whole building. The manager went out into the lobby and looked up and down the Gran Via. Overhead he heard the whine of shells. He went inside and mounted the stage to say that, in view of the shelling, he thought it best to stop the picture. Before he had got the words out of his mouth he was greeted with such a hissing and booing and stamping of feet and calls for the show to go on that he shrugged his shoulders in resignation and signaled the operator to continue. The house was darkened. The magic of Hollywood resumed its spell. While Franco's shells whistled dangerously over the theater, the film went its make-believe way to a thrilling denouement. The picture was called "Terror in Chicago."

My Clash with LaGuardia

BY LANGDON POST

PUBLIC housing has become a reality. It has emerged from the realm of debate, oratory, surveys, and statistics. The federal government will now enter into annual subsidy agreements with local housing authorities and in three years will have lent 500 million dollars; this sum may even be increased by Congress before the three-year period expires. In other words, slum clearance and the building of low-rent housing accommodations are now on their way.

The baldness of this statement gives no measure of the importance or the implications of the change. Heretofore the crusaders, the so-called long-haired reformers, social workers, and idealists, have usurped the field of public housing. Now, we are told, we must turn it over to the practical men, for they are the men who built this great nation. This may be so, but I for one believe the dreamers did it—yes, even the star gazers. I do not wish to impugn the ability or the integrity of the practical man, but if he is the man who built our cities in the past, then I look with some trepidation on his entrance into the field of public housing, for any student of the growth of cities in this country will agree that it represents the ultimate in economic stupidity, social blindness, and human greed.

I wonder if this demand for the entrance of the practical man into the field is not possibly the beginning of the exploitation of the 500 million dollars waiting in Washington to be spent. Until the present there has been no money in public housing and little political preferment to be gained by espousing it. Now the picture is different, for a large housing program benefits not only the slum dwellers who are to be the tenants but all of business; and I will say for the average American business man, if he sometimes shows a lack of intelligence and foresight, his faculty for seizing an opportunity is developed to a high degree. And not only is money to be made in public housing today, but also great political advantage is to be gained, for it will be without question one of the greatest social movements of the next two generations.

This means that the degree of independence of the local housing authorities which are going to be responsible for spending this money—the United States government merely acts as banker—must be determined at once. The issue was raised recently in New York City in a controversy between Mayor LaGuardia and myself as chairman of the Housing Authority, and I wish to set forth as dispassionately as possible the two points of view out of which the controversy grew.

So-called "authorities" have been created by government in the past for the purpose of borrowing money and constructing and operating large public properties without pledging the public credit. Until now their use has been confined to very restricted activities—the building and operating of vehicular tunnels, bridges, sewers, drainage systems, and the like. With the creation of housing authorities, however, this new instrument of government enters upon activities which affect vitally the lives of many millions of persons. Housing is not just a matter for the engineer, the architect, and the accountant; it demands of those at its head the highest degree of political acumen and integrity. Housing is in politics.

I wish to give Mayor LaGuardia's point of view as fairly and as accurately as possible, as I have learned it from several talks with him on this most important matter. The Mayor fully realizes the implications and dangers inherent in an "authority" in this new field. He already has a number of local authorities to deal with—the Triborough Bridge, the Henry Hudson Bridge, the East River Tunnel, and the New York City Housing Authority. As mayor of the city he naturally feels that the responsibility for all governmental activities rests on his shoulders. He feels that if these various authorities, particularly the Housing Authority, have too great a degree of independence, he will be placed in the position of having a responsibility without the power to discharge it. There is, it must be admitted, some justification for this view.

However, let us look at the other side of the picture. So long as authorities were restricted to a very limited field the question of their independence did not arise. But when the problem of housing thousands of people is to be put in the hands of an authority, it becomes immediately apparent that the degree of its independence is of paramount importance and that any legislation creating such a body must contain more than merely machinery for borrowing money without pledging public credit.

I was among those who helped draft the New York State legislation creating housing authorities. During the two months we worked at it the most important subject of controversy was not the independence of the authorities, for that was never questioned, but the degree of independence. It must be remembered that we had been living for many years under the rule of Tammany Hall, and no one believed for a minute that the authority should be purely a city department subject to the termination of administrations and the will of the mayor. Some advocated giving as little control to the local government as possible—by allowing the mayor to appoint only part of the members, by requiring that appointment of all members should be subject to the approval of the State Housing Board, or by bringing all the activities of authorities under state jurisdiction. These more radical attempts to insure the independence of local authorities were defeated, but the bill as passed expressed the intent and spirit of those who sponsored it—namely, that the local housing authorities should have the greatest degree of independence consonant with the spirit of home rule and the need for municipal cooperation. The mayor was given the right to appoint all the members, but the terms of office were so staggered that, after the first appointments were made, the membership could never be completely changed in any one administration. It was only through an accident of circumstances—resignations and failure to fill vacancies—that Mayor LaGuardia found himself recently in a position to overturn the membership and thus change the policies of the New York City Housing Authority. The members were to serve without pay, and after the appointment of the first chairman by the mayor the authority was to elect its own chairman. These are sufficient examples of the intent and spirit of the law. The laws in other states were all drawn with the same purpose. In fact, in many states independence of the chief executive of the city is even more completely assured. In Pennsylvania and Ohio, for instance, the mayor is given the power of appointment of only some of the members of the authority; in Illinois the State Housing Board must approve the mayor's appointments.

It is clear then that the independence of local authorities was fundamental in the original conception. Sufficient justification for this view is to be found in the bitter experience of corrupt and devious municipal politics. I am sure that if Mayor LaGuardia thought the old Tammany methods of governing the city of New York were likely to return, he also would like to see an independent authority. But there are other reasons which have nothing to do with graft and corruption and which are equally important.

First, private capital must eventually be induced to consider public housing a field for investment. There is absolutely no reason why it should not and there is every reason why it should. Once the public-housing movement is established, and completed developments have been put in operation, I am convinced that it will open a field for investment that will equal if not surpass other investment fields of a public or semi-public character, such as railroads, public utilities, shipping, and the like. But will private capital invest in the bonds of local authorities which are subject to the domination of any particular local administration? Private capital demands first of all to be assured of the stability and continuity of the agency in which it is to invest. One of the reasons that private capital hesitates at this time is the fear that public housing will be subjected to all the uncertainties of politics. It must be remembered that the city's credit is not pledged as security for Housing Authority bonds.

Second, the independence of the authority is vital if the people living in the slums, from whom tenants will be selected, are to place confidence in it. The last four years have proved conclusively to me that the majority of people living in the slums still think it is necessary to have "political pull" in order to get into a development. For this reason many of them do not even take the trouble to apply. The New York City Housing Authority has made every effort to prove its impartiality in choosing tenants, but has not yet achieved its objective completely. Another problem is that of the relationship between tenant and management—in government housing a very delicate and highly explosive thing. There has not yet been sufficient public housing in this country to enable any definite conclusions to be drawn, but I am convinced from my experience in the New York Housing Authority that the success of tenant relationship depends almost entirely upon the degree of confidence which the tenants place in the authority. If the tenants once begin to think that decisions and policies of the authority can be changed or reversed by means of pressure brought to bear on outside officials, particularly the mayor, the authority will completely lose its grip and management will become impossible.

Third, in the selection of sites lie vast possibilities of graft and corruption. One only has to go through the files in the New York City Housing Authority to see the amount of influence that has been used by various persons, groups, and interests to have projects located in certain sections of the city. The local authority must have a program to which it strictly adheres if it is to attain its true objectives of large-scale slum clearance and low-rent housing. Pressure from whatever source must be resolutely resisted. If members are subject to immediate control and removal, this becomes almost impossible.

Other arguments exist for the independence of housing authorities, but these are basic and upon them rests the reason for the unanimity on this point of every housing law in the country. Mayor LaGuardia, in taking advantage of a series of circumstances which placed him in a position to overthrow the entire policy of the New York City Housing Authority and in publicly stating that if the members did not do as he told them he would get a new board, certainly violated the intent of the law. If he wishes to question the wisdom of this intent, that is his right as a human being; if he wishes to attempt to change it on the statute books, that is a right given him by the laws of a democratic country; but if he wishes to change it by indirection or nullify it by direct action, that is a right which should be denied him. This may well become an important issue in the future. It must be decided in the democratic manner.

In making my defense of the independence of housing authorities I do not wish to leave the impression that I believe they should sit on Olympian heights, protected and isolated from public opinion or political thought. That would be absurd, for without the cooperation, sympathy, and help of the local administration a housing authority would find it difficult, if not impossible, to carry on its work. These two agencies of government must feel mutual respect and share a determination to accomplish their common objectives.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

AT THE risk of being charged with having sold out to the power companies, I wish to state my approval of Wendell Willkie's final stand in the conflict which has arisen between the government and the Commonwealth and Southern system, of which Mr. Willkie is the head. His offer to sell the corporation to the government at a just price to be fixed by a committee of three—one to be appointed by the President, one by the Supreme Court, and one by the company—seems to me eminently fair and wise. It certainly did not call for Mr. Lilienthal's response that the TVA would not pay for watered stock or "write-ups"; when Mr. Willkie offered to put the fate of the stockholders in the hands of a committee on which the government had two out of three representatives, he plainly showed his readiness to accept its decision as to what constitutes a fair valuation.

It also seems to me that Mr. Willkie's argument that his company could not go on if it were deprived of the large cities in which it operates by the creation of municipal plants is unanswerable. One of the highest officials in the Administration assured me a year ago that he considered the problem of how to deal justly with the power companies insoluble, for if the cities bought out the Commonwealth and Southern plants, the company could certainly not continue to operate its power lines or to light the small towns, villages, and farms which it often supplies with current at a loss or with little or no profit. This official saw no solution because he had not considered that the government might purchase the Commonwealth and Southern properties. Now the Administration must face the issue.

Personally I feel that the capital in the Commonwealth and Southern should not be ruthlessly destroyed; that the company should not be robbed of its city units and then have to junk the remainder of its properties; that there should be decent and just consideration of the 200,000 innocent investors whose money is in the enterprise. That does not mean that I wish the government to pay for watered stock and unfair write-ups. Of course not. It is quite probable that the stockholders will lose some of their investment if there is watered stock; they will have to pay then, as so many others have paid before them, for the misdeeds or the errors of judgment of the company managers to whom they intrusted their money. But it is surely vital that in dealing with the Commonwealth and Southern the government should set a standard of absolute probity and justice, whatever sins may be laid at Mr. Willkie's door, if only because this purchase of the Commonwealth and Southern system will be the forerunner of many similar acquisitions by the government.

Hard on top of Mr. Willkie's offer to sell out to the TVA comes the demand of the Governor of Pennsylvania that the federal government acquire the hard-coal industry in his state. This, too, is an event of extraordinary significance. Together, they prove the breakdown of the attempted regulation of the coal industry and of the electric utilities. All during my editorship of *The Nation,* from 1918 to 1934, I held that economic evolution and the impending collapse of the basic industries under private ownership and unlimited competition must inevitably result in government ownership. The situation of the coal industry of Pennsylvania is no different from that of West Virginia, Colorado, and other states. For years labor has been underpaid and penalized by long periods of no work, while at the same time investors have not been able to get a fair return on their investment. Conditions have been chaotic; even the attempted regulation under federal control offered little hope of improvement. So it has been absolutely certain that the day would come when all concerned would ask the government to take over.

Today the railroads are within sight of the same decision. They cannot go on as they have been going; they cannot continue to finance themselves; the evil results of Wall Street banker control and management are clear and undeniable. Senator Wheeler has been doing yeoman's work in bringing out the facts through the hearings of the Senate committee which has been investigating the railroad situation. The waste and extravagance, the huge profits made by bankers, especially in the reorganizations, and the absence of any attempt to reduce capital structures are all there. The railroads see only one way out—higher freight rates. But higher rates choke industry and are immediately another obstacle to the return of prosperity. Meanwhile the equipment is rapidly deteriorating and cannot be replaced. The answer is the purchase by the government of all the lines, with the resultant tremendous savings due to consolidations, joint terminals and purchases, the ending of needless competition. The government should not operate the roads directly through a Washington bureau; there should be a single operating company, as in the case of the government's Mississippi Barge Company, directed by a board comprising representatives of the government, the traveling public, the shippers, and the employees. Finally, I would point out that the oil industry is now so completely regulated by state and federal authorities that the next step there will be government ownership. It is badly needed to conserve this precious national resource, now somewhat controlled and regulated by the states and the federal government.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE PLEASURES OF LITERATURE

BY A BOOKLOVER

WITH how sure an expectation of solace, amid the turmoil and perplexities of our time, I turn, when the fires of evening are lit, to my silent companions of the library! Here the din of the city dies away; here the feverish antagonisms of men reveal themselves *sub specie aeternitatis.* Here may I be rapt as by a magic carpet to those miraculous isles of Greece—"lily on lily, that o'erlace the sea"—to journey with the returning Ulysses among the terrors, the perils, the enchantments of Homer's golden day; or I may bid imagination run riot with Shakespeare and his carnival fellows of the spacious days of great Elizabeth, assuming the motley of their bawdy humors, the purple of their splendid passions, the mourning of their fantastic revenges; or I may prowl with Dickens or Balzac among the mysteries of the dark modern cities or lurch with George Borrow along the hedgerows; or I may revel in the thousand and one tales, more enthralling than the "Arabian Nights," of Voragine's "Golden Legend," Vasari's "Lives of the Painters," or Havelock Ellis's "Psychology of Sex."

What a sovereign remedy is a book for the distempers both of the mind and of the body! How it protects us against sordidness and boredom! Shall I ever forget the exquisite delights of my first perusal of Congreve's plays, as I rode back and forth on the elevated, the subway, or the electric car, during my period of apprenticeship as a reporter on one of our great metropolitan dailies—an exercise which, I like to believe, had the effect of guaranteeing my style against the contagion of newspaper writing? Or the ecstasy of my discovery at college, and at almost the same moment, of Dante, the greatest poet, and Plato, the greatest proseman, of all time?—how, cycling alone in the Princeton lanes, leafy and fragrant with May, I would declaim the ringing tercets of the former!—how, to the flutter of the pages of the lexicon, the paragraphs of the "Phaedo" or the "Symposium" would commence to grow incandescent with a radiance which seemed steadily to glow more brightly, till the radiance of morning herself made luminous the Jersey murk!

With what relish—nay, what appetite of one famished!—I consumed the only book I read at Plattsburg, Anatole France's "Thaïs"—the enjoyment of which and of the bottles of cold milk we used to drink after our parching summer marches and of my conversations with Charles R. Walker, then at the peak of his early brilliance, is my only agreeable memory of an experience which convinced me definitely that, though I might perhaps do something with literature, I should never be a success as a soldier. How Michelet's "History of France" peopled the hills and the fields of Lorraine with the armies of Charles the Bold as I plodded among them in khaki—and made them seem so eroded and worn out, so tempered and yet so blighted, by that history of traditional quarrels which was still going on at the time and in which I found myself reluctantly involved that I felt powerfully the advantages of America, where we were not worried by history so much. And I carried the thick octavos of Renan all the way to German Trier after the Armistice, considerably encumbering my pack and seriously hampering my movements, but maintaining uninterrupted my access to an admirable spirit, international, critical, and humane, at a time when the qualities he represented were by no means in evidence either among his countrymen or in the nation which he more or less regarded as his intellectual fatherland.

And how much I enjoyed a few evenings ago reading "Le Neveu de Rameau" in bed, and how I expect to enjoy this evening reading the articles in the Encyclopaedia Britannica on Zionism, Hölderlin, and Peter the Great, which will enable me to fall asleep the wiser!

Indispensable books! Alternative worlds, where all discords are finally resolved, if not by philosophy, then by art—how should we live in this other world without you? Mary Colum is right when she says that one of the most terrible wounds which have been dealt the human spirit by dictatorship is its constriction of the dream life of humanity. For how can the edifices of statesmanship flourish where the constructions of art are forbidden?

At least that is the way I am getting to feel as I read the current discussions of literature in the more serious-minded reviews. They are driving me right back into the arms of Charles Lamb, John Addington Symonds, and Walter Pater: old duffers whom addiction to literature had rendered a little goofy but who did promote the appreciation of books.

In my youth we used to read James Huneker, who, chaotic and careless though he was, got you steamed up to read authors worth reading. Later on we read T. S. Eliot, who, though as sober as Huneker was boisterous, still stimulated the appetite for poetry and made the poets seem full of exciting surprises.

But Eliot's criticism was completely non-historical. He seemed to behold the literature of the ages abstracted from time and space and spread before him in one great exhibit, of which he conducted a comparative appraisal. This was of course an intellectual triumph, and his criticism had its enormous value; but it was a feat which could only be performed at the cost of detaching books from all the other affairs of human life; and the author of this complaint at that time used to urge the practitioners of literature to interest themselves in the development of society and in the larger events of the world—as most great literature, after all, had done. Even the non-moral and non-doctrinal Shakespeare, whose detachment seems so bafflingly consummate, presents issues—as Orson Welles's "Julius Caesar" has recently emphasized—of which, if you had read only Eliot on Shakespeare, you would have been given no intimation.

The depression did compel the writers to pay attention to the "social significance" of poems, novels, and plays; and in time this became an obsession. Today one is confronted by the spectacle of a philosophico-social criticism of a character purely analytical, which almost invariably comes to negative conclusions, and a politico-social criticism which, without making even the attempt of the other to ascertain the significance of the writer in the bigger historical frame, limits itself to giving him a high grade or a low grade corresponding to the degree of his readiness to subscribe to the slogans of some political faction.

The young, usually subject to exaggerated enthusiasms, are today not enthusiastic at all—not enthusiastic, that is, about books: they merely approve when the book suits their politics. But, seriously, I think it is a pity that they do not learn to read for pleasure. They may presently find that an acquaintance with the great works of art and thought is their only real insurance against the increasing barbarism of the time.

Back to the eager appetites of the Renaissance! Back to the "best that has been thought and felt in the world!" Back to John Keats first looking into Chapman's Homer! Back to Karl Marx reading Aeschylus through every year!

EDMUND WILSON
(*Not Christopher Morley*)

Fallow Land

BY EUNICE CLARK

Fallow land, how low the crows fly!

A lady of the house remembers amour;
The phlox survives, but hay runs thin where there
Birnam Wood crosses the pasture bars.

There shall be murder tonight in Pittsburgh!
But here are rainsore roofs, here tools unsoldered,
Vines over the windows, and bitterly
The rust assaulting and impertinent birds.

Choice fruit and eggs we used to send;
(the graveyard needs repair, the tombstones topple)
What are they eating now, the city people?
Kneel down, lady of the house, and pray.
Close over, forest. Fallow land, avenge
Her memories,
low-flying crows.

Revolution in Wonderland

THE WILD GOOSE CHASE. By Rex Warner. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

POEMS. By Rex Warner. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

THE writer who undertakes to express his ideas in the form of an allegory has chosen a difficult vehicle for them. The allegory is closely related to the parable, and the parable's purpose is to make a set of ideas more plain by exposing them through an unexpected set of images. Through this displacement reality must be rendered more, not less, clearly: it should not be distorted by the shift. Fantasy (the literary form) must be firmly based on the fact, and it must develop logically within itself. The joy given to the reader by "Gulliver" arises from things happening credibly in strange situations. "Yes, it would be like that!" is the response given, quite as much to the good sense and practical suggestions as to the imagination displayed by Swift.

It would be kind to call "The Wild Goose Chase" an extravaganza on revolutionary themes. Mr. Warner admires Kafka, and he has adapted a good deal of Kafkian detail and diffused Kafkian tone throughout his book. He also has read Swift. He fails where his masters succeed because, unlike them, he has no control over either his material or his emotions. He is not an artist gauging the first, or a mature human being with insight into the second. The two have collided on a level of his nature where extreme confusion holds, and the results are lamentable.

One element in Kafka's work which has not been thoroughly elucidated, and which bears on Mr. Warner's, is that in portions of Kafka's writing (notably in "The Trial") he deals with the material of his own obsessions. The atmosphere of "The Trial" is one which normal people come upon in bad dreams—which obsessed people project out upon reality. But Kafka, in "The Trial," deals with persecution delusion in so masterly a manner that he raises it into beauty and makes it a part of human experience. He attacks the problem with all the weapons of realistic approach. The horror and strangeness are thoroughly rendered, but the subconscious mechanisms are never allowed to throw up fantasy uncriticized. The development of the subconscious fantasy is continually being put through a checking process. Kafka is manipulating his nature and not being manipulated by it. Mr. Warner, on the other hand, with the best intentions in the world, gets nowhere because his subconscious nature, which he apparently knows nothing about, is manipulating him from the start.

Three brothers set out to find the wild goose ("freedom, naturalness"). One is ambitious. Another is an aesthete and a scholar. The third is "an ordinary young man." Their destination is an unknown country beyond a mysterious frontier. The peasants of this land are ground under by an insanely irresponsible and grotesquely heartless government whose seat is a fantastic modern city. The ambitious man and the scholar, both of whom are presented as perfect fools, accept the inhuman conditions put upon them by the government and are degraded by them. Not so the ordinary young man. He espouses the cause of the peasantry and enters the city determined to appeal to the king and change matters. No good comes of this plan. He then realizes that he cannot act alone, as a single adventurer. He returns to the countryside and works up a revolution which, although opposed by the police, spies, fiendish clergymen, and dreadful mechanical contraptions, finally, in a very bloody manner, succeeds. George—for that is the ordinary young man's name—then determines to create a new world according to the best Marxian formulas. The roof flies off the most horrid of the old institutions, and the wild geese are seen flying overhead.

The details thrown into this basic plan—and they are many—are so arbitrary, so futile, and so clumsy that they not only impede the story but often throw it violently off its track. If it suits the author's momentary convenience to erase someone from the plot or to change his or her nature overnight, the disappearance or the change is at once effected. Love affairs are dragged in by the heels, to point up George. Dreamlike events happen for reasons that remain obscure. Why Mr. Warner should have chosen, in the first place, to come out for revolutionary methods in terms of nightmare, it is difficult to discover. Through his poorly selected symbols the new world is made to seem as hideous as the old. All is translated into a phantasmagoria that the mind and emotions instinctively reject.

George, it may be mentioned in passing, at the beginning of the book shows resentment toward a male in authority by giving him a blow in the face. At the close of the book, having killed the king in a subterranean cave, beside an underground lake, George makes love to the king's mistress. Psychologists, who along with other scientists are deplored by Mr. Warner, could have a field day explaining George.

Mr. Warner's book of verse, "Poems," is better than his book of prose. Although rather smugly hortatory, and deriving from C. Day Lewis and Hopkins, it has moments of simplicity and beauty. It is curious that the author of "The Wild Goose Chase" should concern himself with poetry at all, since in his imaginary world poets are either idiots or frauds. But he has. LOUISE BOGAN

The "Inside" of the China War

FIRST ACT IN CHINA. By James M. Bertram. The Viking Press. $3.

ALTHOUGH it deals with a restricted theme, the capture and release of Chiang Kai-shek in December, 1936, this book stands without peer as an introduction to the new China which is today bravely resisting the onslaught of Japanese arms. Most persons, even in China, either found the kidnapping of the Generalissimo inexplicable or falsely attributed it to the Chinese Communists. James Bertram, a young New Zealander fresh from Oxford, where he took top honors as a Rhodes Scholar, had the good fortune to be the only journalist to reach Sian immediately after Chiang's capture. Unlike most foreign journalists in China, he was not too proud to talk with all sorts of people, including Communists and *Tungpei* revolutionaries. As a result he has come forward with one of the great journalistic beats of recent times—a story of epoch-making importance which contradicts in many essentials the preconceptions of the whole newspaper-reading public.

For purposes of this review I shall skip the adventurous tale of the vicissitudes Bertram experienced in reaching Sian. It is sufficient to say that he went in with a man who turned out to be one of the leaders of the revolutionary faction responsible for the Generalissimo's detention. He found that the Communists, isolated some hundred miles west of Sian, were not even aware of the coup until some hours after it occurred. Nor does the kidnapping appear to have been premeditated. Chiang had gone to Sian for the purpose of persuading the Young Marshal and his followers to resume their campaign against the "Communist bandits." In so doing he had completely miscalculated the growth of anti-Japanese sentiment among the former Manchurian troops, for whom a continuation of civil strife was tantamount to treason. Having failed in persuasion, Chiang resorted to strong-arm tactics. Orders were given to transfer the Manchurian troops to the south, and to bring in troops loyal to Chiang's wishes.

Late on the evening of December 11 the Young Marshal called an emergency meeting at which it was decided to forestall this order dispersing the Manchurian troops by arresting Chiang Kai-shek. Despite some resistance by Chiang's bodyguard, the coup was carried out with unexpected ease. But Chiang himself escaped; and it was not until some hours later that he was found, barefooted and in his nightclothes, hiding in a cleft between a jutting shelf of rock and a mountain. Although there were groups within the Manchurian ranks that urged immediate execution of the commander-in-chief, the Young Marshal and the Communists, who were called in, insisted that he should be ultimately released as the one man who could lead China in a war against Japan. The pro-Japanese clique in Nanking, led by Ho Ying-chin, the War Minister, did all they could to prevent his release by threatening to bomb Sian and send an expeditionary force to crush the "rebellion."

Actually the release seems to have been arranged when it became evident that Chiang was deeply influenced by his talks with the rebel leaders, and that nothing further was to be gained by holding him. Both he and Madame Chiang agreed to give favorable consideration to the Young Marshal's eight-point program for the establishment of a common front against Japan. From a purely practical point of view Chiang may have decided that it would be less trouble to come to an agreement with the Communists than to continue expensive and unpopular campaigns against them.

The book contains far more than a sketch of the Sian incident. In relating the story of his own adventures, his contacts with the *Tungpei* revolutionaries, with Agnes Smedley, and a few liberal missionaries, Mr. Bertram manages to give a vivid picture of the essential developments in Chinese history during the last fifteen years. He tells of the brave days of 1927 when the workers seized Shanghai from the reactionary war lords, only to be slaughtered by Chiang Kai-shek; of the killing of Chang Tso-lin by the Japanese in 1928; of the founding and growth of the Chinese Soviets, culminating the famous "long march" from Kiangsi to Shensi and Kansu; and of the student uprisings in the fall of 1935. He understands both the revolutionary zeal of the youth of China and the utter lack of principle of the older magistrates and war lords, and he has succeeded as have few writers before him in making the history of this far-distant land come alive. No one who is even casually interested in developments in the Far East will want to miss this book; and anyone,regardless of his interests, will find it fascinating reading. MAXWELL S. STEWART

Epic of the Pocket-Book

FOREVER ULYSSES. By C. P. Rodocanachi. Translated by Patrick Leigh-Fermor. The Viking Press. $2.50.

AFTER all these contemporary adventure sagas in which our virile journalists, doctors, and playwrights cover such unusual quantities of geography, it would be nice perhaps to open a novel about one man sitting in one room, meeting nobody important, going no place unusual and, having nothing to do, doing nothing. Yet belonging as it does in the ranks of these extraordinary odysseys of a sedentary age, "Forever Ulysses" is a distinctive and, I think, valuable chronicle.

Our modern Ulysses starts as a Cephalonian bootblack, learns his lessons in an Egyptian bordello, is captured by the savage African dervishes and held, for his financial genius, as the royal prisoner of their Mahdi. Escaping at last with the aid of Kitchener, Ulysses skips to Venezuela. In a really brilliant display of higher finance he assists Castro to repay his American debt with great gain to everybody but the Americans, and ends his days as the mysterious, omnipotent, and sanctified director of an international munitions combine. " 'Of many men he knew the towns and read the minds'—and profited by them all."

The question is, however, did he? The ten terrible years that Ulysses spends under the whip of the African Mahdi, his life a "dream of riches and a nightmare of heads severed from their trunks"—are these not symbolic of the entire span of his life? In the perpetual throes of this dream and this nightmare Ulysses has no need for friends, family, or feelings. Even sex is less important to the modern hero than his 6 per cent. And is there much difference, after all, between the brutal Mahdi, this "fundamentally evil, fanatical, double-dealing, and ruthless barbarian," and the Ulysses who becomes the debonair financier of international arms? The Mahdi serves up his victims' heads for dinner while Ulysses allows them to remain on the battlefields and in the streets of bombed towns.

The distinction is merely one of proximity, and Mr. Rodocanachi is too subtle a commentator not to know it. For there are fine analyses in his book of the ethics of the oppressed, the Greek spirit, the sponge-divers of Hydra, imperialism, politics, the noble savage, and of such smaller things as reading the morning newspaper. Mr. Rodocanachi is skeptical, witty, sometimes a little glib or heavily ironic, but usually quite discerning. And while he is ostensibly defending in "Forever Ulysses" the extreme modern form of what Lytton Strachey called "the energy of self-assertiveness," he has managed to present a diverting and effective case against it.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

At Versailles

AT THE PARIS PEACE CONFERENCE. By James T. Shotwell. The Macmillan Company. $4.

PROFESSOR SHOTWELL played an important role among the advisers of the American delegation at the Paris Peace Conference, notably in the drafting of the labor clauses of the now wrecked treaty, for his share in which laboring men the world over owe him a lasting debt of gratitude. His diary of his activities at the conference, filled out by notes made at the time and by comments written eighteen years later, is therefore a valuable contribution to the history of what took place in Paris in the name of peace. It is all the more so because Professor Shotwell stands up in considerable degree for the peacemakers and feels that a "myth" has been created in which the Peace Conference figures "as a sinister thing, sowing dragons' teeth, vindictively, subtly, while high-minded idealists looked on confused and frustrated." He thinks that the time is now approaching when this myth can be examined "with something more nearly approaching fair-mindedness." Hence he makes his contribution. His day-by-day report of happenings at Paris as he observed them aids his case by making clear how extraordinarily

"The first really good biography of China's Chiang."—Time Magazine

Strong Man of China

THE STORY OF CHIANG KAI-SHEK

By ROBERT H. BERKOV

THIS, the first complete and impartial biography of China's mysterious Strong-Man, marshalls facts which few, even in China, know, and explains the paradoxes in Chinese politics, personalities, and policies, and tells the romantic story of Chiang Kai-shek's rise from poverty to dictatorship. Robert Berkov is Manager of the Shanghai Bureau of the United Press. Illustrated $3.00

Mr. Witt *among the* Rebels

By RAMON J. SENDER

RAMON SENDER, one of Spain's greatest writers, presents the problem of the reluctant revolutionist, against the background of the Spanish rebellion of 1873. The staid and fussy Mr. Witt, living snugly in a pure Victorian atmosphere, worrying over the obstinacy of Spanish bookbinders, is suddenly catapulted into the revolt. His beautiful and impulsive wife further complicates matters by supporting the rebels. This is a wittily ironic picture of a 'do-nothing' liberal, and the inevitable consequences of his policy. $2.50

By the author of "Counter-Attack in Spain"

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

involved and difficult the peacemaking was for the best-intentioned treaty-makers.

His thesis is that the peace treaties have been charged "with much for which they were not to blame." The war itself was "responsible for much that was attributed to the treaties, and pre-war Europe was responsible for the issues of the war." That may be true, but it certainly does not relieve the chief actors in the struggle of their responsibility for the outcome—unless we are to regard them as merely creatures of fate swept along irresistibly by the currents created by the war. This we cannot concede, however, because we know that Mr. Wilson himself, for example, molded two of the worst features of the Versailles treaty against the protests of Lloyd George. Professor Shotwell admits that Lincoln would have done otherwise in Paris than Woodrow Wilson did, and that "the supreme attribute of statesmanship, magnanimity, was lacking in Paris." He even criticizes Mr. Wilson to the extent of pointing out how strange it was that he "should have been so rigid in his ethical outlook as to fail to see how far some of the items in the treaties were from any generous or even fair construction of the Fourteen Points." He thinks that Mr. Wilson always fell back upon a belief that the new order would rectify the wrongs of the old—and, doubtless, of the treaty; but that he failed to see that rectification could not be postponed "without weakening and ultimately endangering the very existence of the League."

On the other hand, he declares that to place the whole responsibility upon Wilson is to ignore the fact that Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and many others were joint authors of the treaty, and that some of the gravest mistakes "were committed by others in succeeding years." He also flies to the defense of the President by denouncing Maynard Keynes's characterization of him as "a brilliantly written but utterly irresponsible diatribe against President Wilson." This is the more remarkable because Professor Shotwell nowhere refers to Harold Nicholson's even more devastating picture of Wilson in his "Peacemaking, 1919" save to apologize for his volume's resemblance to that book. But solid and valuable as Professor Shotwell's contribution to history is, it cannot be compared with the brilliance and independence of Mr. Nicholson's writing. That is in part because a printed diary can never have the life and movement of a fresh narrative, in part because this author has a heavier style, perhaps a certain sense of responsibility to defend wherever it is possible.

Finally, Professor Shotwell concedes that "the Peace Conference failed to meet the expectation of the liberal and progressive thinkers in almost every country," which is certainly as mild and polite and gentlemanly a characterization of the shameful betrayal of the aspirations of the embattled peoples of the world as one could ask, but hardly phrases the facts. Professor Shotwell thinks that the challenge of today is to "repair the bulwarks of peace" and "strengthen or, if need be, rebuild the League of Nations" so "that somewhere in the world the forces of peace may be mobilized against the oldest instrument of politics—war." All of which is sound enough. But Professor Shotwell fails to see that it is necessary to do more than revitalize the corpse of the League; it is now a question whether headway can be made against war until capitalism as we know it is reformed or abolished. Those who, like Professor Shotwell, really believed in 1917 that war could be ended by war and a new society of nations built on the bodies of ten million dead, and have not yet wholly seen the light, have many more disillusionments before them.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Poet in Caucasia

PROMETHEUS AND THE BOLSHEVIKS. By John Lehmann. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.75.

THE flood of books about Russia, representing every shade and tint of opinion, continues to pour out, though other parts of the world—Abyssinia, Spain, China—compete with it in the news. The flood will continue, no doubt, and even increase in volume, as long as Russia remains soviet and the rest of the world something else. This example by John Lehmann, mainly a travel book about the Caucasus, is somewhat on the "delightful, dear Bolshevik" side. Most of us like garden paths but don't care to have them sprayed with the milk chocolate of Beverley Nichols; and many of us like our Soviet Union neater, with perhaps some of its acid, its occasional cruelty, but with all its full-bloodedness, its energy, vitality, and youth. This way, to my mind, it even makes better propaganda since it creates no false ideas that foreshadow disillusionment.

John Lehmann is one of the Eton-bred school of Communists. He is not as bad as one I once met who exclaimed that he thought Russia "splendid, because it was all like a great public school." But he is a bit inclined to dilate lovingly on the fascinating faces of youngsters, and he is at his worst when he is being sentimental about Stalin's childhood, which, to his imagination, seems to have been enchanting and cute. His book is a travel book, and like all travel books written by travelers, rather than for travelers by people who know the country better, it is superficial. Of Hevsuria, the only part of the Caucasus besides Tiflis where I have lived, he writes a good deal that is foolish—though he admits that he hasn't been there and is taking the opinions of people who haven't been there either.

But John Lehmann is also a poet and a good poet at that, and it is for this reason that his book has value. Although his chapters on the Georgian theater and art are interesting, it is poetry, and the life and opportunities of the writer, that really excites him. And because he knows what he is talking about, he provides a good and stimulating introduction to Georgian poetry, both its classics, from Rustavelli down, and its modern poetry, which under the Soviet regime is having a renascence. He himself has put into verse translations of some of the new poems; and whether it is John Lehmann or the modern Georgian poets or both, they are excellent, full of vigor and a beautiful, warm lyricism. One could almost wish that he had devoted the whole book to the subject of poetry.

And because he is a good poet, there are certain passages, the description of a station platform in Moscow before the train pulls out, of a part of the Abhazian coast, of an afternoon on the beach at Yalta, that are vivid, colorful, and rich. They are the personal impressions of a poet, and perhaps the book would be better had he remained personal and not tried to be objective. His humor is too dainty and his propaganda puny. Of this last there is good solid substance, but it comes from the mouths of two Georgians, a writer and a producer, men who knew where they sat and were well grounded in what was going on around them, which, seemingly, John Lehmann isn't. There is one chapter of good travel writing, about a German village in the Caucasus, and two chapters of fairly well-collated background. Otherwise his are the notes of any Intourist tourist.

R. M. MACGREGOR

PUBLIC LIBRARY

"The Crabbed Line"

SELECTED POEMS. By Allen Tate. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

IN HIS brief preface Allen Tate, who has been "frequently asked how I can violate the original experience which must have informed some poem, by revising it later at a time when my experience must be different," has the demure rejoinder that "as a poet, I have never had any experience." Such a judgment is less than disconcerting, and might be amended with the further explanation that his place as an artist is, by this right, with his old Confederate who announces that "it is a privilege to be dead." Mr. Tate, however, prefers to explain that "as a poet my concern is the experience that I hope the reader will have in reading the poem." He does not go on to reveal precisely how the feat is to be accomplished, for "the experience," which has never existed, would in some way have to be apprehended and relished by an imagined reader. One surmises, therefore, that these poems issue immaculately from nothing more than the will to create, and that they operate imaginatively in whatever vacuum remains after the element of individual experience has been divorced from the creative process.

A rereading of these poems amply confirms this impression. Even Mr. Tate would agree that where experiential factors are absent, and will and imagination furnish the keystones to the poetic edifice, the materials which fall to hand are the materials of rhetoric. Readers of his "Reactionary Essays" will recall, in this connection, the epigram of Yeats which is there made so much of, denoting rhetoric as "will trying to do the work of imagination." The words to be considered in Mr. Tate's case are "rhetoric," "will," and "work." They are important words, whether one will or no, not because they happen to be the stock in trade of a confirmed rhetorician, but because they have furnished him with a few admirable poems like Mr. Pope, Pastoral, and Causerie.

Among the vices which cannot be charged to this poet, certainly, are indolence and want of conscience. Many of the poems here reprinted, like the Ode to the Confederate Dead—upon which the odor of embalming fluids is still heavy—have been tirelessly revised over a period of six and ten years; others have been "completely renovated." It is nevertheless a fact that Mr. Tate has "worked" with rhetoric and will only, and has evolved not an "experience" but a façade. In the quest for emotional experiences (for his reader, let it be noted) it has been his practice to contrive a *furor poeticus* out of rhetoric and cold sweat, out of favorite *words* like "rage," "barbarous," and "furious with blood," or, as in one egregious instance, by loading six lines with an arpeggio of invective like "bastard" into "bawd" into "strumpet" into "plain bitch." Even his large effects of astringency and intellectuality are as often as not the result of synthetic associations ("blind, important cab," "the important picnic of a fool," "expensive hill," "touseled eyes," "foreign hair," and the like), where the "strange" word arrests not by its plangency but by its opacity.

It is possible that excellent poetry of a sort may be compounded of will and rhetoric alone, especially when, as with Tate, an intellect of distinction supplies the mortar. "Intellect is a mansion," but Mr. Tate's deficiencies are touched by the intellect only at a point, just as they are touched by his lack of humor at a point. His fondness for the poetic furniture of Eliot—his eagles, trapped old men, broken houses, scuttling crabs—has often been pointed out, and for all his painstaking revision it persists to the present volume. What has been less carefully noted is the astonishing poverty of

Who Said:-

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his images, the spuriousness of his language, in which words are mere counters in a tableau, the absence of sparkle and excitement in the processes of his intellection. It is hardly enough to maintain with Mr. Tate that "we speak the crabbed line," unless by crabbedness one understands a "knotty" thinking which is whorled about the juice and fiber of an idea. There are valid grounds for questioning, moreover, whether even so haunting a metaphor as that propounded in the last verse and a half of The Subway is worth the commonplace twelve and a half which precede it. For every striking line in these poems there are too many perfunctory recitatives like "Time begins to elucidate her bones," too many metaphors like that which describes words as "clear like a young harlot's false, pellucid pap," too many sterile periphrases like "breath, expunger of the mortal streak of nature" and "stone—peaked margin of antiquity's delay." The "work" of the imagination entails, certainly, the triumph of the creative will over this sort of cold mutton, but there are further benefits, equally as needful, which come as gifts from the motions of the imagination at "play." These, however, are possible only to the "poet as seer who experiences life in behalf of the population," or fancies he does so. And this is a picture with which Mr. Tate, who must make a virtue of necessity, unfortunately has "no sympathy at all."

BEN BELITT

Militarism and Society

THE HISTORY OF MILITARISM. ROMANCE AND REALITY OF A PROFESSION. By Alfred Vagts. W. W. Norton and Company. $4.75.

DR. VAGTS is well known to historians for his voluminous treatise on the diplomatic relations between Germany and the United States from 1890 to 1906, a remarkable book which impressed the reader not only by a stupendous mastery of the material but also by an unusually deep penetration into the interdependence of diplomacy and economic and intellectual currents. His new book has similar qualities. Although it lacks to a certain extent clarity of arrangement and is overburdened with a richness of material, always interesting, mostly pertinent, but rendering less clear the general outline of thought, the book should be highly recommended to the general reader, not only on account of its intrinsic value, but because it is the first history of militarism in its social and political setting. There would be no one better equipped than Dr. Vagts to write such a history. To him military history seems as familiar as economic and political history. Although a German, he has as intimate a knowledge of American as of German history, and he is entirely free of any pro-German bias. As far as there is any bias in the book, it is a slight anti-French bias which the author has in common with many modern American historians and political writers.

Dr. Vagts in the beginning of his book rightly points out that militarism is not identical with military efficiency. It connotes "a domination of the military man over the civilian, an emphasis on military considerations, spirit, ideals, and scales of value, in the life of states." This militarism, which ranks military institutions and ways above the ways of civilian life, has existed most clearly in Prussia and in Japan, in countries where the middle classes have not risen to power as they have in the United States, in France, or in Great Britain. The danger of militarism exists everywhere, and each country has its military men to whom war, as to Hindenburg, is as "refreshing as a mineral-water bath." But in other countries where the successful social revolution of the middle classes had established democracy firmly, civilian authority maintained, although sometimes only after bitter struggle, its control over the military men and the military mind even in war time; in Germany and in Japan, where the feudal mind has remained victorious up to now, the military took precedence over the civilian in spite of occasional liberal remonstrance even in peace time. How Germany came to represent militarism as she did is told by Dr. Vagts in three excellent chapters which are among the best of his book and may claim classic rank on account of their brilliant and cogent penetration of the social and political factors involved.

In the first of the three chapters he shows that the famous Prussian reformers after 1806 were anything but protagonists of the rising classes. The nationalism of the Prussians was not an autonomous, spontaneous popular growth from below as in France during the French Revolution; it was induced by artificial pressure from without and from above. "What the advice of these reformers involved was not a revolution, but a counter-revolution by reform." The reforms helped to maintain the power of the nobility and of the bureaucracy in Prussia, "whose egotism has rarely been surpassed outside Prussia." The second chapter deals with the dramatic story of the fight between militarism and liberalism in Prussia from 1850 to 1866 (pp. 198-221), which finally resulted in a situation of which the author says: "Nowhere in Western Europe was the army so completely isolated from political interference, while guaranteeing the political power of the class from which the dominating officer type sprang. Nowhere was the army more solidly organized and the public mind more effectively militarized." The third chapter deals with the World War and with one of the most illuminating moments, the shifting of responsibility for the war and its defeat.

The German ruling class had proved a failure in the World War, but the German army under the leadership of Hindenburg was greeted at the return from the lost war as "heroes unbeaten in the field." Here is the origin of the stab-in-the-back legend, of the new lease of life granted to the Prussian officers and their class, of the accession to power of Hindenburg, whom Dr. Vagts calls "the high priest of Prussia's army Moloch." The German generals "in their common flight from responsibility, which they had proudly claimed as long as victory seemed to smile upon them, were powerfully assisted by the behavior of the Allies. The latter not only desisted from carrying the war into the Reich, thus demonstrating to the German people that they were the victors; they also refrained from demanding that the German army through its leaders sue for the armistice, and take the blame as other capitulating generals had been forced in other wars. Never did beaten generals escape with so much honor as in post-war Germany." Erzberger and the German Republic had to sue for peace and to bear the brunt of a lost war which was not of their making and which they did not lose.

Militarism and the military mind are everywhere an ever-pressing danger to civilian government, as not a few British and French generals, the Dreyfus affair, and the Ulster revolt prove. But in France the President of the Chamber replied to a rightist deputy who claimed the supremacy of the army: "Nothing is above the laws of the country, and nothing is more factious than putting the military force above the laws." After France's defeat and civil war in 1871, as in Germany after 1918, a marshal of the old imperial army became President of the republic. Both tried to protect and shield reactionary generals. But Marshal MacMahon was forced to resign by Parliament, and what followed was the victory of liberal intellectuals in the Dreyfus affair. Marshal Hindenburg was not ousted by the German Parliament but praised and glorified, and what followed was the defeat of liberal intellectuals by Hitler.

The reading of Dr. Vagts's excellent book will help us to understand better the military mind and the dangers of militarism. In a democracy military matters should not be left to "experts" alone, democracy has to be educated to study and to understand them as an important preparation for the maintenance of civilian power in government, even in war time. Fascist countries preach an uncritical worship of discipline, leadership, and heroism. Democracies should train to an informed and intelligent discussion of military aims and efficiency. Past experiences, of which Dr. Vagts quotes many examples, show that the military mind is not always the most efficient mind, that blind discipline is in no way better than individual initiative, and that "there is every reason to suppose, as the French Front Populaire insists, that democracy is preferable from the sheer technical point of view."

HANS KOHN

Shorter Notices

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE: THE MAN IN HIS TIME. By John Bakeless. William Morrow and Company. $3.75.

Mr. Bakeless's learned yet lively volume might well be taken as a model by specialists who wish to write for the general public. Enormous labor has obviously gone into its making, for the author has thoroughly mastered all the known documents and added some interesting if minor discoveries of his own. Yet thanks to a lively style and to great skill in the selection of illustrative material, his book can hardly fail to interest even those who start with a complete ignorance of the subject. The method is, to be sure, one which requires a more thorough familiarity with a historical and literary background than most biographers have, but it proves that vividness and narrative interest can be achieved without recourse to "novelization" or any other vulgar journalistic device. Marlowe has always been the most interesting of Shakespeare's contemporaries, and recent scholarship has succeeded in uncovering documents which not only illuminate his career but make it possible to know his character and personality rather better than we know the character and personality of Shakespeare himself. To Mr. Bakeless's book the specialist will hardly be able to raise any objection more serious than that it reminds him of some things with which he is already familiar. The general reader will find it not only the best account of Marlowe's life and work but also a more enlightening introduction to the Elizabethan literary background than any other recent book.

THE SAILOR'S HOLIDAY. By Eric Linklater. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.

"The Sailor's Holiday" is a gently delirious bit of fooling calculated for connoisseurs in the fine art of literary bubble-blowing. Its hero is Henry Tippus, a simple sailor gifted or cursed with an unquenchable tendency to invent the most elaborately credible tales concerning his imagined experiences on land and sea. He begins them spontaneously, with the most naive and happy motives, only to be utterly intoxicated by the plausibility of his own inventions. His innocent

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genius simply catapults him from one escapade into another. All things start normally for Henry, but once he begins to talk, so rich is his fancy and so glib his tongue that only the most insane consequences can ensue. The merest of them involves his imprisonment for the sake of a dachshund, the most momentous his engineering of the elopement of the injured Isobel, bed and all, by block and tackle, through her boudoir window, and the most touching his never-to-be-consummated love for the adipose daughter of an elusive hermit. Mr. Linklater writes with perfectly incongruous elegance and a complete mastery of the twin arts of aimlessness and irrelevance. The result is a series of amusing, blithely irrational episodes which meet prosaic reality head-on with a barrage of custard pies.

I WAS A SHARE-CROPPER. By Harry Harrison Kroll. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.75.

With the awakening of the American people to the seriousness of the share-cropper's plight, more books on this subject are to be expected. Mr. Kroll, who lifted himself out of the life of his people by his own bootstraps, looks back with wistful sympathy at those who could not escape with him. There is a rugged gentleness about the writing which somehow seems characteristic of cotton folk. In spite of his own success, Mr. Kroll has the fatalism that accepts poverty as one of the inevitable facts of life. In a sense it is unfortunate that the author ceased to be a share-cropper long before the outbreak of the revolt in King Cotton's realm which has given books like his a ready audience. Having found his personal solution in the success he has achieved, he does not bother with the economics of the world he has left behind. When he returns for a brief visit to his mother's cabin to give her two hundred dollars, he can only think hopelessly of his sister's share-cropper husband: "If luck went against him, he and Birdy would be dependent in their old age after a lifetime of sweat and poverty. He was a share-cropper." Despite the tenderness with which this autobiography is written, it has for its theme that ugly thought—"The poor you have always with you."

FILMS

What Pictures Mean

THE current "March of Time" gives itself over entirely to one subject: "Inside Nazi Germany, 1938." The film is advertised by its makers as uncensored, so that anybody who goes to see it—and it is said that twenty-five million will see it—may expect to look upon the land of the swastika with camera eyes, noting as much as there is time for while the lens sweeps candidly among sixty-two million people. Such an expectation is of course naive. The cameras of the "March of Time" have not roved at random; there has been careful and subtle selection; and the impression left by the film will probably be definite. But what will the impression be?

It is strange that such a question should arise. Pictures ought to mean just what they say, and since they speak an unambiguous language it should be easy to know what they say. And I must confess that until I was walking out from a preview of these pictures I considered their statement to be as plain as a sausage. To me they had announced simply and clearly that nothing could be more dreadful than the thing that had happened to the German people. Not that I had seen a "suffering" people. Far from it. For all the world as if the film had been censored after all, or as if Goebbels himself had directed it, the spectacle was of a healthy and willing people pitching into a series of national enterprises—athletic, industrial, conservationist, military. They did not act as if they knew what had happened to them: as if they knew that they had lost their liberty. Or if they did know it they seemed on the whole to be content. The young men, stripped to the waist, who were doing compulsory labor in a national drive against soil erosion looked as good-natured and as well-fed as any similar number of CCC boys; the housewife who saluted and said "Heil Hitler" as she handed to a Nazi in uniform the money she had saved from yesterday's one-course meal did not appear haunted by the ritual; and the worker with his evening paper wore no lines of worry on his face because the government had denied him the right to strike and had decided just what his paper should tell him about it. That was the dreadful thing, I thought: worse even than the evidences of a great war machine and the photographs of Nazis parading with banners here at home. For there are other war machines, and the American Nazis were obviously silly; they would never be taken seriously. What might be taken seriously—and the conversation I overheard as I walked out put this in my head for the first time—was the appearance almost everywhere of efficiency and well-being. "Many Americans will wonder," said a famous man within my hearing, "why those means couldn't be employed over here—of course to a different end. But the means would be dangerous, and I am afraid they will be thought attractive enough to try."

Such Americans, it must be said, either will have failed to hear the commentator who accompanies the film with an unremitting verbal attack upon Nazism or will have dismissed his irony as irrelevant. But it may well be that the pictures will speak louder than the words to many ears, and that the irony will be missed. What then will the pictures mean? Or the whole of the performance, pictures versus words? It is strangely difficult to say. I can hope that everyone will feel as I felt. But I must admit that documents are double-edged, and that pictures can mean as many things as there are thoughts to make them mean.

MARK VAN DOREN

DRAMA

The "Living Newspaper"

"ONE THIRD OF A NATION" (Adelphi Theater) is the latest edition of the Federal Theater's "Living Newspaper." It deals in vivid, informing fashion with the problem of slum housing in New York City, and it is certainly one of the best of the series. To open and close the performance there is a brief scene of a fire in a three-story tenement which is a real triumph of imaginative realism and would probably cause a furor if it had been created by Reinhardt. But the major part of the evening is devoted to frank journalism of a new, ingenious, and extremely effective kind.

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Many of the devices used have been made more or less familiar by various *avant-garde* experiments; there are, for example, the off-stage voice, the interpolated moving-picture film, the "plant" in the audience, and the tendency to move on different levels of abstraction in dramatizing the various scenes. But for a reason which I shall presently come to, none of them seems to me to have ever justified itself so completely as it has in the "Living Newspaper." Each of them serves here a genuine purpose, and that fact removes from all the curse of preciosity.

"One Third of a Nation" is frankly journalism and not Art. The distinction is not made invidiously, and neither is it based upon anything esoteric or academic. It implies merely something which is perfectly obvious—namely, that the purpose of the performance is to convey certain bits of specific, documented information and to enforce certain simple definite convictions; that it is, in a word, not a piece of fiction but a "feature article," whose primary concern is the effective presentation of fact. To say that is of course to say that the substance of the piece should be reviewed by an economist rather than by a dramatic critic, who as a layman can say no more than that the exposition carries intellectual conviction. But it does leave the critic the right to deal with the method of presentation, and it tempts me to say roundly that what we have here is the most successful effort to use the stage for the purpose of propaganda that I have seen in some fifteen years devoted in part to pretty consistent grumbling against sometimes infantile and sometimes all too precious attempts to use for simply didactic ends an art form which was evolved for other purposes.

"One Third of a Nation" is as good as it is partly because Arthur Arent, the author, Philip Barber, the producer, and the others concerned in the production are obviously men of talent. But perhaps even more credit belongs to whoever it was who realized that the proper way to go about doing what they wanted to do was to do just that without trying to do anything else. Indeed, unless one has seen first a play like, let us say, John Howard Lawson's "Marching Song," it is impossible to realize just how much is accomplished by the simple expedient of presenting information and a few concrete illustrations of what that information means instead of trying to slip the information and the argument with which one is really concerned between the lines of a conventional play in which one is not interested at all. It has long been my conviction that to talk of "fictionalizing" biography, or history, or economics, or politics is to talk nonsense. Nothing can be "fictionalized," because a subject is either fiction to begin with or it never will be. But that does not mean that biography and politics and all the rest are not interesting in themselves or that they cannot be presented vividly through exposition which includes concrete illustrations. The "Living Newspaper" does just that. It is interesting in itself, and it may teach others to present effectively what they have to say. Personally I am hardly less pleased to realize that it may also help prevent a good many bad plays from being written.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ORSON WELLES, whose productions of "Julius Caesar" and "Shoemaker's Holiday" are the sensation of the season, will write of his approach to the theater in an early issue of THE NATION.

Letters to the Editors

The Old Red Menace

Dear Sirs: In his illuminating article, Los Angeles Grows Up, in your issue of January 8, Oliver Carlson puts the cart before the horse in one case. He gives the impression that because Communists are in C. I. O. unions, the red scare is being whipped up. But the red scare is the time-honored—and now pretty much time-bedraggled—weapon of the open-shoppers. In the accounts of the dynamiting of the Los Angeles *Times* back in 1910—when no American Communist Party had been thought of—astonishingly similar red-scare language was used, and one commentator, C. K. McClatchey of the Sacramento *Bee,* wrote of Lincoln Steffens, who was trying to help settle the case out of court, "He goes to the bat for every dripping murderer."

The abuse of Edward Vandeleur and other Old Guard officials, as well as of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Industrial Association, is heaped on any labor leader who does not "sell out," who won't "make deals" behind closed doors. It is well known on the West Coast that Harry Bridges refused a huge bribe during the longshoremen's strike. This abuse and the epithet "red" are the rewards of any labor leader today who continues, even through success, to lead labor. They are becoming the trademarks of incorruptibility. The experience of West Coast labor struggles has made that clear to countless rank-and-file trade unionists. Membership in the Communist Party is not the reason labor leaders are hated. In California democracy itself is a "red menace."

ELLA WINTER

Carmel, Cal., January 17

Nebraska's Unicameral

Dear Sirs: Oswald Garrison Villard, in your issue of December 4, finds it "extremely gratifying" that a proposal for a one-chamber state legislature is to be brought before the New York State constitutional convention which meets this year. I believe that it behooves other states to await the outcome of Nebraska's experiment before copying it. I voted for the Unicameral and was enthusiastic in support of it, but I cannot say that it is much of an improvement. We have only 43 members. I have always believed that our Unicameral should have 100 members to provide the electorate with proper representation. Moreover, 43 members is such a small number that it is easy for lobbyists to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with each of them.

It is a matter of record that our Unicameral passed more laws—many of them objectionable—than any previous legislature, and that it made the biggest appropriations ever made. The appropriations are defended as having been necessary, which I regard as only partly true, as many fat jobs were created. According to the Omaha *World-Herald* of October 3 last, which is friendly to Governor Cochran, 370 new jobs were created at an expense of about $35,000 a month to the taxpayers. Many of those jobs were on the state highway patrol, which was established by the Unicameral after it had been voted down in a statewide referendum four years ago. The optometrists also got in their work on the Unicameral, and in order to obtain a driver's license you must pass an eyesight test.

Bear in mind that our state has about one-tenth the population of New York, and adding $35,000 a month to our tax roll is equivalent to adding $350,000 a month to yours. Can you afford it? My advice to Samuel Seabury and all of the rest of you is to wait and see how our experiment turns out.

CLARENCE RECKMEYER

Fremont, Nebraska, January 20

They Signed with Reservations

Dear Sirs: In the company of others we signed the letter protesting against *The Nation's* present policy on the war issue which you printed in your last number. We agreed with the fundamental purpose of that letter, but we had no hand in the drafting of it, and we disagreed with it in certain matters of secondary detail. The chief of our disagreements is with the sentence which reads: "The Neutrality Act is a piece of democratic legislation expressing the will of the American people to keep out of war."

We consider the Neutrality Act a piece of deceptive and tricky legislation which, at the same time that it gives expression to the will of the American people to keep out of war, distorts and perverts that will. Under it the Spanish government has been denied the right to purchase materials of war in the United States, while Italy, also party to the Spanish war, has not been so denied. The Ethiopian case was similar. The so-called Neutrality Act, in our judgment, has been so drawn and so applied that it has served, is serving, and may in the future serve to defeat the ends which are implied in its title.

CHARLES S. ZIMMERMAN
BERTRAM D. WOLFE

Brooklyn, January 20

Conclusive Figures

Dear Sirs: Those who argue that to invoke the Neutrality Act would neither hurt China nor help Japan ignore the reports of the National Munitions Control Board. And yet the figures are conclusive. Since the start of the Far Eastern war China has purchased from the United States more than five times the amount of munitions that Japan has purchased, or $6,718,933 worth as compared to $1,552,583. During November China bought $1,702,370 worth of munitions, which is more than Japan has bought since July. The Neutrality Act would of course prevent such purchases, although it would allow Japan to continue buying steel, iron, cotton, and phosphates to convert into munitions.

EMILY TAFT DOUGLAS

Chicago, January 20

Intuitive or Scientific?

Dear Sirs: Please let me express my sincere thanks to Mr. Vivas for his civilized review of my "Attitudes Toward History" in *The Nation* of December 25. I think that, within the limits of space at his command, he very accurately represented both my interests and my encumbrances.

But I should like to say a few words about the passage in which Mr. Vivas writes: "Burke's approach to symbolism is not susceptible of verification, and depends for its convincing force on his ability to make the reader perceive immediately the author's intuitions. This is to say that the method is essentially a-scientific if not unscientific."

It is my contention, through "Permanence and Change" and "Attitudes Toward History," and a third book on which I am now engaged, that we have mistakenly labeled as "scientific" those works which attempt to borrow the perspectives of biology, mechanics, or physics and transplant them to the analysis of social phenomena. I contend that social relations can be adequately interpreted not by physicalist or naturalistic terms but only by terms that treat experience as an "art," hence drawing upon the vocabularies of rhetoric, dramatic criticism, etc., ("men as poets, or at least as poetasters"—which I take to be more relevant than the "scientific" perspectives upon human life got from the description of machines or billiard balls or salivating dogs).

Usually, those "scientists" who selected naturalistic metaphors in which to interpret men earned themselves the honored name of scientist without ever having taken the trouble to offer any description or critique of their basic interpretative structure. In my own case, I explicitly describe the nature of perspective in general, explicitly make my choice of perspective, explicitly give my reasons for choosing it, and through three books explicitly give examples of its application, its scope, and relevancy. Yet all this is but "intuitive," whereas the boys who don't bother to make explicit the processes of interpretation they implicitly use are "scientific"?

My point is, in sum, this: I take social relations to be essentially dramatic in nature. I thus take a discussion of them to be very much like dramatic criticism, and as such, requiring neither more nor less of the "intuitive," and neither more nor less of the "scientific," than one customarily and necessarily gets in dramatic criticism. (I was happy, for instance, to be able at one point to cite an "intuition" by Joseph Wood Krutch in support of one of my own "intuitions.") I willingly agree that many of my speculations will require greater precision. In particular, I must attempt supporting them or modifying them when I find them unsupportable in their present form, in the light of explicit objections. But in attempting a first rounding-out of my perspective, I cannot foresee what all these objections on the part of critics will be.

To me, "scientific" procedure is simply this: The writer thinks he has gone from A to B; the critic shows that the writer has actually made a jump from A to E; the writer must then attempt to show that intermediate steps, B, C, and D, can be offered, as a rationalizing test. I doubt whether a distinction between the "intuitive" and the "scientific" will adequately locate this matter, since the new "scientific" steps, B-C-D, must themselves be "intuitively" selected. KENNETH BURKE

New York, January 4

Clairvoyance and Chance

Dear Sirs: In reviewing J. B. Rhine's "New Frontiers of the Mind," in *The Nation* of November 27, G. S. Anders states that he, the reviewer, appears to be conservative, his skepticism being based on instinct, while Dr. Rhine appeals to experience. That the skeptic in regard to parapsychic facts is not only conservative but invariably unscientific has been shown by Dr. Walter Prince in "The Enchanted Boundary." Dr. Prince demonstrated that parapsychic evidence is never fairly and squarely faced by the skeptic.

In the use of the E.S.P. (extra-sensory perception) cards, chance should give an average of 5 correct guesses. Obviously chance results vary, but Mr. Anders seems unaware that its possible range may be determined by actual experiment, and that such control experiments have been made, by the writer and others. Mr. Anders slyly remarks that some of Rhine's subjects strike a higher average than 5, "guessing 6 cards out of 25." He neglects to inform us that a typical subject has obtained such successive scores as 14, 16, 17, 21, 19, 19, 19, 13, 15, 16, 17, 23, giving an average of 17.4; and that the highest number chance has accounted for in the same number of trials, in the control experiments, is 6.4. He remarks that in "hundreds of thousands of experiments" 25 successive correct guesses were scored on 3 occasions. If he cares to risk disturbing his skepticism, he can make hundreds of thousands of control experiments—by simply playing one shuffled pack against another—and perhaps on 3 occasions his control pack may score as many as 6 consecutive correct "guesses." Mine has scored no higher than 5. Eileen Garrett, a professional medium accustomed to demonstrating at least telepathy or clairvoyance in purported "communications from the dead," is uninterested in tests with playing cards, yet she scored an average of 13.4 in 625 trials. Chance, in 500 trials, has scored in my control experiments no higher than 5.8.

Mr. Anders is apparently entirely unfamiliar with what has been done in parapsychic research in the last fifty-five years. He describes a type of test which he considers more severe than the Rhine card tests, one success in which would represent, to him, a tremendously powerful proof. And he seems unaware that exactly such tests have been made, with not merely one success but success after success, many times as much proof as he asks for. He will find such experiments described, for example, in Oliver's "The Extension of Consciousness" and Tischner's "Telepathy and Clairvoyance."

GEORGE R. WEAVER

Brooklyn, N. Y., January 5

CONTRIBUTORS

MARQUIS CHILDS, Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* is the author of "Sweden: The Middle Way."

T. A. BISSON, who returned from northern China a few weeks ago, is the Foreign Policy Association's Far Eastern expert.

LANGSTON HUGHES, the well-known poet, has just come back from Spain.

LANGDON POST recently resigned as chairman of the New York City Housing Authority.

EDMUND WILSON, formerly literary editor of the *New Republic,* is the author of "Travels in Two Democracies."

EUNICE CLARK will have some of her poems in the forthcoming Modern Library anthology of modern poetry.

LOUISE BOGAN, poetry critic of the *New Yorker,* has just published a book of verse, "The Sleeping Fury."

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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

*

MR. ROOSEVELT'S NAVAL PROGRAM CAN BE regarded only as a threat of offensive war against Japan. No naval authority has ever seriously maintained that our present fleet, with the ships now in process of construction, would not suffice to protect our coasts, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Panama Canal against an enemy or combination of enemies excluding Great Britain. And no sane man would suggest that Great Britain would participate in an attack on our shores. Moreover, the character of the recommendations clearly indicates that an offensive war is contemplated. Battleships and aircraft carriers are of value chiefly because they can operate at long distance from their bases. Only nine new submarines with a total tonnage of 13,658 are included in the program; nothing is allotted for coast defenses, and only an infinitesimal sum for increases in the army. It cannot be argued that the new appropriations are necessary in order to prepare for collective pressure against the fascist powers, since the existing navies of the democracies are more than adequate for that purpose. It may not have been an accident that the New York *Times* in playing up the President's naval message also played up, in bold headlines, the slap which a Japanese sentry conveniently administered to an American consul.

*

THE ANTI-LYNCHING BILL SEEMS DOOMED as far as the present session of Congress is concerned. We hope in a coming issue to analyze for the sake of future tactics the significance of the shameful episode which has again blocked efforts for federal action on lynching. Meanwhile, if the anti-lynching fight is moved off the Congressional stage, it will make room for other legislative battles in which a filibuster cannot be used to conceal the conflict of interests and the cross-purposes in Congress today. Some action on housing may be expected. But a bitter struggle looms over the government-reorganization proposal, and we may expect to hear all over again the charges that the President is deliberately moving toward fascism. A dog fight may also be expected on the proposed maritime legislation providing for a special maritime labor-relations board and for government training of sailors. Both provisions are dangerous and are bound to be opposed by the progressives. Action may be expected on the farm bill, but it will take months to iron out the difficulties over wage-hour legislation. Neither of the two proposed major investigations—that of the TVA or that of the NLRB—is likely to come through, but both proposals will be used as occasions for damaging the prestige of the agencies. The most significant legislation that will come before Congress, to our mind, is that dealing with the dissolution of holding companies in the banking field. When even Senator Carter Glass, whose conservatism has become a Congressional tradition, supports such a measure, the situation it seeks to remedy must be serious indeed. Glass's move may, of course, have been intended to head off more radical proposals. It is a good rule for Congressional progressives to fear Senator Glass, even when be comes bearing bank reforms.

*

NOW LITTLE BUSINESS IS HAVING ITS DAY. Even from a publicity standpoint, Mr. Roosevelt was wise to see the five hundred representatives of all the little fish that swim around in the ocean of business in mortal terror of the huge corporate leviathans. They may not clarify his thinking about the depression, but they will be a good antidote to the conferences he has been having with big business. More important, however, than the parade of the five hundred into the White House is the report that the Administration is planning financial aid to little business men. Representatives of the Treasury, the RFC, and the SEC have been conferring in Washington in an attempt to work out a scheme whereby small business men will be able to get loans needed for enlarged activity. At present they are at the mercy of the banks, which are reluctant to take depression risks. And the small business man, unlike the giant corporation, cannot go over the head of the banker to float securities in the market. The plan at present is to have government-guaranteed industrial debentures, much like the mortgage insurance proposed for housing. It is a good plan. A revival of activity in small business will do much to create reemployment; even more important, it will do something to counteract the big-business drive to convince the small business man that there is a community of interest between the two and against the government. Actually the irresponsible great corporations are as menacing to the small business man as they are to the worker, the consumer, and the investor. But only by concrete action to aid small business can the Administration hope to gain its support in the long drive that lies ahead for democracy in industry.

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THE FATAL EFFECT OF THE NEUTRALITY ACT on efforts to establish international cooperation was never more clearly illustrated than in the refusal of the United States to join the League powers in a program of economic assistance to China. Washington's failure to accept the League proposal was particularly unfortunate in view of the fact that the major powers, led by France and the Soviet Union, had just succeeded in saving Article XVI and holding the League together in defiance of the fascist international. A program of economic aid to China, as originally proposed by the League Council, would have been invaluable not only in restoring popular faith in the League but in laying the foundation stones of a new peace program. Assistance to the victim of aggression basically holds far more promise than sanctions as a principle of international law. It is positive in character, thoroughly humanitarian in its appeal, and is in harmony with the prevailing economic interests. Yet the fact remains that the first worldwide effort to aid the victim of indefensible aggression has been checked by the United States, largely because of our mistaken neutrality legislation. The situation can be remedied only if the peace forces of the country immediately get behind the O'Connell resolution to amend the act so as to permit a distinction between aggressor and victim.

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ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT JAPAN HAS BEEN meeting increasingly serious reverses. According to the most recent report of the Federal Reserve Board, sales of silk and velvet piece goods in the New York area were 13.2 per cent lower in December, 1937, than in the corresponding month of the previous year. Ribbons, umbrellas, parasols, and silk neckwear and scarfs also declined in sales. These decreases, it should be noted, contrasted with an increase in the sale of cotton wash goods. Statistics furnished by the Commodity Exchange show that the imports of raw silk from Japan for the season through January 15, 1938, were approximately 55,000 bales less than for the same period in 1937. Japan's purchases of cotton from both the United States and India—essential for its vast textile industry—have been reduced almost to zero in order to permit its factories to concentrate on more immediate war supplies. A rapid extension of the boycott movement, with an emphasis on silk stockings, might bring about a breakdown of the Japanese war machine much sooner than anyone anticipated a few months ago.

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THE MOUNTING TERROR OF THE AIR RAIDS on Loyalist cities reached a new climax in last week's bombing of Barcelona. Hundreds of civilians were killed, among them 158 children in a child-refuge home. The area attacked was one of workers' dwellings and apartment houses; it did not include even semi-military objectives. Like previous raids, this one was wanton, senseless, purposeless. Even a mind that has come to understand the cheapness of human life in modern warfare stands aghast at it. Herbert L. Matthews, in a New York *Times* dispatch more eloquent in its restraint than the most flaming indictment, described the latest type of delayed fuse bomb that the raiders used—heavier, more effective, deadlier than anything thus far devised, capable of driving an entire seven-story apartment into the ground with the loss of every life in it. If this is Franco's answer to the Loyalist victories at Teruel, it is a grimly illogical one. He should have learned from previous attempts that such terror, designed to destroy behind-the-lines morale, only increases Loyalist cohesion. The letter signed by twenty-six American Senators and thirty-four

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Representatives, conveying greetings to the new Spanish Cortes "as members of one democratically elected parliament to another," was drawn up before the latest and most horrible air raid, yet it may stand as the answer of American democracy to all the instances of rebel inhumanity. What is significant is that the signers numbered conservatives and progressives alike. We call upon the Catholic clergy of America, especially those who have supported Franco, to protest against the cold ferocity of these air raids, which can have as little relation to any religious creed as they have to military objectives.

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WHAT FIVE YEARS OF HITLER HAVE DONE to German finances may be seen in recent official German reports. Although the Reich has a national income of only 68.5 billion marks—a little less in marks than the national income of the United States in dollars—its long-term national debt has increased more than 8 billion marks in two years. The outstanding short-term indebtedness has also risen and now totals between 20 and 24 billion marks. Taxes aggregate some 18 billion marks annually, or 28.6 per cent of the national income. In comparison, federal taxation in the United States—concerning which we have heard such violent protests in recent years—takes only about 8 per cent of America's national income. Despite the fantastic height of German taxation, governmental revenues fall short by some 5 billion marks of meeting costs. Thus fully one-third of Germany's productive national income is required for armament and other government expenditures. Put more bluntly, the Third Reich has solved its unemployment problem by herding the jobless into munition factories, but it has not found a way of paying them without placing an intolerable burden on these who are in productive employment.

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TO M. VAN ZEELAND'S CREDIT IT MUST BE said that the program which he outlined for the solution of the world's economic ills is technically unassailable. There can be little question that the world would be more prosperous and more peaceful if it could, by some miracle, be induced to accept his recommendations. But originality can scarcely be claimed for the program. Essentially it is identical with the recommendations adopted by the World Economic Conference in 1927 and reaffirmed by the preparatory commission for the London Economic Conference in 1933. It is a program which all governments, except possibly the totalitarian states, will accept in principle, but which no government is prepared wholly to support in practice. Some countries, such as the United States, might accept two or three of the four main points, while other countries would doubtless accept other items in the program. But the world economic order which M. van Zeeland and Mr. Hull desire cannot be achieved piecemeal. The leading countries must be willing to put into operation at one stroke its four essential prerequisites—namely, a reduction in tariffs, stabilization of currencies, revival of international lending, and elimination of industrial quotas. In 1927 there seemed to be a reasonable expectation that this could be achieved, but the whole course of events since that date points to the futility of attempting to remake the world of today in accordance with a nineteenth-century pattern.

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THE FAILURE OF THE COMPETITIVE SYSTEM has been openly admitted by the fruit and vegetable canners of California. As a substitute they have set up a tight little trust for the control of prices and production. Faced with an unusually large crop of peaches and the influx of many newcomers encouraged by the profits made last year, the established companies have adopted a pact under which the Canners' Industrial Board will fix prices and quotas. A rigid price schedule has already been established for "cling" peaches; the stocks of the canners have been pooled and each one allotted a definite sales quota. Any company which sells more than its share will be forced to buy proportionately from the stock of its erstwhile competitors. A few companies, including Calpack and Libby, have not signed the agreement, but according to the American Institute of Food Distribution, "other packers [are] confident that they will operate in close harmony with the group plans." For the other California-canned fruits and vegetables the price-control plan went into operation on January 1, and its effect will be noted by consumers only when next season's pack is on the retailer's shelves. Even in the days of the NRA, when an industry was permitted to fix minimum prices, consumers and producers were represented at the hearings, and the government at least made the gesture of exercising ultimate control. With all the trust-busting going on, the California plan should not go unnoticed.

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POINTING TO THE ALARMING EXTENT OF unemployment in the learned professions, President Conant of Harvard last week called for curtailment in university enrolment—a proposal rendered no less ominous by his appeal for wider scholarship funds to cushion the impact of such action. It is easy, of course, to share Dr. Conant's pessimism, founded upon the tragedy of professionals in Europe as well as upon the growing frustration which university graduates experience here. But there are sinister tones in his judgment that American higher learning has reached its zenith and that the time has come for planned contraction. No one denies that it is wasteful and degrading to train scholars and professionals for posts which they will not be able to find. And it is equally plain that just such a desolate prospect drove thousands of hopeless students into the fascist movements of Europe. But this scarcely justifies American educators in advocating the solution of the fascist nations—curtailment of educational facilities. The fate of American university graduates must be integrated with a program of expansion throughout American society; our "surplus" of graduates is a measure of the chaos in our economy rather than a sign that their services are not needed. Dr. Conant's recognition of the problem is courageous; his solution is as dangerous as it is evasive.

The Wage-Cut Fallacy

WHAT happened in Washington last week at the President's press conference on wage cuts throws light on one of those dilemmas which characterize the American economy. Mr. Roosevelt, in answer to a question which he had obviously anticipated, came out forcefully against any wage policy on the part of the corporations which would seek to cut production costs by cutting wages. We believe his stand is sound as well as courageous. We are of this opinion despite the consternation of those who dress up their anti-labor views in the garments of "sound economics."

The industrialists have invariably sought to ease the impact of depression on profits by taking it out on wages. They have for this the support of orthodox economic theory, which has always reflected and rationalized the desires of business. The "sound" economists have argued that business can only operate on a margin of profits; that when a depression hits the country, demand and prices tend to fall; that prices become too low in relation to production costs—or, seen the other way around, production costs are too high in relation to prices; that business cannot cut the fixed costs, such as overhead and interest on bonded indebtedness; and accordingly it must cut the only other large element in production cost—namely, labor costs. Of course, it hurts the business men and their spokesmen, the economists, to have to come to such a conclusion. They are as sorry about it as are the workers on whom the burden of the cuts must fall. But rigorous economic logic forces them against their wishes to this cruel conclusion.

We are not persuaded by these crocodile tears. And, what is more, we are not impressed by the logic. We are as unimpressed by it when it comes from Harold G. Moulton and the Brookings Institution, dressed up as research, as we are when we find it put forward by the earlier apologists of laissez faire capitalism in the more naked form of abstract deduction. And our reason is that we don't care for the cart-and-horse logic that it involves. In talking of depressions and ways out of them, the horse is the capacity of the consumers to buy products. The cart that is being pulled out of the slough of economic despond is the cart of industrial production. To argue that wages, and therefore purchasing capacity, must be cut now is to argue that when the economic cart gets stuck deep in the mud of depression, the way to pull it out is through a little starvation or blood-letting for the horse. Mr. Roosevelt is entirely sound in taking his stand, as did Mr. Hoover in the early days of the depression, on wage maintenance. For the problem that we are faced with is a dual one: the demand for consumers' goods must be maintained, and the demand for capital goods must be increased. If the first is reduced, the second will fall even faster than it has fallen in the past few months. The maintenance of pay rolls accomplishes at least one thing. It can put a floor under the demand for consumers' goods, so that it will not fall farther and carry with it the general prosperity. As for the demand for capital goods, wage cuts would stimulate that only if the resulting profits were reinvested. But there is no assurance amid the prevailing business gloom that such would be the case.

But here we must enter several warnings. The maintenance of wage rates will not in itself bring recovery. This is where the Roosevelt policy parts company with the Hoover policy, and it must continue to make the separation even wider. Mr. Hoover was content to ask for maintenance of wages and production through personal pleading with big business. Mr. Roosevelt has gone farther—although not far enough—with public expenditures for relief and public works, and with attempts to reduce the capacity of business to do harm by its irresponsible decisions, through setting up machinery of control. But both conceptions suffer from being static. Nothing will be gained by maintaining wage *rates* if employment continues to fall, as it did under Hoover, and total *pay rolls* keep being reduced. It is unlikely that labor income can be increased, despite the Brookings argument, by the reduction of wage rates. The only clear case for such an argument is the building-trades industry. But labor income cannot be insured merely by maintaining wage rates. More is necessary.

At the risk of repeating our previous editorial statements, we must insist that there can be no hope either for wages or profits unless business and government adjust their ideas to an expanding economy rather than a static or contracting economy. Given a static economy, both sides are caught in a trap. Labor is right when it says that the steel industry, for example, cannot solve its difficulties by cutting labor costs. First, it thereby reduces purchasing power. Second, in the earlier stages of steel production, raw-material costs are ten times the labor costs. But industry also has a case when it points out that it is caught between the nether millstone of fixed bonded indebtedness and the upper millstone of fixed labor costs. If either of the two has to be cut, it would be more humane to cut interest on bonds—and it would make more sense. But neither has to be cut if drastic steps are taken to increase production. Those steps involve, as we have pointed out before, increasing production in all basic industries under some form of government planning. In the process of this simultaneous increase of production, the reemployment will be created that is necessary for purchasing the products thus placed on the market.

We do not know whether this country has the administrative energy or the political wisdom to seek such a solution. But we do know that patent medicines will not be enough. And the remedy by wage cuts is a patent medicine. It has often been tried, and it has always failed. It is not difficult to see in the present movement for wage cuts an attempt to saddle the blame for the present depression on trade-union organization and the resulting wage gains, and thereby to smash the C. I. O. The powerful economic groups in America are acting true to form as a ruling class. Their present temper is disquietingly reminiscent of that of the French ruling class of 1789, which sought to salvage its own power by condemning the underlying population to even greater poverty and insecurity than they had endured before. Such a course can be expected to have dangerous consequences.

Does the Boycott Hurt American Labor?

THE NATION has received the following letter from the Educational Director of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers, a C. I. O. affiliate:

> In view of your activity in so strenuously advocating the boycott of silk hosiery I should like to call to your attention the stand taken against such a boycott by the executive board of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers. The board went on record unanimously as supporting the American Federation of Labor and Committee for Industrial Organization resolutions to boycott Japanese manufactured goods but not Japanese raw materials manufactured in this country.
>
> This stand was taken because the union felt that a boycott on Japanese silk as reflected in a boycott of silk hosiery would do much more harm to the American hosiery workers than it could possibly do good to the Chinese people in their fight against Japanese aggression. May I call to your attention the statement by the president of our union, Emil Rieve, in this regard:
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> "The proponents of a Japanese boycott in the excess of their zeal and thoughtlessness have concentrated their particular energies in invoking a boycott against silk hosiery, undergarments, and clothing, in which the stake in wages received by American workers is far in excess of the value of raw silk imported from Japan, and which at the same time will affect seriously the Chinese production of raw silk, the country they are attempting to assist. In their zeal also, they have purchased without discrimination available supplies of lisle hosiery regardless of source. Germany, whose government and governmental policies are as bad as if not worse than Japan, has supplied some of this goods. Spain can also supply some of the similar merchandise, and there is no method available to guarantee such goods as coming from Loyalist Spain. The substitution of goods made under Nazi terrorism and Fascist dictatorship for raw materials produced under Japanese imperialism is certainly no sensible procedure."
>
> The average pair of silk stockings selling at 85 cents contains Japanese silk to the value of about 10 cents. Thus in order to do 10 cents' worth of harm to Japan we are hurting American industry about 75 cents' worth. But it is claimed that hosiery workers can just as easily make full-fashioned hosiery from lisle or rayon. If this were true, there would not be an opposition to the boycott; unfortunately it is not. Lisle hosiery cannot be made on approximately 40 per cent of the machinery in the industry. This includes the fine-gauge knitting machines which make sheer stockings. As a result, the boycott will not only hurt hosiery workers but will hurt the union which they have built and which will be admitted generally to be one of the progressive unions.
>
> An additional effect of the boycott has been to encourage the use of non-union stockings. This is particularly true of the stockings made from Bemberg. While the yarn from which these stockings are made may be made under union conditions, yet so far as we are able to find out, there is no union mill knitting stockings of Bemberg.
>
> May I emphasize the fact that the hosiery union is emphatically in favor of a boycott of Japanese manufactured goods. We feel that the exemption from silk of a Japanese boycott will not so greatly help Japan in its struggle as to justify the dislocation it [the boycott] would cause in American industry and to our union. Raw silk is about 15 per cent of Japanese exports, and in boycotting Japan we would also inevitably hit somewhat at China, which supplies some 10 per cent of the world's supply of silk and about 4 per cent of the American supply.
>
> LAWRENCE ROGIN

We are pleased to give space to this letter because it reflects the views of those who have been most active in opposition to the silk boycott. While we do not believe hardships suffered in this country should dissuade anyone from refusing to aid Japanese aggression, we are wholly sympathetic with the union's demand that it should not alone bear the brunt of an action that concerns the whole country. It is therefore important to point out the groundlessness of the union's fears as well as to cast light on the dubious methods being employed by the allies of Japan in this country.

Let us look at the facts: (1) The boycott will not "affect seriously the Chinese production of raw silk." In 1936 only 4 per cent of America's $102,000,000 worth of silk imports came from China; at the present time, owing to the Japanese occupation of Chinese ports, virtually no Chinese silk is available. (2) Germany's total exports of cotton and lisle hosiery to this country in 1937 were just one-third of 1 per cent of the domestic production. In recent months it has been less, owing to a sharp rise in the output of American factories. (3) We have a letter before us from the Spanish consul general informing us categorically that all Spanish hosiery in this country comes from Loyalist territory.

(4) Granting that the average cost of silk in each pair of silk stockings is not much more than 10 cents, the fact remains that nearly $50,000,000 worth of Japanese silk is used annually in hosiery alone. At present nearly 75 per cent of the Japanese silk imported into this country goes into hosiery, and the bulk of the remainder into underwear. (5) As to omitting silk from the list of boycotted articles, our imports of silk from Japan in 1931-36 were more than *ten times as large* as the combined imports of cotton cloth, crabmeat, chinaware, tea, dolls and toys, and earthenware—the six items of imports from Japan next in volume.

(6) With regard to employment and wages in the hosiery industry, it will be noted that the letter admits that 60 per cent of the machinery can be used for lisle. The lisle nets require extra labor. As to the remainder of the machines we should like to quote from an authoritative study just completed by Eugene Staley, associate

professor of international economic relations at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy:

> With some delay and some technical difficulties the knitting machines might be diverted from silk to rayon. An official of the National Association of Hosiery Manufacturers writes that "we are prepared to furnish the American public with whatever they desire in the line of hosiery. . . . Our equipment can turn out hosiery of other commodities, but . . . these commodities would be *different* from silk."
>
> While there might be some dislocations here and there in the silk and hosiery manufacturing, any unemployment would not be great in volume or very lasting. On the other hand, to replace the raw silk usually imported from Japan by rayon or cotton substitutes produced in America, there would have to be substantial increases in output, and hence in employment.

(7) Under the circumstances, it would seem particularly important that the hosiery workers' union bring pressure on the employers to adjust their machines to silk substitutes lest non-union shops obtain the bulk of the new business. Unfortunately this has not been done, and for reasons which on the surface at least are scarcely indications of the "progressive" nature of the union leadership. The *News Record,* a trade paper, reported on December 21 that "the full-fashioned industry is coming to the conclusion that only a definite statement by the American Federation of Hosiery Workers can counteract possible damaging inroads into the business in the first quarter of 1938." The New York *Times* on January 25 reported the formation of a Silk Industry Joint Council to fight the boycott. The joint council included Mr. Rieve, William H. Gosch, president of the National Association of Hosiery Manufacturers, and Paolino Gerli, president of the International Silk Guild.

Less than three months have passed since the Rayon and Synthetic Yarn Producers' Committee asked the Federal Trade Commission to investigate the International Silk Guild as an alleged Japanese propaganda agency. The New York *Times* of November 13 carried this charge in detail, stating that "the officers and directors of the Silk Guild have available for propaganda work the sum of $725,000." Erwin Feldman, counsel for the National Association of House Dress Manufacturers, is quoted as declaring that "one thing has been learned—a certain silk guild went to Japan and got $500,000 and with that, among other things, hired speakers who asked women to demand fiber identification. Eighty per cent of the women's clubs which have sent in protests were visited by speakers paid by the government of Japan."

It must be added that these charges were denied by the International Silk Guild, and that the Federal Trade Commission declared that it had "no authority to institute an inquiry" unless it appeared that there had been a violation of law. Nevertheless, it is distressing, to say the least, to find the president of a "progressive" trade union serving on the same council with such a group. Perhaps the union cannot be held responsible for the actions of its president, but we trust that it will repudiate Mr. Rieve's unfortunate stand on the boycott.

Massacre River

THE Republic of Haiti (Dictator, Sténio Vincent) has accepted $750,000 from the Dominican Republic (Dictator, General Trujillo) as indemnity for the killing of 10,000 humble Haitians along the Haitian-Dominican border. (The name of the stream that runs along the border is Massacre River.) The 10,000 were hacked, stabbed, and shot to death—with dull-edged machetes, daggers, machine-guns, and the brand of rifle carried by the soldiers of the Dominican army. A few were trussed up and drowned. The victims were Haitian workers, their wives and children. Thousands of them moved from overpopulated Haiti to the Dominican Republic when the war boom in sugar created a great demand for labor. Since then jobs have dwindled, and anti-Haitian feeling has been officially encouraged in the Dominican Republic. The killings took place in a desolate, inaccessible region where thousands of dead could be buried or burned, out of sight of civilization. Survivors left for dead crept out to Haitian villages to tell a tale of horror that was substantiated by their wounds and by Haitian refugees who had escaped the same fate at the hands of the Dominicans under orders from Trujillo City.

The story is one of the most gruesome ever told. Yet Vincent as well as Trujillo tried at first to minimize it. Both governments tried to suppress or tone down news of the "incident," and in a joint communiqué on October 15 reaffirmed the cordial relations of the two dictators. But feeling continued to run high, and in November the Haitian government asked the United States, Cuba, and Mexico to aid in mediation. The Dominicans at first refused to participate, but later yielded.

According to the agreement, which was signed in Washington, presumably with the blessing of the United States, the Dominican government stipulates that it does not recognize the responsibility of the state but agrees to abide by the findings of the Dominican tribunals which are conducting an investigation, and to give the results full publicity. It is not difficult to imagine what kind of report Trujillo's tribunals will deliver to Trujillo's government.

It has been painfully obvious from the beginning that those officially involved are not primarily concerned with the 10,000 murders, which were quickly transformed into "a controversy which has unfortunately arisen." Washington's main concern has been to prevent war between the two countries, and that is understandable. But what of its announced determination to prevent the growth of fascism in the Western Hemisphere? Race as well as class feeling played a part in the events of Massacre River, and fascist influence is strong in Trujillo City. A thorough official investigation by the mediators and a report that identified and indicted the murderers of the 10,000 would have had an excellent effect on the little Hitlers of Central and South America. Instead Trujillo is now in a position to whitewash a major crime —with the concurrence of all "good neighbors."

F. D. R. Under Two Flags

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, January 31

TO SAY the Administration hasn't the slightest notion whether it is coming or going might be stretching it. Chances are it still thinks it is going, but doesn't know where. It is not pleasant thus to concur in a censure which seems to be on the tongue of nearly every fathead and porch climber at large, but the truth must be recognized regardless of the company in which it is found. The most discernible quality of the Administration today is its lack of direction. Roosevelt needs a domestic policy. He has listened to his warring counselors long enough. He cannot continue to fight under two flags. At the moment his uncertainty is most painfully apparent, perhaps, in connection with government activity in the power field and the regulation of industry in general. In one instance it is illustrated by his attitude toward the struggle between the TVA and Wendell Willkie's Commonwealth and Southern system; in the other, by his position between the irreconcilable philosophies of Robert Jackson and Donald Richberg. Sooner or later the President has got to decide how much government ownership he favors, and whether he wants the anti-trust laws enforced or discarded for some form of "voluntary self-regulation." It's simple, if not easy.

In the matter of power there is substantial evidence that the President knows his own mind, but hesitates to speak it for fear of the possible effect on business. In the end he may elect to damn the torpedoes and go ahead, but he isn't gathering any headway. Indications are that he favors the program of Senator Norris, which, to put it roughly, is to have the government generate, transmit, and sell electricity wherever such a course would serve the essential purposes of flood control, navigation, soil conservation, and other public ends to which private companies cannot, by their very nature, give a passing thought. Yet he persists in repeating that only about 15 per cent of the private power industry is in actual or potential competition with the TVA, thus conveying an impression that competition on a much greater scale is not contemplated. Having recently accompanied the President on his visits to Bonneville, Grand Coulee, and Fort Peck, and listened to his speeches at each, I cannot, I am glad to say, be impressed by any such hints. I am convinced that he contemplates government competition on a very wide scale—or did before the recession sneaked up on him. He shouldn't let it divert him. This is no time to be pulling a Hoover. Willkie's grandstand play of offering to sell out to the government should not deceive even the bleacherites. Willkie is enough of a lawyer to know there isn't a chance in a million the Supreme Court would appoint one of a commission of three to fix the price.

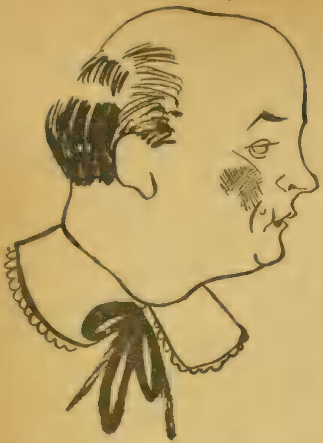
That Donald Richberg continues to play around with the quaint idea of self-regulation by big business is evidence of his optimism and perseverance, or something. Unlike some, I do not ascribe it to his old immersion in the NRA. One of the most effective persuaders who ever hypnotized a bankers' convention, he is a conciliator by nature, and since Henry Ford and General Motors replaced labor unions in his clientele he finds the quality more useful than ever. That is not to disparage his ability or his good intentions, for both of which I have a high respect. Nevertheless, his faith in the intelligence and civic spirit of men of the type of Tom Girdler, Eugene Grace, and James Rand has grown immeasurably since the days when he was fighting Sam Insull in Chicago. Perhaps he has been unduly influenced by "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

Richberg's views undoubtedly carry weight at the White House, as they should, but how much they would carry in Congress on this issue is the more important question. The NRA is still an unpleasant memory there. Senator Borah had lunch at the White House last week. Asked later what he thought of the prospects for a loosening of the anti-trust laws to permit industrial self-regulation, the Senator emulated Little Audrey. He just laffed and laffed.

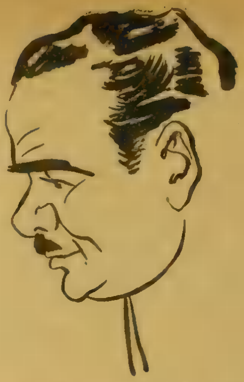
How big business and its journalistic spokesmen feel over the prospects may be divined from the howls of lamentation which greeted the conviction of sixteen oil companies and thirty company officials in the conspiracy trial at Madison, Wisconsin. The indolence and lack of precision of armchair correspondents and commentators are no excuse for the gross inaccuracies about this case which have flooded the papers. A large part of the public probably believes these officials were prosecuted and convicted for having patriotically done what the government had asked them to do. This is because most of the published comment simply stated as facts what the defense had contended during the trial—and what the government refuted and the jury disbelieved. I pass over what may have been written by Dorothy Thompson or Boake Carter since I seldom read either. Let us consider, instead, the observations of the impeccable Arthur Krock in the impeccable New York *Times*. On January 27 he stated: "For proceeding to stabilize price conditions in the demoralized crude-petroleum fields under the powerful pressure of one branch of the Roosevelt Administration, thirty oil-company managers now stand as convicted criminals, a result of prosecution by another branch." As the chief basis for this remarkable declaration he averred that "the jury was not permitted to take into consideration" a certain letter from Secretary Ickes,

From a Gallery of Young Turks

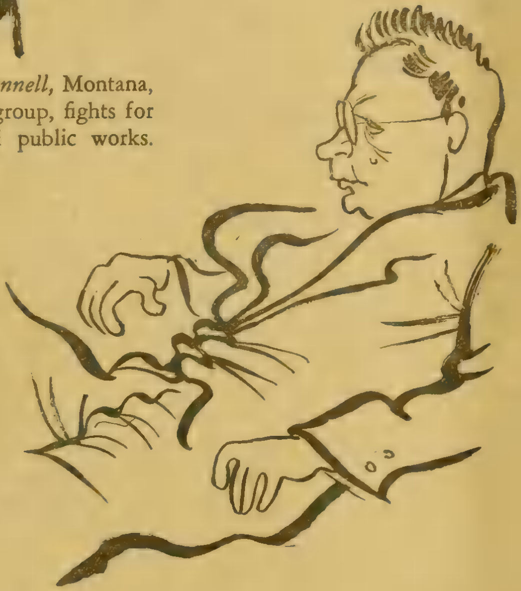
BY GEORGES SCHREIBER



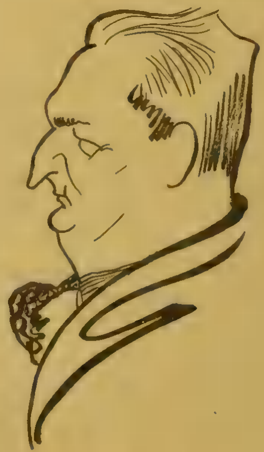
Jerry J. O'Connell, Montana, baby of the group, fights for more federal public works.



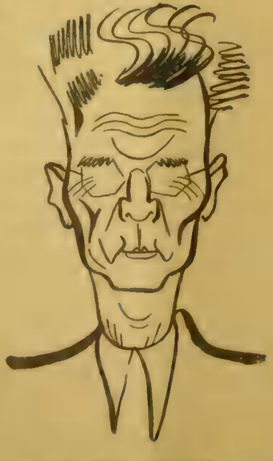
John T. Bernard, Minnesota, battled alone against embargo on Spain because "Neutrality It Is Not!"



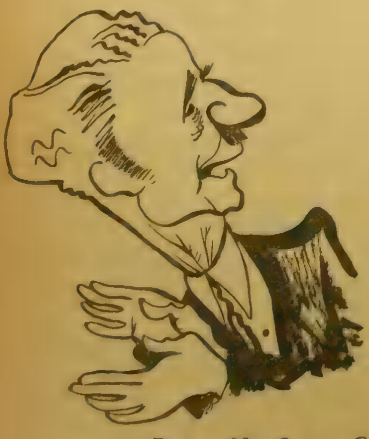
Maury Maverick, Texas, informal leader of the Turks, orates for anti-lynch laws in a Southern drawl.



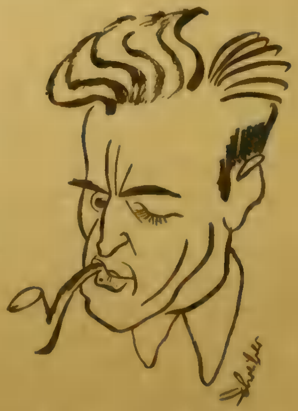
John M. Coffee, Washington, would subsidize art through a federal Fine Arts Bureau.



Henry G. Teigan, Minnesota, battles for wage-hour legislation and real aid to the farmer.



Byron N. Scott, California, would outdo Wagner in giving America cheap public housing.



H. Jerry Voorhis, California, whose Industrial Expansion bill is a standing challenge to scarcity.

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administrator of the NRA petroleum code, to Charles Arnott, one of the defendants. The facts are: Although the letter showed on its face that it did not and could not refer to the crude-oil "buying program" which constituted the heart of the conspiracy, *it was introduced in evidence by the prosecution itself*. The original "buying program" was publicly terminated by Secretary Ickes in November, 1935. Subsequently another such program was undertaken in the face of a warning by Ickes. Activities under it were carried out secretly, and the defense made every attempt to conceal them from the jury. To one who was present at the trial it seemed clear that the law was violated both before and after termination of the code. It was clear enough for the jury. In the case yet to be tried evidence of guilty knowledge on the part of the defendants is considered much stronger. For men engaged on a patriotic mission, they certainly spared no pains to cover their tracks.

Events in Washington, where the United Mine Workers are in convention, and in Miami, where the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor is enjoying the sun, seem to demonstrate that peace in labor's civil war is no nearer. John Lewis again has stated the terms on which the C. I. O. would enter the A. F. of L., and again they have been rejected. To explain this impasse solely as the product of wilful stubbornness or personal vanity or ambition on either side is a shallow exercise. The conflict is fundamental. If the C. I. O. unions are allowed to enter the A. F. of L. intact they are certain to dominate the full organization soon if not immediately. They either have the necessary numbers or would have them in a short time. On the other hand, for Lewis to accept terms which would mean dissolution of the huge new industrial unions and the arbitrary distribution of their members among the two-and-seventy jarring craft unions would be a horrible betrayal—and Dave Dubinsky knows it. A vast majority of these people would promptly cease to be union members, because it is a demonstrated fact that mass-production industries cannot be organized on craft lines. In view of what has been said about Lewis's "obduracy," his "unreasonableness," and his "unwillingness to see any side except his own," I should like to record what he said to me recently concerning the attitude of the rank-and-file craft unionists.

"These men," he said, "have built up their unions. Through them they have gained a position of advantage in comparison with other workers, and a certain measure of security. In trying to preserve those unions they feel they are fighting for home and fireside, and you can't blame them much. Now, the C. I. O. would not wish to disturb them in the enjoyment of those advantages, but we can't guarantee them against the action of some future national convention. We can't give a bond for posterity. Unless they can bring themselves to yield to the historical logic and the obvious necessities of the situation—a situation created by the development of mass-production industry and technique—it is difficult to see how the conflict can be reconciled. Obviously we cannot abandon the very principle for which we elected to fight." Pollyanna editors and labor politicians please note.

Chicago Doesn't Care

BY MILTON S. MAYER

Chicago, January 25

"WELL," said Richard Croker, "what are you going to do about it?" The people of New York did something about Croker, but what Croker had defied them to do was something about *it*. Croker, under the name of "Murphy" or "Olvany" or another, came back. And he'll come back again, if not next time then the time after. Nothing that produces Crokers has been changed.

Every American city but one has done something about Croker at least once—even Boston. The one that has done nothing is Chicago. Charles E. Merriam, who ought to know, says that Chicago has never had reform. Chicago produced Capone and Insull and gave them the City Hall to play in. Capone and Insull put Chicago on the map. It wasn't Chicago's fault that hard times came and removed them both when the United States discovered how much they had got away with in unpaid taxes.

Back in the '90's, when Chicagoans were as naive as New Yorkers are today, they dangled nooses in front of the aldermen and did something about the "boodlers"; but nothing about the boodle. Those were the days, too, when the attorney for the First National Bank defended the Haymarket anarchists; but the publisher of the *News* convinced the prosecutor, and the prosecutor convinced the judge, that men who talked anarchy were guilty whoever threw the bomb. Today Chicago is sophisticated. It knows that it can't do anything about "it"; so it doesn't bother to do anything about "them." Chicago won't stand for Ed Kelly any longer because Ed is clumsy. A man who dismantles the schools right in front of the school children makes a city look foolish. And a sophisticated city doesn't want to look foolish.

Chicago won't get reform, because it doesn't want it. There isn't a citizens' organization in town. The City Club wonders why the average cost of black top surfacing on WPA projects is $2.36 a square yard in Chicago and $1 in Detroit, but the City Club is "non-political"; so it just wonders. The Civic Federation and the Committee on Public Expenditures "are supported by practically all the large taxpayers and business interests," according to the Illinois Company, which specializes in municipal bonds. They stand firmly for non-political reduction of taxes—not sales taxes but property taxes. They object to big budgets. So did the New York business men's committee which found that city's books in order six months before the Tweed ring smashed. Chicago doesn't care. Out goes one New Deal Ed Kelly, in the mayoralty election next year, and in comes another New Deal Ed Kelly, a smoother cut from the same cloth, consecrated to the same ideals. The White Knight slated to be Chicago's next mayor is State's Attorney Thomas J. Courtney. Ed Kelly's crowd call him Honest Tom.

The New Deal Democrats split in the 1936 primaries, when the "organization" tried to dump Governor Horner, because he sponsored a permanent registration law, and Courtney, because he was getting too big to handle. Horner, Courtney, and the teamsters' union bosses are the "reform" organization. Kelly, the building-trades bosses, and an ever-dwindling number of ward committeemen are the "regular" organization. The fight is a fight for power, nothing else. Reform is not an issue between these two sets of patriots who kept each other's hands in the city's pocket for twenty years. The New Deal is not an issue between New Dealer Courtney and New Dealer Kelly, for Courtney is owned by Colonel Frank Knox, who calls the New Deal fascism, and Kelly is owned by Colonel McCormick, who calls the New Deal communism. There is only one issue between these groups, and Chicago knows it and doesn't care.

The country still talks about the South Chicago massacre. Chicago has forgotten it. To be sure, a mob of what the *Tribune* called "assistant Communists"—including the president of the Chicago Church Federation —held some kind of protest meeting and defended the mob of what the *News* called "rioters." But the Chicago papers, except for the *Times,* didn't fall for the old Communist gag of protest meetings. There was some squawking about a suppressed newsreel, but the Chicago papers didn't fall for the old Communist gag of "freedom of the press"; Mayor Kelly suppressed the newsreel because one riot was enough, and Mayor Kelly was right.

Anyway, didn't a coroner's jury, selected at random and composed entirely of unemployed legionnaires, require only fifty-six seconds, after an inquest which lasted ten days, to decide that the rioters, including a baby eating a popsicle, were trying to break into Tom Girdler's defenseless factory and murder the workers? And wasn't this proved by Mr. Courtney's assistant when he asked Dr. Jacques, who testified that seven of the dead men had been shot in the back, "Was your name ever Jacobson?" even though Jacques—whose father, also a physician, was also born Jacques—denied it? Of course, there were a few pieces that didn't quite match. It was funny that a mob "armed with revolvers," as the *Tribune* said, and bent on breaking into a factory and murdering the workers didn't shoot a single policeman, even though, as the *Tribune* said, "the mob began firing on the bluecoats." Then there was that talk about Tom Girdler's having donated the clubs and the gas used by the police. (But if that had been true it would have been in the Chicago papers.) And there was the *Tribune's* streamer story about the "plot," in which "one of the wounded rioters" in a confession "carefully guarded by the police" told how the rioters had been drilled for two days "in twenty-four platoons of twenty-four men each." Mayor Kelly had already announced that "the riot was caused by outside mobs who came to Chicago for the purpose of making trouble." Courtney's assistants told the *Tribune* that the confession was "the most important of their evidence," and Courtney said, "My report will speak for itself."

Even Chicagoans who didn't care may have wondered, for a while, what became of the confession and the report. But those that wondered figured that, even though one side always gets killed, "both sides are probably wrong." So the best thing to do was forget it. Let New York and St. Louis and La Follette worry about it. Why shouldn't Chicago forget, when the A. F. of L. had turned its back on the dead and the C. I. O. had turned its back on the living? John Fitzpatrick, who directed the 1919 steel strike and once committed the Chicago Federation of Labor to industrial unionism, decided that the ten men dead for steel and industrial unionism were "of no concern to the Chicago Federation of Labor because it was a C. I. O. strike."

A month ago the lawyers for the Mine Workers and the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, representing the fifty-odd surviving "rioters" indicted for unlawful assembly, reached an agreement with Courtney's assistants whereby the men and women who tried to break into a steel plant and murder the workers pleaded guilty and were fined $1. A trial would have shaken America—and Chicago besides. It would certainly have wrecked Kelly and probably Courtney—possibly Henry Horner, too, who conferred with the heads of the struck plants and said nothing. Chicago labor would have known where it stood, and the Labor Party wouldn't be a paper organization in Illinois today, nor would Labor's Non-Partisan League have to choose between Louis XIV and Louis XV in its search for friends to reward.

The reform movement in Chicago consists of serious groups of little thinkers sitting around and telling each other how New York did it. All the movement lacks is leaders, followers, money, forums, an organization, and a press. With the Democrats split and the Republicans and the Communists off the ballot, a minority candidate on a reform ticket might win. The city has never been riper for it. But Harold Ickes is the only Chicagoan with sufficient prestige to tackle the job, and Ickes can't convince himself that he ought to leave the Cabinet and fly to ills he wots not of. If Roosevelt wanted to reform Chicago (which he doesn't), the Horner-Courtney machine could be forced to accept Ickes as a candidate. This wouldn't dispose of Courtney, who would probably have to be thrown a senatorship, but it would get him out of town. The *Beacon,* Chicago's latest literary-reform venture, says that Ickes will run neither for senator this year nor for mayor next, and the *Beacon* is close to Ickes. In the end the reform talkers will string along with Courtney. An examination of Courtney's record would explode the newspaper myth of the driving, fearless prosecutor; but Chicago doesn't examine records. Courtney is supposed to have reduced crime, but in the "Uniform Crime Reports" Chicago occupies the same position it held in 1931—that of the most lawless city in the nation.

The *Tribune* will tell you who really reduced crime in Chicago: "Thanks to the spirit which Mayor Kelly has instilled in the force, the police are doing a better job of crime prevention and detection than this city has known in a generation." But even the *Tribune* joins the Association of Commerce and the ladies' clubs in extolling Courtney, for in Courtney they have a man who is hell on people who violate the laws against stealing bread, sleeping under bridges, or begging in the streets. Leaving prosecuting to his assistants, Courtney summons the reporters and issues a public warning to criminals to watch out. He warns all classes of criminals and prosecutes some. He prosecutes no election frauds. He prosecutes no tax or receivership cases. The Board of Tax Appeals reduced the 1933 valuation of the *Tribune's* capital stock from $4,023,619 to $1,447,006; *Fortune* placed the 1933 value of the *Tribune's* capital stock at $53,600,000.

But Chicago doesn't care. Still on Courtney's long list of unsolved murders are those of two state representatives, both of them gambling operators. He lost his only two cases against public officials showing shortages—Sweitzer and Zintak. After the Sweitzer comedy the *News*, which now calls Tom Dewey "the Courtney of New York," said: "Two things need to be demonstrated in Cook County, first, that political office-holders are subject to the law; second, that the state's attorney's office is no respecter of political persons when violation of the law is the issue." His three "drives" against racketeers resulted in a case apiece against contractors, streetcar-accident fakers, and ambulance chasers, and all three cases were lost.

Like Kelly, Courtney is a friend of organized labor. A few months ago Mike Galvin, whose teamsters' union Courtney had "outlawed" with the assistance of a three-time convict named "Lefty" Lynch, was murdered in gangsterless Chicago. A $1,000 check made out to—and indorsed by—Courtney was found in Galvin's safe-deposit box. Courtney said he had received the check from the Motor Truck Operators' Association "for a legal fee for services as attorney for the association in 1930 when it achieved repeal of the public-cart license." The public-cart license was repealed by the Illinois legislature, and Courtney was a state senator from 1926 to 1932. In addition to his salary as a state senator and fees from associations whose legislative interests he advanced, Courtney drew pay from the people of Chicago for serving in all three of the following capacities from August, 1927, to December, 1928: assistant attorney (one of 404) for Ed Kelly's Sanitary District at $6,000 a year; secretary of the Chicago City Council Building and Zoning Committee at $4,000 a year; sergeant-at-arms of the City Council at $1,500 a year. But a man has to make a living. And Chicago doesn't care.

Of all the things Chicago doesn't care about, gambling is the most prosperous. Several months ago—after four years as state's attorney—Courtney discovered that the citizens of Cook County were betting on horse races. The *Tribune* announced, without criticizing the law-enforcement agencies, that "the revived Capone mob" was doing a $2,000,000-a-day handbook business. The state's attorney called in the reporters and announced that he was going to clean up gambling not only in Cook County but in Mayor Kelly's Chicago. Honest Tom's war on gambling consisted of the regular well-photographed raids. Gambling is as wide open as ever. The big syndicators are still riding high, but Courtney has called them some terrible names. The implications of this invasion of the local police area by the state's attorney's police are profound. With the "reform" organization cleaning up gambling, a Democratic ward committeeman with a constituent in the gambling business would be silly to turn to his old friends in the "regular" organization to find out how about it. The grapevine carries word of steady desertions of ward leaders from Kelly to Courtney and Horner.

With the city's budget exceeding current tax and license revenue, Kelly recently had his city council legalize handbooks in bald evasion of Illinois law. Horner, who calls for a state income tax when he's a candidate and enacts a 3 per cent sales tax when he's governor, was horrified by Kelly's brazen method of squeezing the turnip. Kelly, who has never been accused of a sense of humor, explained: "We are not going to license handbooks. We hope to regulate brokers as agents of the legalized process of buying parts of a horse." It was no surprise when the fighting prosecutor joined the Governor in viewing with alarm this diversion of a part of the "take" to Mayor Kelly's bulging budget.

Why doesn't Chicago care? Because it's sophisticated? Not entirely. Even a sophisticate kicks when his watch is stolen. But a drunk doesn't care what time it is. Chicago is young and rich, as cities go. Its bonded debt is low. Dun and Bradstreet finds the "underlying situation" "fundamentally sound," although "large current cash difficulties have been accumulated because of conditions which are essentially administrative rather than fiscal."

Behind Chicago's what-the-hell's-the-use lies the systematic exploitation of a city still young and rich by those interests whose privileges the city supports. Of course the tax rate is second only to Boston's, and the tax delinquency is the highest in the country. But anything is better than a sales tax, and leading citizens can always go to Mayor Kelly's Board of Tax Appeals. Chicago's credit is weak; its bonds are currently bringing a higher yield than any comparable municipals except one-industry Detroit's. But judgment day is far off.

Chicago is young and rich. Look at it. There are 200,000 Negroes living in tenements meant to house 150,000, and getting restless. Construction is stagnant because you can't build a modern structure in Chicago without violating the sixty-year-old building code—and paying for the privilege. Wooden "L" trains demolish each other and street cars crawl; the aldermen have been "studying" the traction problem for thirty years. Chicago has the highest traffic-accident rate in the country and one "super-highway" with a speed limit of thirty-five miles per hour. The sales tax enables the poor to pay for their own relief; and the aldermen are "considering" the *Tribune's* proposal to finger-print the recipients. The school system spends a larger proportion of its budget on non-instructional items than the school administration of any other metropolis.

The *News,* with Courtney in its pocket and reform in its soul, blames it all on Kelly. The *Tribune* used to blame it all on Thompson. But the fact is, and will be, that Chicago doesn't even get Christmas baskets for its money. Courtney is handsomer than Kelly and Knox is brighter than McCormick, but a bright and handsome machine will not reverse the trend of a city that doesn't care. Some day Chicago will sober up and find its watch gone. Then it will get sore—at the politicians. It will demand to be saved—from the politicians. Well, the Nazis campaigned for clean government with the argument that the Mayor of Berlin got an overcoat wholesale.

Why France Has No Dictator

BY M. E. RAVAGE

THE fall of the Chautemps government on January 14 was in itself neither important nor surprising. Everyone in the least familiar with developments in France had been expecting it for months. But it was something of a shock to find that the Popular Front had suddenly gone the way of all flesh, that despite the solemn oaths and the dire warnings that held it together, it had broken down like the cartels before it. The dissolution of a parliamentary majority, however, should not be mistaken for the failure of a popular movement. The quarrels and ineptitudes of the leaders should not be confused with the will of a people, nor the political coalition in the Chambers with the cohesive masses in the country. The local (canton) elections of last October showed clearly where the nation's heart was. Though intrigue and discord even then threatened the solidarity of the parties, the rank and file kept the faith, often in spite of the candidates. It is a safe prediction that were the voters to be consulted today they would still return a comfortable left majority. This probability, along with one or two other reasons, makes it unlikely that President Lebrun will dissolve the present Chamber and appeal to the country.

The constancy of the French people is not to be wholly explained by ideology or their ingrained repugnance for dictatorship, nor yet by the tradition inherited from '89, which in France so often makes even a well-to-do landowner or business man vote "left" on Election Day. The wage-earners, no doubt, are influenced by these things. But the middle classes have been profoundly disillusioned by eighteen months of strikes, financial instability, social turmoil, rising prices, and diplomatic weakness. They would make substantial sacrifices for a "strong" and lasting government. And yet they remain faithful to the Popular Front. Workers, peasants, shopkeepers, civil servants, even small capitalists would again stand together and vote left—and primarily out of patriotism. Their solidarity, they are convinced, is a condition of French security. They have not forgotten that Laval nearly succeeded in ruining the British alliance and isolating France. The left may be weak and inefficient and ridden by politicians. But the right is all these and blind into the bargain. The left lacks unity. But the right is chaos. And since it is precisely discord and disorder that the foreign foe desires for France, there is no choice for Frenchmen who love their country but to stand by the People's Front.

Signs that all was not harmonious among the "parties of order" have abounded for two years. Just before the elections of 1936 an attempt to organize a National Front in opposition to the Popular Front ended in riot and broken heads. If one read the rightist press one got the impression that the numerous factions devoted to the "reconciliation" of the French people were incompatible. The royalists were contemptuous of Colonel de la Rocque and accused him of misleading the Croix de Feu. Stranger still, the royalists mistrusted and made insinuations against the royal princes. André Tardieu noisily banged the door of the Chamber of Deputies, wrote a book to explain why, and retired to the Riviera to sulk. Jacques Doriot, having quit the Communist Party, plastered the walls and fences of France with attacks on the Soviets, provoked riots in St. Denis and Marseilles, but made little headway toward a dictatorship. Each little group charged the others with responsibility for the merciless rout of the nationalists at the polls. A renewed effort for union merely brought an alliance between Doriot and the Louis Marin faction. La Rocque, for whom the bait was intended, did not bite. Then in the summer of 1937 the tempo suddenly quickened.

What followed is, in part at least, known to the American newspaper reader, but the tale is worth repeating for the light it throws on the processes by which spontaneous nationalistic movements for the regeneration of mankind are launched, and on the obstacles which they encounter in countries with a civilized tradition like France. This is roughly the outline of the story.

The wealthy Duke Pozzo di Borgo, at present languishing in a Paris prison as a *Cagoulard* but for a number of years the principal angel of the Croix de Feu, began appearing as a contributor of literary wares in the weekly journal *Choc*, edited by a Colonel Guillaume. The paper, reputedly inspired by the Dominicans and avowedly clerical in aim, had for months been attacking the leader of the Croix de Feu. At the same time the royalist *Action Française* was charging the unhappy La Rocque with all the crimes in the calendar, and insinuations of varying degrees of virulence were appearing throughout the nationalist press, notably in Doriot's lately acquired *Liberté* and—to the general astonishment—in Léon Bailby's *Jour*, hitherto the staunchest supporter of La Rocque and his organization. The climax was reached early last summer. In July *Choc* featured an interview by Pozzo with André Tardieu in which the ex-Premier revealed that throughout his term as head of the Cabinet he had subsidized the Croix de Feu with the taxpayers' money, by regular allowances from the government's slush fund (*fonds secrets*). The effect of this bombshell may be imagined. All eyes now turned to the *Petit Journal*, which had passed under the editorship of La Rocque. But the Colonel kept silent, neither confirming nor denying the charge. Shortly afterward Guillaume, the editor of *Choc*, was attacked and nearly killed in the garden of his country estate by two men subsequently caught and identified as members of La Rocque's French Social Party.

After several weeks of rumination the Colonel decided at last to take notice of the Tardieu accusation. At the congress of his party at Lyons he told his followers that his ex-friend Pozzo di Borgo had forfeited the respect of honest men by circulating calumnies against his former chief. This was the very opportunity the Duke had been waiting for in order to force La Rocque into the open. Immediately he filed suit in the Lyons courts for libel. On the witness stand Tardieu made a barbecue of the pitiable La Rocque. He repeated what he had told Pozzo in the interview, embroidering it with delectable details and correcting one or two minor slips. Later he amplified the story further in the Paris courts, to which La Rocque had been reckless enough to summon in his turn some fourteen newspaper publishers and reporters—running all the way from Léon Daudet of the *Action Française* to Lucien Sampaix of *l'Humanité* and including Léon Bailby and Colonel Guillaume—on the charge of having libeled him by printing the Tardieu interview.

Tardieu's story in brief was as follows: For nearly six years (between July, 1926 and May, 1932), during which period he was, with two brief interruptions, a member of the government (Minister of Agriculture and of the Interior and twice Premier), he had kept up regular relations with Colonel de la Rocque. The chief of the Croix de Feu had been recommended to him originally by a high personage in the army. On his third visit the Colonel asked the Minister for money. He was, he said, expanding his organization and would appreciate financial assistance from the national government—that is to say, from the parliamentary republic he aimed to destroy. Tardieu was "happy to have a force of order to oppose to the Communists"—the classic pretext. In eighteen months La Rocque came some twenty-five or twenty-six times, not to the Ministry of the Interior, as *Choc* had erroneously reported, but to the Minister's residence on the Avenue de Messine, and each time asked for and obtained a sum of money. On an average the payments came to 20,000 francs a month. Tardieu continued for three months to dispense the secret funds. After that he passed on the "customer" to his successor. The new Premier, Pierre Laval, being a native of Auvergne, "did not have the same ideas" as his predecessor about squandering the public moneys and cut the allowance in half. But when Tardieu came back to the Premiership he agreed, at La Rocque's request, to pay up the arrears. Laval refused to appear on the witness stand, but Colonel Guillaume swore by his wife and children that in private conversation Laval had confirmed the Tardieu charges against La Rocque.

In return for these generosities what was expected of the fire-eating Colonel? Nothing specific, except to be on hand when his patrons, Tardieu or Laval, traveled, and with a brass-lunged applause brigade of his followers to drown out the hostile cries of the opposition. Oddly enough, Laval for 10,000 francs a month got better results than Tardieu for 20,000. On Laval's return from America, for instance, (November 2, 1931) he was met at the station by a brigade commanded by the Colonel in person and (says Tardieu, who was there) given the greatest ovation of his life. It was on Laval's orders, too, that La Rocque broke up an international peace congress at the Trocadéro, presided over by Herriot and attended by foreign ambassadors and other distinguished delegates from abroad. But on the whole Tardieu had no cause to complain. La Rocque, he said on the witness stand, "was a good and faithful servant." Paul Gérin, in the weekly *Vendredi*, has gone to the pains of running down the newspaper accounts of these incidents, and in each instance Tardieu's statements appear to be confirmed.

Notwithstanding, many French nationalists are perplexed about where the truth lies. The Colonel, it is alleged, is an inveterate liar, but Tardieu's past is likewise far from lily-white. There is, to begin with, the dubious procedure of a minister revealing the use made of the government's secret funds. It is unprecedented. There are, moreover, the allegedly scandalous affairs of the Homs-Bagdad Railway and the N'goko Sangha mining enterprise, in which the young Tardieu is supposed to have been involved.

On the witness stand the editor of the daily *Epoque*, Henri de Kerillis, one of the few old supporters of La Rocque to stand by him in his hour of trouble, accused Tardieu to his face of having lied to him on previous occasions and boldly questioned his veracity now. De Kerillis, explained the "Tardieusards," could not very conveniently take sides against the Colonel, since his Chamber seat depends on the good-will of the Croix de Feu. The truth seems to be less simple. Kerillis, it appears, was elected in Neuilly, a reactionary suburban stronghold, by the for once united nationalists. Now that they have split between La Rocque and Tardieu, he is worried over 1940, when he comes up for reelection. Whatever the reasons for Kerillis's loyalty, La Rocque seems to have a particular talent for losing friends and making enemies. He forfeited the good-will of Bailby and the right press as a whole when he entered into competition with them by acquiring the *Petit Journal.* And by continually putting off the day of reckoning with the republic he drove his more impatient followers into the arms of the *Cagoule,* which seemed to mean business.

The famous Comité Secret d'Action Révolutionnaire did not share the Colonel's scruples about obtaining arms from the foes of France and endangering its security by following in Franco's footsteps. The Communists and Socialists stopped an incipient revolution in the spring of 1936 by persuading the workers that the breakdown of authority in France would bring not liberation but Hitler. The *Cagoulards* drew their recruits from the lunatic fringe of the Croix de Feu and members of kindred "nationalist" organizations who in private conversation proclaimed, "Better Hitler than the Popular Front!" La Rocque, it is only fair to say, would not believe these maniacs were serious, just as he refused to believe that Tardieu would betray him. Events have now convinced him. Disgruntled because the Colonel had failed to bring about a coup d'état in November, 1934, when the Radical Socialists with Herriot at their head pulled the props from under Doumergue, Tardieu vowed the destruction of the Croix de Feu which he had so lavishly nurtured with the republic's money.

The royalists sensed danger when the Colonel's brother entered the service of "the Princes" and got the Young Pretender, the so-called Comte de Paris, to publish in Paris a journal of his own, the *Courrier Royal.* Last summer open war broke out between the royalists and the royal family—a situation which only a comic genius could have invented. Matters came to such a pass that the Duc de Guise publicly accused the *Action Française* of "exploiting instead of serving the royal cause." After being excommunicated by the Catholic church some years ago, the royalist leaders Maurras and Daudet have rounded out their farcical careers by being repudiated by the pretender to the throne!

In all this battle Jacques Doriot has played scarcely any part—for a good reason. He is having trouble enough holding his own followers in line. The left weekly *Flèche* has for a number of weeks been publishing the letters of ex-leaders of the Doriotiste P. P. F. who have discovered that their chief, while pretending to be anti-capitalist and anti-Communist, was in reality anti-left but on the best of terms with the financial oligarchy.

Small wonder that the *Völkischer Beobachter,* surely an eminent authority, recently declared that "until further notice the French nationalists have ceased to count." The only question is whether the credit for fascism's failure in France is to be given to the Popular Front or to the aspiring Führers themselves.

Next—The Radio Newspaper

BY RUTH BRINDZE

THERE is no longer anything speculative about printing newspapers in the home by radio. Merely by adding a facsimile attachment you can convert an ordinary radio into a printing-press capable of picking news and pictures from the air and setting them down in black and white. Orders are already pouring into the factory and within the next few months these facsimile machines, potentially the most socially significant invention since the development of the printing-press, will be operating in homes throughout the country.

Several machines which have been developed to a point where they can now be placed in service are described in the current report of the Federal Communications Commission. The Radio Corporation of America, which controls many of the fundamental radio patents, of course, has one. But the Finch machine, the invention of a former engineer of the Communications Commission, so far dominates the field. In appearance these machines are deceptively simple. To broadcast printed material, the type and pictures must be converted into electrical impulses. In the Finch transmitting machine this is accomplished by means of a tiny bulb, or "scanning light," which moves across the page reflecting back to a photo-electric cell the light and dark values of each line. The electric cell, in turn, converts these light and dark qualities into the electrical impulses which can be transmitted by the radio station through its regular broadcasting equipment. The facsimile receiving set, a neat little box approximately the size of a table radio, picks up these signals and by means of a stylus moving across a roll of carbon-backed paper reconverts them into the light and dark lines which form letters and pictures. It is printing without ink and without type. No one makes any pretense that the machines have been fully perfected. But they work more efficiently than did the first radio receiving sets of the early 1920's, and their full technical development will not take long. The Finch machines now produce only a three-column paper, but they can easily be made to print a tabloid of five columns. The present rate of printing is also comparatively slow, only one linear inch a minute, but this also can be speeded up.

The technical problems are far simpler than the social and economic ones, for if the development of facsimile broadcasting continues, as there is every reason to believe that it will, city folks as well as those who live on the farms can be supplied with newspapers and other reading material by radio. The Radio Corporation's facsimile receiver is already equipped with a blade for cutting the printed rolls of paper into convenient page sizes. With the addition of a simple binding device, books and magazines may be produced by the little radio printing machine. The possibilities are unlimited. As events take place, as history is made, the facsimile machines will produce directly in the home a contemporaneous printed record. No newspapers will be able to compete. Facsimile will be faster, more convenient, cheaper. At the trivial cost of the rolls of paper and the electric current, the audience will be supplied with more printed matter than it can read. Every day's paper may be as bulky as the Sunday *Times;* magazines and books will achieve a circulation of a hundred million.

Even now, before large-scale production has been begun, it is estimated that a facsimile receiving machine can be profitably sold for less than forty dollars. Eventually, Finch prophesies, a visual recording device will be included in the same cabinet with the apparatus for receiving oral broadcasts. And everyone will have one, for perhaps the only way of getting a newspaper and other printed matter will be by radio. Television has not yet been perfected; the audience must await the solution of technical problems before movies can be produced in the home. But facsimile is ready today.

Both Finch and the Federal Communications Commission are fully awake to the potentialities of the machine but avoid a discussion of the broader problems by suggesting a limited use. Radio newspapers, Finch says, will supplement, not supplant, the press as we have it today. Facsimile will lead to the development of a new style of writing; reports will be terse, in bulletin form, and for further details the audience will still have to buy a newspaper. The publishers comforted themselves with this theory several years ago when radio began to compete with the press in the distribution of news, but soon had to abandon it, and they have undoubtedly learned from past experience that the way to overcome competition is to operate the facsimile machines themselves. Of course the ultimate control of facsimile will remain with the public, just as the power to regulate oral broadcasting has been left in its hands. If you don't like the program, you flip the switch; and if the editorial selection of Station Y and Z is as distasteful as that of Station X, you can shut off the machine entirely. For the reader who is hard to please there will always be the books printed before inventive genius developed printing by radio.

The present policy of the Federal Communications Commission on facsimile broadcasting is one of cautious planlessness. Licenses are being issued for experimental purposes and on a temporary basis. This relieves the commission of the necessity of determining immediately who shall control the machines so that their operation will be "in the public interest." But temporary privileges have a way of achieving permanency in the radio world. Eight licenses have already been issued—to Stations WGN, Chicago; WSM, Nashville; KSD, St. Louis; WOR, Newark; WHO, Des Moines; WGH, Newport News; KFBK, Sacramento; and KMJ, Fresno; and a raft of other applications have been filed. Stations which have been willing to spend a modest fortune on facsimile experiments will have a strong argument for being permitted to continue visual broadcasting when the service proves successful.

Facsimile offers interesting possibilities of profit to the radio stations. It can be transmitted on the regular wave lengths and by means of existing broadcasting equipment. Moreover, instead of remaining idle for six or more hours out of every twenty-four, the machines can be kept busy transmitting printed news and paid advertising. The licenses so far issued permit the stations to use their wave lengths for visual service only between midnight and six in the morning, but eventually visual as well as oral broadcasts may be permitted at any hour.

To obtain a temporary license, a station must agree to place facsimile receiving sets in fifty or more homes within the area it serves. The method of selecting this trial audience is not specified, but if the unnamed guinea pigs like the service, their favorable reaction will be accepted as an expression of public approval, and facsimile broadcasting will be made available to all.

The commission declares in its report that it is chiefly interested in discovering what the public reaction will be and whether the cost of maintaining this new service will be prohibitive. But there are a number of other questions that must be answered. Should the control of facsimile be granted to the present operators of radio stations, giving them a monopoly of the printed as well as of the spoken word? Should facsimile be viewed merely as an adjunct of the press and the grants be made only to publishers? Will the constitutional guaranty of a free press be destroyed when facsimile newspapers are published by licensees of the government? Unless satisfactory answers are found to these and related problems facsimile machines may become new Frankenstein monsters in the homes of the people.

Afraid of Forgery?

BY BEATRICE SCHAPPER

AMERICANS pay out millions of dollars annually for devices which will protect them against check-raising and forgery. Fearful that their bank account may be wiped out at one stroke and ignorant of the law which protects them, otherwise shrewd business men fall easy prey to the knowing salesmen of check-writing machines, safety papers, and forgery insurance policies.

The actual amount spent on these various safeguards against loss by forgery cannot be determined. Strangely enough no figures on the amount of forgery insurance written can be obtained, though the totals for other kinds of insurance are easily procurable. Nor is the value of the output of the safety-paper manufacturers known. But government reports show that check-writer companies turned out, in round numbers, 1,800,000 machines in 1927, 2,350,000 in 1929, and 1,300,000 in 1931.

No user of a check-writing machine and safety paper is absolutely protected, for a clever forger can sponge out the colors—saving the signature—iron out the perforations, retint the paper, and finally write in his own amount. But since only experts possess the necessary technical equipment and skill, the introduction of these devices has made check-raising nearly a lost art. However, three ways of forging checks still remain: forging the signature, forging the indorsement, and counterfeiting the whole check. This margin of non-protection by machines and safety paper is recognized and capitalized by the surety and insurance companies. It is even admitted by the check-writer manufacturers, for the two leading firms offer free with the purchase of every machine an insurance policy good for two years. This is a clean give-away of the hollowness of their claims—the companies feel obliged to safeguard the safeguard!

The policy insures the purchaser of the check-writer and the bank upon which the check may be drawn against loss if there should be a forgery of the amount, number, date, or payee's name, *not* against forgery of the drawer's signature or against a forged indorsement. A policy is issued at a cost of twenty-five to fifty cents to the check-writer manufacturer, who in turn places bonds to indemnify the insurance company against liability under the policy. The individual accustomed to paying high rates for similar insurance may conclude from this arrangement that the risk of loss for the average depositor is really small. Besides, nearly all raised or altered checks are honored first by a bank other than that upon which they are drawn. If the latter then honors the forged check, the law permits recovery from the bank which cashed the check. This is true in all cases of forgery except when a depositor's signature has been counterfeited, and is one reason for the risk paucity.

The insurance company underwrites the risk at a net rate under one dollar per thousand dollars of insurance; in other words, the company wagers a thousand dollars to one it will not meet loss under the policy. How can this low rate be reconciled with advertising statements that forged and altered check losses reach $300,000,000 annually—a sum second only to the national loss from fire?

Almost every concern in the country carries forgery insurance. So dreaded is the specter of the forger that one company whose bank deposits never have gone and are never likely to go higher than $50,000 pays annually for $250,000 of forgery coverage. The star salesman of an insurance company in one of our largest cities rated in one year $18,000 in commissions on this type of insurance alone. Yet as far as the depositor himself is concerned, forgery insurance is almost entirely unnecessary; he is already adequately protected by law. The person who takes out a policy against forgery is really insuring not himself but his bank.

The negotiable-instruments law, which since 1924 has been in force in every state of the Union, the District of Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii, and the Philippines, makes the bank responsible for the loss which it causes the depositor through cashing a forged check. Not a single leading authority disputes this interpretation of the law; case after case decided in the courts substantiates it. It is true that a forgery must be proved by the drawer of a check before he can recover from a bank, but it must likewise be proved before he can recover from an insurance company. Does anyone harbor the belief that insurance companies are more willing than banks to part with their money?

Should one be the victim of a forgery so skilful that nobody can detect it, one is out of luck to be sure. But the technique of detection today has been made nearly perfect by the use of photography, the color screen, chemical tests, micrometry, and the microscope. Once the alteration is proved, the bank is responsible whether or not it used all ordinary care in honoring the check, for the law places that risk on the bank and not on the depositor. As a matter of fact, a bank managed by reputable men will not require impossible proofs of forgery or deny its legal responsibility, although many bank officials will hesitate to acknowledge clearly their own obligation under the law when asked for information. After all, when the depositors' expenditures for protective devices help the banks, why should the banks discourage them?

Forged signatures and indorsements need be the cause of little worry to drawers of checks, but they are matters of serious concern to those who cash or in some other way honor checks. To banks this risk may be well worth insuring against. Since 1922, therefore, several insurance companies have issued a bond to thousands of banks and trust companies. This bond, called a Bankers' Blanket Forgery and Alteration Bond, indemnifies the insured bank for all losses sustained through forged commercial paper. Since in a big year America uses $700,000,000,000 worth of checks, banks very properly insure themselves against loss on such a huge sum.

Although the bank is responsible for losses incurred through forged checks, the rights of a depositor may be sacrificed through negligence or delay. The time within which a depositor must examine his returned check vouchers and report forgery is fixed by law in some states; in others it is required simply to be a reasonable time; in still others it is fixed by agreement between the bank and the individual depositor. A depositor should find out which arrangement affects him. Moreover, the writer of checks may protect himself by observing certain simple precautions. He should be careful not to leave unfilled space on the payee line or on the amount line, and should write the amount in words as close to the left-hand margin as possible. Anyone who cashes a check for a stranger should follow the rules developed by the police department of the city of Tacoma, reputed a "tough town" for hot-check specialists. These are: (1) insist that the home address appear on the check and verify by the city directory; (2) ask to see driver's license, check signature, and bank book; (3) ask name of wife or husband, where employed, names of neighbors, and verify the information in suspicious cases.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE President's latest proposals for increasing the army and navy take us much farther along the road to genuine militarism and in many respects give no additional assurance that the country will be better defended, for the simple fact remains that we are arming without definite plan and without anything like adequate coordination of army and navy. The proposed addition of a force of 75,000 reserves to the regular army will be an important adjunct to our powerful military machine. With few exceptions all military men are propagandists for greater and greater forces and expenditures. The heads of no army or navy are ever satisfied; they are always asking for more. An increase of 2,000 regular army officers will make our army more than ever over-officered in proportion to the number of enlisted men; hence there will be an immediate demand in the next Congress that the number of enlisted men be raised so that there will be troops for these officers to command. Of the 12,777 officers we now have, many are necessarily on detached duty, some of which is valuable and necessary, some of which is not, like the training of high-school boys in the rudiments of military drill. The excuse is that we must have an extra supply of regular officers to command the millions of men we shall raise when war comes again.

It is needless to point out that it is extraordinarily difficult to reduce an army. (It was done in the reorganization of 1870 after the Civil War, when the occupation of the Southern states was growing less important.) Once you have a number of officers they feel that they have a life interest in their jobs and that it is unjust to turn them adrift, perhaps in middle age, when they have been trained for one career and nothing else. Thus the proposed addition to the number of regular officers will in all probability be a permanent charge and make more and more difficult the reduction of the federal budget. Of course the new ships to be built for the navy will also call for more men and more officers. The total force is, or soon will be, three times that of the navy under the administration of Theodore Roosevelt, who was considered a very considerable navalist.

Now if there were a genuine national emergency it would be possible to understand Mr. Roosevelt's action. Since that emergency does not exist, the President cannot complain if he is charged with being motivated by other reasons than the purely military. The dictators abroad have found that increasing their military and naval forces is an easy way to reduce unemployment; it is another way to spend federal money in the expectation of priming the pump again. Like almost all Mr. Roosevelt's actions this one has not been thought through, nor is it in accord with a definite, far-reaching national program. As John T. Flynn and other economists have pointed out, a prosperity purchased by armament expenditure is illusive and dangerous; when the program is completed and the work stops the economic results are bound to be serious.

Certainly, as I have stated on this page before, there is nothing in the Japanese situation to call for this move unless the purpose is to make that situation worse by inflaming it. The news of it will undoubtedly stimulate the Japanese militarists to extra efforts to increase their forces, just as our sending three cruisers to Singapore has been accepted by the government-controlled Japanese press as a deliberate threat to Japan, as has the concentration of British ships at Singapore and Hongkong. Those who are engineering this national policy of rattling the saber appear really to believe that threats of this kind are the only thing that the Japanese militarists will listen to or be moved by. Behind Japan, however, are the dictator states in Europe. I have been shocked in talking with men in high position in Washington to find that some of them actually think that sooner or later we shall have to fight Hitler and Mussolini. If we are to stage another great crusade in Europe to save the world for democracy, the moves just made will obviously not be sufficient for an enterprise which will inevitably bring this country to the verge of bankruptcy and put an end to its republican institutions.

Nothing puzzles me more than the attitude of those who say that we must save the democracies of England and France—and Russia, since Russia is bound to fight with France under the existing treaties. What a joke that will be: American troops fighting not as at Archangel in 1918 to *destroy* Russian communism but to *defend* it, and especially the bloody brand of one Joseph Stalin! And what if in the next year or two France should go either communist or fascist, of which there is a chance? Again, I am dumfounded by the mentality of statesmen who contemplate another war abroad for democracy. They admit the vicious circle of armaments and more armaments, bound in the long run to decrease the standard of living for the workers and creating a dominating military machine. They even admit that if we go into war we may come out of it fascist or communist, and still they insist that we must arm in the present "emergency." They even concede what I have so often pointed out—that, according to Franklin Roosevelt and many military and naval officers, we cannot attack Japan nor Japan attack us. Yet they are for more preparedness, a bigger army, a bigger navy, all of which is a complete confession of the bankruptcy of their statesmanship.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Conqueror of the Seas

CONQUEROR OF THE SEAS. THE STORY OF MAGELLAN. By Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press. $3.50.

I AM glad that Stefan Zweig took that cruise to South America. The boredom of the passenger liner that took him to the River Plate set him to thinking of the great voyagers of the past, of the navigators who opened up that sea route, and his train of thought led naturally to the greatest mariner of all that early band—Ferdinand Magellan.

Realizing with a sense almost of shame that the magnificence of Magellan's feat had hitherto quite escaped him, that he knew little or nothing of this great first circumnavigation, Mr. Zweig became interested. His interest has given us a splendid protrayal of a heroic deed, a moving study of the indefatigable, coldly determined seaman who in spite of all obstacles—poor vessels, mutiny, the hazards of the ocean, starvation—first transported himself around the whole globe. True, Magellan did not complete the actual circumnavigation of which the passage of Magellan Straits was such a historic landmark; but he had been before to the East Indies on many eastbound voyages. When he came to the East Indies from the west, and his slave Enrique recognized with joy the language of his fellow-natives, the deed was done. The world had been rounded. After that, the way was clear. But it was ironical that the way never could be through the straits that Magellan found; tragic that, having gone so far to the south'ard to find that strait, he had not gone a little farther to find the easier, even kinder, route around the Horn. Magellan Straits, with their fierce, unpredictable sets, their sudden blacking-out of visibility with rain squalls, their dangerous "williwaw" squalls rushing from the surrounding frozen hills, their lack of anchorages, their tortuous, dangerous length, remain to this day so great a navigational hazard that even many high-powered steamers avoid that route, though it is well charted and lighted now and there is a port halfway, and it is shorter by far than the way around the Horn.

This brings me to my only minor contention with Mr. Zweig—that we learn from him too little of the actual sailing of the vessels, too little of the life on board. The transit of the strait, perilous triumph as it was, is dismissed with a few paragraphs. The ships arrive and pass through—a fleet of them (though one mutinied, and sneaked homeward to the east by night). A fleet of them! What a feat was this! No other sail-driven fleet successfully passed that way in four centuries afterward; no other man ever made such a voyage as Magellan climaxed there. We ought to have had more of that, more of the sailing, for not only the men had to be driven there. It was heroic work also to drive the ships. Yet no one will quarrel with Mr. Zweig because his grasp of nautical affairs is not as sure-founded as his grip of the affairs of men; this latter is the more important. Though his maritime nomenclature is sometimes curious—whatever on earth were those *naos*, "broad-beamed cutters with a draft ranging from eighty to one hundred tons"?—his feeling for the problems of a seaman upon a hazardous voyage is true enough.

The picture that emerges from these quiet, well-written pages is an unforgettable, deeply moving portrait of one of the greatest sailors the world has known. Conqueror of the seas? That he was not, and no one has been. Yet Ferdinand Magellan, safe in his Olympian retreat, may smile now in his bushy, bloody beard, smile to recall that the successful accomplishment of his voyage brought neither plaudits in his own land nor reward in his adopted one; smile grimly at the thought that even a partially adequate picture of what he tried to do, and did, had to await the passing of an exile briefly across a little of his tracks, four centuries afterward.

ALAN VILLIERS

Fabian Analysis and Conclusion

SOCIALISM VERSUS CAPITALISM. By A. C. Pigou. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

IF ACADEMIC economists were asked to name the outstanding representative of their profession, it is a fair guess that Professor A. C. Pigou, of Cambridge, would carry off the honors. He is a direct descendant in the English classical tradition of Adam Smith, David Ricardo, John Stuart Mill, and Alfred Marshall. His "Economics of Welfare" ranks with the half-dozen greatest works of bourgeois economics. Anything he has to say on the issue of "Socialism Versus Capitalism" is evidently important.

It would be a great mistake, however, to assume that the significance of this work is due to the reputation of its author. Professor Pigou has written a book characterized by intellectual honesty, courage, and logical clarity. No future discussion of the economic merits of the rival systems of society can afford to neglect his cogently marshaled arguments; and fortunately, since the book is addressed to the general reader, no such discussion need neglect them.

In passing judgment on the book it is necessary to remember that Professor Pigou operates within the narrow framework of orthodox economics, a framework which on principle excludes the consideration of the effects of economic forces on the social and political complexion of society. Professor Pigou's work, like that of his predecessors and contemporaries in the orthodox tradition, is essentially static and taxonomic. This approach, I think, is an unfortunate one, and yet when carried out honestly it has a curious result.

Capitalism is presented in a very favorable light considering the plain facts about inequality, unemployment, monopolistic restriction, and so forth, none of which does Professor Pigou attempt to gloss over. This is possible because the connections between capitalism as an economic system and the ugliest phenomena of the modern world, imperialist conflict and class brutality, are regarded as no concern of the economist. Yet in spite of this favorable presentation of the case for capitalism, Professor Pigou inevitably finds that socialism, regarded merely from the point of view of economic technique, is superior on nearly every count examined. For whatever may be said of war and class oppression, there can be no doubt that inequality, unemployment, monopolistic restriction, and cyclical fluctuations are endemic to the capitalist system. And there can be just as little doubt that these things are no part of the logic of socialism.

Professor Pigou does not bother specifically to refute the

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Mises school of anti-socialism, according to which it is a priori impossible to plan rationally the economic life of the community as a whole. Possibly this is because the job has been done so often and so thoroughly in the technical literature that he regarded it as unnecessary to go over the ground again. This must be accounted unfortunate in view of two recent events: the publication of Mises's *magnum opus* in English (under the title "Socialism"), and Walter Lippmann's belated discovery of this latter-day champion of vulgar Manchesterism. Since Lippmann rests his case against socialism largely on Mises, it would be valuable to have a specific exposé of the latter from so authoritative a pen as that of Professor Pigou. Still Chapters VII and VIII are so plainly an implicit refutation of the whole Mises doctrine that Lippmann can ignore them only at the expense of branding himself as an open propagandist for the status quo.

Not the least interesting part of "Socialism Versus Capitalism" is the concluding chapter, in which Professor Pigou makes what he calls "a confession of faith." His reasons for doing so should be read and pondered over by those "impartial" intellectuals who pride themselves on their refusal to espouse any program of social change.

> The fact that we are without the data and the instruments of thought necessary for assured judgment [he says] does not entitle us to sit back with folded hands. For to sit so is itself to take a decision; to make the great refusal, to declare ourselves in advance opponents of any change . . . we must use these imperfect data as best we may, and take the plunge, and *judge*. There is no other way.

Professor Pigou declares in effect for gradual socialization —a Fabian among Fabians. If capitalism were really what he supposes it to be, his advice could be whole-heartedly accepted. As it is, the events of the past twenty-five years must be regarded as grave confirmation of the counter arguments, which are as old as the doctrine of gradualism itself. Even for the Fabians, however, Professor Pigou has wise counsel, and underneath his calm language is veiled a stinging rebuke. "Gradualness," he says with conspicuous emphasis, "implies action, and is not a polite name for standing still."

PAUL M. SWEEZY

Jean Sibelius

JEAN SIBELIUS: HIS LIFE AND PERSONALITY. By Karl Ekman. With a Foreword by Ernest Newman. Translated by Edward Birse. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

SIBELIUS, A CLOSE-UP. By Bengt de Törne. With Musical Illustrations. Houghton Mifflin and Company. $1.75.

FORTY million Englishmen, including Ernest Newman, probably can't be wrong, and the English-speaking world is therefore coming to accept Sibelius as one of the immortals while he is still alive. Americans have not, like some English critics, placed him beside Beethoven and above everyone else, but an American radio audience, questioned on the subject of favorite composers, has chosen him as an easy first among all contemporaries.

If one accepts that judgment, an authorized biography of the great man is not only in order but overdue, and by that token Karl Ekman's book on "the greatest contemporary composer" (to quote the jacket) must be welcome. Mr. Ekman accepts the unconditional superlative throughout the book. He makes no attempt to justify this judgment by critical analysis but merely underlines it by such passages as the following, describing the symphonic poem "Kullervo," now almost forgotten, when it was first performed in 1892: "The voice of genius spoke so mightily, so overpoweringly, throughout the whole work, from the first bar to the last, that there was nothing for the dumfounded hearers to do but rejoice and admire."

On the other hand Mr. Ekman spares us the usual phrases about Sibelius as the somber and mystical genius inspired by the stark majesty of northern forests and the bleak melancholy of the Finnish plains and lakes. We learn, on the contrary, that from the first his music was "born of the sunshine cult of the northern summer," are reminded of the "radiant apotheosis of the fifth symphony," and told that his "Apollonian worship of light sheds its golden glory" over the seventh.

The most valuable part of this book, however, is not its somewhat fulsome praise but its details of the life of one who must be admired for his profound integrity as an artist, his adherence to the highest principles, and his productive energy. Although his master, Wegelius, was an ardent Wagnerian and tried to infect the pupil with his admiration, Sibelius's early aversion to the Bayreuth master was never completely overcome. He was "inspired" in his youth by Grieg and Tschaikowsky—a significant admission—and later came to admire both Dvorak and Bruckner, whose B-major symphony moved him to tears at the age of forty-six.

Of Richard Strauss Sibelius speaks with evident admiration, although he ventures no real judgment on his works. "Strauss," he says, "was extraordinarily amiable to me. . . . In later years, too, I was able to convince myself that he regarded my art with an impartiality and loyalty that I was bound to appreciate very highly." It may be amusing to interject here a remark that Strauss made to the present reviewer some fifteen years later. It was in a restaurant in Paris, and the orchestra struck up a familiar piece. "What's that?" Strauss asked, turning to me, and being told that it was Sibelius's "Valse Triste," he chuckled, "You don't say! I didn't know he could write a tune as good as that!"

Strauss, in fact, knows very little about his contemporaries and generally avoids listening to their music, being completely preoccupied with his own. Sibelius appears to be much more receptive, for Mr. Ekman quotes him as saying, in 1911: "I listened to as much music as I could, both old and new. I have always been interested in contemporary and younger composers as much as anything, in order to get a clear view about myself." With one or two exceptions Sibelius's quoted utterances in this book are those of a very modest man who, one suspects, would be the last to accept without qualification the extravagant claims frequently made for his art.

This view is confirmed by Bengt de Törne in his "Close-up," a book of much smaller proportions written by a pupil and disciple. Like Ekman, De Törne has no doubt of the overwhelming greatness of Sibelius, whose work he calls the "meridian of contemporary music." But while Ekman is content to be "telling us," De Törne supports his opinion by reason and argument. His conviction that Sibelius is the Beethoven of our time is based on an interesting aesthetic classification of the really great symphonists—those who profess the "epic" attitude—into three categories, culminating in the type which combines the epic element of the classics with the "intensity of temperament and fantasy" of romanticists like Schubert, Berlioz, and Tschaikowsky. This type, he says, is represented by Beethoven and Sibelius. It is an argument which will interest even those who are not Sibelius partisans, and so will Mr. De Törne's perspicacious comparisons of Sibelius with Tschaikowsky and other composers, all based on well-reasoned aesthetic considerations.

The first part of Mr. De Törne's little book is virtually a lesson in orchestration à la Sibelius, illustrated by musical examples which will appeal to the musician as well as the intelligent amateur. Even though neither he nor Mr. Ekman has solved the Sibelius problem for the perplexed listener, they have given the music-lover engaging and interesting portraits of an eminent artist and a noble personality.

CÉSAR SAERCHINGER

The Lively Art

FOOTNOTES TO THE FILM. Edited by Charles Davy. Oxford University Press. $4.50.

CHARLES DAVY, film critic for the London *Mercury,* has brought together in this book a number of lively and pertinent articles on European and American movies, grouped under four heads: (1) Studio Work—How a Film Is Made, (2) Screen Material—Help from Other Arts, (3) Film Industry Problems, and (4) Films and the Public.

The book starts well with Alfred Hitchcock, who explains his methods and some of the climaxes in his films, and analyzes his first talkie, "Blackmail." His resourcefulness, color, directness come through his article. You know he is talking straight when he insists on short scenes that lock into each other, when he shies away from long dramatic periods in which the camera loses grip, when he says, "I want to put my film together on the screen, not simply to photograph something that has been put together already in the form of a long piece of stage acting." This is not fan talk; it has been backed by his work, and answers such movies as "Night Must Fall," lifted whole from the stage. Hitchcock praises over-running of sound, a device he uses brilliantly (there was the bobby's hand, lifted to knock, in "The Man Who Knew Too Much," which fell with the sound of the shot that killed him). He is reinforced later by Maurice Jaubert's attack on annotation in screen music, now fashionable in Hollywood, which goes so far as to permit a glug to accompany beer-drinking, cutely—"a roguish little arpeggio."

Robert Donat writes brightly about film acting, meeting with anger the usual questions and the tradition of the "face-pulling" school, and sailing into some general notions of audience reaction in the theater. The most technical piece here is one by Basil Wright, who is lucid and enthusiastic about camera possibilities.

Graham Greene opens the second section, saying that no public wants to be soothed by its amusements but excited; arguing, thus, that any subject can be presented, any treatment given, once the audience is aroused. He quotes as applicable to the movies Ford Madox Ford's definition of poetry as "not the power melodiously to arrange words but the power to suggest human values." The articles that follow are on comedy and cartoon, and a geographical piece on settings, etc., by Betjeman, who lists commercial values in the following order: kisses and other displays of concupiscence; stars; story or type of film; speed of action, slow for simple audience, fast and American for sophisticated West End houses; music; dialogue; dresses; scenery.

Paul Nash, writing of color films, does not bother with predictions (unnecessary, with Hollywood preparing for color as in 1929 it prepared for sound), but points out how the audience giggled because the pancakes in "Ramona" were "so natural," and how contradictory the statements of color experts (Mrs. Kalmus, Ralph Brinton, and Ray Rennahan) have been. After exuberant pages on Disney he ends with an explanation of the animated cartoons of Len Lye, whose brilliant palette is composed of the raw actual colors of the celluloid of the three-color process.

The section on the industry is honest about British trade problems. Alexander Korda and Basil Dean write about the future with empire-building inflections, but Maurice Kann faces the question squarely, speaking about the single flurry "Henry VIII" caused. John Grierson talks about documentaries, realism, British retrenchment, the line of Russian movies, and the sidestepping equation, No Controversy=No Reality, in the book's best chapter.

Elizabeth Bowen's "layman" piece on audiences asks for glamor, amusement, fantasy, comedy, "films about foreign countries," and goes on:

> I want no more American tragedies, Russian comedies, or crepitating Teutonic analysis. I should like still more dramatic use of landscape and architecture. I like almost any French film—perhaps I have been lucky. I have rather dreaded beforehand, as one dreads drastic experience, any Russian film I have seen; have later wished, while it lasted, to protract every moment, and finally found it, when it was over, more powerful than a memory—besides everything else, there had been so much more fun than one foresaw.

"Footnotes to the Film," centering on the British field, has enough outside material and provocative discussion to be worth while to any reader who takes time off from going to the movies to read books about them. Some of the bright discussion glosses over large gaps, but most of it is deliberate and suggestive; all of it is good reading, throwing out bits of technical information and solid treatment. The construction of the book makes it fall short of being a thorough covering of any one side. But here is a good anthology, with handsome illustrations, an index, notes, and a conclusion by Mr. Davy, Are Films Worth While?

MURIEL RUKEYSER

Letters of Rousseau

CITIZEN OF GENEVA: SELECTIONS FROM THE LETTERS OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU. By Charles William Hendel. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

THREE years ago a monumental edition of Rousseau's letters was completed in France. These twenty volumes are of course indispensable to the student of Rousseau, but it cannot be said that they have materially altered our conception of the man, his art, or his message. They have not established Rousseau as a supreme epistolary writer like Voltaire. His range of interests is far more limited, his mind far more primitive. But he appears in a much more favorable light in his familiar letters than in his stilted formal works; more favorable even than in the "Confessions," in which a disagreeable mania is manifest. We may hate Rousseauism—a dangerous creed of which Rousseau was the victim rather than the originator. We may pity the man Rousseau—a weakling suddenly engaged in a fight *contra mundum,* persecuted for maintaining the criminal paradox that man is good. But his correspondence enables us to understand an element too often neglected—his personal fascination. Rousseau would not have been a prophet if he had not been a charmer.

That is why the most significant letters are probably those he wrote to titled friends, like Marshal de Luxembourg. They are perfect—free from the smirking graces, the insistent

BURLINGAME

pervasive flattery, which at times make Voltaire's cleverness almost nauseating. There are set pieces in the collection: a fine series of letters to Dom Deschamps, on Morality vs. Metaphysics, and the letters to Malesherbes in 1762, which are a formal and very competent *apologia*. The average reader, more interested in personal details than in the battle of ideas, will be glad to know that when Rousseau fled Paris and sought refuge at Iverdun, he had to think of "a spinet and some books to be returned, and M. Mathas and the butcher and my barber to be paid."

On the whole, we must take Rousseau at his word: "I have never aspired to become a philosopher; I never pretended to be one; I never was one, nor am I one, nor do I want to be one. . . . I am . . . simply a good man who tries not to do ill to anyone, who is fond of honest folk. . . ." "Good man" here is a mistranslation; it should rather be a simple fellow, a plain man. For Rousseau simplicity and goodness are identical; but simplicity rather than goodness is the key word. Rousseau slashes through the delicate fabric of civilization in his quest for fundamentals. Voltaire never lost sight of fundamentals, even when he amused himself by the way with luxuries, gossip, subtle intrigues, and complicated financial maneuvers. Dictators are all Rousseauists; they hate sophistication and hack their way back to primitive values. I am willing to exclaim, "O sancta simplicitas!" like dying John Huss; but the words express pity and even contempt rather than admiration.

The English reading public needed a selection from the enormous mass of Rousseau's letters. The editor's task has been performed adequately but not supremely well. The long biographical introduction (126 pages) is of no intrinsic value, and is meant merely as a guiding thread to the letters; it would have been more useful if it had been split into periods and distributed throughout the book. Rousseau's style loses all glow, sparkle, and naturalness in Professor Hendel's English. At times the real meaning of the French idiom is lost: the translator uses "actually" when the sense demands "at present," and "a good character" when "good-natured" is obviously meant. Rousseau is an artist, and it would take an artist rather than a "moral philosopher" to do him justice. But in spite of minor blemishes the work is competent and the subject matter fascinating. We should by this time be weary of damning Rousseau after Irving Babbitt; for a change, let us get acquainted with him.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

Shorter Notices

THE WOODEN SPOON. By Wyn Griffith. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

The wooden spoon, literally the spoon which the author, in accordance with Welsh custom, carved for the early sweetheart he never married, is the symbol for all those unconscious deep longings which govern our lives. Written in the first person, this book is a sincere and painstaking attempt to bring to light the emotional motifs which we are hardly aware of when we experience them. Obviously autobiographical, it uses the device of speaking through the lips of an old man who has returned to his native Welsh village and his memories, to recreate a few scenes of his youth. He recalls the day when, accompanied by his father, he walked away from the humble three-room cottage of his parents to take his first job as a farm hand on an outlying farm, with the pride of new manhood drowning out the wrench of separation; he recaptures the mood of his first evening of courtship, with its mixture of excitement and dread, and finally the laughter which eases all strain. Occasionally too nostalgic in tone, these memories are saved from sentimentality by the author's approach to his material, which is unusual for its directness and simplicity. And the careful selection of only those experiences which have undergone a long, slow "settling" process in the author's own mind gives his writing the calm assurance and the detached perspective which make these episodes, slight as they are, ring true.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN IN VICTORIAN FICTION. By E. M. Delafield. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

"Women," said a character in one of Charlotte Yonge's novels, "purify the atmosphere wherever they go." But, her friend reminded her, they lose this antiseptic power unless they "shield their bloom from the slightest breath of contamination," and carefully avoid the "hardening and roughening process" of contact with life's vulgar realities. Which may explain why the air is so bad today. In any case, E. M. Delafield's anthology presents an amusing picture of the papas, mammas, daughters, and governesses who breathed the purified atmosphere of Victorian fiction—chiefly the fiction of Miss Yonge, Elizabeth Sewell, and Elizabeth Wetherell. Amusing, yes, and to a certain extent illuminating, but unfortunately rather one-sided, because the selections are taken almost entirely from women novelists, and from the second-rate women novelists at that. Why not give us a few glimpses of Victorian ladies and gentlemen as seen by Mrs. Gaskell and the Brontë sisters, to say nothing of Dickens and Thackeray, Trollope and Reade? The answer is plain: Miss Delafield wants to show Victorian smugness at its bizarre extreme, the smugness of those readers who regarded Martin Tupper as a literary and moral prophet. She does a good job of piecing together one aspect of the Victorian scene, and her excerpts from novels are accompanied by a dozen well-chosen contemporary illustrations depicting family groups and coy maidens and bearded lovers with their hands on their hearts. Yet it's well to remember that the same literature which produced the sadistically pious Fairchild family produced Becky Sharp. Do you know Mr. Fairchild? When he found his three little children quarreling he bundled them off to the nearest gibbet, where a criminal's rotting corpse hung in chains, and there he harangued them for five pages. He could have finished, but the children broke down.

COMPLAINT AND REFORM IN ENGLAND. By W. H. Dunham and Stanley Pargellis. Oxford University Press. $4.

This is a new kind of source book for those interested in English history. Here is a delightful harvest of utterances by all sorts and conditions of men, through which the discerning reader will be able to piece together a picture of what men felt and thought from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century in England. The editors, both of whom are in the History Department at Yale, have done an excellent job of arrangement and editing, and have prepared each selection with a compressed, informative, unstilted introductory note. There is little in these writings that is unknown to scholars, from the anonymous "Libel of English Policy" (1436) that opens it to William Cowper's "Impartial History of Parties" (1714) that closes it; but it is extremely useful to have had them brought together. One can quarrel only with the editors' claim that these selections voice the mind of the common man in Renaissance England. That will probably never be known. The quest of the generic and the rooted in social life, as distinguished from the official and the esoteric, is a good quest. But one must not think to have found it when one has got at the pamphlet literature of a period such as this, and reprinted what the Hakluyts, Sprats, Aschams, Pagetts, Winstanleys, and Simon Fiskes have to say. It would be better to see in these selections mainly the mind of the middle-class intellectuals, none of them of the first rank like Hobbes or Locke, yet reflecting the first-raters; none of them of the underlying population, yet reflecting, or perhaps refracting, their aspirations as well. The editors have kept their eye on our own age as well as on the English Renaissance, and have shown that first-rate scholarship need not be dry-as-dust erudition.

FIRST PERSON PLURAL. By Angna Enters. Stackpole Sons. $4.

Angna Enters's book is as hard to characterize in a single word as are her stage "compositions," which, as she herself says, are "never just dance, or mime, or just 'psychological' or historical, or just abstractions." The book is not an autobiography, not a diary, not a manifesto, not a treatise on the arts, not a travel account, but something of all of these, and—well, it's just "First Person Plural," the rambling but never dull expression of an artistic personality with as many facets as a housefly's eye. Miss Enters not only dances, paints, draws, composes music, designs costumes, and when necessary serves as her own manager, but if she suddenly feels a yen to learn Spanish, or cloth-dyeing, or fifteenth-century music, why, she just goes right ahead and does it, mentioning it so casually that you almost wonder why you couldn't do it too. That must be the reason why the book holds you, because it is not particularly well written, and the ideas, while they are sensible, are seldom startling; but the author has packed her life so full of experience that she doesn't give you a chance to be bored. Her own enthusiasm, which embraces blues singers and Beethoven with equal fervor provided the art is good in is own kind, carries over to you, and helps to explain how she manages to hold her audiences in the theater with wordless compositions which attempt to "crystallize certain universal impulses in human behavior, . . . to illuminate a point in time"—which sounds much more abstract and much less entertaining than the compositions really are. The illustrations in "First Person Plural" consist, of course, of drawings by the author and photographs of her in her theatrical works.

DRAMA

In the Grand Style

"SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE" (John Golden Theater) is a very serious play by Paul Vincent Carroll. Like most Irish dramatists who have written since the renaissance of their country, the author states his general theme in terms of local problems, and at home the play was doubtless considered primarily a contribution to the endless debate upon the inexhaustible subject, "What is wrong (and right) with Ireland?" I suspect, however, that Mr. Carroll's method of writing owes rather less to the folk dramatists from Lady Gregory to O'Casey than it does to more conventional technicians, and it is certain that in the result "folk quality" is sacrificed to the suavely skilful development of effective theatrical situations. The considerable success in America to which the play seems obviously destined will be attributable chiefly, I think, to three things: a general theme of some genuine interest; a striking virtuoso's performance by Sir Cedric Hardwicke; and, most important of all perhaps, the fact that "Shadow and Substance" is a well-made play—both literally and in the somewhat derogatory sense in which that term came long ago to be used.

The entire action takes place in the study of Canon Skerritt's house in County Louth and is concerned with the various relations of three exalted spirits to the vulgar crowd of ignorant peasants and hardly less primitive priests among whom they live. The rebel schoolmaster and the proud canon are deadly enemies because neither understands that each has been corrupted as the result of a frustrated love for something finer than their companions can feel; that the canon has become a hard-hearted and regal ecclesiastic dreaming of the great days of the renaissance and the schoolmaster the unpopular author of a scandalous anti-clerical novel because both want something better than the football-playing materialism of the parish priest. The two are united in their admiration for the canon's mystical, loving-spirited housemaid, and when the latter is killed in a riot over the schoolmaster's book they are brought to the beginning of some kind of understanding.

Now this summary of the plot can hardly suggest the fact that the play is genuinely absorbing. It probably will, however, suggest one of the reasons why it is, on the other hand, not as profound or as important as some will believe it. The parallelogram of forces is almost too neatly diagrammed, and the almost geometrical demonstration leads to a Q. E. D. almost too triumphantly pat to be very convincing as the solution of a human problem. Because of this, the characters are developed in terms more crisply theatrical than ultimately convincing and leave one with the feeling that the spiritual problems have been alluded to rather than actually presented.

The canon, moreover, runs away with the play. Logically he ought to be no more than one of three, but he very nearly crowds the schoolmaster off the stage and dominates the scene by virtue of his theatrical effectiveness. Sir Cedric plays him to the hilt, and the part is one which any character actor would gladly cross seven seas to get, for the canon is in the grand style of the hero-villain. Regal and self-possessed, he silences opposition with a gesture and disposes of the human race with an epigram. He is in the tradition of Richelieu, even in that of Richard III ("so much for Bolingbroke"), and if we remember at the end that we have no evidence beyond a brief declaration from the maid for the spiritual conflict supposed to rage behind the commanding mask, we have at least been treated to a rousing performance. Sir Cedric knows how to wear his soutane with a difference. To say all this is not, I hope, to depreciate the play any more than I intend. It is skilful and interesting far beyond the ordinary. But it is also far more of the theater and far less of the soul than many will be inclined to think it.

Ever since "Springtime for Henry" I have acknowledged a debt of gratitude to Benn Levy, its author, but Mr. Levy has not added to that debt by collaborating on a farce "suggested by" one of the novels of the late Thorne Smith. For all I know, there may be an outrageously funny play in the story of the solemn biologist and his flighty wife who unwillingly change bodies without changing personalities, but if so, then that play is yet to be composed, for "If I Were You" (Mansfield Theater) is clumsily written and haltingly paced. Constance Cummings and the rest work hard; they are even funny at moments; but there is no cumulative effect and no success in any effort to make the preposterous premise more credible as one goes along. Incidentally there is no reason why even the author of a pseudo-scientific farce should not have some vague idea of the meaning of the technical terms he uses. Gastroenterostomy is not a disease, and the phrase "alkalize the filtrate" is not so esoteric that it would appropriately call forth from a surgeon the apologetic remark, "I have forgotten my chemistry." JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

THERE is a pianist whom you should hear whenever an opportunity presents itself. His name is Webster Aitken; he is an American in his late twenties; and what is remarkable about him is not so much his rich endowment of technique and musical feeling as his integration of these resources, and behind this the inner integration of experience and emotion. This—astonishing in one so young—manifests itself both in his choice of music to play and in the way he plays it, and lifts him in both respects out of the group of gifted young American pianists to a place among a handful of living artists. His young contemporaries play the usual sequence, with unimportant variations, of Bach-d'Albert, Beethoven's "Appassionata," Schumann's "Carnaval," Chopin, Liszt, Rachmaninov, and Strauss-Schultz-Evler; and they use these things for a dazzling display of their gifts—each for itself and in its own direction. The inner integration and concentration I have referred to causes Aitken's mind to be attracted by such gigantic musical matters as Beethoven's "Diabelli" Variations or the "Goldberg" Variations of Bach; he plays one of these works in public because of what it means to him and out of a desire to communicate this to other people; and the resources he brings to his task are evident only in the coherence and power of the work as he plays it, the unobstrusive adequacy with which its every formidable technical requirement is satisfied.

In short, Aitken's recitals are among the very few public concerts that are what a public concert should be; and it appears that there is no place for them in the musical life of America today. The demand which the commercial managers must satisfy—after first having created it—is for the dazzling display of virtuosity and temperament in Liszt, Rachmaninov, Strauss-Schultz-Evler, and perhaps Beethoven's "Appassionata"; a pianist who concerns himself with things like the "Diabelli" and "Goldberg" Variations is, to use managerial terms, not salable; and so the few crumbs of opportunities left after the Horowitzes and Iturbis have finished go to their young American imitators. It is they, not Aitken, who have played all about, made appearances with important orchestras, and received the attention, such as it is, of the important newspaper critics, such as they are.

At the moment Aitken is playing all the sonatas of Schubert and some of the four-hand works in a series of four recitals at the New School for Social Research (I believe the series is to be repeated at the Arts Club in Chicago). For this music he has a marvelously right feeling; what must be added—for readers who have had as few opportunities to hear the works as I have had—is that they fully repay the beautiful performances he gives them. They are not without

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weaknesses; but Tovey, in his extraordinary essay in "The Heritage of Music," points out that the weaknesses of Schubert's large works "are relaxations of their powers," and goes on to say:

> Neither Shakespeare nor Schubert will ever be understood by any critic or artist who regards their weaknesses and inequalities as proof that they are artists of less than the highest rank. . . . Even if the artist produces no single work without flaws, yet the highest qualities attained in important parts of a great work are as indestructible by weaknesses elsewhere as if the weaknesses were the results of physical ruin.

And in another place he concludes that Schubert must be regarded, "on the strength of his important works, as a definitely *sublime* composer. It does not matter when, where, and how he lapses therefrom: the quality is there, and nothing in its neighborhood can make it ridiculous."

This sublimity is present in the great B flat sonata; and this is only one of several marvelous works that Aitken is to play in the two remaining recitals of his series.

B. H. HAGGIN

DANCE

The Critic's Lexicon

WHEN John Martin addressed the sell-out audience at the Evening of Modern Dance recently given under the auspices of Dance International 1900-1937, he assured us that what we were about to see was not theatrical, its décor was not really décor, its costumes were only clothes for motion, its music was just aural scenery. The modern concert dance was placed on a level superior to that of a mere stage framed by a proscenium, and by his inference became not a diverting spectacle but an autobiographical rite celebrating the individual impulses of the dancers. In a review of the New York première of Hanya Holm's "Trend," Mr. Martin praised Arch Lauterer's massive setting as having "no smack of décor." Last summer Mr. Martin was alarmed by certain "decadent" overtones he felt in Anna Sokolow's anti-fascist dances; last year he suspected Martha Graham of a "neo-classic" tendency, and this year he finds her perilously "surrealist."

The technique of dance criticism lies chiefly in a critic's vocabulary, which often has to be borrowed from other fields. In architecture one can talk in terms of structure, materials, and function, calling Vermont or Indiana limestone, lolly columns, t-beams, or grain elevators by their specific names. Similarly in paint and music. The theater uses architecture, poetry, and music, and for this reason its critical language, while more amplified, is also more vague. The dance critic borrows the idiom of a critic of the fine arts and literature, but even with this combined ammunition he does not find his task easy, primarily because he refers to an event forever past before anyone reads of it, an event largely interesting only to those who saw it. To give an analysis of performance, a factual description of what happened, in a broad enough frame to be more than a news report calls for a very developed technique, a very precise vocabulary.

I wish to consider the vocabulary of John Martin, the well-known critic on the New York *Times*. By his energy and his love for the dance he has almost single-handed created a place for the dance critic in New York and hence in America. Hardly any other criticism in the field represents the expression of a conviction based on things seen and personal preference rather than on second-hand reading. I assume Mr. Martin opposes "health" to "degeneracy," "degeneracy" to "decadence," "neo-classicism" to "classicism," "classicism" to "romanticism," "naturalism" to "realism," "realism" to "surrealism," and "aristocracy" to "democracy" in his private system of values, and that he can tell you just what he means as well as the next man. But lurking in his categories there has become more apparent a certain alignment of chapter-heads which takes on a censorious attitude, an arrangement of terms which is less in the critical structure of an Aristotle than in the puritanical strictures of an Augustine. We find on one side "decadent," "neo-classic," "surrealist," "theatrical," "aristocratic." Under the "theatrical" head we find "décor," "ballet," "ballet audience," "ballet impresario." On the other side we find "impulse," "inspiration," the "heroic type," "integration," "inevitable," "logical," "democratic." There is no hard and fast adherence to these balancing lists. For example, Mr. Martin found "Trend" less closely related to "concert" dancing than to "theater" (that is, tragedy). I mean, in short, that this anti-theatrical bias which I have long sorrowfully observed in Mr. Martin has now shifted its attack from the ballet to include even Mr. Martin's protege, the "modern" dance.

As long ago as 1933 Mr. Martin, in his "Modern Dance," complained that the dance had meant in the past the ballet, and the ballet had meant only the *ballet d'action*. Yet Mr. Martin should know the *ballet d'action* was a term in common employ only as long as Noverre's immediate influence was alive, although the *pas d'action* is something else. There is all the difference in the world between Noverre's *ballet d'action*, circa 1780, Vigano's *choreodrame*, circa 1820, Manzotti's *azione coreografica*, circa 1810, and Fokine's *chorégraphie*, circa 1910. He also said (p. 4) there weren't half a dozen artists who could employ the classic dance properly, although he has since mentioned Massine, Danilova, Spessivitza, Markova, Semenova, and Haakon, who were all dancing at the time. He stated (p. 38) that in the old ballets the floor plan was the only consideration, when he probably meant that most of our exact information about steps danced are in engravings of floor patterns. He forgets that ballets were clothed by such artists as Berain and Bouquet, composed by Lully and Rameau, but it is true that the combination of the dance and décor does "smack of" the theater. He says (p. 107) that music developed and dancing stood still for "hundreds of years," although he grudgingly admitted earlier that great dancers enlarged their idiom. No use to mention Blasis, Perrot, St. Leon, Stepanov, Ivanov, Petipa, Taglioni, Elssler, or the recent Russians—names of first historical importance to a decade if one had the energy to cite them. In Mr. Martin's two books historical facts intended for a condemnatory résumé were selected and arranged to present a case which rivals the style of the Reich's *Kulturkammer*.

In 1936 his anti-theatrical bias has firmly developed. On page 56 of "America Dancing" we find the poisonous infiltration of alien theatrical dancers managing "pretty thoroughly to supplant the simpler English style of theater dancing." The French, Italian, and Russian dancing masters effected their invasion. He continues, "It is interesting to note each of these influences was occasioned not by any demand from the American field but by political conditions in the homeland." Which is the same as to suggest that the pure Indians felt a deep logical impulse to invite the Puritans over to give ex-

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hibitions of Playford's country dances. There were theatrical dancers in Williamsburg as early as there were plays, and nearly every well-known international dancer since the Revolution has appeared in America, playing to the same kind of audiences which made theatrical dancing in Europe a continuous popular form. In an article in the 1937-38 winter number of the *North American Review,* Mr. Martin allows the fact that the Basil ballet grossed a million dollars on its transcontinental tour, which in his context is to say that this enterprise has (strictly) commercial implications. Yet in another paragraph we come up against a perfect example of the critic's lexicon in question (p. 239):

> This is what is sometimes called the classic view as opposed to the romantic, the aristocratic as opposed to the democratic. On its basis kings and courtiers have maintained ballets for their diversion, and today wealthy men of this opinion, whose tastes do not run to the outdoor life, keep companies of dancers instead of polo ponies.

Here we have in full flower a categorical jeremiad based on the writer's *parti pris* and the coloring of a qualitative distinction by personal ethic. There are few ballet companies "kept" today, unless government subsidies for the Vic-Wells, the Paris and Bordeaux Operas, the Scala, the Vienna Staats-Oper, the Bolshoi and Marinsky Theaters can be considered bureaucratic whims. Ballet companies in this country to a surprising degree pay their way, keeping many dancers under long-term contract, and traveling more, for example, than modern concert-dance groups. That crack about dancers as an alternative to polo ponies is of the same order of pettishness that makes Mr. Martin fill ballet audiences with the "usual silver-haired dowagers with their bald-pated escorts" (p. 249). There aren't enough of these to give a big company forty weeks of work, worse luck. People who like ballet today are in cross-section people who like theater. This, Mr. Martin, even after the recent Center Theater performance, the Basil tours, and the present high commercial value of dance attractions, will not see.

I submit that Mr. Martin is and has been consciously naive and temperamentally prejudiced about theatrical dancing. To hate the ballet is his privilege, but since dancing is done, even today, in theaters and is in the minds of audiences a theatrical form, I feel that he must find some new terms to cover it. He is the chief critical name in this country, the most-respected by provincial managers, and his word has gone far in influencing students of the dance. At the present time, theatrical values in the dance, whether in classic or developed ballet or in the modern dance, are the dominant values, and increasingly so by every indication. Mr. Martin is upholding the banner of an imaginary anti-theatrical purity, which, if it were analyzed, could be broken down into a dance form that has already outworn its sojourn in the categories of the "interpretative," the "expressionist," and the "absolute."

Many critics at a certain age in their imaginative careers start to defend their initial and past enthusiasms with a conservative barrage which employs an *avant-garde* idiom to blackjack the future. This is the technique of "Redder Than the Rose," and it causes Mr. Martin to boost the retardative production of the "Coq d'Or" as the best of contemporary ballet dancing. One is reminded again and again of the Republican Party, with all its unadulterated, ideal, monolithic politics, when one hears the word "purity" bandied about. There is no more pure dance than there is pure Americanism. Even I would not want to see Mr. Martin as the Dorothy Thompson of the dance.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

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Letters to the Editors

Wishful Thinking in 1840

Dear Sirs: In searching through the files of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* the other day I came across this editorial daydream, which I pass on to you, somewhat ruefully, with a speculation on how many more generations will be reading the same sort of thing. It is dated November, 1840.

> "Pride, pomp, and circumstance," will soon cease to be elements of glorious war. Perkins's steam-gun, which is capable of throwing 158 balls in a minute with unexampled force, which may be made of every size and used with equal facility on land and water, is an invention which will soon divest battle of its poetry. Hence we hold . . . that war will soon cease to be attractive, and its "day" go by. . . . The joy of battle will be gone. There will be little of the romance with which the trade of human butchery is strangely invested if battalions are to be blown to fragments by the opening of a steam-valve; and if in place of glittering warriors and plumed troops and music, feathers, and gold lace, the fate of nations is to be decided by a few swarthy firemen in red flannel shirts, sweating with blackened brows over the hot and greasy engine, shooting cannon balls by the cartload from hissing pipes, and poking the fire to keep up the necessary heat, instead of having recourse to pealing trumpets and rattling drums to blow the sparks of military ardor into a flame. This will be reducing war to its essentials; it will be getting rid of all its fascinating deceptions at once; it will be such an application of the labor-saving principle to the business of thinning population and of making widows and orphans that neither nations nor individuals will lightly go in search of such a ghastly honor.

One thing is certain—"Perkins's steam-gun" was a game of mah-jong compared to dichloro-ethyl sulphide. But the game still seems to be played.

PARKER LESLEY

Princeton, N. J., January 27

The Press and the Boycott

Dear Sirs: An interesting commentary on the "freedom of the press" we have been hearing so much about lately is furnished by the newspaper silence on the Japanese-boycott mass-meeting held recently in the Pittsburgh Carnegie Hall.

Though they were furnished with reams of copy and with photographs of the principal speaker, Representative John M. Coffee, the papers completely suppressed all news of the meeting. The mystery was cleared up when investigation disclosed that Gimbels, McCreery's, Kaufmann's, and the Rosenbaum department stores—which provide the bulk of the newspapers' advertising—are loaded with Japanese goods. The "sentinels of American liberties" here naturally shrank from offending such profitable clients.

GEO. A. COLEMAN

Pittsburgh, Pa., January 26

A Question of Terminology

Dear Sirs: I have been very much interested in the articles and letters of Norman Thomas, Raymond Leslie Buell, Reinhold Niebuhr, and others who have written on the thorny problem of collective action as against "isolationism." I have been sympathetic with your editorial policy of trying to develop the weapon of economic collective action and to keep such action distinct from military collective action. And I sympathize with Mr. Villard's nausea over the naval race. But I should like to raise several questions.

With regard to an international embargo on raw materials, the moment seems to be passed when such action could be effective. To avoid political consequences like the resentment which unified Italy, sanctions must have been previously agreed to by all the nations and must be immediately and impersonally applied. Unfortunate precedents of non-application have removed that possibility. Furthermore, the fate of the Brussels conference and of the President's "quarantine" feeler shows how slight are the chances of collective action today in the face of the realities of American public opinion and of British and French preoccupation with immediate interests.

With the exception of backing the Hull foreign-trade program, what is left to us to do in the field of practical politics? Are those of us who have long wanted international cooperation now obliged either to advocate a big-navy policy to enable this country to play its part in the game of power politics or to tack with the prevailing wind of American opinion and support an active neutrality? Considering the difficulties of developing national economic self-containment, and of maintaining neutral sentiment, is there any chance of our keeping out of the balance-of-power scrap? Would it not be wiser, then, to play the game openly from the outset, when we could set our own terms with Great Britain, *et al.*, rather than wait to be dragged into a situation in the making of which we have had no voice?

And if we should cooperate with Great Britain, France, and Soviet Russia to face immediate issues in concert, would it not be more honest to stop calling it "collective action" and admit it as a power bloc? Thus we save our terminology for an honest use later when there may be another chance to build again on that foundation.

MILDRED E. LESTER

Barrington, R. I., January 25

Profits Must Be Restricted

Dear Sirs: In his article No Time for Economy in *The Nation* of December 11 Keith Hutchison shows evident familiarity with John Maynard Keynes's recent book, "The General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money." Why did he not go a step farther and give Mr. Keynes's full teaching? Establishment and maintenance of a constant level of full employment is the sole means by which we can escape economic disintegration. And full employment can be attained only if the government will create new enterprises and put the unemployed to work at productive work. The alternative is war, dictatorship, and eventually slave conditions for the workers. Since it is actually impossible under a system of laissez faire to create and use new factories and machinery at a rate equal to that at which savings would accumulate in a condition of full employment, we have to choose between keeping down employment and restricting profits. There is where the rub comes: when full employment has been attained, profits will have to be drastically reduced until they are proportionate with growth of population, so that surplus capital will not be greater than the need for new capital equipment. Does the Roosevelt Administration have the courage to face the facts?

The writer of the editorial, Bounty for Aggressors, in the same issue likewise falls short of a realistic definition of the will to peace. So long as we tolerate chronic unemployment of from one-tenth to one-fifth of our employable population, we are impotent in dealing with fascist nations. The divisions on policy in the democratic countries are fundamental because a powerful part of the population in each nation is unwilling that the returns to absentee owners should be diminished. Many members of peace organizations, and even the editorial writers who attempt to guide them, seem to prefer a totalitarian ideology to the personal adjustment necessary for the achievement of democratic unity. BARCLAY W. BRADLEY

Pasadena, Cal., January 15

Is This Neutrality?

Dear Sirs: While you are being brought to book by forty-five liberals for your attitude toward war, permit me to register one vote for the proposition that you are showing plain horse sense on the Neutrality Act. If ever a law started to do one thing and did the opposite, that is what the Neutrality Act does. The prohibition of export of "arms, ammunition, and implements of war," ready to use, is absolute. The ban on exports of things which can be turned into implements of war affects only American vessels and requires all American title to be relinquished before shipment is made. In simple words, it is the cash and carry plan. Germany, Italy, and Japan have the carrying capacity and can—for some time—get the cash. China hasn't and can't. Write your own Q. E. D.

In the first ten months of 1937 exports to Japan of iron and steel scrap increased 87 per cent, of wire rods 119 per cent, of tin and terne plate 134 per cent, of steel sheets 1,672 per cent, over the same period of 1936. And the Neutrality Act wouldn't put a straw in the way of keeping up that trade.

Peace is like liberty; there are times when we have to fight for it.

GEORGE L. KNAPP

Washington, January 24

Terror in Haiti

Dear Sirs: Sténio Vincent, the President of Haiti, instead of trying to foster unity among his people, who are still angry because of the murder of their 10,000 brothers in the Dominican Republic, is creating even more confusion and dissension.

News has reached us that the Haitian government has taken advantage of the present situation on the island and ordered the wholesale arrest of prominent Haitians suspected of being in opposition to the regime. Thirty-seven have been arrested already, including such men as Seymour Pradel, a former candidate for the presidency of Haiti; P. Thoby, a prominent attorney; Dr. Ricot; Paulius Sanon, former minister at Washington; Dr. J. Adam; Alphonse Henriquez, the nationalist leader active in opposing American occupation; Max Hudicour, journalist; Constant Vieux, the writer; Salabat; ex-Senator Placid David; Justin Sam, the young Haitian author; the attorney Marc Bauduy; Victor Cauvin, president of the Law School; and Louis Mevs, president of the Taxi Workers' Union. Pierre Paul, representative of Haiti at the Montevideo conference in 1933, ex-General E. Thezan, and others had been arrested previously. The lives of all these men are in the greatest danger.

Americans who love freedom and justice should send protests to Elie Lescot, now minister of Haiti at Washington, to Charles Vincent, Haitian consul in New York City, and directly to President Sténio Vincent.

S. JUSTE ZAMOR

New York, January 27

Make the CCC Civilian

Dear Sirs: The creation of the Civilian Conservation Corps was a splendid achievement of President Roosevelt's, but his recent actions have shattered the morale of the workers in the organization. During the past year the CCC has been dealt one blow after another. First Congress in June guaranteed its existence for only three years and refused to put its civilian supervisors under the civil service. Then came the President's economy program, which involved scrapping educational programs and reducing camps. Lastly have come the unsavory disclosures of misappropriation of funds by an employee of the Department of the Interior.

Reorganization rumors are rife within the camps. From one plan being discussed it is evident that wistful army men have not given up their hopes of gaining full control of the CCC. Reduction of the number of camps and increase of their size—500 boys or more to a camp—has been proposed. Work projects, apparently, are to be found to fit the camps rather than camps modeled to fit the work program. The only way to make valid the name, Civilian Conservation Corps, is to place the organization under the complete control of those departments which now control its work activities. To do so at the present time would prove to the military clique that the American people recognize and do not want the evils of regimentation.

BERNARD HARKNESS

Baraboo, Wis., January 26

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The Shape of Things

*

THERE IS LITTLE DOUBT THAT JAPAN IS planning the construction of battleships larger than the 35,000 tons allowed under the London Naval Treaty of 1930, if it has not already started to build them. The sharp request for information on this point, amounting to an ultimatum, from the United States, Great Britain, and France would therefore superficially seem destined only to irritate the Japanese. Actually this joint action of the powers has two purposes. It serves notice that the three democracies intend scrupulously to observe the forms of international law—in itself no mean purpose in a world increasingly given to lawlessness—and that they include Japan in the company of those countries whose word is not to be taken seriously. The real importance of the request, however, lies not in these moral considerations but in its intention as a threat to the Japanese. In effect it gives Tokyo a chance to reconsider before plunging the world into the most reckless naval race of all history. As a warning it has some virtue, but it has the inherent weakness of the threat technique in international relations. It either works immediately or proves as lethal to the threatener as to the threatened. Should Japan accept the challenge, American taxpayers would have the dubious satisfaction of spending millions of dollars on battleships to give them a slight advantage in a war which those very battleships would make inevitable.

*

"BLACK AGAINST THE SUPREME COURT" IS apparently the theme of a new drama being enacted in Washington. Justice Black, whom many liberals expected to turn bourbon when he was safely on the court, has startled even his supporters by the uncompromising quality of his recent dissents. Those dissents—bold, sharp, and very much to the left—are likely to make Supreme Court history. For Justice Black has challenged several of the basic principles on which the court has for half a century protected capitalist interests. One is the personality of a corporation under the Fourteenth Amendment. The amendment provides that no state "shall deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law." Clearly, it was ratified in 1868 to guard Negro rights in the South, and it was so construed until the San Mateo case in 1885, when the court accepted Roscoe Conkling's argument that the Congressional committee which framed the amendment meant to include corporations under its guaranties. Conkling may well have spoken the truth about his own intentions and those of several of his colleagues. And the court's eagerness to accept his interpretation is proof of the zeal with which it has historically made its decisions jibe with the needs of corporate power. But Justice Black is on very solid ground when he points out, in his dissent in the case involving a California tax on a Connecticut life-insurance company's premiums, that the people were told that the amendment was to protect Negroes and were never told that it was meant to remove corporations from the regulation of state governments. Justice Black's daring in challenging a rule a half-century old is so great as to shock even his liberal colleagues. But the truth is on his side. He is like the child in Andersen's fairy tale who cried out that the king was naked.

* * *

THE PRESSURE BROUGHT TO BEAR ON THE United States Congressmen who joined in congratulating the Spanish Cortes to withdraw their names is one more instance of the blindly reactionary course the Catholics are following in America. Only a few of the legislators responded, but there can be no doubt that the pressure from the Catholic hierarchy and from Catholic organizations was enormous. The episode makes one wonder how much longer the hierarchy can continue on this course without fatally weakening its hold on its followers. For doubts concerning General Franco are evidently creeping into some Catholic minds. The February 4 issue of the Catholic *Commonweal* poses these problems: "Can Franco transform the legacy of the past in Spain? Can he restore civic virtue and civic liberty, through which can come those disciplined liberties that alone can create a truly Christian social order?" Even more surprising than the question is what follows: "The answer at the moment is almost definitely in the negative." Apparently Franco's continued bombing of women and children in the dense centers of cities is getting under the Catholics' skin. Or perhaps they are beginning to suspect that the rebels may not win and that in the end the church will have to reach an understanding with a democratic Spanish government. If the fascist leader cannot "transform the legacy of the past in Spain," the *Commonweal* might go on to inquire, why does Spain need him? And the answer, to judge by his failure to win, is simply: It doesn't.

* * *

DESPERATE OVER THEIR FAILURE TO RETAKE Teruel, the Spanish insurgents have launched a campaign of unprecedented terrorism at sea and in the air. And in both cases they seem seriously to have overreached themselves. The sinking of two British ships off Barcelona appears to have destroyed, almost overnight, all that the Franco propagandists have achieved diplomatically in six months. For the first time since the beginning of the war Britain and France have taken immediate steps to protect their rights without regard to the possibly hostile reaction of the fascist powers. The massacre of civilians in Barcelona has similarly proved to be a boomerang. Prompted by Loyalist threats of retaliation and under pressure of public sentiment, London and Paris have made at least a start toward inducing the rebels to cease their attacks on the civilian populations of non-fortified areas. Whether Franco's fascist allies will back him in his campaign of desperation depends a good deal on the attitude of the new German military and diplomatic regime.

* * *

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IS NOW AWAKE TO the existence of a railroad problem. Chairman Splawn of the Interstate Commerce Commission has announced a conference to be held this week or next at which representatives of railroad management, labor, and security holders will meet with the President and other government officials. The recent bankruptcy of the Erie and the growing difficulties of the Illinois Central and the Baltimore and Ohio have underlined the gravity of the railroad problem. After a two-year study of railroad financial practices, Senator Wheeler and his committee have established the fact that ample dirty work was done in the way of financial manipulation. They are ready for legislation, including a measure for meeting the holding-company evil. The pertinent section of the bankruptcy statute can easily be redrawn. But these are primarily changes for lawyers. The public that ships its goods and goes on journeys will be more interested in the committee's consolidation programs. For only drastic financial readjustments (what Senator Wheeler calls the "wringer" process) and rational consolidation of the railway systems can promise savings enough to protect the roads from tumbledown poverty. Bonded indebtedness will have to be written down so that the roads will not have to carry an impossible burden of fixed charges. Opposition may be expected; yet in the long run it will be better both for bondholders and for workers if the railroads are put back on their feet. A new and growing group in the brotherhoods, led by George Harrison, sees this, and will probably go along with a good consolidation plan. As for government ownership, we should oppose it at present. Why should the government want to take over a herd of white elephants?

* * *

COMMUNISTS IN THE RANKS OF AMERICAN trade unions have become front-page news again. Reopened by David Dubinsky and given considerable currency in Roy Howard's papers by Benjamin Stolberg, the issue was played up prominently when the United Mine Workers voted to readopt their standing provision that no Communist could be a member, and when Homer Martin and several of his aides in a New York interview launched an attack upon Communists. The feeling against Communists has been part of traditional trade unionism in America, largely because American labor has not been interested in ideologies, and because the unions have always sought to avoid the question of a social program. Today another element appears in the attack—that of the competing Marxist ideologists who are anti-Stalinist. The accusation made by both groups is that the Communists seek to control unions only in order to further their political program and the Soviet foreign policy and that that program is not synonymous with the best interests of American trade unionism. The charge can only be substantiated or disproved by objective investigation; the evidence adduced thus far leaves us skeptical. The lull in the organizational campaign caused by the depression is allowing all sorts of factional disputes to capture the stage, but whatever the exact share of blame to be apportioned among groups in each union, we feel that the anti-Communist campaign is dangerous. There is no reason why Communists should be exempted from the eternal vigilance that trade unions must always exercise against factional struggles for control. But once you begin attacking Communists as such, your next step—as in the case of Martin's charges against Heywood Broun—is to attack progressives for "following the line." The step after that, as the British experience has shown, is to attack all progressives. And beyond that looms a reactionary trade-union movement.

*

ARTHUR KROCK, WHO REPORTS WASHINGTON for the New York *Times*, has wired us, "In view of Paul Anderson's references to me in your February 5 issue I hope you can reprint in your next issue my column in the New York *Times* of February 4." While space prevents our reprinting it, we refer our readers to Mr. Krock's column. He had warmly defended the oil men in the Madison anti-trust suit on the ground that they did only what Mr. Ickes had previously encouraged them to do under the NRA. He failed to include the fact that government counsel had themselves introduced the letters concerning the NRA into evidence, and Mr. Anderson and Attorney General Cummings were quick to catch him up on this serious omission. But they in turn failed to deal with his contention that in its charge the court asked the jury not to consider the letters as evidence. Mr. Krock's argument is that he was really attacking the government's "shocking abuse of power and breach of faith" in not following a promise made in 1916 by Attorney General Gregory, who said that if business men broke the trust laws in good faith, they would be prosecuted in civil, but not in criminal, action. Mr. Krock calls the government "unbelievably unfair," and attributes its action to "a long low market in spiritual values." We have no desire to set ourselves up as experts on fluctuations in spiritual values. But Attorney General Cummings points out that he asked for a grand jury only after the oil men had sabotaged every government effort to get at the facts. This casts considerable doubt on their "good faith." While concentrating his fire on the government, Mr. Krock does manage to get in an attack on the court, and this troubles us. Usually, as befits a New York *Times* correspondent, he has cared a good deal about the judicial process. Is the situation changed when what is involved is not the Supreme Court of the United States but a district judge in Wisconsin and a jury of "small merchants and farmers"?

*

GREAT BRITAIN HAS RELAXED RESTRICTIONS on foreign investments which have been in effect since the 1931 financial crisis. In doing so it follows one of the proposals of the Van Zeeland report, which in general has had a rather cool reception in London. Though no doubt this move has political as well as economic implications, it is not likely to lead to any resumption of loans to Germany and Italy. Some London bankers regard fascism with a benevolent eye, but even friendship cannot blind them to the risks of underwriting an autarchic state. Moreover, since the Treasury still claims the right of veto, it would have to be prepared to defend such investments in Parliament. The probable beneficiaries of the decision are some of the smaller powers, to whom it is a hint of Britain's ability to render financial assistance provided they don't wander too near the Rome-Berlin axis. In this connection, it is interesting to note that there is already discussion of the possibility of loans to Turkey, a country with opportunities for profitable investment and a potential ally against Italy. On the economic side the resumption of foreign lending indicates a decline in internal openings for investment as the housing boom slows down and the industrial plant needed for rearmament nears completion. An additional factor is the sharp rise in Britain's adverse trade balance. A revival in overseas investment is expected to stimulate exports while increasing the vital flow of income from abroad.

*

OUR WIDE-EYED EDITOR — THERE'S ONE IN every office—is awfully curious about the mysterious illness that reached the proportions of an epidemic in the highest circles of the German army last week. Its effect is to cause the victim to be resigned (in a democracy you resign, in a dictatorship you are resigned), and it often results in a purge. Führer Hitler, who is also head letter-writer of the Third Reich, wrote to Marshal von Blomberg:

> You have often asked me to relieve you of your duties, which placed a heavy burden on your health. Now after the fifth year of the re-creation of our nation and army, I will grant your repeated request.

To General von Fritsch he wrote:

> For reasons of health you have found yourself forced to ask me to relieve you of your duties. As your recent visit in the south has not had the hoped-for effect, I have decided to grant your request.

Baron von Neurath apparently is just a hypochondriac, because to him the complete letter-writer said:

> On the occasion of the completion of the first half decade of National Socialist government you have requested me to allow you to retire. I am not able to grant this request . . . even in view of your recent sixty-fifth birthday.

This opens up alluring prospects. We have composed letters to a selected group which we shall try to persuade Mr. Roosevelt to sign. They read as follows:

> Dear Mr. Roper: I am sorry to hear of your illness, but it leaves me no alternative but to accept your resignation.
>
> Dear Mr. Hoover (Edgar): I cannot express my sorrow at the news of your illness. Please do not slam the door.
>
> Dear Mr. Hague: I regret that you have found it necessary on account of illness to resign from the National Democratic Committee. Please believe me when I say that I am extremely sorry for the state you are in.

Meanwhile it has just been revealed that at the height of the Supreme Court fight Chief Justice Hughes slipped the following note under F. D. R.'s door:

> You make me sick. But I'm damned if I'll resign.

Purge in the Reich

ADOLF HITLER'S latest purge answers once and for all that much-discussed question: Who controls the Reichswehr? Only now after assuming full authority over all the military forces of Germany has the Chancellor truly achieved the authoritarian ideal on which the Third Reich was founded. Today there is no important branch of the government which is not under the absolute and undisputed control and authority of the Führer. The menace of a possible monarchist revolt by the old army generals is gone forever, and with it that other ghost—a military dictatorship as a transition from National Socialism to a more democratic regime—has been laid to rest.

There was much more behind this military upheaval than meets the eye. The replacement of Baron von Neurath by Joachim von Ribbentrop is of even greater importance from the point of view of the international political situation than the removal of General von Fritsch, erstwhile commander-in-chief of the army, though the two changes have their inner connection. By this time everyone knows that von Fritsch had to go, not because, as the official spokesman of the regular army, he demanded the resignation of Field Marshal von Blomberg on account of the latter's "misalliance" with his former secretary, but because he opposed the adventurous foreign policies of the Nazi Party.

It is true that the army chiefs used von Blomberg's marriage as a pretext to rid themselves of a man who had always been regarded as Hitler's "political commissar." Von Fritsch and his associates have not forgotten that Hitler owes his control of the Reich in large measure to shrewd trickery. They know that the senile Hindenburg was practically forced to elevate Hitler to the highest political office by von Papen and his next-door neighbor von Januschau-Oldenburg out of fear that General von Schleicher would make good his threat to uncover the Osthilfe scandal. Hindenburg had made one condition—that Hitler would name a non-Nazi War Minister, thus leaving the regular army free from political interference. Adolf Hitler, the great promiser, agreed readily, and von Blomberg, who was not a member of the National Socialist Party, received the appointment. What old Hindenburg did not know, however, was that the new Minister of War had been a Nazi sympathizer for years and was an intimate friend of the Reverend Herr Müller who shortly after Hitler's accession to power became Reichsbishop of Germany by grace of the Führer.

The hatred of von Blomberg which the General Staff of the Reichswehr nursed for more than four years is the more ironic since the Marshal was as reluctant as many of them to support the foreign policies of the Third Reich. He backed up von Fritsch and his colleagues when they refused to send German soldiers in large numbers to aid General Franco. He remonstrated with Hitler and Göring concerning active support of Mussolini's rape of Ethiopia. Count von Reventlow, editor of the *Reichswart,* declared not long ago that the friends of the Russian General Tukhachevski, who was executed for high treason in Moscow, were to be found not only in high places of the Reichswehr but also "in other responsible places indirectly connected with military affairs of the Reich." In short, Hitler was probably not too sorry to see the last of his protege.

For the army heads, on the other hand, their coup in ousting Blomberg turned out to be a boomerang, since it gave Hitler a chance to dismiss von Neurath from the Foreign Office. His successor, von Ribbentrop, is said to be the only high official, besides Hitler's alter ego Rudolf Hess, who addresses the Chancellor with the cordial *du.* Röhm, chief victim of the blood purge of June 30, 1934, enjoyed the same intimacy. It is fairly well known that von Ribbentrop was sent to London in the main to acquaint himself with the Foreign Office and its workings and not, as has often been intimated, to bring about a better relationship with Great Britain. He is nobody's fool, and if he acted the bull in the china shop, it was because he had other aims than to get into the good graces of official London. As a matter of fact, the studied stupidity and impudence of his unforgettable Hitler salute at Buckingham Palace and his organization of the German Nazi forces in England through the legation staff made a protracted stay at St. James's impossible.

What does his appointment mean for the world? Probably trouble. Hermann Göring's *Essener Nationalzeitung* made this significant comment on the withdrawal of von Papen as ambassador to Austria: "At this moment the Vienna post is once again of greatest importance to the Reich." In other words, the period of peaceful penetration of Austria seems to be over. We may look forward to a new era of militant aggressiveness. The retirement of von Hassel, heretofore ambassador to Italy and reputed to be not too friendly toward the "anti-Communist" Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis, also betokens a more militant policy on the part of the fascist allies. The telegram sent to Hitler by Mussolini and his Foreign Minister Count Ciano, and Hitler's cordial reply, admit of no other explanation. The world may soon see concerted moves by the three powers in Spain, China, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Danzig, and other danger spots.

Little Business Revolts

AMERICAN politics is never so picturesque as when it is comic, and never so comic as when an exuberance of American energies applied to our political problems results in bedlam. That is what happened in Washington last week in the conference of little-business representatives called to advise President Roosevelt on the problems of the depression. It is doubtful whether Mr. Roosevelt or Uncle Danny Roper or anyone else in the Administration actually believed that several thousand small business men assembled in Washington would, by pooling their wisdom, be able to advance any new solutions. But neither did they count on the tumult that his invitation was to generate.

While the occasion had its aspects of high comedy, it was not wholly funny. The little business man has for so long been the goat of big business and has for so long been on the receiving end of the tough breaks of our economic system as a whole that any attempt to alleviate his plight is a matter of great moment for American life. The record of the Administration with respect to little business has been a curiously checkered one. Mr. Roosevelt's election in 1932 was largely due to the revolt of little business against Mr. Hoover's blundering policies. But the NRA bore heavily on the small business man: it was the big fellows who controlled the code authorities, the big fellows who benefited from the suspension of the anti-trust laws, the big fellows who gained from price-fixing and who intrenched their monopolistic position. Nevertheless, the rest of Mr. Roosevelt's program, notably the SEC, was intended to help the small business man and the investor even more than it was intended to help labor. In fact, if the Administration may be said to represent the interests and ideology of any one class of the population, that class is the middle class of which the small business man, the retailer, the wholesaler, the investor, the professional groups are the archetypes.

In the light of this fact, the anti-Administration temper of the resolutions adopted by the gathering at Washington is deeply significant. It will not do to brush the whole matter aside by saying that the delegates were taken in tow by high-pressure advisers from the ranks of big business. For only a group of men already well disposed toward the reactionary outlook could have been so easily sold a bill of goods by the reactionaries. The big thing that stands out as one examines the resolutions and the reports of the meetings is their confusion. The men who gathered in Washington represent what is probably the most confused group in the country. They are the prime newspaper fodder of America. They are riddled by every editorial broadside, by the hand grenades of every columnist, by the incessant machine-gunning of the radio. And they have reason for being so vulnerable. Their economic position has been undercut both by the depression and by the attempts to deal with it. They are caught between monopoly pressure and government control. They feel the burden of taxes and of higher wage rates. They look about in bewilderment for some explanation of their plight, and the only one they find handy is the melodrama in which the Administration is a band of devils presided over by Lucifer himself.

What is so disheartening about the whole affair is that the little business men have forgotten so much and learned so little during the whole decade of the depression. They still feel, when they think of the national picture as a whole, that their interests lie with big business, even though each of them knows that in his everyday economic life big business is his great enemy. They still think in compartments, as most of the rest of us do; but in their case the walls between the compartments cry to be broken down. And we must not forget that, despite the towering place that the giant corporation occupies in our life, the greater part of the nation's economic activity is still carried on by the little fellow. Sixty per cent of the nation's business is done by unincorporated business men or by corporations with assets of less than a million.

The Administration is faced with nothing less than a potential revolt of little business. This is a revolt far more serious than the revolt of the Southern bourbons or of the big city Tammanies. Its immediate results will be enormous pressure on the Administration's labor legislation and on its taxation structure. The reactionary groups in Congress will be heartened by the meeting of the small business men, and will press on with their campaign against the New Deal. What the Administration must do is twofold. It must seek immediate measures to remedy the economic position of the small business man—not through changes in labor or tax legislation, but through strengthening of their position with respect to monopolies and through easing of credit for them. Second, it must conduct a vigorous campaign of education to show the small business man that his real economic interests lie not with big business but with the economic welfare of the common man. For within the profit economy, the interests of the monopolies lie in maximizing profits by restricting production and cornering the market. But the interests of small business can lie only in an increased national production and an expanded general purchasing power.

Widening the Boycott

THE unprecedented success of the worldwide boycott of Japanese goods raises the question of whether a technique has not been discovered which can be effectively used to check the world drift toward chaos. Although the boycott has not yet stopped Japan in China, there is every indication that the Japanese drive has lost at least part of its force. For this China's stubborn defense is primarily responsible, but there can be no doubt that as its raw-material reserves are depleted Japan finds it harder to maintain its army at full efficiency. The difficulty is bound to increase as Japan's purchasing power is reduced by the boycott. American imports from Japan in December, for example, were nearly one-third less than in the corresponding month of the previous year. While figures are lacking in other countries, the boycott is known to be particularly effective in India, Japan's second largest market.

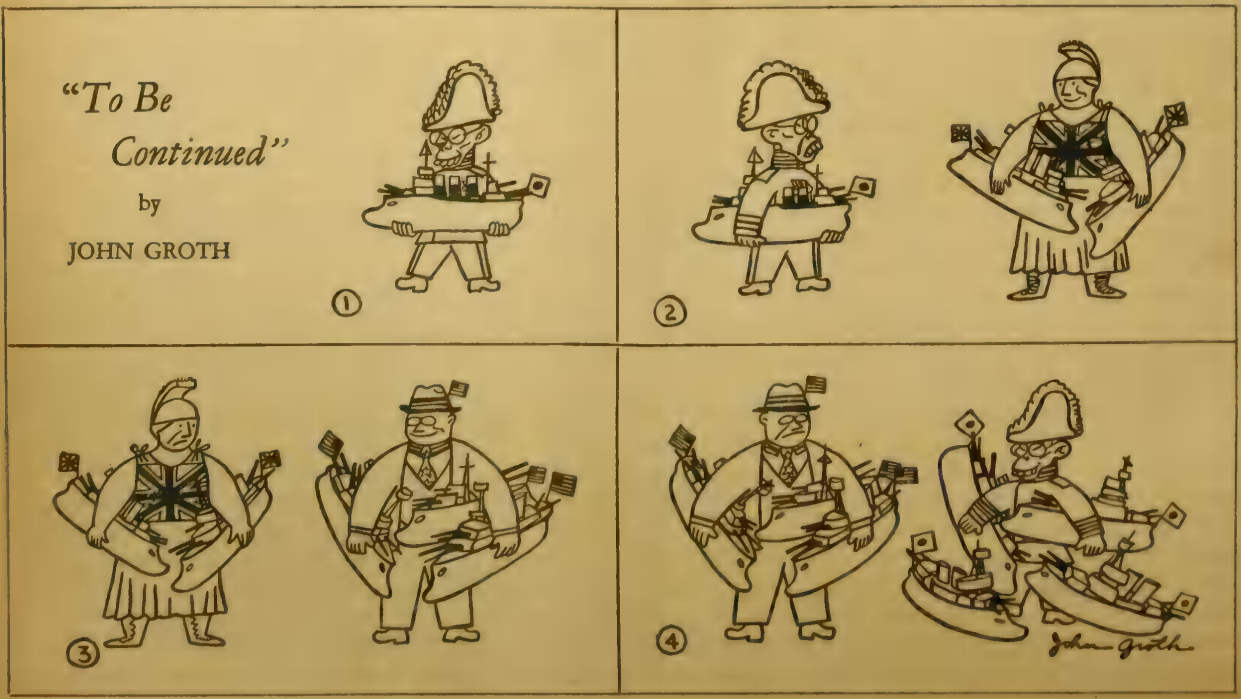
It may reasonably be asked at this point whether strict application of the boycott principle does not necessitate its extension to those powers which are engaged in aggression in Spain comparable to Japan's in China. The aggressors are leagued together; they abet one another; and all are equally dangerous to world peace. The occupation of Manchuria in 1931 in defiance of the United States, Great Britain, and the League of Nations encouraged Hitler to break Germany's international pledges. When Mussolini saw that the Führer had successfully defied the powers, he knew that he could safely undertake the crushing of Ethiopia. His success in turn led to the Italian-German invasion of Spain. And the supineness of the great democratic states in the face of the fascist menace in Spain was a sign to Tokyo that it could swallow still more of China.

Having got away with it individually, these three aggressor states combined in the unholy alliance "against the Comintern." They are allies; their strength is in large measure pooled. Japan recently signed a trade pact with Italy by which it acquired special privileges in Ethiopia. Rome has withdrawn the Italian mission which for years trained China's air force, giving "Italy's friendship for Japan" as the reason, and has publicly demanded colonies for Germany. Italy and Germany are working hand in hand against France in North Africa, and Mussolini has come out as anti-Zionist in order to plague the British in Palestine. At the recent Brussels conference the Japanese case was presented by Italy's delegate. And Germany has been trying to "mediate" its ally's attack on China.

A "Boycott the Aggressor" campaign would provide a course in international politics for the whole nation. It would educate the electorate to its responsibility for furthering the cause of world peace. It would teach the war-mongers and the isolationist pacifists that the choice is not between submission to the aggressor and war. The issue transcends the question of China or Spain or Ethiopia. What is at stake is the maintenance of law.

It is true that a boycott against Germany and Italy presents difficulties which do not exist in the case of Japan. Neither of the European aggressors is as vulnerable as the Island Empire. There is no one commodity like silk which can be singled out for attention. But both Germany and Italy are in a precarious financial situation, and both are dependent, to a large extent, on war materials from abroad. Germany's gold reserve is down to 1 per cent of the circulation of its paper currency. When Italy was recently called upon to pay $500,000 interest on bonds held in this country, it had to borrow the funds to meet its obligation at 40 per cent interest. The war industries and war adventures of these powers would undoubtedly be weakened if they were denied the foreign exchange upon which they have become dependent. A boycott is not spectacular, but it is relentless.

The question of the efficacy of a boycott cannot be separated from that of the opposition within the fascist dictatorships. In Germany important illegal groups as well as the Reichswehr are antagonistic to foreign military adventures. In Japan and Italy thousands of dissidents have recently been arrested. Any weakening of the national economies of aggressor states strengthens these anti-war tendencies and increases the influence which they indirectly exercise on national policy. A refusal to support aggressors with American dollars would be the best present we could make to anti-fascists abroad, as well as the surest protection against a world war.



"To Be Continued"

by

JOHN GROTH

Mr. Madden and Mr. Burke

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, February 7

A TERMITE's life is not a glorious one, and last week was full of disappointment for those seeking to undermine the Wagner Act. The Supreme Court, still flushed and tremulous as a maid at morn over its new vision, unanimously held that a Federal District Court has no power to enjoin the administrative processes of the Labor Relations Board. That twenty such injunctions have been issued is eloquent of two things, namely, the vast scope and organized character of the attack on the law, and the low estate of judicial discretion in the district courts. On the latter manifestation Justice Brandeis commented sharply in delivering the court's opinion. The luckless brethren below have an excuse—for what it is worth. They may point out that a committee consisting of fifty-eight of the most highly perfumed lawyers ever assembled under the Liberty League tent concurred in holding the act unconstitutional. But that, alas, happened before the Supreme Court encountered a light somewhere along the road that leads to Damascus or Waterloo. The moral seems to be that free legal advice is not always cheap.

Mention of cheapness leads us unerringly to the latest ill-starred attack on the Labor Board—that launched by Senator Edward Raymond Burke of Nebraska. During the fight over the Supreme Court plan the Senator attracted the attention of the press gallery sufficiently to have the sobriquet "Throttlebottom Burke" bestowed on him, but in recent months his publicity has languished, and he set out to remedy the situation. (By many of his colleagues the Senator is regarded as being his own, if nobody else's, candidate for President.) Even Burke is familiar with the weakness of certain newspaper publishers. Accordingly, he loosed a series of blasts at the board, charging it with, among other crimes and misdemeanors, violating "the freedom of the press." He demanded an investigation and insisted that it be conducted by the Senate Judiciary Committee, of which he is a member.

The denouement took place when Board Chairman Madden appeared before the committee and proceeded to deal with the Burke charges seriatim. Before he concluded, enough material had been removed from the Senator's shirt to stuff a dozen heavy-duty Throttlebottom mattresses. I shall not dwell on the painful scene, but a few high-lights will illuminate it. Burke had charged the board and its staff with being "thoroughly incompetent." Madden showed by the record that of ninety-six injunction suits filed against the board, ninety-six have been decided in its favor; that in nearly all of the 162 cases decided by the board, the employer had contested its jurisdiction, but in no single case had the Circuit Court of Appeals held that the board exceeded its jurisdiction; and that this record was made despite the enormous difficulties of administering a new law in the complex field of labor relations. Burke charged the board with favoring the C. I. O. over the A. F. of L. Madden showed that in twenty cases where the two were in conflict before the board, the A. F. of L. won fourteen decisions and the C. I. O. six. Burke had accused the board of intimidating local public officials, mentioning the mayors of Lumberton, North Carolina, and Johnstown, Pennsylvania. Madden cited the record of evidence that Lumberton's mayor led a mob to threaten a union organizer, and asked why the Johnstown mayor, a former bootlegger, had not sought to answer testimony to the effect that during the steel strike he received $30,000 in cash from an official of the Bethlehem Steel Company.

The cases in which the "freedom of the press" was alleged to have been menaced again were those of the *Daily Press,* of St. Mary's, Pennsylvania, and *Mill and Factory.* In both instances reprints from those publications of articles attacking the unions were circulated among workers. The board simply sought evidence to show whether the employers had caused the articles to be printed and circulated in violation of the law. Madden couldn't understand why an editor who possessed such evidence should not be under the same obligation as any other citizen to appear and produce it, and neither can I. For years it has been obvious to most adults that editors and publishers who continue to invoke "freedom of the press" to cloak special privileges and immunities for themselves are doing more than anyone else to discredit and destroy legitimate freedom of the press.

Needless to say, poor Burke's little flier went into a tailspin, and at the latest sitting he was urging that the inquiry be transferred to the Committee on Education and Labor, although he had previously opposed that very move. This prompted the other Nebraska Senator, Norris, to remark on the predicament of a lawyer "who seeks a change of venue when he sees he is losing his case." One question remains to be cleared up. Was it by sheer coincidence that Burke's list of charges bore such a striking resemblance in phraseology to those recently made public by an employers' organization?

The President has now been privileged to look into the minds of the "little business men" whom he so fondly believed to be on his side, and it may be hoped that he has been properly instructed and edified. A cynic might have told him beforehand that the only difference between "big" and "little" business is one of size, but the cynic would have been wrong. The truth is that where matters of government policy are concerned the Sloans and Lamonts are ardent New Dealers compared with their "little" brothers. What Tom Girdler says privately about the Wagner Act was accurately reflected in the resolutions of the alley manufacturers and village merchants. For the "little fellow" halfway measures will not do. He wants lower taxes and a balanced budget. He wants the help put in its place. He wants Ickes and Jackson muzzled or, preferably, court-martialed. He wants the income tax extended to the very poor on the theory, perhaps, that quick death is a boon to the starving. If the meeting of "little men" succeeded in anything it was in demonstrating why they are little. They are actuated by the same profit motive which actuates their more successful competitors, but they do not pursue their ends so shrewdly. If Roosevelt still needed to learn that his strength lies in the support of the great majority who have no business except their jobs, this lesson should teach him.

Slightly more than a year has passed since the President's court plan was submitted to Congress, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the year has been wasted in a continuous filibuster. The Senate fight on the plan was a filibuster which consumed nearly all of last session. Virtually nothing was accomplished during the special session, and the present session to date has been wrecked by the filibuster against the anti-lynching bill. This failure to function is akin to that which led to the overthrow of democratic governments in Europe, yet the very people who are quickest to yell "dictatorship" at the Administration are the same ones who find much to praise in the conduct of a Congress which has been an example of ineptitude and futility. What they are doing is to aggravate the very danger they profess to fear. By hamstringing Roosevelt's efforts to achieve such domestic reforms as governmental reorganization and wages-and-hours legislation they supply him with new reasons for adopting an aggressive foreign policy—a course in which he requires little encouragement. All of which is thoroughly characteristic of the complicated stupidity of the opposition. When they wake up to find themselves waving flags and calling on the rest of us to "stand by the President" they won't even stop to wonder how they got that way.

Shadow Over Canada

BY E. S. McLEOD

Ottawa, Ontario, February 1

"I MAKE bold to say on Canada's behalf that there is no country in the world where there is a more complete acceptance of the democratic principles of government or in which they are more thoroughly exemplified." So spoke John W. Dafoe, the C. P. Scott of Canadian journalism, in the course of his Julius Beer Foundation lectures at Columbia in 1934. If made today such a statement would be glaringly false. Canadian democracy and the civil liberties upon which it must be founded to survive are under bitter and open attack. In three of the nine provinces the minatory shadow of fascism is spreading across the land.

In Alberta Premier Aberhart, showing that temperamental sympathy with dictatorial methods which is so common among social-credit enthusiasts, has enacted legislation giving the government life-and-death powers over all newspapers. This attack upon the liberty of the press has met with legal obstacles and will not become effective unless and until it is approved by the courts. Such approval is most improbable, and in any case Aberhart and his fantastic following are likely to be relieved of office before any serious damage can be done. But the support that his repressive actions have received is a most ominous development—three years ago public opinion would have swept from office any administration suspected of concocting such plans.

In eastern Canada the situation is more serious. In Ontario, the largest and economically the most important of the Canadian provinces, Premier Mitchell Hepburn has just been placed in office for a second term. As all readers of the New York *Herald Tribune* and the Hearst press will recall, "Mitch" was the Horatius who held the bridge and thus saved Canada from John L. Lewis, Homer Martin, and their "Communist" hordes at the time of the General Motors strike in Oshawa. His raucous threats against these "foreign agitators" and his loudly expressed scorn of President Roosevelt's temporizing attitude toward the C. I. O. brought Hepburn enthusiastic acclaim from the Rand-Girdler-Weir type of American. In his October election campaign, moreover, they won him a wide measure of support from the more timorous, gullible, and ignorant voters.

Hepburn is well on his way to becoming a Canadian Huey Long—as the Bible-shouting radiorating Aberhart might be likened to Father Coughlin. Although subject to bouts of illness, Hepburn is young, ambitious, and not hampered by education or by highly developed sensibilities. While loudly professing sympathy for labor—in the best fascist tradition—he has made it quite clear that he has no intention of allowing freedom of association to Ontario workers. He is already playing with the idea of licensing unions, and just before the election he unceremoniously fired the only two members of his Cabinet who were known to be sincere and practicing liberals. When one of them, ex-Attorney General Roebuck, was reelected with the second largest majority in the province, Hepburn refused to admit him to the party caucus.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

Having solidified his position in Ontario, Hepburn is now flirting with the church-ridden politicians of Quebec with a view to strengthening his coming bid for national power, for without the support of Quebec his chances of invading the seats of the mighty at Ottawa are very slight. Unfortunately it looks as if the deal with Quebec might be successfully arranged. For Quebec has gone far along the road to fascism, and needing help in the national field, will find in Hepburn's Ontario the most congenial ally. Fascism in Quebec is based on race, economics, and religion, and the greatest of these is religion. Under the direct leadership and inspiration of a branch of the Roman Catholic church that can be compared for obscurantist policy only with the hierarchies of the more primitive states of Latin America, the politicians of Quebec are directing a campaign against "communism" which is destroying every liberty for which French Canadian as well as British Canadian patriots have worked, fought, and died. The events of 1837 appear to have been completely forgotten in Quebec.

The situation in the French province can only be understood if certain fundamental facts are clearly recognized: (1) The population is 80 per cent French and Roman Catholic, and the standard of living is very much lower than in any other province. (2) The educational system is entirely antiquated by all modern standards and is chiefly designed to keep the people ignorant of those ideas that might conceivably weaken their faith in the rule of the church. (3) The most powerful individual in Quebec is Cardinal Villeneuve, the head of the Roman Catholic church, a sectarian bigot of the most reactionary type. The power of the Cardinal is publicly advertised by the fact that he has a "throne" in the Legislative Assembly in the city of Quebec, where he sits on an equality with the lieutenant governor, the political head of the state. (4) Almost all the big industrial and financial institutions of the province are controlled by English Canadians, with the result that the half-educated French Canadian country lawyers, doctors, teachers, and small business men can claim with some justice that they and their fellows are being exploited for the benefit of the English. In general, big business has retained its political control by subsidizing corruption. (5) French Canadian nationalism has been growing rather than decreasing in recent years. The idea of an ultimately independent French state on the banks of the St. Lawrence has by no means been relinquished. This nationalist movement is encouraged by carefully cultivated complaints against English-speaking Canada founded on conflicts in the realms of language, culture, religion, and economics. (6) Even among French Canadians there is some opposition to the ultramontane policies of the church and state, but it is meager and cowed. Some critics find consolation in the belief that the extreme conservatism of the present rulers may hasten revolt against the theocratic regime.

When the corrupt Liberal government of Quebec was overthrown in 1935, a new party known as the Union Nationale took office. This party had campaigned on a platform guaranteed to build up in the province and city of Quebec a social and political organism in which the Roman Catholic religion, the small business man, and the French race would be in complete and absolute control. The party leader, Maurice Duplessis, ranged the province from one end to the other denouncing the Liberals for their subservience to Ottawa and to the "fat trustards" of St. James Street (the Wall Street of Canada). The Union Nationale Party was earnestly supported by most of the leaders of the church, who hoped M. Duplessis would be a more useful tool than his more experienced predecessor, M. Taschereau, had been.

Having won the election, M. Duplessis, under the skilful handling of the financial potentates, soon removed the "trust-busting" planks from his platform. His hobnobbing with his erstwhile enemies became so notorious that he finally issued orders forbidding the publication of press photographs showing him in amicable colloquy with certain representatives of the "interests." In order to distract attention from this change of front and at the same time to please the church, the new government began a tremendous campaign against "communism." This soon became a great success. The "Communists" in Canada, among whom Cardinal Villeneuve and his friends include everyone to the left of—to use an American analogy—the Roman Catholic Justice Pierce Butler, are predominantly English-speaking, Protestant, and somewhat better off economically than the French Canadians. Thus the attacks upon the Communists have won enthusiastic general approval and almost unanimous press support in Quebec because they unite racial, economic, and religious prejudices in a single campaign. In the excitement of this crusade of hate the iniquities of big business have been forgotten. The church, of course, has no objection to monopoly capitalism and can be trusted to make its own deals with the "trustards."

The most definite legislative step so far taken to implement the anti-Communist program is the enactment of the "padlock law." Premier Duplessis admitted in the legislature that this law was "suggested" to him by Cardinal Villeneuve. Under its terms the Attorney General can, without judicial authority, order the padlocking of the houses or offices used by "Communists." Neither the act itself nor the authorities have ever defined "communist" or "communism." Nevertheless, the law has already been enforced in some fifty cases, and the government has declared that it will be applied more widely still in the near future.

One of the first of the civil liberties to go down in this campaign was freedom of speech. A year ago the Spanish delegation which toured America was prohibited from speaking in Montreal, and the students of the Catholic University of Montreal demonstrated in appreciation of the ban. In October, 1937, a Communist deputy from Paris, Alfred Costes, visited Canada and was booked to speak in Montreal. A deputation of 200 University of Montreal students called at the office of Mayor Raynault and threatened to cause a riot at the meeting if it were held. This gave the Mayor the pretext he sought to ban the meeting, as "it might lead to disorder." He admitted quite frankly that he was delighted to have this "legal pretext," and it has been openly charged that he instigated the students to make the threat. He also announced that he would continue to ban all such meetings, and he praised the students for their threat of illegal action.

When protests were made by the Civil Liberties Union (predominantly English-speaking of course) and others, Cardinal Villeneuve rushed to the support of the Mayor. Having denounced all supporters of such "equivocal novelties and liberatarian systems," he continued:

> Freedom of speech, I am for it, but let it be among decent people, not among imbeciles and brigands. . . . Would you let sufferers from contagious diseases poison the air you breathe? . . . That is why I approve the resistance which has just been made in the metropolis to Communist meetings. . . . I praise the youth which aligns itself to protect social order. . . . I encourage all public men who in this respect do their duty. . . . If it is argued that this is contrary to law I reply that before law there is the law of nature. . . . Well, to defend ourselves against subversive doctrines, against spiritual poisoning, against the overthrow of the foundations of civilization, against the dynamite which would blow up our religious, family, and social traditions, if that is not the law, let that law be made. . . . Under pretext of respecting a morbid democracy, people wave at us the specter of an illusory fascism, and meanwhile the enemies gain a foothold and make a mockery of our judicial scruples.

When the head of the religious organization to which 90 per cent of French Canadians belong, and to which they owe and usually pay instant and unquestioning obedience, not only condones but encourages the illegal use of force to suppress civil liberties, the future of democratic government can hardly be considered secure.

Complaints against the government's tyrannical acts have been completely unavailing. The authorities state quite frankly that they intend to violate the rights of freedom of speech, of assembly, of the press (the newspaper *Clarté* was "padlocked") just as often as necessary to stop subversive propaganda. Premier Duplessis, moreover, has complained bitterly because the federal government at Ottawa has so far refused to cooperate "even when invited" to join the crusade by "the highest civic and religious authorities." Apparently the Dominion government is not yet ready to take its orders direct from the Catholic church.

In the industrial world a drive is on to bring the workers of Quebec into the anemic Catholic unions. Going even farther than "Mitch" Hepburn, Duplessis has in practice banned C. I. O. unions in the province. He made it very clear that such unions would not be recognized as "bona fide" within the meaning of the Act Respecting Workmen's Wages, under which collective-labor agreements may be juridically extended. Not being so recognized, C. I. O. unions cannot claim any rights or privileges extended to labor organizations under Quebec statutes. Duplessis has also declared that his government will not permit closed shops. The Catholic unions were organized under church auspices, have a priest as chaplain to every local, and do nothing without church guidance. In other words, they are almost completely useless as labor organizations, though good agencies for the dissemination of clerical instructions.

As might be expected in such an atmosphere, active and recognized fascist groups have been organized in the cities of Montreal and Quebec. One organization claims 80,000 members, and some hundreds of its more enthusiastic recruits are reputed to be drilling regularly on the banks of the St. Lawrence. So far these groups have received little direct official assistance, but in the present temper of the people and government that may come sooner than most persons expect. Here again the attitude of the church is of vital importance. What this attitude is has been clearly expressed in the columns of *l'Action Catholique,* the mouthpiece of the Quebec hierarchy:

> At every moment we hear noisy denunciations of fascism and of different systems which use popular force to bring order and progress to society. We admit, for our part, being passably *indifferent between democracy and fascism,* provided that our society takes hold of itself and sees the peril which menaces our civilization; provided, in other words, that an end is made to this inconsistency of Christians who denounce communism and who, nevertheless, fight it much more weakly than any other Christian political adversary [italics mine].

The natural and logical steps for the shamefully exploited workers of Quebec to take would be to join the radical labor movement of the rest of Canada. So far very few have shown themselves ready to do this. The religio-nationalist propaganda of their rulers has been successful in keeping them isolated, and the glowing words on social justice of the Encyclicals of Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI have offered them hope. Almost completely uneducated (there is no universal compulsory education in the province of Quebec) and unaware of the objectives and achievements of labor elsewhere, the workers of Quebec cannot be expected to distinguish the false hope from the true. A small nucleus of intelligent radicals does exist, but its membership is as yet too restricted and too timid to be effective.

The real danger of fascism on a national scale in Canada will come with the next depression, which is being confidently predicted for 1939-41. By that time reaction in Quebec and Ontario may be expected to be well established and organized. Negotiations between Hepburn and Duplessis will probably have produced a working agreement, and Mackenzie King will be leaving the national stage. Now Mr. King has many shortcomings. Too much of his energy since he entered public life has been devoted to holding his ear to the ground. As a procrastinator he is unique, supreme. But he is a liberal. The Gladstone-Laurier tradition is his finest inheritance. There is not the least doubt that he is personally revolted by what is happening in Quebec and Ontario, and both provincial governments have complained bitterly that Ottawa has not supported them in suppressing "subversive" influences. But Mr. King is too much of a politician and too handicapped by his habits and temperament to make any overt effort to stop the spread of fascist doctrines in the provinces. It would be political suicide for him to disallow the anti-democratic legislation of Quebec as he has not hesitated to disallow certain social-credit bills in Alberta. So long as he is in office, however, Mackenzie King will not allow the "corporatism" of the Encyclicals with its medieval accompaniments to invade Parliament Hill, and the Dominion authorities will have no direct hand in destroying civil liberties.

If, as is possible, Mr. King retires before the next election, a crisis will have been reached in Canadian affairs. He will take with him or be preceded into retirement by Ernest Lapointe, Minister of Justice, among the last of the authentic "Laurier Liberals" of Quebec. The stage will then be set for the Hepburn-Duplessis drive for national power, and no one can say they will not get it. When that day comes Canadian refugees will have to organize a new underground railway into the United States. But perhaps it will have happened there as well!

Labor Governments and Sabotage

BY ERNEST DAVIES

London, January 15

EVENTS in Russia have accustomed us to sabotage. Emerging from its hiding-place in the dictionary, the word has made the front page in the newspapers. But whereas in Russia sabotage by persons in opposition to the government is condemned and is punishable by death, in America and Western Europe, though called by other names, it has succeeded in wringing concessions from the government and even in obtaining its capitulation. From the day Franklin Roosevelt was elected President of the United States, American capital has been guilty of sabotage; in France the sabotage of speculators and financiers brought about the downfall of Léon Blum. Wrecking of government plans and obstruction of reforms through non-cooperation or active opposition are the natural tactics of capitalists when they face any encroachment on their prerogatives.

If the capitalists employ these methods to oppose even a mild form of progressive government, they will certainly use every weapon at their disposal against a genuinely Socialist administration. Which raises the question: Will they be able to prevent a Labor government from carrying out its program? This is the problem which challenges the advanced political parties in Europe today, particularly the Labor Party in England.

The British Labor Party, being the official opposition in Parliament, looks forward to becoming again the responsible government. Since it is historically a Socialist party, its long-term policy is the supplanting of the capitalist system with a socialist economy. But because of the rise of fascism and the resultant eclipse of the Social Democratic parties in Central Europe, it recognizes that its immediate task is to assure the continuance of democracy in England, and in planning a program it has had to keep this object to the fore. The choice appeared to be between advocacy of socialism and a policy of reform. The former would invite active opposition from the capitalists; the latter would stave it off. As the quickest way to power, therefore, a policy of moderate reforms was adopted for the new short-term program at the 1937 conference of the party. An extremist program, it was argued, would give capitalists the opportunity of raising scares as they had done before, and would thus bar Labor's success at the polls; a reformist program would contain as much as any government could reasonably be expected to accomplish in its first term of office. The program is accordingly confined to the nationalization of the Bank of England and of the coal, transport, and power industries, a planned agriculture, and the provision of increased social services. Foreign policy is based on the revival of the League of Nations and loyalty to the collective-security system.

The Labor Party Executive, which was responsible for drawing up this program, believes that such moderate reforms could be carried out without stirring up the active opposition of capitalists. But the events of 1931, the maneuvers which brought about Blum's fall, and the recent attacks upon Roosevelt, all provide evidence to the contrary. Sabotage must be expected. The question is: Will a Labor government in England be strong enough to overcome it? There are two ways of dealing with sabotage, and the one chosen depends on whether the government is strong or weak, well or badly led. The weaker way is capitulation; the stronger is resistance. The former entails concessions and sacrifice of principles; the latter, attack and risk of defeat. If a Labor government adopts so moderate a program that control is left in the hands of the capitalists, defeat is almost certain.

The key to power in all capitalist countries is the banking system. On the amount of credit available depends the prosperity of the country, the level of wages, and the standard of living. At the heart of the credit system is the central bank. In Britain the privately owned Bank of England is the central bank. Its governor for many years has been Montagu Norman, a gentleman who played no small part in England's post-war financial policy and in the events which led to the downfall of the Labor government in 1931. The government took advice then from the Bank of England instead of the Bank of England going to the Treasury for commands. In 1931 world events favored capitalist maneuvering to turn out the Labor ministry. Undermining of foreign confidence was the line of attack; as foreign balances in London were exceptionally large, their quick withdrawal was certain to threaten the exchange rate of sterling. London's "hot money" was a real danger owing to the freezing of English loans abroad. Increased national expenditure, a rapidly growing budget deficit, an increasingly unfavorable trade balance, all could be used to make foreigners nervous. The *Times* ran a series of articles on England's plight by André Siegfried. A Committee on National Expenditure published a report calling for drastic economy. The press in its columns and the politician in his speeches exploited this to the full. The effect was immediate. Funds were withdrawn, sterling was threatened, and only temporary loans from abroad could save the gold standard. Such loans could only be negotiated for the government by the privately owned Bank of England. The capitalist had the Labor government where he wanted it. He could now dictate his terms, and he did. The Cabinet was told by the Bank of England that loans would be granted only if drastic economies were carried out. Needless to say, these economies included cuts in the social services and reduction of the dole. Capitulation meant betrayal of the workers who had put the Labor government in office.

Normally the alternative to accepting the capitalist terms would have been resignation, but in this case the capitalists were working for something more than a change of government. They were playing high for the destruction of the Labor movement. They demanded a "national" government to save the country, with Labor's leader, Ramsay MacDonald, at its head. It was believed that this step would so split the movement that it would be a long time before another Labor government would be possible. The maneuver succeeded, and only now is the Labor movement recovering from the shock of the betrayal.

The Labor Party remembers 1931 and now puts in the forefront of its program the nationalization of the Bank of England. It proposes to buy out the shareholders and run the bank as a public corporation governed by a board appointed by the government. This would not only prevent a repetition of 1931 but enable the government to institute that policy of expansion which it would need to finance its program. Rehabilitation of the distressed areas, slum clearance and rehousing, and public works will require considerable capital expenditure, and no Labor government will leave the bulk of such financing to private enterprise. Here the Labor government, bound over to moderate reforms, proposes to stop. It intends to exercise a certain measure of undefined control over the financial machine through the Bank of England, but fearful of scaring the electorate, it asks for no more. Is it enough? It is certainly enough to invite sabotage, but it is by no means enough to prevent sabotage being effective. And the capitalists' reaction is likely to be similar to that which brought about Blum's fall. Blum controlled France's central bank but not the other banking institutions. Speculators in exchange were still able to obtain all the credit they needed to lead an attack on the franc. As long as only the central bank is controlled and other financial institutions remain independent, capitalists will be in a position to sabotage.

In England the banking system is in the hands of five joint-stock banks, known as the "Big Five." Each has a nation-wide branch-banking business, and together they virtually monopolize the deposit banking of the country. Through these banks the credit policy of the central bank is made effective. At the Bank of England the joint-stock banks have their accounts. Their deposits there are the equivalent of the reserves of the member banks of the Federal Reserve system. The practice has been for the joint-stock banks to extend credit to the extent of ten times their deposits at the Bank of England. This tenfold ratio is not legally fixed, and there is no compulsion on the joint-stock banks to adhere to it; they do so partly as a matter of custom and partly because it works well in practice, the interests of the Bank of England and the joint-stock banks not yet having run counter to each other. When the Bank of England has followed an expansionist policy, the joint-stock banks have followed suit and vice versa. But imagine the situation that might arise if their interests were in opposition. The Bank of England following a policy of expansion might be faced with the joint-stock banks calling in loans and refusing additional credits just at the time when it was desirable that they should be granted. When the Bank of England increased credit, the joint-stock banks might decrease it. Here is a weapon of sabotage in the hands of the joint-stock banks which only complete control can eliminate.

Nor is this all. The English joint-stock banks, like American banks, hold a vast quantity of government securities. If they wished to embarrass the government they could start unloading these securities and depress their price. While the government could support its market for a time, the continued liquidation would ultimately send up the cost of government borrowing and undermine confidence. This would be most embarrassing to a Labor government obliged to borrow not only to finance its welfare schemes but to be able to take over the industries which it proposed to nationalize.

Moreover, a fall in government credit leads to a slump on the Stock Exchange. And a collapse in Stock Exchange prices not only makes the raising of capital difficult but dries up the new-issue market and prevents capital expansion. Further, a weakening of government credit, collapse of prices, and destruction of confidence would lead to the withdrawal of foreign funds from London. The withdrawal of these in 1931 played a part in bringing about the abandonment of the gold standard. Once this point was reached, export of capital on a large scale would be inevitable, and the pressure on the sterling rate of exchange and the effect on trade would be felt.

Defenders of the reformist policy advocate leaving the joint-stock banks unnationalized, asserting that there are ways of controlling them if they fail to cooperate. But measures of control instituted after sabotage had started would come too late, for any control of the exchanges, a ban on the export of capital, or similar action in defense of the currency would be a sign of weakness and add to the danger. To run the risk of non-cooperation on the part of the joint-stock banks is to invite the capitalists to destroy the Labor government in its early days. That there would be sabotage is certain from the constitution of the boards of directors of the joint-stock banks. On the boards of the Big Five are some 149 directors who serve on no fewer than 1,040 boards of other companies, including all the important industrialist undertakings of the country. The opposition of the members of these boards to a Labor government is assured by their education, their family ties (no fewer than thirty are peers of the realm and another thirty-two have titles), and their industrial interests.

If sabotage is inevitable, what hope is there of a Labor or Socialist government's succeeding? Such a government will be able to accomplish its ends only if it realizes at the start that the cooperation of capitalists cannot be expected. Immediately on obtaining power it must forestall a maneuvered panic by assuming complete control of the financial machine. It must nationalize the banking system as a whole and control foreign exchange. To prevent a strike either of capital or of the producers it must make it clear that any such sabotage would be answered by swift government action even to the extent of acquiring any industry concerned. Reform and compromise have destroyed Labor governments in England. They played their part in bringing the Weimar republic to an end, and in ousting the Socialist Blum from the premiership of France. A Socialist government must employ different tactics to succeed. It must take the power to sabotage out of the hands of the capitalists before it even starts to implement its program.

Composers in Revolt

BY MINNA LEDERMAN

THERE is a story going the rounds that Igor Stravinsky was recently asked by Radio City Music Hall to tack a happy ending on his ballet "Petrouchka." "Certainly," he cabled, "for $10,000." Now M. Stravinsky is no mercenary, but America has made him cynical. For in this country a "serious" composer—native or European—may conduct an orchestra, give lectures, write criticism, teach counterpoint, talk on the radio, or stage plays, and be well paid. But let him ask money for his music, and he will find it almost impossible to collect.

The law of course says otherwise. Copyright "protects" him on the sale and public performance of every piece, whether it is a little violin nocturne or a grand opera. The sale of published music, however, has been reduced to unimportance by records and radio, and when a composer demands performance royalties, he runs into difficulties. Arrayed against him in a united front are radio's program arrangers, all the soloists touring America from coast to coast, the women's clubs, the festival managers, and even the highly respected symphony societies. "Give us your music," they say, "for next to nothing, or nothing—or else." Which means there are plenty of works by men long dead that can be had free.

The composer who is thus challenged has been under a severe handicap. The writer of a song or dance hit will be able to collect royalties if he joins the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers, which gives effective protection in the popular field. A playwright can count on a minimum percentage of box-office receipts if he is a member of the Dramatists' Guild. A European collects on any piece of music performed abroad if he belongs to his nation's protective society. But up to a few months ago this country had developed no all-inclusive union to guard the rights of "serious" composers.

Now at last, however, the victims are rising up to shape their own destinies. On December 19, 1937, a group of leading young Americans, among them Aaron Copland, Virgil Thomson, Douglas Moore, Roy Harris, and Roger Sessions, called a meeting of their colleagues at the Beethoven Club in New York, and proceeded to organize the American Composers' Alliance, whose first objective is "to regularize and collect all fees pertaining to the performance of copyrighted music." The importance of this move can hardly be overemphasized; for a parallel one must go back to the early steps taken by Victor Herbert and his associates in the formation of ASCAP. After the briefest survey of current practices in the matter of royalties, anyone will concede that action was long overdue.

The composers' demands are far from being exorbitant. Take "Petrouchka" again. The suite arranged from this ballet is one of the most popular in modern orchestral repertory. Performance rights, plus the rental of the score and about a hundred parts, come to only $75. That is the fee to first-rank orchestras; others can get the suite for $50, since royalties are scaled to capacity to pay. Yet in the course of a season this much-admired work will be presented only once or twice by two or three leading organizations; other orchestras are deterred by the price. But when the suite is played, the conductor will probably get between $500 and $2,000 for his "interpretation," the concert manager about $300, and the owner of the hall about $500. M. Stravinsky divides his $75 among the publisher, the agent, and himself.

And this figure of $75 is tops. It is the price of a few spectacular works by Stravinsky and Strauss. Sometimes for a "première" $150 is charged, but the same orchestra then pays only $50 each for the second and third performances. The more usual sum is between $35 and $25, tapering off to $10 or less. For Ravel's "Bolero," an international hit, sometimes only $5 has been paid. Radio royalties for a nation-wide broadcast are usually double the symphonic; even more is asked for a commercial program. Yet "Bolero," nearly done to death on the air, is known to have gone on for $10. As for the "small rights"—songs, violin and piano pieces, trios, and the like—no one even tries to collect on them.

Among Americans few composers have sufficient prestige or courage to demand $50 for the performance of a symphony. Not long ago a publisher asked the Philharmonic Orchestra of New York to pay $40 in royalties for the first presentation of a work by a young composer. "Royalties?" said a member of the management. "Why your Mr. X should be paying us that $40." In 1931, when its budget amounted to nearly a million dollars, the Philharmonic performed a work by Abram Chasins with Toscanini conducting, but couldn't afford to pay the composer a single penny.

But it is in the world of radio that economy reaches extravagant heights. On January 8, 1933, the Columbia Broadcasting System was to send the Philharmonic program on the air over a nation-wide hook-up. A feature was the première of a suite from Strauss's new ballet "Schlagobers." Just before the broadcast, however, it was decided not to pay the radio royalties Strauss demanded. So with the opening bars of the Strauss number the invisible audience was eased out of Carnegie Hall into the C. B. S. studios for a "fill-in" of light music, then wafted back to Carnegie for the rest of the program.

A more brilliant example of radio finesse is the experience of Stravinsky when on February 3, 1935, he conducted the General Motors hour over the network of the National Broadcasting Company. Now all the world knows that Stravinsky is in demand as a conductor because of his fame as a composer. He is most interesting when he is interpreting his own works; so naturally he included three of these in his program. But that would mean $500 in royalties! Quickly therefore radio's masterminds substituted one number by Tschaikowsky (free) and another by Glinka (also free), leaving only "Petrouchka," at $150. But for his single hour on the air Stravinsky as conductor received a fee of $1,750.

Let us look at Americans' royalties. For many years the N. B. C. Music Guild Series drew heavily—without paying—on works brought out by the non-profit-making Society for the Publication of American Music. Early in 1936 the society decided to ask a $25 royalty. At once came a protest from radio officials, which brought the price down to $10. Twenty works were listed at this price, but in 1936 not a single one of the twenty found a place on the Music Guild programs.

Perhaps one cannot yet expect radio to recognize the importance of creative artists. But what shall be said of such penny-pinching by the old, established orchestras? In the depression of 1932 symphonic societies in their appeals to the public for support promised severe economies. Prominently listed for the ax were—as you may have guessed—composers' royalties. To anyone familiar with the figures the idea of thus balancing the budget was intriguing. During the two previous seasons the Philharmonic, with annual appropriations at an all-time high of $900,000, had spent just $3,500 on performance and rental fees! The budgets of the Philadelphia and Boston orchestras were a little less and their royalty expenses perhaps a little more. An estimate of one-half of 1 per cent of the budget for royalties would be high for any organization in the country.

This was the figure the managers proceeded to reduce, and now the level is lower than it was ten years ago. As late as 1936 the Stadium Concerts in New York, with an appropriation of $180,000 for fifty-six programs, allotted only $600 to royalties. The Cleveland Orchestra advised guest conductors engaged for the Great Lakes Exposition that no money was available for performance rights.

The conductors themselves are sometimes caught between the lines of battle. Most of them want new works, but since the management bears down on "extras," they are happy to get them for nothing. The composers, however, have two notable champions—Koussevitzky, who is benevolent and encourages them to ask for fees, and Stokowski, who likes novelties and believes in paying for them.

We come finally to the operatic field. Here royalties are recognized, but they are hardly payment for value received. Famous works can be had for less than $500, except for a first night; $200 is a good sum for an American piece. Yet if a dramatist's minimum rate were applied against the receipts of a sold-out night at the Metropolitan, the royalty would be $1,200—a sum that couldn't be asked even for "Salome."

Some comprehensive system of taxing performance is obviously required for the entire field, and that is exactly what the ambitious new American Composers' Alliance has undertaken to work out. A technique of policing and collection may not be developed overnight, for the situation bristles with intricacies that demand the most careful adjustment; but there is always the example of ASCAP, pioneer in a much more complex field, where piracy once prevailed on a grand scale. The composer of "serious" music already has the law on his side. He needs only to secure its enforcement.

Mormon "Security"

BY MARTHA EMERY

NOT since the old polygamy days have the Latter Day Saints made the headlines as frequently as they have in the last eighteen months with their program to take 88,000 Mormons off the dole. Cries against federal spending have everywhere been vociferous and unending, but the only project organized solely to free Americans from the burden of government relief, and advertised as such, has been the Mormon Security Plan. "No man should ask for charity from the government," declared the Mormon president, who is reputed to have a finger in banking, insurance, real es-

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tate, mining, and industry and an ear cocked to a short-wave set tuned in to heaven. "I am sorry that some of our men would not work for $30 a month when they could get $35 by lying down and being lazy."

Although it ridiculed federal work projects, the church attempted to solve the unemployment problem among Mormons by creating projects of its own. These varied from coal mining and sugar-beet raising to temple-clothing manufacture. Publicity agents found no difficulty in selling the story. Conservative magazines and newspapers in America not only publicized but glorified the undertaking. Yet in spite of twenty months of propaganda, the creation of 700 projects which run practically without administrative costs, and an expenditure of more than half a million dollars amassed from voluntary donations, there are today in Utah 32 per cent more workers on WPA projects than in the nation as a whole, 45 per cent more in the CCC, 50 per cent more in the NYA, 175 per cent more receiving student aid, and 60 per cent more in the PWA. Skeptics are asking, "What has the church been doing?"

The answer is a simple one. The church is getting an incredible amount of favorable publicity and at the same time, far from endangering its solid financial structure, is actually the gainer from the security plan. This success has resulted from three lines of action. First, the church limited the number eligible for relief by forbidding members to give up WPA jobs for church aid. In addition, it guaranteed work only to those "who have been faithful in the payment of fast offerings and tithing and in living unspotted from the sins of the world." Second, by invoking the rich and thickly sentimentalized tradition of its pioneers, the church drew from the cupboards, closets, and pocket-books of its 541,000 "stake" members over half a million dollars in addition to regular tithing, as well as 200,000 quarts of fruits and vegetables, 364,000 articles of clothing, 24,000 pounds of meat, and considerable quantities of flour, grain, sugar, lumber, potatoes, wool, hay, and coal. Third, it actually pared down its relief expenditures from the amount required in the worst depression years. In 1934 and 1936, before the Security Plan was launched, church relief sums dropped 31 per cent and 21 per cent, respectively, from the 1931 level. In the first year of the Security Plan, though there were extra donations and a much-vaunted tithing increase, relief expenditures were only $544,000, as compared with a $594,000 average for the former six years.

Only one significant increase was reported in all church expenditures. The building program was increased by $500,000. This would appear a useful work project until one learns that the wards, or parishes, were forced to raise an additional $513,000 in order to get the original grant, that union wages were for the most part denied to the skilled laborers, and that a considerable portion of the labor was donated by ward members who were assessed a specified amount of free labor as well as cash. And the total sum was $100,000 less than the church spent for building in 1930.

The voluntary labor and donations have come in large measure from the most pious Mormons, the poorer classes, who are already heavily taxed. Let us look at the situation of an average Mormon, say Nils Neilson, a convert emigrant from Sweden. For twenty years Nils has faithfully parted with $100 out of his $1,000 annual wage. He has also contributed freely to the maintenance of his chapel, and has paid a monthly "fast offering" and annual dues to auxiliary church organizations—never to a labor union, for the church frowns on them. He has paid genealogy experts to discover members of his lowly family tree so that he can perform rituals for their salvation in the temples. Every spare penny has gone to support his eldest son, who for three years will be preaching Mormonism abroad—in Czechoslovakia perhaps, or Tahiti.

Until lately Nils Neilson was content. The more he gave the more devout he grew. The church is a vested interest, attachment to which is fostered by its exactions. Nils's dividends have been the "countless blessings" which have flowed from the seat of the Most High. But three years ago he was laid off and became dependent on the WPA. Now the sermons on Sunday night make him uncomfortable with their derision of government relief, their pleadings for new contributions and payment of an "honest tithe."

Are the secure and wealthy Mormons likewise uncomfortable before the pulpit solicitations? Perhaps. But there has been little overt protest from any class to the new demand for increased offerings and free labor. To all appearances the Saints have accepted it without complaint, without understanding its social implications or that it was an ultra-conservative gesture of withdrawal into the old isolation which in the past was a major source of the church's strength. Nils, however, cannot be the only Mormon who is beginning to realize that his heavy contributions have materially lowered his capacity for saving and investing, and for tiding himself over unemployment. The fact that in 1935 there were proportionally 25 per cent more Mormons than Gentiles on relief in Salt Lake County is an indication of the serious depletion in personal resources resulting from the church's exactions from its members, for they cannot truthfully be said to be less thrifty or industrious than are their Gentile neighbors.

Without doubt the Mormon Security Plan won the support of the Saints because the Mormon gospel, to its believers, is the full plan of salvation, the only complete way of life. There have been minor squalls in some communities, such as the resentment aroused over the sugar-beet project, which seemed to be a deliberate church effort to break the farmers' strike against the price offered by the church-owned beet factory, but irritation has been soothed by the glowing press accounts which are read from the pulpits on Sunday night.

Now at last, however, the Mormon preachers, be they politicians or business men, have reason for worry. Federal relief is being curtailed. The heavy hand of economy is reaching toward the Great Basin. The Mormons have been preparing for the day of want. The day of want is upon them.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A VETERAN reader of *The Nation* has just asked me: "Do you really think that such men as President Roosevelt, Secretary Hull, and Norman Davis want war?" To this my reply is, "Of course not." They really feel that the United States is peace-minded and wants to keep out of war. But they belong to the school which says, "I am for peace, but—." In other words, they contemplate the contingency that Japan by its attacks upon our nationals and its insults to our honor may "compel" us to go to war. They emphatically believe, with Theodore Roosevelt, that "there are worse things than war." What is even more important is that this school of thought appears to believe that the only way to check the Japanese is by rattling the saber and threatening them and the other dictators abroad by increased armaments—we shall have the greatest navy on the globe if we give in to the navy people and build, as Mr. Roosevelt has just suggested in his appeal to Congress, a "two-ocean fleet."

The trouble with this policy is that it is the road to war; as I have so often pointed out, threatening the other fellow leads to immediate reprisals and an armament race which brings on war, precisely as the naval race between Germany and Great Britain was one of the causes of the World War. What was the reaction in Tokyo to the President's message asking for a larger army and navy? Here is what the Tokyo *Asahi* says about it, disputing President Roosevelt's assertion that the American program aims solely at self-defense:

> There is no reason for American expansion at this moment, when no country is challenging or preparing to challenge the United States. It is unthinkable that any American nationals, wherever they may live, are exposed to such danger as necessitates the enormous estimate of $800,000,000 for defense.

That is the simple truth. The *Asahi* adds that the Vinson bill embodying the Roosevelt program will obligate Japan "to enlarge her building program." The *Nichi Nichi*, another influential newspaper, declares that "Japan must take counter-measures." As these newspapers could not take such an attitude without government consent, we may accept these statements as showing the reaction of the highest Tokyo officials.

That is the way it always happens. We raise the ante and Japan responds, and then we go her one better, and the vicious circle continues until one day there is a spontaneous conflagation, and the good and kind men, like Franklin Roosevelt and Secretary Hull and Norman Davis, wonder how on earth it could have happened and feel so sad that thousands of American boys must be "liquidated" in early manhood because they, these good and kind men, could see no other way to save us than by piling up the munitions and armaments which made the explosion inevitable. Of course they don't want war, but they have learned nothing from our experience in 1914-17. They have forgotten how Woodrow Wilson headed preparedness parades carrying an American flag, and assured his countrymen that increasing our army and navy then would keep us out of war—the slogan on which he ran for reelection. Why, even Calvin Coolidge saw the truth when he said (October 6, 1925), "We know and everyone knows that these old [military] systems, antagonisms, and reliance on force have failed." And he was wise enough to add, "It is not our purpose in our intercourse with foreign powers to rely upon the strength of our fleets and our armies." It all reminds me of the cynical saying of my good friend Lincoln Steffens, who used to declare that the trouble with the world was that the good men were the bad men and the bad men the good men!

Next I must point out, in order to be wholly just to friends with whom I disagree with such reluctance, that they conscientiously feel that their policy alone will keep us at peace. A minor official with whom I talked in Washington not long ago admitted that increasing our navy *might* lead to war but insisted that if my policy and that of the peace movement were followed, we should *inevitably* drift into war. So there you have the direct conflict of policy and belief. The trouble is that the advocates of preparedness are still thinking in terms of the old-fashioned diplomacy which brought about the World War. They still talk about "national honor." If anybody should ask them why we should not withdraw our ships and sailors and troops from China, I suppose their answer would be that that would be an ignoble act.

Well, they might so interpret it, but I will bet fifty to one that the American people and the press of this country are overwhelmingly against our going to war with Japan, and perfectly willing to face the charge of being cowardly rather than to commit the crime of 1917 over again. They know that we should come out of the next war with far greater moral and material losses than we suffered the last time. One thing is certain: the armament boosters won't take me up on this bet, for they are absolutely opposed to creating any machinery which would enable the American people to register their will about sending their sons to die abroad. They want to reserve that power to themselves, and they dislike all of us who tell them the truth—that no small group of men, in office or out of office, is wise enough to have in its hands the power of life and death over American youth and over the American Republic.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

INNOVATION AND COLLECTIVE TALENT

BY HARRY LEVIN

WHAT'S new, and just how new it is, the reviewer is the last person to find out. He is fairly safe, although sometimes wrong, in assuming that there is nothing new under the sun. Certainly he has small reason to expect new writing from new writers. Originality takes a long time to achieve and a longer time to detect. The most original of the hundred and thirty-odd contributors to these five collections of neoteric novelty[*] died in 1924. To any discovery there is an overwhelming proportion of wasted experiment. But literary experiment has a significance of its own, as an index to the vitality of older ways of writing and a weather-vane for the winds of doctrine. New faces, old expressions. New signatures, yet the handwriting looks familiar. New caravans, armored and mobilizing. New country—Spain.

Five years ago, when new writing was newer than it is today, some new English writers, who may be collectively designated as Stalky & Co., provided a splendid fanfare. Fanfares are what they have been providing ever since. So much of their time has been spent performing in public that they have never learned the distinction between being contemporary and being up-to-date. Their work does not actually participate; it casually alludes. They approach the past in terms of "1066 and All That," and their sense of the present is not much more profound. Life appears, not as integrated experience, but as precarious generalization. England, through their eyes, becomes a Lilliput, full of miniature railways and toy workhouses and cut-out power stations. Have they led their generation out of the Waste Land only to wander through a slightly industrialized Never-Never-Land?

The answer, when we appeal to the rank and file of their movement, is no. The two most recent volumes of "New Writing" waste no words on manifestos but get down to the grim business of documentation. These new writers are not seeking a short cut to the universal; all their energies are concentrated on gaining access to the particular. "I am a camera with its shutter open, quite passive, recording not thinking," writes Christopher Isherwood. "Some day all this will have to be developed, carefully printed, fixed." Even as observation, compared to E. M. Forster's notes on the Paris Exposition, there is much that is immature and undiscriminating. Contrasted with Ignazio Silone's crafty fable, "The Fox," there is no such thing as organization. The sole criterion is honesty, and the only pattern is that implied by the attitude of the author. This is best stated by a twenty-two-year-old poet, H. Mallalieu:

> He is aware of our own land, its downs,
> The rusty chalk of long-neglected quarries;
> His ear's familiar with the noise of towns,
> His brain absorbed by purely English worries.
> He has seen the star-shot lake
> And the startled heron take
> Its frightened wings above the sandy marsh.
> It is not the fabric but the flag which he denies.
> He knows our histories and our apathies and the harsh
> Fact that they are lies.

English men of letters have escaped from their genteel tradition before, but never by a technique of extroversion. The proletariat—always one of those products in which England leads the world—have figured as objects of literary charity or picturesque clods or cosmic pawns or highly competent satyrs, but seldom as human beings. The rich and the poor are two nations, as Disraeli perceived, and they speak different languages. It is something new for a public-school accent to assimilate the dialect of Derbyshire mines or Whitechapel sweatshops. In a suggestive sketch, The Power of Words, André Chamson describes the upsurge of his native *langue d'oc* against the pressure to "talk French." This renewed impetus toward the local and the vernacular implies a changing conception of culture, no longer a hothouse growth but rooted.

If all the world went native, there would be a confusion of tongues, a multiplication of regionalisms. ***Partikularismus,*** however, is hostile to nationalism and friendly to internationalism. These contributions, including the Urdu, are different sectors on the same line. John Sommerfield and Alfred Kantorowicz recount their adventures in Spain, while Rafael Alberti sings of America. There is a silly symphony by Jean Giono, "The Corn Dies," and a shrewder version of that theme by Ben Field. Since the editor, John Lehmann, has just published a travel book on the Caucasus, special interest attaches to his Soviet contributors. They are no Jove-defiers, but they are honest to the point of cynicism. The Road to Affluence, by Pantaleimon Tchikvadze, depicts a recalcitrant peasant who is sold the collective idea by the superiority of galoshes to bast shoes, and is left dreaming of automobiles. Morale, by Nikolai Tikhonov, is a tale of a military commander who fakes an attack to keep his detachment from disintegrating.

The prose in these volumes should be read, as Dr. Johnson read metaphysical poetry, because it contains useful information. The verse can be read for its own sake, although it too involves questions of idiom. Louis MacNeice's set of sapphics, June Thunder, is unique, both in its distinguished craftsmanship and its lack of social relevance. This proves nothing, of course, except that perfection is more easily attained within small compass. W. H. Auden, seeking a wider scope, invariably dilutes his effects—on the principle that *vers de société* becomes poetry when you spell it with a big S. His attempts in the rhythm of "Frankie and Johnny" or "Saint James Infirmary" are awkwardly condescending. Francis Cornford's lines on Kirov recall the metallic aptness of Landor, but they do not solve the problem of finding a mode of address for poetry which can be popular without being merely conventional. Stephen Spender, in two speeches from his new play, comes nearer. This time his kind of exhortation goes beyond Whitman to the late Elizabethans for a free blank verse that lends itself to grandiloquence and an imagery that exploits tradition while rejecting it. *Vide* Peter Blume's Eternal City:

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[*] "New Writing, Spring 1937." Edited by John Lehmann. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

"New Writing, Fall 1937." Edited by John Lehmann. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

"New Letters in America." Edited by H[redacted] Gregory. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.

"New Directions in Prose and Poetry, 1937." Edited by James Laughlin IV. New Directions. $2.50.

"The Writer in a Changing World." Edited by Henry Hart. Equinox Cooperative Press. $2.

Civilization which was sweet
With love and words, after earthquakes
Terrifies; architraves
Or flowering leaf of the Corinthian capital
Momently threaten; then fall
In marble waves on life. What was
The fastened mouth of the live past
Speaking in stone against the cloud, becomes
Our present death.

To turn to the recent American miscellanies is to enter a more sophisticated realm, where sincerity and pedestrian competence are less evident, but where successes and failures are more conspicuous. The slice of life has been our literary staple for so long that we are willing to watch new writers go to almost any lengths in their arrangement of materials. We are inoculated against the heavier ironies of circumstance, and an English contributor to Horace Gregory's volume, John Hampson, only bores us with his conscientious account of what goes on behind the stairs in a grand hotel. With William Phillips and Philip Rahv, we demand a higher imaginative level of writing. But their critique, Literature in a Political Decade, would be more helpful if it showed an awareness of literature beyond this decade or a little patience with the immediate problems of the writer.

The writers themselves are quite realistic in their efforts to transcend realism. Eleanor Clark, in Call Me Comrade, imparts a Katherine Mansfield touch to a *New Masses* theme. I. J. Kapstein, in The Man in the Jail Is Not Jesus, compresses a devastating range of implication into a guileless narrative. Elizabeth Bishop, in The Sea and Its Shore, does a neat job of engraving the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin. The strict economy of these stories, the contrast between selection and accumulation, is underlined by James Agee's modernized scenario of "The Fall of the House of Usher," which—in spite of some memorable shots—gets blurred. Parable needs a sharp focus. At the other extreme it tries to signify too much by too little, and then it is sheer oracle. And why are Rimbaud and Kafka being asked to preside over our new writers, when the great tradition of American symbolism—Poe, Hawthorne, Melville, Emily Dickinson, Henry James, T. S. Eliot—is so available?

If the English seem less enterprising in the techniques of fiction, we have much to learn from them about the method of verse. Our major mode has been public speech, conceived in a spirit of promiscuous self-dedication, a *collage* of extrinsic images and undigested emotions. Many of the poems in this book include elements of fresh observation and genuine feeling, yet few function as organisms. Even Muriel Rukeyser's elaborate allegory, The Cruise, has a worked-up atmosphere and reads like an article in *Fortune*. Frederic Prokosch's Return from the Picnic makes one regret that there is no prize for the worst poem of the year. Richard Eberhart and Robert Fitzgerald stand out because of their sense of responsibility to their craft.

"New Directions" makes its appeal on archaeological and sentimental grounds. The wit of Cocteau's *Mariés de la Tour Eiffel,* in English, sans scenery, sans music, sans choreography, is all too imitable, and so—in the cold light of the morning after—are most of the old-fashioned non-Euclideans whom Laughlin has exhumed: Gertrude Stein and her coloratura stutter, E. E. Cummings and his archy-the-cockroach typewriter, William Carlos Williams and his ecstatic exercises, Gorham B. Munson and his pontifical bull. It is comforting to know that these venerable and well-loved figures now have a suitably rococo old actors' home, full of false perspectives and vistas that lead nowhere, where they may rehearse their favorite roles and live again their triumphs.

Literary self-consciousness does not necessarily involve a preoccupation with form. The task of Cummings and his generation was to take poetry apart, and the hope of the new generation is to put it together, but here are the same old *disjecti membra poetae.* Here, more demurely, are the stylized echoes of Francis Fergusson and the sleazy banalities of Merrill Moore. Here is an ambitious poem by John Wheelwright, with Jim Crow shrouded in classical dress. Here is the editor, a social-crediteer, insisting that poets can be as useful as monetary reformers. Language, he has discovered, is fraught with associations; so experimental writers, by verbal dissociation, are challenging the tyranny of words and averting disaster. Which is tantamount to the proposition that bartenders can be trusted to eradicate the curse of drunkenness.

Even here, in this hotbed of *rive-gaucherie,* the native's return seems an inescapable fact. Laughlin's own verse is pretty folksy, La Stein—now in her rocking-chair period—celebrates Dan'l Webster, and Lorine Niedecker is shyly articulate about the progressive movement in Wisconsin. Henry Miller, in his walks around Montmartre, remembers names, "everything American coming up in a rush," from American Can to the Banks of the Wabash. Montagu O'Reilly, billed as a Chicago financier, remains the only intransigent surrealist, and he achieves his most dazzling effect by introducing Lenin as a butler. William Saroyan's stories are feeble because his stream of consciousness is utterly uninteresting, but he can get fresh and thumb his nose convincingly. Delmore

Schwartz's stories are the most arresting in the book. He writes well and contrives better, but where he really needs insight he tends to give way to exhibitionism.

Problems of writers are not the same as the Problem of the Writer—to judge from the record of the congress in New York last summer. There is no known correlation between the energy and volubility manifested on such occasions and what it takes to produce literature. Delegation is meaningless, since every writer has different criteria of professional skill and no writer is entitled to represent anyone except himself. The slogan of a cultural front raises the inevitable political question: front for what? Certain large issues can be, and were, satisfactorily dramatized by this ritual—the plight of literature in fascist countries, special problems of Latin America, the Negro. Two of the speakers, Newton Arvin and B. A. Botkin, out of a practical knowledge of literary history and folklore, were able to make acute comments on "the sort of native cultural consciousness without which . . . a true internationalism is impossible." Kenneth Burke did card tricks.

Henry Hart's argument against waste in America and Albert Rhys Williams's case for planning in Russia are more conclusively applied to publishing than to writing. The writer can afford to take nothing for granted; he must find out for himself. He must not kid himself into the notion that attending congresses and accepting slogans will bring him any nearer to reality. "A writer's problem does not change," Ernest Hemingway told the delegates. "He himself changes, but his problem remains the same. It is always how to write truly and having found what is true to project it in such a way that it becomes a part of the experience of the person who reads it." Oh, Mr. Hemingway, you make everything so simple!

The Dream

BY LOUISE BOGAN

O God, in the dream the terrible horse began
To paw at the air, and make for me with its blows.
Fear kept for thirty-five years poured through its mane,
And retribution equally old, or nearly, breathed
through its nose.

Coward complete, I lay and wept on the ground,
When some strong creature appeared, and leapt for
the rein.
Another woman, as I lay half in a swound,
Leapt in the air, and clutched at the leather and chain.

Give him, she said, something of yours as a charm.
Throw him, she said, some poor thing which you
alone claim.
No, no, I wept. He hates me. He's out for harm,
And whether I yield or not, it is all the same.

But, like a lion in a legend, when I flung the glove
Pulled from my sweating, my cold right hand,
The terrible beast, that no one may understand,
Came to my side, and put down his head in love.

BOOKS

Wonderful Woman

THIS PROUD HEART. By Pearl S. Buck. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.

MRS. BUCK'S first "American" novel bears, naturally enough, certain resemblances to her Chinese novels. The style is rapid and constant to the point of monotony, the story keeps always a significant end in view, the people are here for a purpose, and Mrs. Buck herself bothers with nothing except the very largest, the "universal," forms of human behavior. "The Good Earth" and the books which followed it benefited by all this, since they had generations to sweep through and a remote country to conquer; their manner was the best that could have been found, as indeed their popularity proved. But "This Proud Heart" had much to lose by the manner, and the loss has in fact been suffered. The famous style, employed upon a different range of subject matter, becomes what it never was before, breathy; and the concern with big themes teases Mrs. Buck into the first shallowness of her career.

Her heroine, Susan Gaylord, is clearly intended to seem a great woman and what is more a great artist, but the most that she becomes is a tiresomely wonderful woman and an incredibly "creative" worker in marble. I put quotation marks around creative because they belong there in this case, and because Mrs. Buck has sung the wonders of Susan's spirit at so incessantly high a pitch as to achieve what I hear as a misleading falsetto. Susan is the kind of person from whose center a tide of creative vitality flows out like electricity, thrilling and warming the arms, the hands, and issuing almost at once in perfect works. These works may be suppers, lace curtains, children, or—at the piano—Sibelius; in the higher reaches, however, they are marble figures done deftly in a matter of months (not years, as with Michangelo) and done scarcely at all with that sort of labor which makes the creative activity a dull one to watch—one, actually, not to be watched at all, since there is nothing to see. There are, of course, months (or years) of chipping, but Mrs. Buck hurries over those in her eagerness to convince us that Susan labored somewhat as God did on the sixth day. I find this blasphemous, with respect both to God and to art, and understand only too well the habit Susan had of overwhelming people—her two husbands, put here for the sole purpose of being overwhelmed, and a procession of other persons who have as little reality as Susan herself.

No novel by Mrs. Buck would be without value, and this one has its generous, its moving moments. But Susan is not to be believed; or if she is, then creation is a more trifling thing than we ever thought it, and glibness is eloquence. Perhaps the plainest sign that she does not exist is her failure to bestow life upon those about her. Her parents, her sister Mary, her husbands, her children, her father-in-law, her teachers, her servants are in a singular degree uncreated—Mary, for instance, occurring merely for the sake of a contrast Mrs. Buck wants to state, and the children having been brought into the world so that one of them may be found to resemble his mother. As for the statues, we have to be sure Mrs. Buck's assertion that they have life. But "The Good Earth" was more than an assertion.

MARK VAN DOREN

Uruguay's Progressive Epoch

UTOPIA IN URUGUAY. By Simon G. Hanson. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

SIMON G. HANSON'S book, "Utopia in Uruguay," is a solid but uninspired account of the vast social-reform program of José Battle y Ordonez. The volume is overweighted with information about the administrative and budgetary aspects of the various state organizations, and its analysis of the broad social and economic forces shaping the Battle program can only be described as fragmentary. But Mr. Hanson has succeeded in compacting a great deal of valuable information into a small number of pages, and his evaluation of the general economic effects of the Battle reforms is competent if not exhaustive.

The progressive program which transformed Uruguay between 1905 and 1933 had two main components. State capitalism was extended to greater lengths than in any other country in this hemisphere. Parallel to this was social-security and labor legislation which antedated even the Mexican national revolutionary movement.

How could a program of this sort originate in a backward, agrarian country? Hanson mentions the relative weakness of the Catholic church, the racial homogeneity of the population which precluded a caste society similar to that of Peru, and the political backwardness of the conservative landlord class. The chief factor in the Uruguayan economy, he points out, was the preeminent position of a few British and American corporations and the dearth of native industrialism. Piecemeal nationalization appeared to be the sole practicable alternative to unbridled exploitation by foreign capital. The labor movement had broad support, because it served as a battering ram against the profit rate of foreign industry. "From the point of view of the national economy," wrote one of Battle's chief disciples, "a wasteful administration by the state is always preferable to the efficient management of an industry by foreign capitalists." Government control could appeal to nationalists as well as socialists, for it prevented the draining of industrial profits to foreign countries.

Battle refused to admit either the necessity or the advantage of class struggle, but none the less enthusiastically supported trade unionism. "Every strike is justified and it would be ideal if all could be successful," he wrote as early as 1908. "Since the all-important matter is that the time be opportune, let the state help by keeping the workers informed on conditions in various industries, markets, availability of strike-breakers, and the technique of labor organizations abroad."

Hanson's book is largely devoted to a discussion of the separate measures comprising the Battlista program. The nationalization movement covered commercial, mortgage, and insurance banking, public utilities, railroads, meat refrigeration, and petroleum and alcohol production and distribution. For the most part these government concerns were remunerative, and in fact labor criticized the tendency to sacrifice long-range programs of social value for immediate profits. Hanson cites the attacks on the electricity trust for its failure to service interior towns at low rates.

Battle won his nine-year fight for an eight-hour-day law in 1915. Five years later Uruguay introduced accident insurance, and this was followed by old-age, retirement, and unemployment insurance. Agricultural labor got a minimum-wage law, but its enforcement was "dependent on the good faith of employers." The Battlista theory that the pension system would reach actuarial equilibrium was rudely shaken by the great depression. The number of pensioners increased rapidly while receipts from earmarked taxes drastically declined. With collapse threatened, President Terra succeeded in organizing a successful coup, repressed the Battlistas, slashed pensions and wages, and short-circuited the democratic movement.

Hanson's volume, unfortunately, leaves the unwary reader with the impression that Terra is continuing in Battle's footsteps. To be sure his regime has taken a few forward strides in the development of government enterprises. But economics cannot be rigorously separated from politics. The Battlista movement was pro-labor and democratic; the Terra administration is pro-fascist and dictatorial. This inevitably changes the direction of the state's mechanism of economic control.

NATHANIEL WEYL

The Totalitarian Tide

DICTATORS AND DEMOCRACIES. By Calvin B. Hoover. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

IN THIS book the author seeks to show the kinship of the German, Italian, and Russian dictatorships and thereby to revise and amplify some of his earlier conclusions respecting National Socialism and Bolshevism. He says that when he wrote "Germany Enters the Third Reich" he was aware that his conclusions were far different from what they would have been had he not already written "The Economic Life of Soviet Russia." He had been "tremendously struck by certain psychological similarities between the National Socialist and Soviet regimes." And he concludes that "if I had written the two books in reverse, I might just as well have thought of the Soviet Communists as a kind of National Socialists."

The author considers the similarity between the three dictatorships from three standpoints: (1) their encroachments upon private property; (2) the conditions that gave rise to them; and (3) the use of terror.

The encroachments upon private property of the respective dictatorships are viewed by Mr. Hoover on the basis of a revised version of Marx's theory of surplus value. While believing that the logic of orthodox economics has destroyed the theory of surplus value as a part of a tenable explanation of market price, he thinks that "surplus value as an explanation of the structure of income distribution remains, for practical purposes, a robust and virile idea." According to this Hooverian approach to surplus value, "any income which is not founded upon the need of the recipient and which is greater than that required to bring forth socially necessary exertion" must be considered property income whether this income is derived from physical and mental efforts or from ownership of property. On the basis of this definition Mr. Hoover concludes that while private property is non-existent in Russia, the Soviet state has gradually permitted the return of the private receipt of surplus value. In Russia the differentials in income, both monetary and non-monetary, seem to be increasing and cannot be justified as income socially necessary for productive efficiency. Thus the Soviet state, without private property, is reviving the essential inequalities characteristic of capitalist economy. On the other hand, in fascist states the regimentation of business and industry has surpassed mere interventionism, although private property has not been actually abolished. Under National Socialism the power of the party apparatus and the government machinery over business and industry is steadily increasing. Furthermore, through government control of investments, price-fixing, compulsory contributions to the party, and the control over the uses for which income from property can be spent, the National Socialist regimes have diverted income from one industrial group to another. Thus it would appear that while the Soviet state is introducing some of the essential features of capitalist economy, the National Socialist states, by making heavy inroads upon these essential features, are changing the character of capitalism.

It is rather difficult to understand the logic which enables Mr. Hoover to reject Marx's theory of surplus value from the standpoint of the theory of prices but at the same time permits him to use it from the standpoint of the distribution of income. According to Marx, labor is the only "socially necessary" cost and therefore the only *real* cost of production. All above this he designates surplus value, which is appropriated by capitalists and landowners. This labor-value principle is one of the main philosophical pillars of Marx's system of economics. But when he looked at the problem of value from the standpoint of business accounting, he said that the only cost the capitalist recognized was the money cost of production, or the "expenditure of capital." Marx never contended that his labor-value theory explained the daily fluctuations of market price. He did contend that the empirical validity of the labor-value concept was established *in the long run* by the interaction of market forces. It is only by a spurious eclecticism that one can reject the empirical validity of the concept and still make empirical use of its counterpart, surplus value, in analyzing the distribution of income. It is this specious reasoning which prevents Mr. Hoover from penetrating surface similarities to see the fundamental difference between National Socialism and Bolshevism.

No Marxist can sanction the economic and social distinctions that the Stalinist bureaucracy has inaugurated. And no one reared in the tradition of democracy, be he Marxist or merely a liberal sympathizer with the objectives of the Russian Revolution, can with clear conscience condone or justify the mass murders, exiles, and persecutions of Stalin's regime. Nevertheless, the Russian Revolution, unlike the German and Italian, has destroyed private property in the means of life. And in its attempt to reorganize society on a new pattern of life it has erected new social ideals and values, the most dominant of which is the idea of proletarian equality. The very fact that there is underground muttering and stifled dissatisfaction because this ideal is being repudiated in practice and because democracy in the Communist Party itself has been supplanted by the authority of one infallible leader is the most hopeful sign of the transitory character of the present reaction. It is in terms of the new principles of social conduct created by the Russian Revolution that Marxists inside and outside Russia condemn the Stalinist bureaucracy and hope to produce change. But National Socialism has created no new values or ideals in terms of which the struggle for human progress can be carried on. It can therefore only be fought on the grounds of its brutality and feudal character.

Formerly Mr. Hoover looked upon the German and Italian dictatorships as the handiwork of reactionary capitalists faced with the collapse of their system. He now believes that while this is the way in which both capitalists and Marxists would like to see the situation—of course, for reasons that differ according to their respective class biases—the interpretation is belied by the facts. One of the common conditions, we are told, that made dictatorship possible in each country was the ruling class's loss of confidence in itself. The governments that fell lacked the necessary "dynamism" for survival. The other condition was Marxism. In Russia Marxism overthrew the ineffectual bourgeois democracy of Kerensky and established the dictatorship of the proletariat. But in Italy and Germany a relatively strong middle class, frightened by the prospect of a proletarian dictatorship and its own annihilation, which Marxism decrees, erected another kind of anticapitalist dictatorship under the aegis of Il Duce and Herr Hitler. The dictatorships thus established in the three countries are non-Caesarian in character. For they rest upon mass support rather than upon the personal prowess of the dictator. This mass support is in each case reinforced by terror.

The view that the present dictatorships are the products of reactionary capitalists, we agree, is all too simple an explanation. It is not, however, as Mr. Hoover seems to think, the explanation that Marxists have given of the situation. Having thrown overboard his former "naive conclusions," Mr. Hoover now submits an explanation of the collapse of parliamentary government in Germany and Italy which, indeed, is not an explanation but rather a superficial and partial statement of the facts of the case. He simply repeats what Eduard Meyer stated some years ago, "Die Kultur lebt sich selbst aus." The question to be answered, however, is, "Why does a culture live itself out?" Or why does a ruling class or government lose confidence in itself at one time and at other times resolutely crush the slightest threat to its rule?

The question, we think, is to be answered only on the basis of Marx's class theory of society. The validity of this theory has not been destroyed by the abdication of the capitalist class to Hitler and Mussolini any more than it was destroyed by a similar abdication of the capitalist class in France during Marx's lifetime. Frightened by the economic collapse and by the demands of a weak but irate proletariat, the French bourgeoisie in 1852 took refuge in a "strong central government." As Marx put it:

> The French bourgeoisie . . . recognized that all the weapons which it had forged against feudalism could have their points turned against itself; that all the means of education which it had created were rebels against its own civilization; . . . that all the so-called civil liberties and instruments of progress were menaces to its own class dominion, which was threatened alike at the social base and the political apex.

This mental attitude of the French bourgeoisie in 1852 was historically duplicated by the German and Italian bourgeoisie in 1930 and 1922. It is substantially the attitude only recently exhibited by our own Liberty Leaguers, who, to protect property, would destroy civil liberty and those democratic rights which have been the bulwark of private property.

Marx did not base the rise of the July monarchy merely upon the willingness of the French bourgeoisie to transfer its power to a dictator. There were other important factors in the equation of class forces. First, there was the urban proletariat, which by virtue of the immaturity of economic circumstances lacked the necessary revolutionary decisiveness and the resourcefulness to carry through a fundamental political and industrial reorganization of society. Secondly, there were the petty bourgeoisie and the slum proletariat, which furnished the dictator with mass support. Marx attributed the action of the petty bourgeoisie, our contemporary middle class, to the modality of its thinking determined by its intermediate position between the capitalist and proletarian classes.

> Eternally tossed about [wrote Marx] between the hope of entering the ranks of the wealthier class and the fear of being reduced to the state of proletarians or even paupers . . . this class is extremely vacillating in its views. Humble and crouchingly submissive under a powerful feudal or monarchial gov-

> ernment, it turns to the side of liberalism when the middle class [the capitalist class] is in the ascendancy; it becomes seized with violent democratic fits as soon as the middle class has secured its own supremacy, but falls back into the abject despondency of fear as soon as the class below itself, the proletarian, attempts an independent movement.

No one, not even the most fanatical of Marx's present-day disciples, would for a moment contend that he foresaw fascism. Marx was a revolutionary thinker in the social sciences, not a St. John of the Apocalypse. But it is only by following the general lines of his analysis of social change that fascism can be understood and fought. Of course, the mechanical interpretation of his ideas to which his critics and many of his followers are addicted can only reduce Marxism to a set of sterile formulas. ABRAM L. HARRIS

DRAMA

The Case of Erskine Caldwell

THE novels of Erskine Caldwell have received more than respectful attention in literary journals, but for some reason or other dramatizations of those same novels have been greeted with an uproar difficult to understand. So far as I can remember I was almost the only reviewer to praise "Tobacco Road" or even to remain articulate while discussing the subject; and the recent production of "Journeyman" (Hudson Theater) was the signal for an outburst in which certain of the critics of the daily press seemed determined to outdo one another in the effort to discover some sufficiently forceful way of saying that this was, without any exception, the worst play ever produced on Broadway.

That "Journeyman" should have created strong feeling is not in itself surprising. Even if it be judged by the broad standards of the present moment it is a violent and bawdy play which makes no apologies, either sentimental or otherwise, for its violence and bawdiness. Anyone who denounced it as lewd and perverted would be taking a position understandable enough if not necessarily justified. But to treat the play as it was treated, to speak as if it were the mere meanderings of an illiterate, is to exhibit a blindness difficult for me to comprehend. I should have said without hesitation that its imaginative force was the one thing no one could possibly miss—if critics with whom I commonly agree were not anxious to advertise that they do miss it completely.

Mr. Caldwell is said to think of himself as a realist with a sociological message to deliver. If that message exists I fail to find it very clearly expressed in the present play, and I am by no means sure that the characters in it are not monsters rather than men. But there is no use discussing what a work of art means or whether or not it is "true to life" unless one is convinced that the work "exists"—that it has the power to attract and hold attention, to create either that belief or that suspension of disbelief without which its "message" cannot be heard and without which the question of its factual truth is of no importance. And to me the one incontrovertible fact is that both Mr. Caldwell's novels and the plays made from them do in this sense "exist" with uncommon solidity, that his race of curiously depraved and yet curiously juicy human grotesques are alive in his plays whether or not they, or things like them, were ever alive anywhere else. And if they seem, when abstractly considered, highly improbable, that only strengthens the tribute one is, in simple fairness, bound to pay to the imagination of a man who can make them credible. Perhaps this imagination is corrupt and perverted. Perhaps—though I don't think this is true—the world would be better off without Mr. Caldwell's vision of its corruption. But that is not the point. The point is that his imagination is creative in the most direct sense of the term. His creatures live, and no attempts at analysis can deprive them of their life.

"Journeyman" is concerned with the adventures of a fabulous traveling preacher (brilliantly played by Will Geer) who descends upon a remote Georgia community to drink its whiskey, seduce its women, arouse it to orgy in a revival meeting, and then disappear one morning in an automobile acquired by the aid of a beneficent Providence working through the instrumentality of a crap game. I have already remarked that the bawdiness of the play is bare enough to shock even a Broadway audience. I might add that I am inclined to doubt the literal truth of the play as a picture of rural Georgia for the simple reason that I find it hard to believe a people physically so depressed could be endued with so much lusty life. But neither, for that matter, do I find it easy to believe in the existence of Falstaff outside Shakespeare's plays, and the important fact is that in Mr. Caldwell is some power of story-telling by virtue of which I at least cannot choose but hear. Nor do I see how any attack upon him, whether upon moral or any other grounds, can hope to be effective if it does not begin by recognizing the primary fact that he has, to an extraordinary degree, the power to imagine. It is said that John Ruskin once refused to write an article against the "poisonous honey" of the young Swinburne. I am, he said, righter than he, just as the lamb is righter than the tiger. But I am no match for him. That was sound sense. Moral fervor usually ends by looking rather silly when it refuses to recognize the power of anything which has been solidly imagined.

Probably Mr. Caldwell will not thank me for defending him in such terms as these. For all I know, creative imagination may be the last thing he wants to be praised for and "truth to life"—whatever that may be—the only virtue for which he has any respect. But creative imagination is one of the rarest things in the world and probably rather rarer now than it usually is. Accuracy, right-thinking, good-will, even, perhaps, virtue itself are commoner. And Mr. Caldwell has creative imagination. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ART

Georges Schreiber's Work

THE exhibition of pure water colors and of drawings current at the A. C. A. Gallery reveals two very successful transplantations: those of a young artist and an artistic movement. The successfully transplanted young artist is Georges Schreiber, the well-known contributor to *The Nation*, *Fortune*, and other New York periodicals and newspapers. The successfully transplanted artistic movement is the New Objectivism of such leading German moderns as Otto Dix and George Grosz. For it is pretty largely in evolving the forms of its strident, mordant, uncouth, and strongly caricatural realism that Schreiber, who was born in Brussels and educated in Germany, and came to the United States in 1928, has found his function, and achieved the expressions of his own personality and the life of his new country which compose this striking exhibition.

In the general spirit of the movement, Schreiber has taken as his subject life in the raw. He has found it on poverty-stricken farms, in Nevada gambling joints, in the galleries of Madison Square Garden and cheap movies. He has seen it in those moments of transport—in brawls, crowd frenzy, violent love-play—which bring the rawest impulses naked to the surface; and depicted it in a spirit that to say the least is uncaressive and in instances verges upon pitiless caricature. And precisely as his subject matter is his own, so too is the drama with which he presents it. Particularly in his figure-pieces one finds his form full of nervous animation. To an unusual degree Schreiber possesses the ability to give movement to his human shapes. In instances he injects great force into these movements. An almost elemental fury informs the grappling figures in the drawing entitled The Brawl—that welcome neo-objectivist successor to the many slack and fatuous "broils" of salon days. In other pictures the artist has opposed dynamically moving figures less violently but quite as strongly to each other: especially in the gambling scene entitled The Card Players and in the ironical Hauptmann Jury. With these movements he reveals motives.

What in a deal of his work he brings to expression is unshackled murderousness, but a murderousness which is referred to social conditions and causes. In certain cases the association is with the figures of starving farmers and poor work-people, and the references point to a desperation born of famine. In the case of the Hauptmann jury picture, the references seem to connect the deadliness of the expressions with mass-psychology, hundred percentism, and the suspiciousness, the prejudice, and the intolerance projected upon all that is alien to the norm and singular. Other of the water colors convey with considerable satire excruciating sensations of vulgarity: in particular, The Second Balcony, which now is in the collection of the Whitney Museum, and In Elko Nevada 5 a. m. and Madison Square Garden, which are in the present exhibition. Of the three the last piece is perhaps the most effective expression of this quality in present-day existence Schreiber has achieved. The entire circumstance here depicted has been caught in visual terms, so completely, indeed, that the gestures and the garish colors make one almost hear the whistles and yells of the hard crowd.

Yet it is noteworthy that even in Schreiber's sharpest irony there is no great amount of venom—certainly far less than in that of Grosz—but some humor, and unmistakable traces of human sympathy for certain of his subjects. For this reason one feels that he may readily develop into the sort of social satirist our little community greatly requires. This is the sort of satirist who renders hypocrisy, stupidity, vulgarity, and all the other anti-social forces less odious than ridiculous: and thus makes for sociality in a way that hatefulness is impotent to attain. In the meanwhile there is enormous encouragement in the show's testimony to this young artist's recent technical growth. The water colors in it exhibiting his greatest mastery of the means—for example, Italian Family and the little Jeu d'Amour—are among his very latest. Here form and content are thoroughly united; the medium contributes its power freely to the expression; the paintings approach the absoluteness of art. And in these pictures the smoky reds have singular depth.

PAUL ROSENFELD

A behind-the-scenes account of the international poker game developing from Italy's imperial ambitions

Italy Against The World

by George Martelli

At a time when European events are increasingly tense, this complete and impartial account of Mussolini's conquest of Abyssinia and the international situation developing from it holds special interest. Reading it, one has no doubt of the roles played by the great nations involved. Moreover, the principal actors are well described—the dethroned Emperor, Mussolini, M. Laval, Messrs. Baldwin and Eden, Sir Samuel Hoare, and the principal Italian soldiers. Amazing stuff is taken from the disclosures of Marshal de Bono, who must have written his records under the impression that Americans and Britishers never read Italian. Also, here is a revealing account of the manoeuvrings at Geneva. The author in his capacity of correspondent to the London *Morning Post* was a witness to many of the events he describes. His book compares in some respects to Harold Nicolson's studies of European diplomacy.

"It is the virtue of Mr. Martelli's study that it supplies a case-history of a complete international episode, thereby bringing out a living picture of that complex in action."—*Walter Millis, N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

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RECORDS

ANOTHER outstanding work on Victor's special list is Mozart's String Quartet K. 428 (three records, $6.50); unfortunately a great deal that should be fine comes out coarse and insensitive in the playing of the Pro Arte Quartet. What the Mozart string-quartet texture should sound like can be heard in the performance of the Quartet K. 465 recorded by the Budapest Quartet. And from all this you will understand what I mean when I speak of a poor performance: I judge a performance by what it does to the music; and it is judging this way that I find fault with Cortot's playing of Chopin's Ballades (four records, $8), Waltzes (six records, $12), and Etudes Opus 10 (three records, $6.50): I like Chopin's music, but I don't like it when the shape of every phrase is distorted. In the same way, I like Schumann's "Fantasiestücke," but not when they are blurred as they are in Harold Bauer's performances (four records, $8). And Schumann's "Dichterliebe" as sung by Lotte Lehmann was an unforgettable experience, but as sung by the baritone Panzera to the mannered accompaniment of Cortot (three records, $6.50) the work does not come to life for me. However, some readers would like Panzera's fine voice, and I am sure that some think Cortot is a fine pianist; and so I add that the Chopin and "Dichterliebe" are well recorded.

One album of the Victor special list assembles six ten-inch records ($9) made by Elisabeth Schumann. Three of these offer her art at its exquisite best in songs worthy of it: Hugo Wolf's "Nun wandre, Maria" and "Schlafendes Jesukind," Brahms's "Sandmännchen" and "Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht," and—all on one record—Schubert's "An die Nachtigall" and "Liebhaber in allen Gestalten" and Schumann's "Lorelei" and "Ständchen." Two others are devoted to less consequential songs by Beethoven, Grieg, and Smetana. And one offers a delivery of Brahms's "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer" that is like caricature of Mme Schumann's art in the way it converts this art into exaggerated mannerism.

A song of Schubert or Wolf is a musical setting of a poem; and to appreciate the intimate relation of the substance and structure of the music to the lines and sometimes the individual words of the text one must know the poem—not just a summary but every word of the original German. The booklet accompanying an album of song-recordings should therefore give the texts of the poems even if it gives nothing else; actually the leaflets which accompany the "Dichterliebe" and Elisabeth Schumann albums give much else that one does best to ignore but not the texts of the poems.

So with the leaflets for other works. There are many persons who will approach the first movement of the Mozart Piano Concerto K. 459 with no idea of how its material is organized; and they would get more out of the movement if —not by word alone but by correlation of word with sound on record—they were enabled to perceive Mozart's use of what Tovey calls the concerto principle—the principle of opposition of unequal instrumental forces that is basic in the earlier concertos of Vivaldi, Händel, and Bach; to perceive further the use of this principle in the so-called sonata form of the first movement that achieved definition and perfection in the instrumental works of Haydn and Mozart; and to perceive finally an integration of all the detail of the movement that is as subtle and complete and tight as the integration of the thousands of brush strokes in a Cézanne canvas. But these persons will do better to take what their own ears get out of the movement unaided than to listen with this guidance of the Victor leaflet:

> The first movement is not, and hardly could be expected to be, in the conventional sonata form. This demanding structure was, at Mozart's time, scarcely solidified into a definite form. It was still highly plastic, almost liquid—which perhaps causes it to lend itself more aptly to the pliant nature of Mozart's music. But we must not expect to find here the substantial formal and tonal masses which the later Beethoven introduced into his heroic musical structures. The first movement, while it certainly contains all the material for a sonata, is by no means organized as such. Themes there are, and worthy of much exploitation; fragmentary incidents which could have been welded into a closely integrated whole, and brief, tentative developments which, exploited, might have achieved greatness and profundity. None of these things happen. The material is introduced, set forth in its most attractive tonal garb, and then, in many instances, discarded and forgotten.

This is to consider only one instance of the ignorance that clothes itself in the terms of erudition; it is not to consider at all the other qualities that make the leaflets good to start a fire with but not to read. Exceptions are some of the booklets written by men like Ernest Newman and Harvey Grace for English subscription sets—exceptions, that is, when they are issued with the American repressings, as they are by Columbia more often than by Victor.

B. H. HAGGIN

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FILMS

Artist of Anxiety

A COMMONPLACE about Alfred Hitchcock is that he has no peer among directors in the fine art of suspense. For most of his competitors, as for most story-tellers, it is in fact a gross art: we are kept waiting for the end and that is all. For Mr. Hitchcock there are as many ends as there are moments in the tale; even his means are ends; he polishes as he goes, lavishing as much skill upon details, and upon transitions between details, as upon the swift disastrous curve described by the whole. His material is melodrama, and he does not mind if the examples of it which come to his hand are relatively empty; he even prefers them thus, since then he is freer to be the virtuoso he naturally and by discipline is. The virtuoso of suspense; or, by a further refinement, of anxiety. For his special distinction is that he knows perfectly how to worry us and keep us worried. If there were time to do so we might reflect that it did not matter whether the young man ever reached Mr. Memory ("The Thirty-Nine Steps"), or whether the bomb ever got to the point where it would do the most public mischief ("The Woman Alone"). But Mr. Hitchcock sees to it that we do not reflect; he makes us as restless as the hero is, and keeps our anxiety identical with his until the sudden moment when the mystery dissipates.

The new Hitchcock film now about to be released in America, "The Girl Was Young" (Gaumont British), is perhaps not as good as the best of its predecessors, but it is better than any current melodrama and it is typical of Mr. Hitchcock. The situation here is that the hero (Derrick de Marney) must find his stolen raincoat before he can prove to the English police that it could not have been his raincoat belt which strangled Christine Day. The fact that when he finds the coat its belt is missing does not for the moment matter; another pursuit begins then, and that is not the good one, Mr. Hitchcock's conclusion for once failing in a measure to come off. The pursuit of the coat is also a flight from the police, undertaken with the hazardous help of none other than the chief constable's daughter (Nova Pilbeam), a marked girl. If the two of them can keep far enough ahead of the law they *may* come into the only evidence which would stop it in its tracks. Were there time to think—but again there is no time to do anything except urge on the boy and girl with our enlisted nerves and groan at each unexpected delay. For of course there are devilish delays. At Tom's Hat, where the raincoat was stolen, a free-for-all fight threatens to hold up everything; at the house of Erica's aunt, where the couple think to invest a precious three minutes establishing an alibi, children playing blind man's bluff draw the newcomers into their game and will not let them go; at the lodging house where Old Will, the fellow last seen with the raincoat, is scheduled to spend the night the boy himself falls asleep from exhaustion and wakes up the next morning almost too late for his purpose; and so on. I speak of the children's game although I have not seen it; it has been cut out of the present version. Yet plenty of what remains is good, and the whole can be recommended to those who can take their excitement straight.

"The River" is in New York at last, at the Criterion, and should be seen by literally everybody.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Letters to the Editors

Boycott Heat and War Fever

Dear Sirs: Opinions differ as to whether a boycott will really do enough financial hurt to send the Japanese back home. What this old subscriber particularly regrets is to see his favorite weekly ignore the fact that the boycott movement is playing the game of the war-makers by encouraging national and racial hates. With apparent approval you tell how children in a settlement house returned Japanese-made Christmas gifts, thus testifying to "the children's hatred of war." Are you not idealizing? Perhaps the children hate not war but Japanese war-making, or even the Japanese. Is it the injustice to China which is actually moving our millions, or is it injury to America?

Somehow I cannot help recalling how President Wilson said in all sincerity in 1917, "We have no quarrel with the German people." Did this keep us from shooting Germans and from trying to starve noncombatants by a blockade? To wage that war, moods had to be unleashed which prevented the making of a sane peace. Will a widespread anti-Japanese movement help America to consider soberly now the President's request for increased armament?

You regret that the Panay incident was made to serve an inflammatory purpose and that the running comment on the newsreels in the theaters "was assuredly not intended to cool fevered brows." Do you think that millions of consumers can be kept at boycott heat for at least a year without creating moods which *The Nation* has usually been eager to prevent?

HENRY NEUMANN

Brooklyn, N. Y., February 3

Visas for Liberals

Dear Sirs: In the January 22 issue of *The Nation* appears a protest signed by forty-five "liberals" against your editorial policy on collective security. The list of signers reads like a veritable who's who of liberal impersonators. Among the distinguished mummers I note Mr. Bertram D. Wolfe, who in real life is educational director of the Lovestonite Party, otherwise known as the Communist League. Also Mr. Charles S. Zimmerman, whose Lovestonite affiliations are surely no secret. Also Mr. Norman Thomas and Mr. Harry W. Laidler, who according to unconfirmed rumors are said to be members of the Socialist Party. Also the Misses Mary Fox and Molly Yard, who offstage are Socialist Carrie Nations guarding the proletarian habits of their party. Also James Rorty and Edmund Wilson and Philip Rahv and James T. Farrell and Lewis Corey—would anyone guess from their smooth-shaven liberal chins that they were really bewhiskered "Old Bolsheviks" who left the Stalinist camp in disgust when it began to flirt with liberalism and reformism? Also the Misses Suzanne La Follette and Anita Brenner, who have raged in the columns of *The Nation* against the bourgeois Loyalist government for shadowboxing with Franco instead of immediately establishing communism in Spain. Also the learned Drs. Sidney Hook and Louis M. Hacker, who freely admit that they are the only accredited American interpreters of that famous liberal economist, the late Karl Marx. All in all it is the most complete collection of "liberals" ever corraled in a petition. There was only one distinguished liberal whose name I looked for in vain. It was Mr. Leon Trotsky.

Now it would be pleasant to continue in this jocose vein and assume that no one will be taken in by this ideological masquerade. Boys will be boys and "Marxists" will have their fling. But the matter cannot be dismissed facetiously. Apparently *The Nation* was taken in or it would have not featured the protest on its cover as "A Letter from Forty-five Liberals."

Sooner or later the contending factions of the left will be forced to unite into a people's front against fascism. Liberalism can play an important part in bringing this about by acting as a trusted umpire of factional friction. But if it permits any left faction to fly its flag as a decoy, it throws the whole movement into ideological confusion and delays the process of clarification which must precede unity.

I want to close with a practical proposal—for another Nyon conference to deal with piracy on the political high seas by Jolly Rogers flying liberal flags. Let the liberal publications get together and draft a system of ideological passports for all those who wish to register as liberals. The qualifications shall be as liberal as possible. Anyone shall be considered a liberal unless there is evidence to the contrary, and be furnished with a passport which will entitle him to sign petitions and protests as a liberal. But as soon as the holder of such a passport aligns himself with any Socialist or Communist faction, he shall be enjoined from signing protests or posing as a liberal in any other way.

ALTER BRODY

New York, January 28

Honor Enough for All

Dear Sirs: In a recent issue of *The Nation* I was named as one of those on the 1937 Honor Roll for work done by the Federal Writers' in connection with the American Guide Series. I understand, of course, that I was selected merely as representing the more than three thousand workers on the project, and that this honor was really intended for all of us. I am sure the editors of *The Nation* fully realize that the Guide Series is the product of a great cooperative undertaking and that no one person can take exclusive credit for its success.

Since it is impossible to list by name all the workers, I take the liberty of singling out here a few of those who have done especially distinguished work on the project.

From the Washington staff: Reed Harris, assistant director, whose organizing ability has insured the smooth functioning of the project in spite of serious administrative difficulties; George Cronyn, who for a long time has had large editorial responsibilities for copy coming in from all parts of the country; Katharine Kellock, in charge of all tour copy; Joseph Gaer, who pushed a number of our most important books through publication; Edward Barrows, now carrying the chief editorial responsibility; Roderick Seidenberg, for his intelligent handling of the architectural material; Waldo Browne, for his keen and sensitive editorial supervision; Sterling Brown, for his able handling of material concerning the American Negro and Negro folklore.

In the states: John T. Frederick (Ill.), Jeannette Eckman (Del.), Charles Finger (Ark.), James Hopper (Cal.), Ray Billington (Mass.), Dana Doten (Vt.), Charles Ernest White (N. H.), Jarvis Morse (R. I.), Edwin Bjorkman (N. C.), William T. Couch (N. C.), Bertrand M. Wainger (N. Y.), John Derby (Conn.), Lisle Reese (S. D.), Ethel Schlasinger (N. D.), Irene Fuhlbruegge (N. J.), Dr. Mabel Ulrich (Minn.), J. Harris Gable (Neb.), Eri Douglass (Miss.), Dr. U. R. Bell (Ky.), Eudora Ramsey Richardson (Va.), Alexander Crosby (N. J.), Merle Colby (Mass.), Vincent McHugh (N. Y. C.), Robert Muir (Cal.), Leon Dorais (Cal.), Grant M. Sassaman (Pa.), Edward Radenzel (Cal.), Lyle Saxon (La.), Ross Santee (Ariz.), J. Frank Davis (Texas), and Vardis Fisher (Idaho).

HENRY G. ALSBERG,
Director, Federal Writers' Project
Washington, February 2

No Excuse for France

Dear Sirs: I agree with Professor Albert Guérard (see his letter in *The Nation* of December 25) that England has the greatest responsibility for the present state of Europe. I cannot, however, agree with him that successive French governments are not to be blamed for policies disastrous alike to France and to Europe, because they adopted those policies to please the British government. Would Professor Guérard consider that an individual was right to commit suicide at the request of his next-door neighbor?

I deny the assumption that French governments have had to choose between breaking with England and submitting to the dictation of the British Foreign Office. They could perfectly well have had a policy of their own and yet have remained on good terms with England. Speaking of the capitulation of the Sarraut Cabinet when Hitler violated the Treaty of Locarno in March, 1936, an official of the British Foreign Office said about a year ago: "What fools the French were to consult us! If they had acted, we should have been obliged to follow."

I have criticized the foreign policy of both right and left governments in France, when I believed it to be mistaken. Louis Barthou was Foreign Minister in a government whose policy in home affairs I detested, but I supported his foreign policy because it seemed to me to be a wise one. When the Popular Front government came into power in June, 1936, I was one of those who hoped that Léon Blum would retrieve the blunders of previous governments, notably those of Laval, and restore the situation in Europe. His failure has been a profound sorrow to me, but I cannot allow my friendship for him to blind me to the fact that he has failed.

Professor Guérard is mistaken in thinking that the blunders of Daladier and Chautemps in 1933 "were committed with open eyes and a heavy heart." On the contrary, Daladier believed that he was going to reconcile France and Germany and secure perpetual peace. The Four-Power Pact became inoperative, not because of French reservations, but because France never ratified it.

ROBERT DELL
Geneva, Switzerland, January 20

O. K. but —

Dear Sirs: As a member of the Department of Labor Employees' Conciliation Committee from the A. F. G. E. (A. F. of L.) lodge, I want to comment on the article by Spero and Puner entitled Uncle Sam, Privileged Boss, in your issue of January 8. Their description of the set-up and functioning of the committee is O. K., but—

First, there is nothing compulsory about referring cases to the committee. Second, the secretary might reject a nominee from one of our three unions, but never has. Third, it is equally possible that the committee might decide a case against an employee, but even that hasn't happened yet.

Obviously if the U. F. W. A. (C. I. O.) dislikes for sentimental reasons to have grievances of its members considered by a committee of eleven containing four members from other unions, it has so many other avenues of negotiation open to it that its attempts to sabotage the entire Conciliation Committee were unreasonable.

T. J. MEAD
Washington, January 24

Cooperative Book Club

Dear Sirs: Christopher Lazare, in his discussion of "two events of major interest in the publishing world" in your January 22 issue, overlooked one recent occurrence of great significance—the formation of a national cooperative of book buyers. This organization, the Cooperative Book Club, Inc., recently opened offices at 118 East Twenty-eighth Street, New York City.

Organized on true Rochdale principles, the C. B. C. is supplying members with current books of all publishers at list price, postpaid. Savings-returns will be paid to each member in proportion to his purchases. By this device members will be freed to a considerable extent from the increasing "stabilization" of book prices at budget-draining levels. Reviews and lists of recommended books appear monthly in C. B. C.'s *Reader's Observer,* which members receive free of charge. When the membership enrolment warrants it, the club's program will be greatly widened. A committee will select one book each month to be made available to members at a special price, and the club will sponsor discussion groups, forums, and lectures.

ALBERT HORLINGS
New York, February 2

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The Shape of Things

*

SOMETHING CALLED THE "THIRD BASKET" has found its way into the vocabularies if not the hearts of business men and tax lawyers. It is a new tax device, intended for snaring some of the bigger fry in the tax-avoidance game. For the last month or so it has been the object of a strenuous tug of war between the liberal and conservative groups on the Ways and Means Committee of the House, which has been preparing a revised tax measure. The "third basket" is a contrivance of Chairman Fred Vinson, who has been doing yeoman's work in defending the Administration's tax structure against one of the most high-powered drives in our legislative annals. Aimed at closely held, or "family," corporations—what the Treasury officials are in the habit of calling "rich men's pocket-books"—the "third basket" would levy a penalty tax up to 4 per cent on corporations which fail to distribute as much as 60 per cent of their profits in dividends. It would prevent some of our more substantial citizens from escaping a heavy surtax in their personal income returns by allowing their income to accumulate as reserves in these corporations. The irony of the whole business is that Mr. Vinson, who will probably succeed in salvaging the essential idea of the "third basket," was spurred to this ingenuity by the attack on the undistributed-profits tax. It will be remembered that this attack had behind it the battalions of big business, but was all carried on in the name of the small corporations. Well, the new tax bill provides for exemptions to ease the burden on the small fellows; and to make up the revenue the emphasis is shifted to the big fellows. Which proves what dire consequences may follow when rhetoric is taken seriously.

*

THE OUTLINES OF THE GERMAN PICTURE ARE still blurred, but they are gradually coming into focus. There can be no doubt that the Nazi regime as a whole has been considerably weakened by the army purge, or that Hitler's own power has survived the immediate crisis and has even been increased by it. Between these two observations, however, there is a middle ground that shades off from analysis to mere conjecture. It is fairly clear that the crisis was by no means restricted to the army but was a national crisis, extending into the foreign office and embassies, the Cabinet, and the structure of economic control. But the center of this radiating unrest was the army, and one may hazard a conjecture that the margin that separated a potentially successful army coup from an army purge was a slender one, and that on it hung the fate of the Nazi regime. Whether the removal of the generals at the top has really been sufficient to stabilize the army for the future, moreover, may be doubted. The replacing of conservative junkers by other junkers more sympathetic to the regime but by no means thoroughgoing Nazis looks like a palliative or a compromise rather than a clear victory for the party. Crucial in the situation is the question of the continued loyalty of the Reichswehr rank and file, and that cannot yet be answered. One thing can be said with definiteness. A totalitarian regime is not healthy, even in its own terms, if it continues to seek solutions for unrest by piling up more and more responsibility in the hands of a single man. The very fact that the regime is totalitarian imposes strains upon it that can only be met by the broadening of the bureaucratic base and by a growing process of converting the power of a man into the power of an institution. Hitler's regime seems to be moving in the opposite direction. And the fact that the Führer is preparing for new and dramatic decisions, or at least pronouncements, concerning foreign powers is an indication of his unstable hold on his followers and of the price he may have had to offer for his continuance in power.

✶

AFTER FIGHTING JAPAN TO A STANDSTILL for more than a month in the Lunghai railway zone, the main Chinese armies have been placed in a precarious position by the collapse of Wan Fu-lin's former Manchurian troops in northern Honan. Japanese soldiers advancing south along the Peiping-Hankow railway are reported to be within forty miles of Chengchow, the junction point of the two railways. Capture of this city would be a disaster of the first magnitude for China, since it would completely cut off the 400,000 crack troops which have been defending Hsuchow a hundred miles or so to the East. While China will probably have to surrender the Lunghai zone ultimately, it is highly important that it exact the maximum price for every square *li* evacuated. For time is working on the side of China. Both in the north and in the Yangtze valley guerrilla bands and small mobile armies are operating effectively against the invader. China is steadily receiving new supplies of munitions through Hongkong, while Japan is encountering increasing difficulties in obtaining raw materials. Much may depend, therefore, on Chiang's ability to hold Chengchow for a few more weeks, and upon his good judgment in ultimately withdrawing before it is too late.

✶

THE NEW FARM ACT PASSED BY CONGRESS contains 62,000 words; almost the size of a popular novel, it is a good deal less readable and more contradictory. Like its predecessors, this act satisfied no one, yet it stirred little effective revolt. It may be said to have made its way through Congress largely by default. What it amounts to, in effect, is an omnibus measure containing crop insurance, soil conservation, benefit payments, price-fixing loans. The crux of the bill lies in the crop-reduction provisions, which are linked with the ever-normal granary device: when the supply of cotton, corn, wheat, tobacco, or rice outstrips a "normal" amount, severe marketing quotas are allotted—unless one-third of the farmers object—and penalties are applied to their enforcement. The act has raised cries of regimentation, and there can be no doubt that it carries the principle of government control over production farther than it has ever been carried in America, and through a set of intricate and perplexing devices. The old Supreme Court would surely have held it unconstitutional; the new Supreme Court, if it validates it, will thereby show that it is really new. Yet those who raise the cry of regimentation and unconstitutionality are in a weak position, for the only alternative they offer is the Hoover anarchy, which can mean only the collapse of farm incomes. Admittedly the total effect of the present act is that the farmers, in return for some sort of income, paltry enough for most, subject themselves to a complicated network of regulation, the consumers pay higher prices, and the nation gets a decreased food supply. As economics this is childish; as politics it is transparent; yet given our present economy, little more could have been expected. We should love to know what Americans, looking back at this crazy-quilt a quarter of a century from now, will think of it.

✶

THE NATION HAS AT TIMES IN THE PAST leaned favorably toward the spirit of an equal-rights-for-women amendment. But the character and timing of the present agitation for the amendment puts it in a dubious light. The tendency of exploiting groups to dignify their acts with the language of "human rights" is a familiar one, and it is becoming ominously plain that the projected amendment fits into this pattern. Years of effort have finally established important legal safeguards for women workers in many states. Growing out of biological differences which are palpable enough for the Supreme Court to discern, this protection should not be readily relinquished. As progressive women leaders have emphasized, the amendment will jeopardize existing laws and confuse attempts for further legislation. It is worth recalling that the National Woman's Party, one of the most ardent supporters of the amendment, was quick to urge the Supreme Court to declare New York's minimum-wage law for women unconstitutional—presumably because it interfered with women's "right" to equal exploitation. There is little doubt that industry will gallantly seize the opportunity offered by this amendment. In the setting of the present drive against improved working conditions, nostalgia for sweatshop oppression will be heightened. Women long ago learned to beware of gifts from benign employers, even when the package was labeled "equal rights." They should apply the same caution to gifts from legislatures.

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A DEEP WRONG CAN NEVER BE RIGHTED when it has first been allowed to destroy a man's craft and blast his life. That is what happened to Professor William A. Schaper of Wisconsin, who on America's entrance into war in 1917 was summarily dismissed as "pro-German" by the regents of the University of Minnesota. He was denied all but the barest mockery of a hearing—a fact all the more startling when it is recalled that the dominant figure among the regents and the prime mover against Schaper was Pierce Butler, now Justice Butler of the United States Supreme Court. The regents voted several weeks ago to rescind the dismissal as unwarranted, to pay Dr. Schaper $5,000, and to make him professor emeritus. For him it can be only a welcome gesture; for them it is an act of conscience. But it is also more than that. The comments that we have read on the regents' action have missed an element that bulks large in its meaning. For the regents went beyond Schaper's case to place on record an admirable statement in the form of a six-point credo of academic freedom. This recognizes that the former members of the board acted in a time of great strain and hysteria, but it goes on to affirm, "in these calmer days and against another day of storm and stress," that it is in times of crisis that a strict adherence to academic freedom is most necessary. The guaranties contained in the credo might well form the basis of an academic Bill of Rights. Other college boards of trustees should not have to wait for a Schaper case of their own before following the example of Minnesota.

* * *

HAVE YOU A FIRST-RATE PICCOLO PLAYER in your university? According to the thirty-second annual report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, the familiar technique of bringing glory to the campus by persuading brawny athletes of very little brain to submit to a college education, with guaranties of a living wage and protection from the ancient grammars in the Latin Department, has been extended to tuba players, drum majors, and pretty girls. "Fraternities and sororities vie in recruiting students who can pay their bills [and the college bills?] and bring glory (in press notices) to a chapter." Joel Sayre celebrated in "Rackety-Rax" the practice of buying football teams for the greater glory of Alma Mater and the gate receipts. Now he can write a sequel about swing orchestras and pretty girls who know their Greek-letter fraternities. We have already composed the scene in which the college scout goes recruiting in Hollywood, with blue sound effects and an all—well, perhaps not all—star cast. The Carnegie Foundation is shocked and says such recruiting of the fair is unfair. But the foundation is behind the times. It thinks the function of a college is education, when everybody old enough to lift a saxophone or learn the words of a popular song knows it's a place where you dance the big apple and fool your profs by not learning anything. The foundation needs to get in step. A trombone test would do wonders in popularizing the college-board examinations. And may the best band win!

European Jig-Saw

KING CAROL'S revamped dictatorship in Rumania and the reported Austro-German pact have tipped the delicate balance of power in Europe to such an extent that only time can reveal how it will right itself. Although the new Rumanian government is likely to be as reactionary as that of Goga's in its domestic policies, it is expected to be somewhat more hesitant in tying Rumania irrevocably to the Rome-Berlin axis. This will be small comfort to the hundreds of thousands of terrorized Jews who still face the prospect of being driven from the country, but it may mean the difference between war and peace within the next twelve months. Rumania, though far from a great power, occupies a peculiarly strategic position. It furnishes a natural corridor between the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia. Its oil and wheat would be indispensable to Germany and Italy in a war against the democracies. Moreover, the disruption of the Little Entente would greatly add to the prestige of the fascist powers.

It is difficult to believe that the accession of Patriarch Miron Cristea will long check Rumania's drift away from the Little Entente toward the Rome-Berlin axis. As Premier, Tatarescu was clearly moving in that direction. The Hohenzollern Carol is notoriously pro-German, and is likely now to have far more influence on foreign policy than in the past. Nevertheless, it is evident that there will be no sharp break with France or the Little Entente such as Goga contemplated. And the failure of the Goga brand of fascism is bound to be felt wherever would-be Führers are making a bid for power. The atmosphere of pessimism reflected in German press comments on the Rumanian developments would indicate that the effects of the change may be far more important abroad than within Carol's kingdom.

Had it not been for Rumania the reported agreement between Hitler and Schuschnigg might have been a major coup for the Führer. But coming several days after the setback in Bucharest, it has undoubtedly lost part of its significance. If a permanent settlement of outstanding differences between the two countries has been reached—which is by no means certain—it should definitely strengthen Hitler's ties with Mussolini. It may also bring nearer the realization of Hitler's dream of a four-power European agreement directed against the Soviet Union. But this depends chiefly on the outcome of the struggle now going on within the British Cabinet. While it is reported that the Chamberlain-led Tories, who desire a settlement with Germany, have the upper hand over the Eden faction, it is not at all clear that Britain is prepared to reenact the Halifax fiasco. On the contrary, there is a possibility that the Nazi purge and the pact with Austria may so strengthen the bonds between Hitler and Mussolini that any general European settlement will be out of the question.

Somewhere in this European puzzle must be fitted Josef Stalin's letter to *Pravda* calling for the cooperation of the working classes of the world in the inevitable war that is to come. If the four-power pact were already in existence, such a statement might be interpreted as marking a fundamental shift in Soviet foreign policy. But dark as the situation is for all anti-fascists, there is little in the events of the last few days to justify such an interpretation. Collective action against fascist aggression is still within the realm of practical politics, and the Soviets are unlikely to abandon efforts to obtain cooperation until hope for such action is definitely lost. As it is, there is nothing in Stalin's statement which is likely to embarrass Litvinov in Geneva or to strengthen the hands of the Soviets' enemies abroad. It may, however, be interpreted as a warning that the U. S. S. R. will not be content to work with the democracies indefinitely unless they show some disposition to take a stand against the growing menace of fascism. Russia may ultimately find in the world situation, as the progressive forces have found in Spain, that when it comes to a crisis reliance can be placed solely on the working classes. But only a gross oversimplification of the present complex situation would suggest that another July 19 is already at hand.

Big-Navy Stuff

THE big-navy issue is leaving frayed and jittery nerves in its wake as it plows through Congress, the press, and the country. And the tragic thing about it all is that whichever way it is settled, it will have settled nothing. If the big-navy boys triumph, our course in foreign affairs will be more dangerous than ever; if they are beaten, we shall still have the problem of a positive program for peace, to the solution of which the big-navy discussion is contributing next to nothing.

Mr. Roosevelt is asking for an $800,000,000 naval construction program to supplement the regular appropriation of some half-billion. By realistic calculation, that means an increase in our effective naval strength of virtually 40 per cent. Anyone who has watched Mr. Roosevelt's thinking knows that this proposal flows organically from his bent toward sea power, and that he has not been averse to timing it to the growing anti-Japanese feeling here, to the slaps administered to our embassy officials and our national pride, to the Japanese refusal to stay within the treaty limits of naval building. This does not mean, however, that we question Mr. Roosevelt's sincerity, nor Senator Pittman's, nor Admiral Leahy's. There has been too much piffle written and spoken about sincerity in this case. There have been too many whisperings about a Jekyll-Hyde game that the President is supposed to be playing, and too much melodrama about the sinister commitments we are presumed to have made to Great Britain. All that is slightly hysterical devil-chasing. In politics what we know about the consequences of action counts for more than what we can guess about motive. And we know that a big-navy program cannot be peaceful in its consequences. We stand to lose everything by it and to gain nothing.

The Nation is flatly and unequivocally opposed to the Administration's big-navy plan because it smacks of militarism, because it increases the arms-race tension, because it invites war, because it is an economic waste, and because—if it is aimed at stopping fascist aggressions and building a structure of peace—it is exactly the wrong way to go about it. Whatever Admiral Leahy may say and believe about needing a navy to defend the Atlantic and Pacific coasts simultaneously, the shrewd sense of Americans tells them that the point is strained. A navy beyond the strength of our present one is not necessary for defense, and we do not want one big enough for aggression.

Where we differ from most of the people who have been appearing against the navy program before the Senate committee is that they oppose it as isolationists and we oppose it because we believe in collective security. The bulk of the opposition has come from the isolationists of both schools—the old, imperialist isolationists of the Hiram Johnson kind, and the new pacifist isolationists represented by the peace societies. The trouble with the collective-security supporters has been partly that they are not so well organized and partly that the big-navy proposal seems to hold out possibilities for fortifying the position of the democracies as against the fascist powers.

But nothing can be more dangerous than this fallacy, unless it be the fallacy that American isolationism would really cut us off from the problems of foreign policy. No healthy movement for collective security can possibly be built on the basis of militarist preparations and military sanctions. What Mr. Roosevelt is driving at is not too hard to discover. He is not at heart a war-monger. The clue to his policy is that he thinks he is steering a middle course between definite military sanctions on the one hand and complete isolationism on the other. He is, morever, tangled up with a bad Neutrality Act, which he is unwilling to open up all over again. He is accustomed to pragmatic waiting, and as events move along he wants to be in a position to adopt either a big-stick policy or complete withdrawal. For either course, he may well argue, an increased navy is a necessity. This is then, for him, the "middle way" in foreign policy. Yet actually it is the old system of armaments dressed up in new clothes. For there is no middle course here that does not become the old course. One may start out to follow a policy of the golden mean, but one ends up following the sea-power theory of Admiral Mahan and the sacred-war theory of Woodrow Wilson.

In foreign policy today we are faced with the necessity for adopting one or the other of two radical solutions—radical in the sense that they depart drastically from past practice. If a policy of complete isolationism were possible—which it is not; if America could really cut itself off from the world—which it cannot—then we should prefer that to the President's policy of indecision plus a big navy. But isolationism is not a policy; it is a reaction against the intolerable humiliation of having been taken in by the rhetoric of the World War. The other radical solution—difficult but possible—is to turn from the old diplomacy, the old armament races, the old war system, to a genuine policy of collective economic action. It is not, despite Professor Charles A. Beard's eloquent statement before the Senate committee, Europe itself with its centuries-old blood rust that we must turn away from. It is the war system and the armament system; and unless we can transform them in Europe they will entangle us here. To do this requires new energies, a willingness to use new methods. It requires a will to enter with the rest of the world into collective economic action to restrain the aggressors, and a determination to pursue that action only so long as it remains economic. America can show its bigness not by the size and number of its battleships, but by the boldness and scope of its efforts toward building a new system of collective security.

Instead of the big-navy stuff, we propose a threefold program: economic action with the other democracies in extending assistance to China and limiting Japan to its own economic resources; a conference for limiting armaments and stopping the arms race; and a renewed fight on the depression centering around the construction of public works instead of battleships.

Plowing a New Field

WITHIN the past three years two new springs of talent have sent up geysers among the artificial fountains of Broadway. The Federal Theater opened in New York in October, 1935. Since then it has chalked up an amazing record of innovation and success: the Harlem "Macbeth," "Murder in the Cathedral," "Dr. Faustus," "Power," "The Cradle Will Rock" (prepared but not produced under federal auspices). It has invented one important new form, the Living Newspaper. Today the current edition, "One Third of a Nation," is one of the most dramatic and interesting shows in town. And the Mercury Theater, of current sensation, is the first lineal descendant of the Federal Theater. The second spring has produced the hit revue "Pins and Needles," sponsored by the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. Its freshness, humor, and distinctive flavor are authentic expressions of working-class experience and pride which have not heretofore figured in Broadway productions.

The two springs seem to be separate, but the social geologist need not search very far to discover that they come from one source. In the past few years, to put it briefly, a great new reservoir of creative energy in this country has been tapped, with the WPA projects and the Committee for Industrial Organization as the principal agents. The achievements of the WPA have been duly if not adequately celebrated by such journals as *The Nation*. The cultural significance of the C. I. O. and the problems it raises have not been sufficiently noted.

The activities of the C. I. O. have released the energies of millions who have for the first time taken part in a movement that touched their deepest interest. We have seen its results in the soaring figures of trade-union membership and in the wave of strikes. Politically, too, the effects have been clear. But Pennsylvania going Democratic was less significant as a factor in the reelection of President Roosevelt than as a sign of a spiritual revolution in the lives of thousands of steel workers. There are endless stories, some of them already grown into tall tales, to show that joy has come with the C. I. O. in the industrial towns.

The giant having been roused, the problem of guiding his energies and educating his desires is pressing. Among the newer unions the United Automobile Workers has shown much enterprise in educational work. It systematically sets funds aside for it, though the amount thus available is necessarily small, and thousands of its members attend classes or lectures. The union has also used WPA teachers, which suggests a cooperation between government relief programs and workers' education that should be widely extended. Certainly all the art projects would do well to give attention to the human and other materials gathered under the banner of the C. I. O. The union at this stage must necessarily confine itself to the elementals of trade unionism.

The word education has a dull sound, but workers' education is not dull in practice. In the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, for instance, the prosaic rules of parliamentary procedure have actually opened the door to democracy in union meetings for many an inarticulate. The steel workers were organized by the miners, and the U. M. W. was never noted either for its educational work or for its democracy. In spite of enlightened leadership at the top and a vigorous rank and file, the lodges are more or less dominated by a conservative subleadership. The main impetus toward education here must come from such outside agencies as the Workers' Schools of western Pennsylvania. Sponsored by a group which includes in an unofficial capacity high officials of the C. I. O. and of individual unions, as well as local progressive leaders, this organization has no central plant but sends lecturers and teachers into the industrial towns. In cooperation with local union committees it arranges for forums and classes. Actual problems are discussed in what often amounts to a rehearsal for the next union meeting. An attempt in one lodge to handpick delegates for the steel convention was stopped by a rank-and-filer who had just found out that a motion could be tabled. "What they like best in practicing parliamentary procedure," an observer reports, "is appealing from the chair."

It will be a long time before the newer unions get around to the more strictly cultural phases of education. But a token of the rewards to be expected are available in the achievements of the federal art projects. "Pins and Needles" is not a happy accident but an end-product of a program of education which has been built up over a long period and which functions wherever the union has a local. The I. L. G. W. U. is well established and relatively prosperous. In the newer unions the present recession makes it hard to maintain, much less expand, even simple programs. Yet they must somehow be maintained. Gifts of money to specific enterprises are essential. Books are in great demand. The WPA should be pressed into service. The new field must be plowed. And the public has a responsibility.

War Is in the Air

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, February 14

AMERICANS who want peace and don't want higher taxes had better rouse themselves to the shape which events are taking in Washington. During the last three weeks the martial spirit, needled by the navy's brass hats and nourished on notes to Japan, has grown with a speed almost incredible to those who recall the indifferent response to Roosevelt's "quarantine" speech and the calmness with which the country received the news and newsreels of the Panay sinking. Yet here it is, larger than life and four times as expensive. Like a man starting up in a bad dream, the Administration tears off its nightshirt and begins defending the country against invisible foes on both sides of the bed and across the footboard. The whole business has a nightmarish quality, but taxpayers will soon learn there is nothing unreal or comic about the expenditure of $800,000,000 for naval expansion. If and when they are reconciled to that prospect, let them reflect on the possibilities of the Vinson amendment, under which it would be our declared policy to maintain a navy sufficient to insure victory "in both oceans at the same time." If this is not sheer lunacy—or if it is—it could mean a Pacific fleet large enough to lick Japan's and an Atlantic fleet stronger than the combined naval forces of Germany, Italy, and whatever fascist allies they might hereafter acquire in South America. In short, if turned into reality, it would mean the largest navy in world history.

A significant and revealing feature of that part of the expansion program already authorized, as well as that merely proposed, is the increase in the number of battleships. It is significant and revealing for two reasons: battleships run into money—about $70,000,000 a throw at prevailing costs, which rise almost automatically once such a program is authorized; and battleships primarily are weapons of offense. Writing as one who has always rejected pacifism and now sees its folly convincingly demonstrated in the plight of China, I cannot believe that battleships contain the answer to the problem of defending this country. If the United States were a far-flung empire, the problem would be different. The defense of a self-contained nation involves the comprehensive employment of submarines, aircraft, mine-laying equipment, and powerful coast batteries. The powerlessness of a battle fleet to penetrate such defenses was amply demonstrated against the British navy by Germany and Turkey in the World War. Indeed, one authority has said that if a Pacific enemy ever became strong enough to attack our coast, the safest course to pursue with our battleships would be to hide them up the Columbia River. Right now official Washington is pervaded with startling rumors about a suppressed War Department report dealing with the results of the army bombing tests conducted against the Pacific fleet last August. Members of Congress who have asked for this report have been told the War Department wouldn't dare assume responsibility for causing it to become public. One of the rumors is that, under conditions of very low visibility, one battleship received nine direct hits from planes which the navy gunners never once sighted. One direct hit may be sufficient to cripple a battleship.

The truth is that neither our naval policy nor what appears momentarily to be our foreign policy makes sense except on the assumption that we have some kind of an understanding with Great Britain. With all due respect to Cordell Hull, it remains a fact that diplomatic denials are not worth a dime a dozen in any language. I haven't the slightest doubt that Arthur Krock of the New York *Times* was "expertly informed" of such an understanding, and the mass of circumstantial evidence pointing to its existence is conclusive. Why was it "vital to the interests and defense of the country" that Admiral Leahy refused to disclose the nature of the London conference between Captain Royal Ingersoll, chief of the War Plans Division, and the British Admiralty? Why, for similar reasons, did Anthony Eden decline to tell the House of Commons about the concert of action by the United States and Britain in the Orient? When the implication of those unanswered questions is considered in conjunction with the President's proposal that democratic countries impose a quarantine on aggressor nations, no mere diplomatic denial will erase the impression.

That is not all. More impressive still is the evidence supplied by the very nature of our naval program. Members of Congress who asked the Navy Department for information which justified the building of new battleships were furnished with a set of documents which included the Inskip report, *made by a subcommittee of the British Imperial Defense Committee in 1936*, dealing with the vulnerability of capital ships to air attack. The report freely admits that tests have shown battleships can be crippled and even sunk by air bombs. However, it emphasizes the necessity of battleships for protecting communications and trade routes *to preserve the empire.* One big-navy member of the House Committee on Naval Affairs was detected reinforcing his argument with a passage lifted verbatim from the Inskip report, except that he substituted "the country" for "the empire"!

Britain has a coast-defense problem. What is she doing about it? Building aircraft at a rate unprecedented in history and probably unequaled by any other country at this time. She also has a problem of empire defense, and to meet it she is building battleships and cruisers. This program apparently will enable her to cope with any chal-

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lenge which Germany and Italy may offer in European waters but not at the same time protect her interests in the Orient. That is where our new battleships would become useful under the terms of an "understanding" whereby Britain enforced "peace" in the Atlantic while we did our part in the Pacific. How snugly that would fit! And how snugly our new battleships would fit into the new British base at Singapore, formally opened today in the presence of three United States cruisers! Pieced together in that manner the picture puts a strange aspect on the navy's plan to "defend our coastline," but it does make sense.

The general tendency in Washington is to assume that the understanding exists simply as the result of conversations among British and American naval authorities, but the better-informed and more alert members of Congress do not share that opinion. For all Cordell Hull's high purposes and outward suavity they know him at heart to be a tough old Tennessee mountain feudist. He never forgets the breaker of a promise, whether it be man or nation. He has the capacity of a volcano both to smolder and to erupt. He is now talking privately and bitterly about "international bandits" who are menacing the peace of the world. The vigilante spirit possesses him.

I am not sure that it will not eventually be necessary for the democracies of the world to unite against fascism. That is a question to be faced and answered. It cannot be properly answered by shamming a foreign policy of isolation behind a naval policy of "coastline defense," while actually pursuing the logic of an understanding with Great Britain behind a naval policy designed for application in distant waters. First of all the Administration should determine its foreign policy, then formulate a naval policy to make it effective, and, finally, take the country into its confidence about both. There is a present danger that the navy will formulate its own policy, which subsequently will determine our foreign policy, and that the country will remain confused about both until it is too late to do anything. To reduce the matter simply and dogmatically, it would appear that if we expect to fight in the Pacific, our navy should be twice as large as that contemplated by the expansion program; if we don't expect to fight in the Pacific, we already have more battleships than we need.

To those who would like an idea of what we are heading for, I commend for study the May bill, now apparently about to be reported by the House Military Affairs Committee. It contains complete plans for a Presidential dictatorship automatically to go into effect upon a declaration of war. Space prevents giving the details, but Representative Maury Maverick described it accurately as "a complete fascist blueprint."

New Ferment in India

BY JOHN GUNTHER

Bombay, January 10

IT REALLY is a continent. I feel like a mouse nibbling at an elephant. I have seen people from the Aga Khan to Mr. Gandhi and Mr. Nehru, from Parsee millionaires to young Congress Socialists and Communists. Their different stories both interlock and conflict. One may explore any number of drifts, tensions, situations. There are, one might say, at least four different major confrontations of power. British versus Indian. Native princes versus British India. Congress versus government. Hindu versus Moslem. They all intermingle, with perplexing contradictions and cross drifts.

The Working Committee of the Indian National Congress has just met. It meets often and will meet again before the annual plenary session of the congress at Haripura next month. The meeting just concluded was not so important for its agenda or decisions as for another drift in Indian affairs it shows. It would be absurd to state that the congress has suffered a real cleavage, or is formally truncated between left and right. There is no split yet. But we are seeing, after many years of development, the jelling of two distinct congress groups.

First to define terms. The Indian National Congress is more than a party; it thinks of itself as the organized expression of the aims and the will of the Indian people. It includes Moslems as well as Hindus, though in small proportion; vastly rich industrialists as well as the laborers they hire; agitators in the princely states as well as prime ministers in the seven new congress governments. Anyone may join the congress who pays the annual subscription of four annas (about nine cents) a year—even this minuscule sum is too much for many Indian peasants—and who signs the congress pledge to work for the independence of India by legitimate and peaceful means. The congress has perhaps three million members; it has been since 1919 (its origins go much farther back but that is another story) both the reservoir and the attacking stream of Indian man-power against Britain. It is a sort of people's front—though for years the Communists stood outside it—against imperialism.

The congress structure is complex. First come "primary members" in the towns and villages, who choose delegates to the provincial congress committees. A constituency is 250 primary members. The provincial committees choose the All-India Congress Committee, a sort of parliament. The president of the congress, elected annually—for two years the president has been Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru—is responsible to it. The president selects fourteen men to be, roughly speaking, his Cabinet, though force of tradition requires him to choose men of varying sorts on an all-congress basis rather than those who reflect his personal views. The president and his fourteen associates, the top of the congress structure, are called the Working Committee.

Having done my best to understand this (I am skipping many details now), I was puzzled during my first days in Bombay to hear incessant references by congressmen to the "high command." I assumed at first that the high command was the Working Committee. But it is not. The high command is Mr. Gandhi. But Mr. Gandhi, for purposes of his own, is not a member of the Working Committee; he is not even a member of the congress. Yet he dominates the congress absolutely. When I arrived in India I thought, like many visitors innocent of its complexities, that Mr. Gandhi was a back number. I thought he had been superseded by the younger men. Nothing could have been more wrong. Mr. Gandhi is sixty-eight and not in the best of health; his doctors permit him only a limited amount of political discussion; he lives inaccessibly in a remote village in the Central Provinces; but he is still very nearly the heart, soul, brain, and fingers of the congress. Practically nothing can be done by the congress without his advice and consent. They call it "Gandhi-raj."

Why? Because to the people of India Mr. Gandhi is Jesus Christ. Rather, he is a sort of unbelievable combination of Jesus Christ and Tammany Hall; a revered leader, a leader who is literally worshiped, who adds an exquisite sense of the temporal to his spiritual qualities, who is a sublime political tactician as well as savior.

The Working Committee of the congress is a fascinating study in human and political nature. Devoted, disinterested, the members remind one of the old Politburo in the U. S. S. R. They represent different spheres of action, but they are united by congress ideals. The membership is fantastically variegated; when I saw most of the members in Juhu, waiting in Mr. Gandhi's anteroom for a word with the master, I thought I had never met such different types of men bound by common faith. Mr. Bhulabhai Desai, the wealthy and cultivated leader of the bar in Bombay; a tough party boss like Vallabhbhai Patel, who except for his congress uniform of white homespun might have stepped out of the Fifth Ward in Chicago; the Moslem theologian Abdul Kalam Azad, who was born in Mecca; the poetess Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, one of the few Indian politicians I met who likes to laugh; Khan Abdul Ghaffer Khan, the tall soldier from the Northwest Frontier; a peasant from Bihar with shaggy beard—these are leading members of this oddly assorted but homogeneous committee.

The president, Jawaharlal Nehru, is perhaps the finest man in public life I have ever met. As everyone knows, he is a Kashmiri Brahman (in American, say a Boston Lodge or Cabot), the son of the greatest lawyer in India, who went to Harrow and Cambridge and became while still in his twenties the leader of the congress youth. He has been in jail seven times. He has given everything he has to the *Swaraj* (independence) cause. Sensitive, fastidious, a bit ingrown, an intellectual, he is yet a man of action and a great popular leader.

Now it is said frequently that Mr. Gandhi and Mr. Nehru represent opposite poles in congress politics. This is far from being correct. The two are deeply devoted to each other. Nehru needs the "high command" because Gandhi alone carries the mass of the Indian people. Gandhi needs Nehru, not only for his faith and his abilities but because his influence is so powerful, especially with the youth.

Gandhi, people say, represents the "right," Nehru the "left." Again this is not quite correct. There are potent forces in the congress to the "right" of Gandhi, especially some millionaire mill-owners; similarly Nehru is outflanked by leftists much farther left than he. Commonly called a socialist, Nehru is not a member of the All-India Congress Socialist Party, which is a sort of autonomous left-wing body within the congress. Gandhi is, one might say, "right center," Nehru "left center."

The left began to emerge as a distinct political force within the congress when civil disobedience was called off in 1934. The revolt against Britain then fizzled out; the congress had to become legal again. It turned "respectable," and many prominent politicians of the right became members. At the same time, largely under Nehru's influence, a vast irrigation of socialist thought watered India. Hitherto the congress had been, in the large, dominated by only one tenet—nationalism. Thereafter a great many congressmen became socialists as well as nationalists; the Socialist Party, within the congress, was formed. This was a natural enough evolution, because imperialism is what the congress hated, and British imperialism is capitalistic. But it gave the British opportunity to attack the congress on class as well as national lines. I have not yet met an Englishman in India who talked of Gandhi without respect. But almost all the English dislike Nehru and fear him on class grounds.

So much for background. In 1937 a tremendous event occurred. It is the cause of all the fermentation now. It is the core of the story, and out of it no one quite knows what will grow. The tremendous event was that, after the passage of the new Government of India Act, elections were held in the eleven provinces of British India, and that Congress won in seven of them and took office. Thus "provincial autonomy," as promised in the new act, came into being. Thus the congress, the congress which had fought Britain, came into the British structure!

Mr. Nehru and his wing of the congress violently opposed taking office. His followers thought that autonomy, as defined in the act, did not go far enough; they thought that acceptance of office, working under British governors, was a fatal compromise. But after almost four months of delay and haggling Mr. Gandhi evolved a formula which seemed to permit the congress to take office without loss of face. A kind of gentleman's agreement appeared to bind—perhaps not quite bind—the Viceroy and the governors not to use their veto powers except in circumstances of great public crisis. The right wingers in the congress were satisfied. Seven congress prime ministers, with seven congress cabinets, began the task of governing their part of India.

Perhaps a further word of explanation is necessary. British policy since the war has been, in a sentence, to give India something, but not too much, with dominion status as the distant end in view. Congress policy has been to get what it could, with complete independence—though for years Congress did not go so far—in view. Almost twenty years of negotiation and painful strife produced the compromise constitution of the new Government of India Act. The congress at first opposed the act. Later it accepted part of it. Provincial autonomy, the first part of the act to go into effect, did beyond doubt greatly increase the powers of the provinces. One can see how the congress was tempted. It ended dyarchy; it abolished the "reserved" subjects which the old provincial assemblies were not allowed to touch; it did indeed keep foreign affairs and defense in the hands of Delhi, but the provinces were given full powers over such items as local finance, police, prisons, education, health, public works, agriculture and forests, land revenue, above all law and order. Moreover, whereas ministers under the old system were little but mouthpieces of the British governor, the new ministers, elected by the Indian people, have complete administrative charge of their own departments.

Congress governments were finally formed in Bombay, Madras, the United Provinces, the Central Provinces, Bihar, and Orissa in July, 1937, and in the Northwest Frontier a little later. Now a curious point. The "high command" and the Working Committee under Mr. Nehru decided not to take office themselves in any province. Logically one might have assumed that the Working Committee leaders, if they stood for election and were returned, would be the new prime ministers. But they decided not to enter office themselves. Instead, they deputed a second line of leaders to take on the new administrative posts. The Working Committee, rather like the Politburo in the Soviet Union, decided to keep out of actual administrative work, and to guide the seven governments from behind the scenes. So second-line congressmen (I know that one or two of them may dislike this appellation, but I do not mean it personally) became the prime ministers and finance ministers and all the rest, and the Working Committee was transformed into a sort of composite *Eminence Grise*.

This may prove to be a misfortune. For already, in the seven months of provincial autonomy, fairly grave dissidences have arisen between the Working Committee and the congress governments. The Working Committee holds the whip hand, of course. It can break any provincial government. Their men are its men. But it cannot afford to attack its own ministers openly. Thus, when there is divergence of opinion, negotiations have to be very delicate.

Two dangers, from the left point of view, face the new governments. First, as in the case of the Wafd in Egypt, they may find that the sweets of power are sweet. They may be tempted by the comforts and advantages of their position to modify the pure fervor of their congress nationalism. Second, they may find that running a government is a great deal more difficult than criticizing it; this too may seduce them into "moderation," which word congress radicals are apt to interpret as subservience to Britain.

Provincial autonomy was an enormously shrewd gesture by the British, though many Englishmen think—and fear—that it gave the congress "too much." But in essence it was a masterly business, because it brought the congress for the first time within the fold of government, with governmental responsibilities; it gave the congress most of the prickly things to handle while holding on to veto power, defense, foreign affairs, and federal finance for the British.

What has happened? What have the provincial governments done in their baptism of office? First, let it be noted that almost all the congress ministers are right wingers. This follows the complexion of the Working Committee, which numbers roughly eleven right wingers to four left wingers. So the ministers began their legislative programs cautiously. In several provinces they declined to have social relations with the governors, though official relations might be quite correct; in Bombay the prime minister introduced a bill banning the British titles and honorifics which flood India every New Year's Day. But they did not attack the fundamentals of British power anywhere; they moved gingerly to avoid conflict with the governors; their program of social reform—housing, education, reduction of agricultural debt, and so on—got under way very slowly. They cut their own salaries to 500 rupees a month—while their British secretaries might be getting five times that sum—and promised as a first effort at economy to slash salaries in the provincial civil service.

Second, in five of the seven provinces at least they began to introduce prohibition legislation. It is difficult for an American who saw our prohibition débâcle to sympathize with this. But prohibition is a foremost point in the congress program. It can be introduced only at great cost. Revenue from "toddy" and other alcoholic drink amounts, by and large, to almost one-quarter of the provincial revenue. Moreover, the cost of enforcement will be very considerable. Altogether prohibition will mean that Bombay, for instance, may lose one-third of its total revenue, which must be met by other means. The congress ministers, if they take toddy from the peasant, must cut salaries of school teachers from, say, thirty-five rupees a month to twenty-five.

Third, most of the congress governments, especially Bombay, the United Provinces, Bihar, and Madras, have been unendingly perplexed by the problem of extremism. The situation is peculiar. Here is the congress in office at last, after many years of electoral propaganda and electoral promises. But the congress, no matter how well disposed, cannot begin to fulfil these promises at once. In the United Provinces, for instance, the congress has held out the bright beacon of land reform. The restive peasantry in the United Provinces is demanding action, like liquidation of the agricultural debt, which the congress cannot now perform. Any drastic solution of the land problem like collectivization would instantly lead to conflict with the governor. In Bihar the *kisans* (peasants), awaiting the promised reforms, refused to pay rent to the landlords, who thereupon refused to pay taxes to the government. Refusal of tax payment to a British government was one thing. The congress sympathized with it and indeed advocated it for years. But refusal of tax payments to a congress government is quite another thing, because it means that the congress loses revenue.

Again, the congress governments, particularly that in Bombay, are worried about political agitation by extremists. Take the case of the new congress minister for law and order, Mr. Munshi. For years Mr. Munshi has been part of a movement which taught the people to hate and despise the police; Mr. Munshi himself, like almost all congress leaders, went to jail for civil disobedience. But now Mr. Munshi is in charge of the police, and sometimes he finds that he has to use them even against his own people. It is an unenviable situation to say the least. He is asked to repeal the repressive acts still on the statute books, but it is difficult for him to do so.

Two congress ministries at least—Madras and the United Provinces—have had actually to arrest congressmen under an act of the Indian penal code which governs sedition and its punishment and which all good congressmen, for twenty years, have learned to hate like arsenic. Yet in one case all that the offender did was make a speech against recruiting. He got six months. The case has been appealed. The leftists say that it is intolerable for the congress to prosecute a man for sedition when the congress by its basic nature is itself seditionist, that is, advocates complete severance of the tie with Britain. Another highly unpopular act which gives a magistrate summary right to quell disturbances has had to be invoked by congress ministers in connection with strikes at Sholapur and Cawnpore.

All this came to a head in the meeting of the Working Committee just concluded in Bombay. Leftists, especially Socialists, were resentful at the harsh treatment of the leaders of the Bihar peasantry, who had been threatened with expulsion from the congress. Argument was vivid. The rightists came out on top. The Working Committee's resolution expressed confidence in the various provincial governments, deplored extremism and violence—the congress is, after all, based on the principle of non-violence—compromised on the Bihar issue, and asked for patience by the people.

It would be easy to make out far too harsh a case against the congress governments. No one can blame them for holding on to office when retirement from office would mean that reactionaries would get the jobs. Administrative experience, which the governments are getting a-plenty, is something the congress has badly needed; these transition years may be a precious interlude for Congress to learn how to govern. Again, one should not criticize too warmly the incipient legislative programs. Seven months is not very long. The experience is just beginning. The governments have the promise of five years of office. And the congress still has independence as its final aim.

The next big issue is, everyone agrees, federation. The federal provisions of the Government of India Act are not yet in force. Federation means unity of the provinces with the native states under a new central legislature. Congress opposes the gigantic problem of federation vigorously. It is a moot point whether, as many think, opposition to federation will dwindle as did opposition to provincial autonomy. Mr. Gandhi has not, I believe, committed himself formally on federation. I imagine he will have the final word. Meantime the left is a bit unhappy; the right is standing pat.

Those "Regulated" British Unions

BY LEO HUBERMAN

EVER since the Supreme Court upheld the Wagner Act editorial writers and big-time columnists have been echoing the demands of the employers that trade unions be saddled with a load of responsibilities to balance their newly won privileges. The argument runs something like this: The Wagner Act is obviously one-sided. It is unfair to the employers and should be amended. Trade unions, for their own good, should be made responsible bodies, as they are in England. The English model is the one to follow. In England trade unions must be incorporated; in England long-drawn-out disputes, so costly to employers, employees, and the general public, are settled by compulsory arbitration; in England etc., etc.

This has been told us so long and so often that we have begun to believe it. It is an impressive argument. But it has one serious defect—it is simply not true. Let us take the advice of our employers; let us look at England. We will consider here only those rights and privileges which the trade unions have according to law. Whether or not the present trade-union leadership is militant and wide-awake, taking full advantage of its opportunities, is another story.

What are the facts? In England trade unions are *not* incorporated. There are no if's or but's to that flat statement. It stands just as it is. In England trade unions *may* be registered with the Registrar of Friendly Societies, a government official. But registration is not compulsory. The latest available official figures are those for 1935. At the end of that year, of some 1,042 trade unions known to be in existence, only 441 were registered. It is true that these 441 unions comprised about 80 per cent of the

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total trade-union membership, but it is also true that several of the largest unions were not registered. And the point to remember is that the unions which registered did so not because they had to but because they wanted to.

Why should they want to? The report of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies gives us a clue. "The registration of trade unions was first permitted by the Trade Union Act of 1871, which is still the principal act. The main purpose of the act was to relieve trade unions and their members from some of the disabilities which they suffered owing to their objects being in restraint of trade." Ever since the time of Henry V, in the fifteenth century, it has been a principle of English common law that practices in restraint of trade are illegal. This meant that trade unions, even after they were granted the legal right to existence by the repeal of the Combinations Acts in 1824, found it difficult to carry on, since their practices were in restraint of trade. After a series of bitter struggles workers forced a change in the law; the Trade Union Act of 1871 established that though their acts were in restraint of trade, trade unions were no longer illegal bodies.

The unions which register do so only because such registration confers several tangible advantages. For example, registered trade unions are absolved from paying income tax on their provident funds—moneys devoted to benefits to their members for sickness, death, accident, unemployment, etc.; registered unions can hold land and property in their own name; if an official of a registered union embezzles its funds, the fact of its registration has established its legal *bona fides* as a trade union and the procedure in law is swift and simple. Since the fact that it is a trade union entitled to act in restraint of trade has already been established, it only remains for the court to decide whether or not the accused official is guilty. An unregistered union, in bringing action against an embezzling official, is faced with the necessity of first proving that it is a legal body, that it has the right to hold funds.

Nevertheless, many unions feel that the obligations inherent in registration exceed the advantages. They feel, for example, that to disclose their accounts, to make public full information concerning their membership rolls and financial strength, is to give to employers too powerful a weapon. Accordingly, they prefer to remain unregistered. Since 1913 it has become possible for unregistered unions to obtain from the Registrar a certificate establishing their legal *bona fides* as trade unions, but neither certification nor actual registration can properly be compared to incorporation. In England trade unions are not incorporated.

In England there is no compulsory arbitration. The Minister of Labor may inquire into the cause of any trade dispute, he may attempt to bring about a settlement, he may, with the consent of both parties to the dispute, refer the matter for settlement to an Industrial Court or to a board of arbitration satisfactory to both parties; but the resort to conciliation or arbitration is entirely voluntary, and the decision is not legally binding upon either of the parties to the dispute. *Even when there has been an agreement beforehand to accept the decision of the arbitrator, the award is not legally enforceable.*

Similarly, there is nothing in English law to prevent a trade union from signing an agreement one day and breaking it the next. As a general rule, of course, trade unions in England, as in the United States, do not break agreements without good and sufficient cause. But there is no legal compulsion to keep an agreement.

In England it is impossible to sue a trade union, either civilly or criminally, for conspiracy or for any alleged wrong committed by or for the union. This means that a Coronado Coal case could not occur in England. It means, therefore, that trade-union activities cannot be stopped by smart lawful raids upon their funds. In England the union is not responsible for anything done in a trade dispute even if the trespassers are acting on orders from union officials. Suppose a strike is on and the leaders of the union encourage, even order, their men to break windows, smash machinery, beat up scabs. They do so and are arrested. The men who committed the acts of violence are themselves responsible. If the union leaders should be arrested and tried as party to the crime, they would be held as individuals, not as officials of the union. The union, as such, could not be held liable for damages; it could not be sued.

In England unions are free to organize strikes. This is not a privilege granted by law but an inalienable right accepted as a matter of course. It is true that the Trades Disputes Act of 1927 makes sympathetic strikes illegal for all practical purposes, and also curtails other important liberties which the trade unions had won after bitter struggle. This act, introduced after the decisive defeat of the British working class in the general strike, is perhaps the most reactionary piece of legislation instituted in England in the twentieth century. It is all the more striking, therefore, to find that neither incorporation nor compulsory arbitration is part of the act.

If it be asked why strikes are fewer and less bloody in England than in the United States, the answer is plain. There is, in England, little nonsense about the right of workers to organize. Employers do not hire detective agencies to report on the union activities of their workers. It is assumed that trade unions are here to stay. They must be dealt with. Employers in England, unlike those in America, offer little challenge to the workers' right to join unions, have ceased to prattle nineteenth-century arguments against recognition of unions or collective bargaining. Memorial Day massacres are rare in England because Tom Girdlers are rare. And Tom Girdlers are rare because some time ago a militant trade-union movement made it quite clear that they could not get away with murder.

Incidentally, the C. I. O.–A. F. of L. battle was joined in England back in 1889, when the movement to organize the unorganized unskilled workers gained tremendous headway after a notable victory in the great dock strike. Though craft unionism is still strong, the unions of unskilled workers which began at that time are today among the most powerful in England.

In England negotiations are carried on by employers or employers' organizations on the one side and trade-union officials on the other. Employers do not dish up any hooey about not dealing with "outside agitators," that is, the national or district officials of the union. Collective agreements covering wages, hours, and conditions for the country as a whole are continually being made. And increasingly these agreements include provisions giving to the workers a voice in workshop planning and in other functions which the employers have long considered exclusively their own prerogative—the employer's "right to do what he likes in his own business" is being restricted.

In England the trade-union movement is also a political movement. The Labor Party, in fact, was created by and for the trade unions back in 1900. Members of unions who wish to do so make regular contributions to the political fund of their union. In 1935, according to the report of the Registrar, the number contributing was more than two million, well over 50 per cent of all union members. The total amount of their contributions in that year was £163,000. How, according to law, may this money be spent? The trade unions have the legal right to hold political meetings, to give financial assistance to their candidates standing for election to Parliament or to any public office, and to help financially to support these persons while they are in office. Under such an arrangement can there be any doubt about whom a Labor M. P. really represents? The class lines are sharply drawn, and the trade-union movement has its own political party to safeguard its interests.

American workers may well follow their employers' advice—take a good look at England.

God Gets an Idea

BY GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

THE Lord got up one morning, brushed His teeth, and took a look at the world below.

"Things aren't very good," He said.

"No, Sir," said His secretary.

"It seems to Me," said the Lord, "that a lot of it's My fault. Maybe I haven't been trying hard enough. There must be a lot of people down there that don't even know I exist."

"But surely, Sir—"

"No, I mean it. I've been listening to the radio recently. And I'll bet you Lucky Strikes are much better known than I am."

"But, Sir—"

"But nothing. This is a new age, my boy, and we've got to use new methods. I'm going on the air. Get Me the biggest advertising man in the business."

So they got him—the biggest advertising man in the business. He heard the whole idea through, and shook his head uncertainly.

"You mean the whole talk would be religious?" he asked.

"Of course," said the Lord.

"It's pretty risky," said the advertising man. "We got in a lot of trouble with Mae West lately, on a thing something like that."

"But this would be serious," said the Lord. "In a world torn by strife and hatred, ruled by cruel and ruthless dictators—"

"Hold on," said the advertising man. "You can't say anything about the dictators, you know. Germany's sure to protest, and then we'll get in wrong with the government."

"But they're at the root of most of the world's trouble."

"Well, maybe. But we get our license from the government, don't forget. And we've got all kinds of clients, too. A lot of them don't like to hear that kind of stuff."

"Then suppose I just talk about peace? Just peace."

"That would be better. Of course it doesn't sound very exciting—it won't be easy to find a sponsor. But I'll see what I can do."

So he went after a sponsor. Jello thought it was a good idea, but finally decided that Jack Benny was a better bet. Packard turned it down cold. The Bayer people were impressed, but said that peace wouldn't sell aspirin. Now, if He would talk on another subject . . . Chase and Sanborn already had Edgar Bergen, but thought something pretty good could be worked out between God and Charlie McCarthy. And so it went. Most of them said they were sorry they couldn't use Him right then, but they would bear Him in mind, and if anything came up . . .

The best he could offer, said the advertising man, would be a sustaining program. That meant He not only wouldn't get paid for it, but would have to pay for the band Himself.

"What band?" asked the Lord.

"Why, the band that would go on with you," said the advertising man. "You didn't expect just to talk, did You?"

"Yes, I did, kind of," said the Lord. "You see, I've got a good deal to say."

"They won't listen for more than five or six minutes," said the advertising man. "They're not used to it. Now, the way I see it is this: we open with a bit of your theme music, something like 'Have You Met Miss Jones?' Then comes a snappy announcement—'JQX takes pleasure in introducing an old Favorite'—something like that. Then You do six minutes, maybe six and a quarter. And after that the band again, with something hot."

"Maybe," said the Lord, "we had better let the whole matter drop."

"No," said the advertising man, "it sounds to me like a good idea. All You've got to do is catch on a little bit and we'll get a sponsor and make a lot of money. Now, when would You like to go on?"

"The sooner the better," said the Lord, "considering how things are. What about this Sunday night?"

"This Sunday?" said the advertising man. "Good heavens, no! Roosevelt is on!"

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A WEEK'S stay in Washington has finally convinced me that there is a determined drive on the part of certain persons, some connected with the government, to put us into war with Japan. They are careful to say that that is the very reverse of their purpose, but their words and their acts are precisely such as one would expect if they were part of a deliberate plan to embroil us in the war now going on in Asia. Why else should the State Department be making so much of the fact that one of our diplomats had his face slapped; however humane and chivalrous his motives, he was mixing into something—if the dispatches I have read were correct—that was not his business, which he would have kept out of if he had really understood the duty of a neutral diplomat. Then there was an attempt to play up the rough handling of an American newspaperman, but that fell quite flat. Next came the identical notes of the United States, Britain, and France demanding information about what Japan is really up to in the matter of battleships. I may be wrong, but I would be willing to bet quite a little sum that if Japan should come across with the desired information Mr. Hull's warriors would be the most disappointed men in Washington. I believe that from now on this policy will continue; the government will play up every incident it can to arouse public opinion. Washington newspapermen were freely saying that they expected to see strong action against the Japanese fishermen who are fishing off the Alaskan coast. Their presence provides a wonderful opportunity to rush some cutters and destroyers up there to prove to Japan once more that we are good red-blooded Americans who cannot be trifled with.

When I said this to an official the other day, he replied: "Well, why not? Have we got to take lying down everything those Japs do to us? With the Japanese army and navy out of hand and refusing to obey the orders of their own government, it's up to us to let those militarists know in the only language they can understand just what is likely to come to them." That is exactly the point of view of the belligerent persons I have in mind. When one says to them, "Then you are going to let these militarists lead you into the horror and cost of a war?" they reply that we owe something to our national honor and that it is time we let the dictators everywhere know that we "can still fight if we have to."

Well, if this policy is not changed by an immediate outpouring of public sentiment in opposition, it is only a question of time when we shall come to grips with Japan. Personally I think that a continuation of this policy is certain to infuriate the very Japanese militarists we are seeking to overawe. Those who favor our going to war and are trying to engineer it are setting three months as the necessary time to have enough Japanese "incidents" and work the country up into such a fury that it will be ready to let loose our dogs of war. They "fear" that our ships and sailors will be the victims of other Panay happenings, but when you suggest to them that this is the time to prevent such events by taking our ships out of China they look at you with scorn and repeat Mr. Hull's words that we have rights, responsibilities, and duties in China.

Fortunately this campaign is already running into difficulties; the process of waking up America and making it war-minded is not going as well as had been expected. Many people are speaking out, and acting too. Boake Carter continues his magnificent work on the radio and in his column. Professor E. M. Borchard has just shown up what is on foot in a splendid address under the auspices of the Bronson Cutting Foundation in Washington. Father Coughlin has come to life with a proper broadcast that it is much more important that we take care of the alarming increase in unemployment and suffering here at home than that we undertake the disciplining of berserker Japanese militarists.

The Congress has opened well. That indefensible $800,000,000 armament program is not slipping through so easily and unanimously as the White House hoped. Admiral Leahy has already been nine days on the witness stand, and he appeared to be an extremely unhappy and worried witness when I heard him last week. The revelation that Captain Ingersoll of the navy had been in London masquerading as "Captain Smith" and Leahy's refusal to tell what he was doing there so alarmed Secretary Hull that he answered Senator Johnson's proposed resolution, which the Senate had tabled, before the Senate thought of passing it. Mr. Hull may well say that there are no formal alliances between the United States and England, but he will hardly deny that there have been those long and detailed informal conversations which play so deadly a part at times in international relations. I believe that a perfect understanding exists concerning the role the British navy will play if we go to war with Japan. At any rate Washington is full of stories about the six battleships which the British are to send to Singapore to cut off all Japanese ships at the Straits while we cut the trade routes at Panama and Cape Horn. One of our squadrons, the story runs, is based near the Dutch islands to protect them from sudden raids.

The saddest thing of all is that Secretary Hull cannot see that the day we go into the war all the fine things he had done for peace through his bilateral trade agreements will crash.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

DOS PASSOS AND THE U. S. A.

BY T. K. WHIPPLE

THE choice of the ambitious title "U. S. A."* for the volume which brings together Dos Passos's "The 42nd Parallel," "Nineteen-Nineteen," and "The Big Money" looks as if it might be intended to stake out a claim on the fabulous "great American novel." And Dos Passos's claim is not a weak one. A single book could hardly be more inclusive than his: in the stories of his main characters he covers most parts of the country during the first three decades of the twentieth century. His people have considerable social diversity, ranging from Mac, the I. W. W. typesetter, and Joe Williams, the feckless sailor, to Ben Compton, the radical leader, Eleanor Stoddard, the successful decorator, Margo Dowling, the movie star, and J. Ward Moorehouse, the big publicity man. The background of the panorama is filled out with "newsreels" of newspaper headlines, popular songs, and the like, with the autobiographic "camera eye" which gives snatches of Dos Passos's own experience, and with a series of biographical portraits of representative men—Debs, Edison, Wilson, Joe Hill, Ford, Veblen, Hearst, and twenty more. Probably no other American novel affords a picture so varied and so comprehensive.

Furthermore, the picture is rendered with extraordinary vividness and brilliance of detail, especially of sensory detail. Sights and sounds and above all smells abound until the reader is forced to wonder that so many people, of such different sorts, are all so constantly aware of what their eyes and ears and noses report to to them: might not some of them, one asks, more often get absorbed in meditation or memory or planning or reverie? But it is no part of Dos Passos's scheme to spend much time inside his characters' heads; he tells, for the most part, what an outsider would have seen or heard—gestures, actions, talk, as well as the surroundings. The result is a tribute to the keenness of the author's observation—not only of colors, noises, and odors but, even more important, of human behavior and of American speech. People as well as things are sharp and distinct.

Nor does the presentation lack point and significance. As the book goes on, the U. S. A. develops, with the precision of a vast and masterly photograph, into a picture of a business world in its final ripeness, ready to fall into decay. Though Dos Passos does not call himself a Marxist—and would seem in fact not to be one—his point of view is unmistakably radical. The class struggle is present as a minor theme; the major theme is the vitiation and degradation of character in such a civilization. Those who prostitute themselves and succeed are most completely corrupted; the less hard and less self-centered are baffled and beaten; those who might have made good workers are wasted; the radicals experience internal as well as external defeat. No one attains any real satisfaction. Disintegration and frustration are everywhere. The whole presentation leads to the summary: "Life is a shambles." Perhaps there are implications that it need not be; but no doubt is left that actually it is.

These generalities, when stated as generalities, have of course become the trite commonplaces of a whole school of literature. But actual people shown going through the process of victimization can never become trite or commonplace; the spectacle must always be pitiful and terrible. And no one, I should suppose, could look on Dos Passos's picture wholly untouched and unmoved. But still one might ask whether he has quite achieved the tragic effect which presumably he aimed at.

To complain that the picture is one-sided may appear captious and unreasonable, and in one sense of "one-sided" it is. The whole truth about a hundred million people throughout thirty years cannot be told in fifteen hundred—or in fifteen million—pages. The novelist has to select what he considers representative and characteristic persons and events, and if Dos Passos has chosen to omit big business men, farmers, and factory workers, and to dwell chiefly on midway people in somewhat ambiguous positions—intellectuals, decorators, advertising men—perhaps that is his privilege. The question is whether this picture of his, which is surely extensive enough as novels go, is entirely satisfactory within the limitations which must be granted. How close does "U. S. A." come to being a great American novel? That it comes within hailing distance is proved by the fact that it has already been so hailed; indeed, it comes close enough so that the burden of proof is on those who would deny the title. Yet to grant it offhand would be premature.

On one point at least everyone probably agrees: that the biographical portraits are magnificent, and are the best part of the book. But wherein are they superior? Is it not that these portraits have a greater depth and solidity than Dos Passos's fictional characterizations—a more complete humanity? If so, the implication must be that his creation of character is not complete. And indeed when Mac is put beside Big Bill Haywood, or Ben Compton beside Joe Hill and Jack Reed, or Margo Dowling beside Isadora Duncan, the contrast is unflattering to Dos Passos's powers as a novelist. There is more human reality in the 10 pages given to Henry Ford than in the 220 given to Charley Anderson. Nor is the explanation that the real people are exceptional, the fictitious ones ordinary, satisfactory: some of the fictitious ones are supposed to be leaders; and besides it is a novelist's business so to choose and treat his imagined characters as to reveal his themes in their utmost extension, not at their flattest. No; the contrast has nothing to do with the positions people occupy; it is a fundamental matter of the conception of human nature and the portrayal of it in literature.

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*"U. S. A.: The 42nd Parallel; Nineteen-Nineteen; The Big Money." By John Dos Passos. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

In thinking of this contrast, one notices first that the real men have a far better time of it in the world, that they do find a good many genuine satisfactions, that even when they fail—when they are jailed like Debs or shot down like Joe Hill—they are not wholly defeated. Inside them is some motive power which keeps them going to the end. Some of them swim with the stream and some against it, but they all swim; they all put up a fight. They all have persistent ruling passions. Furthermore, they are all complex and many-sided, full of contradictions and tensions and conflicts. They have minds, consciousness, individuality, and personality.

Not that all these things are entirely lacking in the fictitious characters—Dos Passos is too good a novelist for that—but they do appear only in a much lower degree, played down, degraded, reduced to a minimum. As a result, the consciousness of these people is of a relatively low order. True, they are aware with an abnormal keenness of their sensations, but is not this sensory awareness the most elementary form of consciousness? On the other hand, these folk can hardly be said to think at all, and their feelings are rather sharp transitory reactions than long-continuing dominant emotions. Above all, they are devoid of will or purpose, helplessly impelled hither and yon by the circumstances of the moment. They have no strength of resistance. They are weak at the very core of personality, the power to choose. Now it may be that freedom of choice is an illusion, but if so it is an inescapable one, and even the most deterministic and behavioristic novelist cannot omit it or minimize it without denaturing human beings. When the mainspring of choice is weakened or left out, the conflicts and contradictions of character lose their virtue and significance, and personality almost disappears. Dos Passos often gives this effect: that in his people there is, so to speak, nobody much at home, or that he is holding out on us and that more must be happening than he is willing to let on. This deficiency shows itself most plainly in the personal relations of his characters—they are hardly persons enough to sustain real relations with one another, any more than billiard balls do—and in his treatment of crises, which he is apt to dispose of in some such way as: "They had a row so that night he took the train . . ."

The final effect is one of banality—that human beings and human life are banal. Perhaps this is the effect Dos Passos aimed at, but that it is needless and even false is proved by the biographical portraits, in which neither the men nor their lives are ever banal. The same objection holds, therefore, to Dos Passos's whole social picture as to his treatment of individuals, that he has minimized something vital and something which ought to be made much of—namely, forces in conflict. Society is hardly just rotting away and drifting apart; the destructive forces are tremendously powerful and well organized, and so are the creative ones. Furthermore, they are inextricably intermingled in institutions and in individuals. If Dos Passos is forced, by sheer fact, to present them so when he writes of Ford and Steinmetz and Morgan, why should he make little of them in his fiction? Is it to illustrate a preconceived and misleading notion that life nowadays is a silly and futile "shambles"?

One might hope, but in vain, to find the answer in the autobiographic "camera eye." To be sure, the author there appears as the extremest type of Dos Passos character, amazingly sensitive to impressions, and so amazingly devoid of anything else that most of the "camera eye" is uninteresting in the extreme. The effect of this self-portrait is further heightened by the brief prologue which introduces "U. S. A.": an account of a young man, plainly the author himself, who "walks by himself searching through the crowd with greedy eyes, greedy ears taut to hear, by himself, alone," longing to share everybody's life, finding his only link with other people in listening to their talk. If the obvious conclusion could be accepted that Dos Passos had been never a participant but always a mere onlooker hungry for participation, so that he had to depend only on observation from outside, it would explain much. But such is not the fact; he took part in the World War and in the Sacco-Vanzetti case and other activities. He has been no mere spectator of the world. Moreover, he must have had powerful and lasting purposes and emotions to have written his books, and it is hardly credible that he has done so little thinking as he makes out. His self-portrait must be heinously incomplete, if only because he is a real man. But it is possible that he may have chosen to suppress some things in himself and in his writing, and that he may have acquired a distrust of thought and feeling and will which has forced him back upon sensations as the only reliable part of experience. Some such process seems to have taken place in many writers contemporary with him, resulting in a kind of spiritual drought, and in a fear lest they betray themselves or be betrayed by life. Perhaps the disillusionment of the war had something to do with it, but more probably a partial view and experience of our present society are responsible.

According to any view, that society, in all conscience, is grim enough, but not banal, not undramatic. Dos Passos has reduced what ought to be a tale of full-bodied conflicts to an epic of disintegration and frustration. That reduction—*any* reduction—is open to objection, because it is an imperfect account of human beings and human society that does not present forces working in opposition. In that sense "U. S. A." is one-sided, whereas life and good literature are two-sided or many-sided. In a word, what we want is a dialectic treatment of people and the world. Dos Passos does not call himself a Marxist; if he were more of one, he might have written a better novel. The biographical portraits are the best part of his book because they are the most nearly Marxist, showing the dynamic contradictions of our time in the only way they can be shown—namely, as they occur in the minds and lives of whole men. Nothing will do, in the end, but the whole man.

Poem

H. B. MALLALIEU

And if the nightingale can still be amorous
It has been banished to the plains of Thrace.
Now love bids you voyage southward without fuss,
Where boiling-point is chastened by the ice.

This mimic screen has no use for birds,
No ear for song except the beating drum.
If you would more than whisper words
Then flee from giant ears. Southward come.

Think of snowfields where no rack of storm
Twists painfully the lives of men. The white snow
Lying miles long in unimpassioned calm,
Invites you, wrapped in furs, from Europe's vertigo.

And though you hide your eyes, indignant hate,
Burning your glance, freezes my cowardice.
We will wait here for winter and the night
When hail and cold will sting the uncovered face.

Charwoman: 20 Vesey Street

6:00 p.m.

BY BEN BELITT

Clapping the door to, in the little light,
In the stairfall's deepening plunge,
I see, in the slate dark, the lumped form, like a sponge,
Striking a rote erasure in the night—

I keep that figure—while a watery arc
Trembles and wanes in wetted tile, as if
It wrote all darkness down in hieroglyph,
And spoke vendetta with a water-mark.

That shadowy sleight shall presently define
A scuffed and hazardous wrist, a ruined jaw
Packed into goiter, like a pigeon's craw.
A bitten elbow webbed with a naphtha line;

While light shall lessen, blunting, by brute degrees,
The world's waste scanted to a personal sin,
Till all is darkness where her brush has been
And blinds the blackening marble by her knees.

. . .

I mark what way the dropping shaft-light went:
It flung the day's drowned faces out and fell
Hasped like a coffin, down a darkening well:

And poise on the shaftway for my own descent.

BOOKS

Faulkner's Dismal Swamp

THE UNVANQUISHED. By William Faulkner. Random House. $2.50.

THE twisted heritage which the Confederate South bestowed upon its descendants is something few of them have renounced. It has got into their blood, and all that their weakened minds can do is resort to a rather vague, rueful, and inadequate irony. The truer irony is that they are its victims, forever driven on to commemorate their loss of Eden till one greater man (and where will he come from?) restore them and regain the blissful seat. The South languishes in race infantilism. The South is a fetishist because of something that disrupted its childhood; it goes on fondling a faded gray uniform with epaulets, a sword put up in its worn tired scabbard.

The South, to be sure, knows its moments of awareness and revulsion, as who would not, seeing impoverished brains and bodies in crazed retreat, seeing backward children lost in benighted folkways. But frequently these are moments of fascination also, for the process of decay can take on rich and gorgeous colors. We have evidence of this powerful revulsion and fascination in the works of Mr. Faulkner, who is a poet of disintegration, a necromancer of half-lights, but as yet no true visionary. Mr. Faulkner's saga of Jefferson, Mississippi, and its environs—spread out through half a dozen books—is, if not the only end, at least one end to a story that begins with drums and bugles, high-bred horses and gallant women. The decline and derationalization of the South can go no farther than Mr. Faulkner has taken them; it is now only possible for him to carry the story back to its source.

So here are tales of the Sartoris family during the War Between the States—a series of vivid exploits seen through the eyes of Bayard Sartoris as a boy, and set down by him long afterward. His father John, a reckless soldier and skirmisher, is away from home, where Bayard is living with his grandmother and the slaves. Always at his side is the Negro boy Ringo, presumably his half-brother. The status of Ringo in the family circle is one of the most interesting things in the book, as to my mind Ringo is by far the most interesting character. But for those who read "The Unvanquished" in the spirit that millions have read "Gone with the Wind," it will be the grandmother who holds the stage—that indomitable ramrod, fierce as only sheltered and ladylike women can be. Lies, theft, murder itself count less with her than the twirling of a fan when it comes to saving the South, and her courage is quite equal to her criminality. I suppose that a great many women like Rosa Millard lived and behaved as she did during those desperate years. I am not so cynical as to refuse them homage. But they will never remind me of anything but the theater.

What Faulkner thinks of such women, and of such exploits as they achieved, and of all the disorder and valor and Marquis of Queensberry bloodshed that went on, is never altogether clear. The point of the book seems to be made when Bayard returns from law school after his father has been shot by an enemy, and defies the Southern code with a gesture that surpasses it. He will not kill his father's murderer; but neither will he ignore the insult. He goes unarmed

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to Redmond's office and lets Redmond shoot at him. This substitution of moral for physical bravura leaves the whole series of incidents uncomfortably question-marked. Certainly the tone and proportions of "The Unvanquished" are heroic rather than satiric. Certainly the merits of "the Cause" and the fortitude with which the Cause was defended—though I don't doubt that Mr. Faulkner has separated them in his own mind—are never clearly separated in the story. The very title of the book bespeaks an irony purely literary; it has the same double meaning as a pun. The book, at any rate, is pretty high-romantic stuff, cinema stuff, though where "Gone with the Wind" is pure Hollywood, "The Unvanquished" is coated with the expressionism of the foreign studio.

As writing, this is much the simplest book that Faulkner has written in a long time. To be sure, one keeps stumbling over nonsense like "Then he flung the door violently inward against the doorstop with one of those gestures with or by which an almost painfully unflagging preceptory of youth ultimately aberrates," but for the most part "The Unvanquished" gains from having been partly published in the *Saturday Evening Post.* As thinking, however, it seems to me as wilful, cluttered, sunless as ever. Faulkner is a master of sensation, the more lurid the sensation the better, and can throw marvelously strange lights over any scene he selects. But if he is fitted by neither temperament nor training to be a rational novelist, then, if he is to survive, he must move on from the company of the spellbinders to that of the seers; he must acquire and articulate a profounder moral sense, a capacity to enlarge life after the manner—to name the greatest—of a Dostoevski or an Emily Brontë. I do not see where, in this book, he has done more than brightly varnish rotten timber. I do not see where this book does more than repopulate a scene that Faulkner would do better to forget about. We are told, quite sensibly, that novelists should deal with the material they know best. But not forever, surely; and not if that material is a swamp, slowly, voraciously sucking the novelist in. LOUIS KRONENBERGER

The Façade that Hitler Built

THE HOUSE THAT HITLER BUILT. By Stephen H. Roberts. Harper and Brothers. $3.

STEPHEN H. ROBERTS, professor of modern history at the University of Sidney, author of many imposing works, went in the autumn of 1935 to Europe to spend sixteen months in Germany and neighboring countries. His main aim was "to sum up the new Germany without any prejudice," except that his general approach was that of a "democratic individualist." He had been in Germany twice before, at the end of the inflation period and immediately prior to Hindenburg's treason, as he calls, with dangerous objectivity, Hitler's accession to power. He states that the Nazi authorities "did everything possible to aid his investigation" although they knew he was a critic. "The only refusal I encountered in all Germany was in being denied access to their collection of banned literature." This statement would be of greater value and interest if the author had given a list of the requests he did not make, knowing beforehand that they would be refused—requests of the sort that could only have shortened his obviously pleasant trip through the Third Reich. But even so, we can guess. Of the twenty-four chapters and fifty-eight sub-chapters of his work not one deals explicitly with Hitler's terror, the concentration camps, the *Schulungslager* for old people, the prisons of the *Gestapo.* If not the whole German house, certain rooms were closed to the Australian professor, and all the cellars.

The author himself admits that the faults of omission in his work are everywhere obvious and apologizes for them. To stress the limits of an investigation made with Nazi help is in itself no reproach. But it is very necessary to emphasize them when a paper so important and so carefully pro-Hitler —that is, profoundly anti-German—as the London *Times* calls Professor Roberts's book "excellent, restrained, concise, accurate—the best general book as yet about Nazi Germany."

The author is genuinely brilliant in his description and analysis of how Hitlerism works in special fields. He is at his best in solving the puzzle of Hitler economics. The chapters on autarchy and foreign trade, especially that on the "multiple-geared" currency, may enlighten many political romantics. The author's excellent sketch of the total fiasco of Hitler's agricultural policy—blood and soil but nothing to eat, the junkers still in their privileged position—shows convincingly that Hitler built no house but a façade.

Professor Roberts's appraisal of the origin of Hitlerism and its way to power is weak. The author reports many facts, perhaps all he knows, truly, but his interpretations wander astray. Such a chapter heading as The Riddle Hitler, such phrases as "almost a miracle" (Hitler's victory) or the reference to the timely outbreak of the Reichstag fire as "fate or design" indicate that the author belongs to the numerous group of historians who do not dare to call a swindler a swindler when he swindles a whole people, or a criminal a criminal when his spoil is a great country. In this frame of objectivity the author does not even hesitate to say that "all the brutal sides of his movement pass Hitler by. The killings, the oppressions, the imprisonments do not belong to the world of his imagination. He is too remote for them." It passes the author by that Hitler incites the terror, and sometimes is its very cruel executioner, like any top gangster.

And what has the author to say about Hitler's gorilla-in-chief, Himmler? He found him "much kindlier and much more thoughtful for his guests than any other Nazi leader, a man of exquisite courtesy . . ." Foreign opinion is wrong about him. He is "a justification of the wildly empirical methods of Hitlerism." He seems to possess "the simplicity of true greatness." To be sure, the author does not approve of his methods, but he seems to think that true greatness and murder combine very well. When Professor Roberts stops reporting he falls for the convincing concept of successful power, and cruel terror, the essence of Hitlerism, dwindles into the background. Many German-born democratic individualists became Nazis this way before they knew it.

There are few descriptions of personal experiences in this book, though the author traveled 8,000 miles through Germany and spoke to everybody without restriction. Of course he could not meet the underground workers, but he found the German people as a whole in favor of Hitler's dry pogrom! "Everybody accepted the idea of race penalization as such." It did not occur to him that the Germans who talked to the foreigner did not dare tell him what they really thought. It did not occur to him that there could not be 470,000 Jews still alive in Germany if the German people had really sunk to the level of the Gott-Führer Hitler, who has not yet punished anyone for torturing a Jew, but has made many of the Jew-killers national heroes.

Excellent again is the historian's analysis of Germany's international situation, the country's just, and Hitler's stupid, claims, the army's strength, the strategic possibilities of the

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coming war; and very timely indeed is his discussion of the relationship between the Nazi Party and the army. "So far Hitler has built up a 'one-party state'; it seems as if that state is in process of becoming an 'army state.'" This observation still holds. In the crisis of the last weeks in Germany certain generals and the aristocratic wing of the officers' corps lost. The event is the logical beginning of the belated liquidation of German feudalism. The subject Hitler is forced to act against his own will in order to construct a thoroughly modernized army. But a state under the heel of the army remains his goal. He started in 1918 as a spy for the Reichswehr generals; now he is the super *agent provocateur* who gives the orders.

I have stressed the shortcomings of this book because I want to recommend it to every student of contemporary history, with the warning that it is to be read with critical consciousness, the more carefully the more brilliant it is. Not that the author would come to false conclusions. On the contrary he sees very clearly that the German nation "has been duped in the sense that it has been launched along a road that can only lead to disaster." He proves this point in a thousand ways. His main mistake is that he identifies the German people with the Nazis and such an attitude prepares the way for a condemnation of the successful terrorist and of his victim as well. This attitude has already become a part of the new general war propaganda and it will make the overthrow of the war lords of all nations more difficult, or again impossible as in 1918. FRANZ HOELLERING

"Duty's Faithful Child"

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT. By Katharine Anthony. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

I BELIEVE it was Rebecca West who said of course there are many more literary men than women: the women are busy creating all these literary men, and all their readers too. It would be difficult to find, as Miss Anthony understands, a more tragic variation on this theme than Louisa May Alcott. At ten she began the impossible task of squaring, so to speak, the Alcott domestic circle. Prodigy and hoyden, she managed this house which was so fine a refuge for "lost girls, abused wives, friendless children" except when their name was Alcott. With her unworldly and unpractical father and her worldly but unpractical mother, Louisa dreamed early of her future "fame." For fame meant money. "I long to honestly get a little." And throughout the balance of her harried existence Louisa, this strangely respectable product of Boston's famous bohemian family, transcendental Sangers whose unhappy offspring may in fact be termed a sort of constant literary nymph, continued to serve as the psychological whipping-boy for the social and domestic failures of her parents.

Miss Anthony tells this history of fame and frustration in the first mature biography of Louisa Alcott. Louisa's father has himself lately received a delayed credit in Odell Shepard's admirable "Pedlar's Progress." But while Professor Shepard made and substantiated many claims as to Bronson Alcott's value as an American type, he made no claims, and it would be hard to substantiate any, as to Bronson's value as a typical family man. It was, in fact, Professor Shepard's main defect that, resolutely hewing to his line, he ignored the worldly tragedies resulting from Bronson's quest of pure spirit. It seems to be the sad and absurd pattern of human progress that every absolute emphasis creates its absolute reaction, and Louisa indeed played Marx to Bronson's Hegel. In this sense Miss Anthony's new biography is a necessary and valuable supplementary portrait of one of New England's most interesting families.

I should like to say it was more than this. But the definitive biography of Louisa Alcott will also demand a little more than Miss Anthony gives us. Though one would value her realistic view of a period which is rapidly disappearing behind a veil of glamor, Miss Anthony makes no claim and little attempt to evaluate Louisa's age. "Thoreau, Emerson, Hawthorne," so the book jacket states, "the Henry Jameses, father and son, pass across the pages of Miss Anthony's book"—and this is precisely what they do. Miss Anthony, that is to say, deals almost exclusively with the personal history of Louisa. It is true that no previous biographer has adequately explained Louisa. But neither, and this is the disappointment of the book, does Miss Anthony. What is the crucial relationship of Bronson and Abigail Alcott with the enigmatic philanthropist Charles Lane? On this relationship, which so strongly impressed Louisa that twenty years later she writes of it in "Moods," Miss Anthony records that it was "a more complicated situation than she had any idea of." But need it also be too complicated for us to have any idea of? What is the root of the psychic ill which drives Louisa, dwelling as she did, with her bags and pill boxes, her paralysis and contemplations of suicide, in a "permanent borderland of hysteria," to general practitioner after general practitioner, specialist after specialist, homoeopathists, mental healers, osteopathists? The diagnosis of nervous disorders, Miss Anthony realizes, has made phenomenal progress since Louisa's day. "In the light of what is now known . . . it is supposable that Louisa Alcott's case might have been helped by more understanding." It is too late for Louisa's doctors to benefit by this progress, but is it too late, one wonders, for Louisa's biographers?

It is the general fate, however, of more profound books to be duller books, and Miss Anthony has not erred in both these respects. Presenting the facts of Louisa's life in her very readable fashion, she catches, if she does not always explain, the torments and domestic trials of America's charming apostle of domesticity. Miss Anthony has moreover, and this I think is the virtue of her book, sympathetically and acutely portrayed the sterile rewards of a life ruled by unreasoning conscience rather than reasonable pleasure. And in a time which is suffering from a recrudescence of the Victorian moral earnestness in an altered but none the less virulent form, it may not be amiss to mention that this thwarted life of "Duty's faithful child" points only to the faithlessness of duty. An excess of moral virtue is a psychological vice.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

Snakes in Iceland

LITERARY OPINION IN AMERICA. Edited by Morton Dauwen Zabel. Harper and Brothers. $3.25.

TO SO uncertain and fitful a subject as contemporary American criticism the mere appearance of a book like this lends a harmony and a dignity that are somewhat specious. Interesting as they are, none of these fifty essays seems an inevitable choice. It would be easy to suggest critics who could have been included; it would be impolite to point to articles that might have been left out. It might be possible to compile several other volumes of the same size and scope

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without duplicating material. And each of these volumes might present a different picture. So much should be said, not in disparagement of the anthologist, but in appreciation of the difficulties of his task. As a former editor of *Poetry* and a Catholic professor contributing to liberal journals, Morton Dauwen Zabel can be depended upon to do a tactful job. But the situation calls for detachment rather than tact.

Not that the book is calculated to provoke controversy. On the contrary, it makes a game effort to steer clear of the ethical, social, and historical preoccupations that have dominated our critical tradition. An introduction poses the main postwar issues—realism, humanism, Marxism—as more or less "external distractions," obstacles to the more exacting functions of criticism. The bulk of the volume consists of reviews of current books or plays and individual evaluations of modern writers, salvaged from the files. Aside from a few preliminary generalities by elder critics and occasional verbal manipulation by newer critics, no positions are stated and no one is permitted to make explicit "what literary quality and distinction are." With no guide to the forest, we are lost among the trees. Even the Marxists are represented by works of extenuation and modification and not by any positive assertion of doctrine. R. P. Blackmur, a sympathetic spokesman for the editor, glibly disposes of "separable content" as if there were such a thing; as if a writer did not choose attitudes and order experiences in the same way that he chooses words and orders rhythms.

But there is no danger of proceeding in an aesthetic vacuum. We are constantly encountering implicit values, not to say prejudices. Such far-fetched subjects as Viola Meynell and François Mauriac suggest that the principle of selection is not always catholic in the widest sense. The sole revaluation of a classic is a study of "Lycidas" by Paul Elmer More, probably the single figure of our time who could really get indignant about Milton's anti-episcopal views. In general, rebels, romantics, and realists fare badly. The extreme of abject conformism is reached by Yvor Winters, when he climaxes his praise of a poem by calling it "sufficient justification of Dr. Bridges's laureateship." Allen Tate interrupts his sermon on Hart Crane with a trick he learned from Eliot: "Professor Charles A. Beard has immense information about American history, but understands almost none of it." Now Beard may be vulnerable to honest attack, but he remains unscathed by petulant sniping of this sort. If only we could avoid distractions—

And concentrate on technique. Yet here, in spite of many brave words about "craft" and "tools," we are faced with a pitiful minimum of dissection and an intolerable deal of impressionism. *Eriger en lois ses impressions personnelles*, to build up their private responses into dogmas—this is all too disarmingly what most critics have in mind. Modern criticism is better equipped to distinguish than to judge, and Edmund Wilson's work derives its peculiar validity from his historical method and his Sainte-Beuve-like willingness to enter into the outlook and intentions of the author he is criticizing. If it were more detailed, it would be better still. Some of the writing in this book, notably Theodore Spencer's on Yeats and Robert Cantwell's on Sinclair Lewis, reveals close technical insight. But most of it is degustation, tasting and seeking adjectives. A suspicious eye, observing that fully half of these critics are, or were, practicing poets, might expect them (a) to display craftsmen's competence, or (b) to hold other writers up to a personal standard, and (c) to use words diffusely. Eliot assumed that Shakespeare had tried to write a "Waste Land" and concluded, logically enough, that "Hamlet" was a failure.

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The habit of generalizing a subjective impression and clothing it in concrete metaphor is often bewildering in a master of precise diction like Henry James. Under less literate auspices, this pursuit of the *mot juste* is likely to end up in a carnival of malapropisms. Since the editor has printed a generous portion of his own criticism, he will not object if we help ourselves to a random phrase—"the belabored hard-boiledness of Hemingway." Through mixed metaphor, and perhaps a pun, it is possible to extract some meaning out of this expression, but the context implies that the word "labored" would make less flash and more sense. The business of criticism is too prosaic for these critics. This is Marianne Moore on Wallace Stevens: "Upon the general marine volume of statement is set a parachute-spinnaker of verbiage which looms out like half a cantaloupe and gives the body of the theme the air of a fabled argosy advancing." At this stage, clearly, the critique casts no light on the poem, but the poem is necessary to explain the critique.

With Bourne, Sherman, and Parrington prematurely dead and Babbitt and More now belonging to the ages, with Eliot writing *Criterion* commentaries and Santayana sentimental novels, with Mencken turned stuffed-shirt and Brooks doing fancy-work, with the academic approach more myopic than ever and the journalistic racket more venal, with the *Dial* and *Hound and Horn* gone the way of little magazines, with our most distinguished regional writers flaunting their provincialism, with our sharpest Marxist minds blunted in factional friction, with ourselves forced to show serious consideration to such half-baked and indigestible books as "The Double Agent," "Reactionary Essays on Poetry and Ideas," "Primitivism and Decadence," and "Attitudes toward History," whom are we deceiving when we pretend to possess a body of literary opinion worthy of the name?

HARRY LEVIN

The Error of Philosophy

THE UNITY OF PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIENCE. By Etienne Gilson. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

M. GILSON'S newest book is a most exciting history of philosophy. For it is written not only by a superb scholar—perhaps the greatest living historian of medieval philosophy—but by a self-avowed dogmatist with an ax to grind and by a brilliant writer ruthlessly malicious toward what he takes to be the chief source of error of Western thought.

The book is not a history of philosophy in the usual sense of the word. It is a mordant study of some of the chief turning-points in the development of philosophy, beginning with Abélard and ending with Comte. And it illustrates the failure to which M. Gilson believes any thinker is doomed who attempts to discover the ultimate grounds of reality by explaining it by one of its parts. Thus Abélard was really a logician who did not realize the limitations inherent in his method. Descartes sought to solve the problem of philosophy in terms of fundamental conceptions borrowed from mathematics. Kant approached philosophy from the standpoint of Newtonian physics. And Comte was a sociologist.

Contrasted with the many failures stand Plato, Aristotle, and Thomas. These thinkers—"the three greatest metaphysicians who ever lived"—had no "system" of their own to propound. They were the servants of "perennial philosophy." They attempted to "relate reality . . . to the permanent principles in whose light all the changing problems of science, of ethics, and of art have to be solved." They looked "for an

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ultimate ground of all real and possible experience" under the guidance of "immutable principles"—and found it in the word "Being," spelled with a capital "B."

In spite of his extraordinary erudition M. Gilson permits his dogmatism to betray him. And yet the error into which it leads him is not difficult to demonstrate. Let us grant that philosophers have failed because they have attempted to explain the whole by one of its parts. Let us assume that the whole can be explained. And let us also assume that there are immutable principles and that these can be found. Is it not rather easy to show that Plato and Aristotle committed the very same error of which the philosophers who are said to have failed are accused? And if Aristotle, then Thomas. For Plato's thought borrowed its orientation from his interest in geometry. And Aristotle attempted to correct his teacher's errors by means of a poor biology and a physics at least as poor—both poor because verbal. And if Thomas was not guided by a positive science of which he was a master by right of his own contributions to it, it was simply because the best science within his reach was that of Aristotle.

Thus the perennial philosophy to which M. Gilson would bring us back is a philosophy grounded on an inadequate science twenty-five hundred years old. And this science is not rejected merely because antiquated but because it turned out to be, on prolonged examination, mostly verbiage. The forms and potencies and entelechies explain nothing. Positive science explains very little indeed, but it does it well. Is it a wonder then that we prefer our unstable certainties to Thomas's and M. Gilson's immutable principles?

ELISEO VIVAS

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No special idealism, in the sense of [illegible] desire to spread the love of art among great masses of people, in fine "to educate," can be held responsible for this couple of armfuls of handsomely educational picture books. To all appearances they are the consequence of a shrewd though modest mercantile exploitation, on the part of a Viennese publisher named Horowitz and his associates of the Phaidon Press, of the improved photogravure process. Yet this very circumstance renders their existence doubly delightful. It points—as do so many similar phenomena—to the persistence of [illegible] great historical movement which has been one of the civilizing, liberating factors of the last 150 years of Western life. This is the impetus to self-education: one which bears little relation to that of the person who, assuming a recumbent attitude before lecturers or the radio, permits what is styled "culture" to be pumped into him. On the contrary, it is active, aggressive, and something besides the urge to acquire knowledge—even the knowledge of "the best that has been thought and said in the world." It is the strong, almost unconscious determination toward the development of spiritual gifts and powers by experience in connection with the great true works and things which help develop them, and a motive which for the reason that its object is neither money nor social position, pleasures or power, tends to make men free. Widely manifest at the close of the eighteenth century—particularly in the Teutonic countries, where some unusually vigorous predisposition to it may have existed—and symbolized by

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Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," this impulse subsequently showed itself in all the Western lands and the United States; and, maintaining itself though the earthquakes of our civilization, continues to prompt educational institutions and museums to nourish it.

It is plainly visible among the causes underpinning these art books, and not alone in the circumstance that they address themselves to persons of very moderate means who wish to come into relation with what exists in Rembrandt's play of light and Titian's solemn color. It is, to begin with, visible in the circumstance that these books respond to a contemporary need. Horowitz began publishing in connection with the educational program of the Viennese Socialists, and thereby grew aware, as did so many other Germanic publishers, of the desire among the working classes for good editions of good books, including "Das Kapital"; and began experimenting with the means at his disposal toward the end of filling and profiting by this need. Again, one sees it in the quality of his press's response to this situation: in the almost gratuitous fineness of his cheap editions and the love of the magnificent subjects and the desire evident in their pages to approach them as fully and closely as possible. They make plain the editors' and craftsmen's pleasure in self-education during the very process of working out their problems.

Lastly, one sees the persistence of this impetus in the circumstances of the series' appearance in the English and American markets, with good English translations of their various prefaces; and its ready welcome. There it seems to speak to us of its firm roots among us and of its endurance amid the almost intolerable uncertainties of life.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Pamphleteering Fiction

THE FLIVVER KING. By Upton Sinclair. United Automobile Workers of America. Ford Organizing Committee, New York. 25 cents.

I THINK it was Lewis Gannett who said that "The Flivver King" was a Model T of fiction. But like the Model T it goes. It carries the reader by the shortest route and at a fast clip from the idyllic valley of America before mass-production to the mountain top of finance capital and the belt-line, from the dirt road to the four-lane highway, from the sunny land of opportunity to the forbidding plateau of industrialization, where at least six million are permanently unemployed. Its principal characters are Henry Ford, who proves magnificently that the rugged individual can make good in America, and his workers, who demonstrate conclusively at whose expense he became the richest man in America. It might be described as the history of a great maker of automobiles and of the workers who came out at the little end of the horn.

Pamphleteering fiction being a vehicle with an actual destination and not an end in itself, it does not stop for inner subtleties either of character or motivation. Instead it makes use of ready-made character and motivation and it depends for its conviction on the reader's general knowledge of the facts and characters involved rather than on the writer's capacity for creation. In general this is true of "The Flivver King," but because of his special knowledge of Ford, Sinclair has given us news about him, and because he understands, out of his own experience and personality, the crusading yet practical, individualistic elements in Ford's nature, he makes

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of him far more than a mere symbol and succeeds to a certain extent in creating a character.

What Sinclair mainly creates in all his books, however, is not literature but a weapon. And since that is his intention he is not required to pass an artistic examination, though this is not to say that a weapon that was also literature would not be a better weapon—therein lies the difference between "The Flivver King" and, say, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr. Sinclair uses a simple technique. He traces the history of Ford and of a family of Ford workers, represented in the last of three generations by a union organizer. At the end, the shifting, section by section, from the one to the other becomes so mechanical that interest flags, but in general the material with which he is dealing is so rich that its bare recital sets up in the reader's mind overtones of implication and association—such as one might experience in reading a synopsis of one's own life—that give the story a scope and momentum which it does not in itself, as a piece of writing, possess. It cannot fail to stir the imagination of the average automobile worker, whose life and problems it invokes; its simple and direct telling holds no difficulties even for the thousands of uneducated Southern hill-billies who comprise a large section of the United Automobile Workers and whose fresh pre-industrial spirit has made it one of the most lively and forward unions in the labor movement; and yet there is no suggestion of writing down.

It seems almost irrelevant to say that "The Flivver King" will not outlive its immediate uses, that it lacks the invisible dimension of a work of art, and that better books will be written about the rise of Henry Ford. It is a Model T, but its immediate uses are relevant and important. It is designed to be a handle with which automobile workers may obtain a grasp of the industry they live in and, more particularly, a weapon for unionizing the Ford empire. The U. A. W. undertook to sell 200,000 copies, and there is already talk of a new edition—which indicates that it fulfils the specifications and will play a part in the conquest.

MARGARET MARSHALL

The Whitmans of Oregon

MARCUS WHITMAN, M. D., PIONEER AND MARTYR. By Clifford Merrill Drury. The Caxton Printers: Caldwell, Idaho. $5.

THIS is a biography of both the Whitmans—Marcus and Narcissa—and the work has been admirably done. Dr. Drury has ransacked all the available sources and has brought to light much new material of value. With balanced judgment he has kept a straight course between the too credulous "Whitman-saved-Oregon" sect and the iconoclasts of the Bourne-Marshall following. Bourne and Marshall rendered a valuable service in deflating a number of myths that had grown up about Whitman, but they carried their campaign so far as to leave him a rather shadowy figure of no particular consequence. The mass of evidence, skilfully handled by the author, restores him to his true place. That his religious zeal was blended with a social or political motive—that increasingly he labored for the settlement of the Oregon country by immigration from the East—is now so firmly established that few dare deny it. What share he had in the "saving" of Oregon no one can definitely say. It is enough to know that the dream for the realization of which he so arduously labored was a dream that came true.

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W. J. GHENT

DRAMA

"Our Town"

"OUR TOWN," Thornton Wilder's new play now current at the Morosco, is not easy to describe. On the surface it is only a few typical days in the life of some typical New England citizens as those days were lived in a typical village of a generation ago. As such it sounds commonplace enough, and so far as action goes that is what it is intended to be. But Mr. Wilder—who seemed to me so precious and so thin in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"—has brooded over his subject and at last succeeded in communicating a mood as rich and tranquil and satisfying as it is hard to define.

Two attitudes toward the recent past are so familiar that one or the other seems almost inevitable, but the mood of "Our Town" is neither sentimental nor satiric. Here is no easy fun poked at the age of buggies and innocence, but here also is no sentimental overvaluation. Indeed, it is amazing how little Mr. Wilder claims for his villagers, how readily the local editor admits with a shake of the head that there is no "culture" in his town, and how calmly the commentator remarks at the wedding of his chief personages that the result of such unions is interesting "once in a thousand times." There is no tendency to claim for the homely virtues more than their due, no effort to hide the fact that such simple lives are led in ignorance of the heights as well as of the depths of possible human experience.

And if one asks what remains, what is left to feel when one feels neither condescension nor partisan warmth, the answer is simply that the mood of quiet contemplation which Mr. Wilder generates is one which would be hopelessly submerged by any suggestion of either satire or sentimentality. The spectacle of these undistinguished men and women living out their endlessly retold tale fascinates him, I think, not because undistinguished men and women are more admirable than others but because even they are men and women, because even undistinguished lives tease the imagination with a riddle not to be solved and stir it with an emotion not to be analyzed. Satire and sentiment alike are efforts to dispose of the problem by passing a judgment. The still sad music of humanity is most clearly audible when both are rejected.

The last scene of the play takes place in the village cemetery, to which a company of the recently dead welcome a newcomer upon whom the calm of death has not yet descended. Against their advice she returns to live over again

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one day of the past, but she soon rejoins them, convinced as they are that such attempts are useless. It is impossible to endure association with those who do not know how things are going to end; who, more intolerably still, are not aware of what ought to be the vividness and the poignancy of every moment. In that, I take it, lies the real moral. Only the dead can adequately realize either the wonder or the brevity of life.

The dramatic method is everywhere unconventional in the extreme. The piece is introduced by a soft-spoken master of ceremonies who remains on the stage throughout the performance to offer occasional comments, and the players act out their roles without benefit of scenery. But while such eccentric devices are commonly used for the purpose of heightening the colors of a play and tend frequently in the direction of the stridently insistent, Mr. Wilder uses them in the interest of a quiet intimacy. It is difficult to see how he could achieve the effect he desires by any other means, and fortune has provided him with a miracle of disarming ease in the performance of Frank Craven as the gentle commentator who bridges every awkward gap and holds the audience continuously under his spell. Without him the play would fall to pieces; with him it seems not so much to develop as to exist in a moment of eternity.

"On Borrowed Time" (Longacre Theater) seems to be competing with "Our Town" for the favor of public and press alike, but despite an admirable performance by Dudley Digges I found it sentimentally whimsical and altogether trying. Apparently there are many to whom the story of a doting grandfather who keeps Death up an apple tree is thoroughly satisfactory symbolism, but I was able to make little sense of it and found no compensating virtues in the humorously tender passages between the little boy and his grandfather. There is a great deal of stress upon the toilet and some considerable emphasis on the various scatalogical preoccupations of childhood, but unlike most members of the audience I am not among those in whom the spectacle of a little boy with his pants down stirs all the tender emotions.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

OUTSTANDING among recent releases is Gamut's album (four ten-inch records, $4.50) of Moussorgsky's songs. If you are not familiar with Moussorgsky's works in this genre and come to them with only Schubert and Brahms—rather than Debussy, or even Wolf—as your previous experience, you will do best to begin with "Pride" and "Ballade" and then go on with the cycle "Sunless" in reverse order, from No. 6 to No. 1. In this way you will go from superb examples of what is usually thought of as a song to equally superb examples of the vocal style very much like recitative that is Moussorgsky's. Also, you will begin by noting the beautiful voice and phrasing of Moshe Rudinov, and will end—especially if you have the music before you and watch the shaping of the recitative—by appreciating his imagination and feeling for the music's every subtlety. He is a rare artist; and it is to be set down against our concert life as at present organized that these records give him his first opportunity to be heard by the general public since he

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Justice Black's striking record since his elevation to the Supreme Court, as evidenced by his tradition-breaking dissents, will be presented by MAX LERNER.

The introductory article of a lively series about the columnists, by MARGARET MARSHALL, will appear next week.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON will continue his correspondence from Washington.

A thorough analysis of Collective Security will be contributed by LOUIS FISCHER.

The Bronx "slave-market" and similarly intolerable conditions elsewhere that have led to the beginnings of unionism for domestic workers will be described by EVELYN SEELEY.

From Europe will come an analysis of German economy, by ALEXANDER VIDAKOVIC.

ELIOT JANEWAY will present the results of his study of the auto industry and the depression, and of the quality of generalship displayed by automotive leaders.

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sang in Stokowski's productions of "Les Noces" and "Oedipus Rex."

"Ballade" is also in the Parlophone subscription set repressed here by Decca (six records, $6), along with other songs of Moussorgsky, including the "Songs and Dances of Death." These are not so much sung as snarled and growled through clenched teeth melodramatically by Vladimir Rosing. Like the Gamut set this one is accompanied by a line-by-line transliteration and translation of the Russian texts.

Not only is there the sublimity Tovey speaks of in Schubert's great B-flat Piano Sonata, but the scherzo movement is one of the most ravishing pieces of music ever written, breath-taking in the rapid succession of its Schubertian miracles. As for the sublimity, the word carries with it a connotation of calm, but Ernst Victor Wolff's playing in the Columbia set (four records, $6) is nervous, over-intense, mannered. The performance of Beethoven's A-major Sonata for 'Cello and Piano that Emanuel Feuermann and Myra Hess have recorded for Columbia (three records, $5) is very beautiful; the older Casals-Schulhoff performance is, however, more dynamic and I like it better for that. On the fourth side of a Columbia two-record set ($3.25) is a fine performance of the Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" by Beecham with the London Philharmonic; the other three sides are given to Brahms's "Tragic" Overture, also very well played.

Among the single records of Victor's special list Chaliapin's of the Monologue and Clock Scene from "Boris Godounov" ($2) takes first place, as any record of any part of his Boris must, particularly if it was made when his voice was still adequate to his purpose. In addition there is beautiful singing by Hüsch in Händel's "Dank sei Dir, Herr" and an aria from his "Julius Caesar" ($1.50); by Helge Roswaenge in Strauss's "Freundliche Vision" and "Ach, Lieb', ich muss nun scheiden" ($1.50); and by Ina Souez in "Ernani, involami" ($2). As for Victor's January list, it is headed by Toscanini's recording of the Overture to "Semiramide" (two records, $4.50), which is beyond anything I have ever heard in recorded orchestral performance. Then there is a fine performance by the Kolisch Quartet of Mozart's Quartet K. 589, which is not one of the most impressive of Mozart's works but also not one of the least (three records, $6.50). And finally three Bach Sonatas for Flute and Harpsichord (four records, $8), with beautiful flute-playing by Georges Barrère and less emphatic playing than usual by Yella Pessl, but with one exception—the Sonata No. 2 on the third record—dull music to my ears.

Timely has issued a single record ($2) of some agreeable music for lute and strings by John Dowland, played by Suzanne Bloch and the New York Simfonietta under Max Goberman.

In reply to recent questions I recommend (1) a record-changing mechanism—the Garrard, playing both sizes of records in one series for $59.50, or only one size at a time for $47.50, and to be had from the Garrard Sales Corporation, 17 Warren Street, New York; and (2) a needle—the Universal, the best of non-metallic semi-permanent needles in shape and durability, with a reproductive power approximating most closely to steel and falling short of it only by enough to reduce the harshness of present-day recording, and to be had from the Center Music Store, 1242 Sixth Avenue, New York. If however you prefer steel, the shape of the Victor half-tone shadowgraphed needle makes it superior to the Acton that I recommended last year.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

It Wouldn't Work

Dear Sirs: In the editorial entitled Wanted: Three-Year Plan in *The Nation* of January 15, you recommend to the government a plan for putting into effect the expressed wish of the President to raise our annual national income from 68 billion to 100 billion dollars. You say: "It would be far better to start with an estimate of national income and an estimate of potential consumption for the products of each basic industry based on that national income. Each industry . . . could then produce for an expanded market; and in the very process of doing so it would create the employment and purchasing capacity that would constitute such an expanded market." I wish to point out that "the very process" (of stepping up production) would *not* produce the "purchasing capacity" for buying back the goods thus produced.

It is a fallacy, and one that is dangerous and widespread, to assume that when ten men, or ten thousand men, are put to work in productive industry they will create a market which will absorb what they produce. It is a well-known fact that their wages and salaries will buy back only a portion of what they produce. The surplus is what makes all the trouble, and brings on depression. Your plan of expansion would simply aggravate the disease.

The government could not carry out this plan even if it wished to, for it has no power to fix and enforce production schedules.

WILLIAM RAOUL

Navesink, N. J., January 31

[Mr. Raoul raises two objections to our proposal. The first is economic, the second constitutional. We do not quarrel with his "well-known fact" that the wage outlay in any single industry will not in itself create a market for its goods. We have always objected to piecemeal attempts to solve the problems of an industry by increasing the wages and prices in it. The big trouble with such a procedure, however, is not the one Mr. Raoul points out. It is rather that since only one industry is dealt with at a time, and reemployment is not created in the rest of the industrial structure, the industry is trying to produce more for a market that remains essentially the same. If, however, reemployment were created in every industry more or less simultaneously, the general level of purchasing power would be raised for all products, and a demand would be created not only for the finished products but for the raw and half-finished materials along the way. This is the heart of the argument for a planned economy. As for the constitutional objections, Mr. Raoul will do well to remember that if the Supreme Court follows John Marshall's conception of the scope of national powers, economic planning may easily pass muster as part of the Congressional function. Whether we shall have a court liberal enough to follow such an old Federalist as Marshall is another question.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Chicago Cares a Little

Dear Sirs: Milton Mayer's Chicago Doesn't Care in *The Nation* of February 5 is a good job on a big subject, but some of its statements seem unjustified. I feel Mr. Mayer left the rails at the following points:

1. When he says, "Chicago won't get reform, because it doesn't want it. There isn't a citizens' organization in town." And when he dismisses the Labor Party as a paper organization and Labor's Non-Partisan League as without friends. Finally, when he writes, "The reform movement in Chicago consists of serious groups of little thinkers sitting around" talking about New York.

If Mr. Mayer meant that these groups will not swing the next election, he's right, but his language isn't accurate. The Labor Party and Labor's Non-Partisan League have fair prospects of developing strength quickly; at present, they are well away from a paper basis. As to reform groups, the record shows they won a big battle for permanent registration in 1936; this took more than sitting and talking. The drive for a city manager and the P. R. system of voting has substantial support, with 200,000 Chicagoans backing the movement in such organizations as the Illinois League of Women Voters and the Chicago City Manager Committee.

2. Mr. Mayer is unfair in making the Civic Federation appear wholly reactionary and in comparing it with the New York committee which approved Tweed's bookkeeping. The federation proposed a state income tax as lately as 1933, has urged a separate personalty tax after amendment of the Illinois constitution, and has indorsed the present effort to assess personal property. It has perennially denounced city accountings, and last month issued a blast about the books of the Board of Education.

ROBERT E. ACKERBERG, JR.

Chicago, February 9

Testimony from the Fo'c'sle

Dear Sirs: As one who has been to sea in a fo'c'sle rather than a steamer chair, I was much interested in the recent denunciations of seamen made to the Senate Commerce Committee's subcommittee on maritime labor conditions. In the light of my sea experience, the most significant thing anent the testimony has been overlooked. That is that all the criticism has been of men working in passenger vessels.

I have worked on passenger ships and freighters. The differences between the men employed on them are enormous. Those I met on the freighters, tankers, and transports would take a job on a passenger ship only as an absolutely last resort. Because I have worked on a passenger ship to the Orient, the President Pierce, I believe it is possible that some of the charges placed against the personnel of the President Hoover after she ran aground are true. Out of the dozen of us in the wipers' fo'c'sle of the Pierce, two were graduates of a Honolulu reform school, one had been cashiered from the Marine Corps, and one we took on at Manila had just been released from jail after serving sentence for opium smuggling.

But it only took one trip on that ship to learn why such men were there. The Pierce was my second ship and a decided shock after the six months I spent on my first, the Utacarbon, which paid higher than average wages and provided good, clean quarters and decent working conditions. The crew's quarters of the Pierce would have made a brute out of the Savior. The fo'c'sles were small rooms crowded with as many narrow bunks as possible. Ventilation was by means of the customary portholes, but, since fo'c'sles are on a deck just slightly above water level, they had to be "dogged," or closed, whenever the weather was at all rough.

There were approximately thirty-five men in the wipers and firemen section of the "black gang" on that ship, and our bathroom contained two toilets, one shower, and two washstands. If you got tired of waiting for a chance at the shower after coming off watch, you could take a bath in a bucket of water, as every sailor has learned to do.

As for the food, you had to force yourself to eat it after eight hours of hard manual labor. The oranges and apples of the weekly fruit ration were invariably half spoiled. The nearest my thoughts ever came to mutiny was when I saw crates of oranges from the passengers' supplies, which had been allowed to spoil, being thrown overboard as we neared San Francisco. The soup was water with a few shreds of vegetables floating in it, and—this is no sailing-ship yarn—we had to brush weevils off the crackers that were served with it.

To judge the entire merchant marine by the passenger ships, however, would be utter folly. It also strikes me as folly to aim programs for correcting the present conditions, such as Joseph P. Kennedy's three-point plan, at the men. I am convinced that the ship owners are to blame for most of the present evils. They have gone on for years enlarging cargo space and improving passenger accommodations, while doing their best to keep the men in the same all-around conditions as sailors had in 1850.

JACK Y. QUAYLE, JR.
Washington, February 10

Let the Public Be Served

Dear Sirs: Your editorial Does the Boycott Hurt American Labor? in your issue of February 5 was splendid. I cannot help commenting on the statement of the National Association of Hosiery Manufacturers quoted by Professor Eugene Staley—"We are prepared to furnish the American public with whatever they desire in the line of hosiery." As the late President Woodrow Wilson once said, "Business was made for society, not society for business." It is the function of manufacturers to make what the public wants and not make the public want what they deem it wise for the public to want. It seems to me that if business in general would wake up to that fundamental fact a lot of worries would be over.

H. J. FULLER
Milford, Conn., February 8

Correcting an Error

Dear Sirs: I want to acknowledge with thanks your generous offer of an apology in print for publishing an unfounded attack of a certain Mr. Brody against me. In a letter to the editors, published in *The Nation* of February 12 under the heading Visas for Liberals, he said: "Also the Misses Suzanne La Follette and Anita Brenner, who have raged in the columns of *The Nation* against the bourgeois Loyalist government for shadowboxing with Franco instead of immediately establishing communism in Spain." You assure me that by the simple method of going through your own files it was easy to establish the falsehood of this severe accusation. Though I am convinced that every unbiased reader of Mr. Brody's letter recognized his statement as slander at the first glance, I thank you nevertheless for having taken the trouble to check up. I am satisfied. I shall be more so if you will follow in future a sound principle of editorial efficiency: check *before* printing.

May I add for the sake of the record that I have nowhere done what Mr. Brody's crank letter accused me of doing. On the other hand I collected a considerable amount of money for *The Nation's* Food Ship for Loyalist Spain.

SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE
New York, February 12

[While the editors do not accept responsibility for the interpretations of those whose letters they print, they wish to express their regret over an error of fact in Mr. Brody's statement. In justice to Miss La Follette they are glad to point out that she has not written anything on the subject of the Spanish war in the columns of *The Nation*. The editors regard the letter section as a battleground for their readers, and in consequence subject those pages to less of that checking process which they intensively apply elsewhere in the magazine and which they are proud to agree with Miss La Follette is a "sound principle of editorial efficiency."]

Texas Labor History

Dear Sirs: Professor Ruth A. Allen of the Department of Economics, University of Texas, is gathering material for a history of the labor movement in Texas and would like very much to hear from anyone having information about the Southwest Railway Strike of 1886 under the Knights of Labor, or about Martin Irons, one of the leaders of the strike. Any material lent for copying and examination will be promptly returned. It should be addressed to P. O. Box 1695, University Station, Austin, Texas.

BEN L. OWENS
Austin, Texas, January 26

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The Shape of Things

*

HITLER'S SPEECH GAVE NO INDICATION of where the lightning of Nazi fury would strike next, but made it abundantly clear that in the Führer's mind the Austrian coup was only a step in an unending war against democracy. He denounced the League, the Spanish government, China, the Soviet Union, England, and France. His wrath exceeded all bounds in castigating the free press of the democracies which dared to present him in an unfavorable light. He was warm in his praise of his fascist allies—Franco, Italy, Japan—and of his new province, Austria. In all of this there was little that was new; nothing that was unexpected. Yet, paradoxically, it was the most alarming of Hitler's speeches, for it revealed unmistakably that, far from satisfying his ambitions, his recent victories over the army and Schuschnigg have rendered him more determined than ever to obtain mastery over Europe and more confident that he can do so. While his reference to Czecho-Slovakia was oblique, the inference was unmistakable. And as if in answer to Chamberlain and Halifax, he indicated that Germany could not be bought off, on colonies or on any other issue. The Reich is now committed openly and irrevocably to a program of power politics in alliance with Italy and Japan. And, by implication, the world is told that the only argument Germany will heed is one backed up by superior force.

*

ALTHOUGH EDEN'S RESIGNATION IS BEING hailed in Rome and Berlin as a major triumph for fascism, it may be of immense value in dramatizing the fundamental choice that lies before Britain and the other democracies. Eden, as a representative of the younger generation, has stood unwaveringly for a new concept in international relations—the establishment of an effective system of international law based on collective responsibility. He has held that concessions to aggressors and potential aggressors would destroy the foundations of such a system. The dominant faction of the British Cabinet, on the other hand, has tried rather clumsily to play the dangerous game of power politics, seeking to curry favor with whatever country or group of countries seemed likely to attain a position of dominance in Europe. As Foreign Secretary in the Chamberlain Cabinet, Eden was a virtual prisoner of the group which wished to make terms with Hitler and Mussolini. Outside the Cabinet he may not have any immediate influence on foreign policy, but he will automatically become the leader of a powerful opposition—an opposition which was shown by the peace ballot to represent a majority of the British people.

✢

PRICES ARE TOO LOW, PRICES ARE TOO HIGH: both these cries have recently been heard, and both have come from the Administration. The report of the President's committee on prices last week indicates that both may be true. Foodstuff prices have been falling too fast, while prices in the basic mass-production industries have in many instances remained rigid. The actual fact is, as the committee recognizes, that a healthy economic system depends upon a balanced relation between the prices of various commodity groups, as well as on the general price level. The committee's report is welcome because it serves once more to emphasize that rigid prices in the industries where prices are in effect set by the big corporations have served to retard recovery and intensify the depression. Steel and cement prices, for example, are still far too high; automobile prices have been coming down through a voluntary ukase of the auto magnates, and as a result there are signs of reemployment among the automobile manufacturers and the auto-parts companies. Other prices, the committee tells us, are not high enough. This sounds plausible, but we await a bill of particulars. Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt fears to be specific about high and low prices because if he mentions names he runs the risk of bringing down the heavy battalions of big business. But the concerted attack on the problem of price policy must be removed from the region of generalities. We doubt that it is a prelude to an inflationary drive. Rather it seems to us a promising opening wedge for that planning of price and production policies in the key industries which we have been advocating, and which alone can bring reemployment and lift the national income.

✢

SENATOR O'MAHONEY HAS CHANGED HIS bill intended to regulate certain activities of corporations in interstate business by means of a federal licensing system. On the whole the changes are in the wrong direction. The exemption of corporations of less than $100,000 means the exemption of many of the centers of infection so far as child labor is concerned. The vesting of the power to revoke licenses solely in the courts will make the proposed measure as cumbersome and ineffective as the anti-trust laws; what is needed is administrative action. The dropping of provisions for labor standards is similarly unwise. Nevertheless the measure, even with these changes, probably dictated by business pressure, is better than no measure at all. The bill seeks to wipe out child labor, grant equality of wages and working conditions to women performing the same jobs as men, regulate trade practices, and fight monopoly. The first two of these objectives have never been attempted by federal agencies, and their inclusion gives the O'Mahoney-Borah measure its principal value. We indorse it for whatever effectiveness it may carry. But its advocacy and passage should not preclude continued efforts for the child-labor amendment, for a wage-hour bill, and for vigorous measures to deal with holding-company control of business.

✢

TO MODIFY THE GOLD-STERILIZATION POLICY so that the first $100,000,000 in gold imported in any quarter will not be segregated is a meaningless gesture as far as practical effects are concerned. It will be recalled that $300,000,000 of "sterilized" gold was liberated early in September without affecting the deflationary cycle which was just beginning to get under way. While the "desterilized" gold is available, in theory, as a basis for a credit expansion of approximately ten times its value, the existence of $1,360,000,000 in excess reserves indicates that there is already an abundant supply of credit available. The Treasury's action may be interpreted either as a new effort in the direction of a controlled economy or as an abandonment of the whole sterilization program. If the former, it is without value; but if the latter, it is distinctly encouraging. For while the sterilization did not affect the American price level one way or the other, it undoubtedly led to the accumulation of unneeded gold and had an adverse effect on prices and monetary stability abroad. The recent French financial difficulties can be traced, in part at least, to the continuous and unhealthy flow of gold to this country which was accentuated by our sterilization policy. If the Administration is determined on a "managed" monetary system, the least it can do is to allow gold to flow out to strengthen the countries less fortunate financially.

✢

THE JAPANESE THREAT TO CHENGCHOW, grave a week ago as a result of the collapse of the former Manchurian troops, appears to have been at least temporarily lifted by the success of the Eighth Route Army in cutting the Peiping-Hankow Railway in the rear of the invaders. Only one train is reported to have got through in a week between Paotingfu and Peiping, while farther south between Paotingfu and Shihchiachuang the former red army is said to control a seventy-five mile stretch of this vital artery of communication. To the north, in Shansi, Communist troops are gradually reconquering the province against the weakened Japanese forces. To the east, around the strategic junction at Suchow, Kwangsi troops under Li Tsung-jen have held the main Japanese army virtually stationary for two months. Although the main Chinese armies defending the Lunghai Railway are still in some danger of being cut off by a sudden southward drive along the Peiping-Hankow Railway, the offensive power of the Japanese seems definitely to be on the wane. Chinese morale is higher than at any time since the first weeks in Shanghai. After seven and a half months of undeclared war Japan finds itself with less territory than most foreign military observers expected it to win in the first three months. And every week that the struggle is protracted adds to Japan's difficulties in obtaining essential war materials. Its own trade figures for December indicate that imports were 15 per cent less than for the corresponding period of last year, a drop necessitated by the decline of almost 50 per cent in silk exports.

✶

A MOVE TO REORGANIZE THE GOVERNMENT is bound to meet suspicion and hostility with the country in a state of jitters over concentrating power in the President's hands. Mr. Roosevelt first proposed such a reorganization a little over a year ago. At that time we objected mainly to the provision for redistributing the quasi-judicial independent agencies and putting them under the roofs of various Cabinet officers. That item of the plan was a triumph of blueprints over governmental sense. We are happy that the revised Byrnes bill, now coming up for Senate discussion, specifically exempts these agencies. The other features of the new bill would distinctly improve the efficiency of the national government. Congress is given a check on any regroupings the President may make. A new Department of Public Welfare is created. The President is given six new administrative assistants. The Civil Service Commission is replaced by a Civil Service Administrator, appointed for fifteen years. The Comptroller General is replaced by an Auditor General, responsible to Congress and the President. A permanent agency is set up, to be known as the National Resources Planning Board, under which some of the newly emerging functions of national planning may be carried on. Opposition to these changes is already beginning to be heard. Amos Pinchot has written another of his interminable open letters to the President; Frank E. Gannett, as head of the National Committee to Uphold Constitutional Government, has launched a campaign against the plan. Unfortunately for these gentlemen, there is very little in what they call the "third crisis" of the nation which will give this fight of theirs the popular appeal that their court crusade had. The Byrnes bill in its present form is a sane and effective step toward streamlining the executive branch of the government to aid in making it capable of resisting the pressures of a frantic world.

✶

IN OPPOSING A REOPENING OF WAR-DEBT discussions, Congressional leaders acted more wisely than they realized. While it is impossible to doubt the sincerity of the Administration in desiring to see this troublesome issue settled for all time, more is actually to be lost than gained from such a settlement, assuming that it could be achieved. Any resumption of payments large enough to be consequential would impose fresh burdens on the sensitive world economy and accentuate the current recession. And unless the settlement were substantial, which is out of the question, opponents of the Administration would be quick to take advantage of the "sell-out" to the European debtors. At present the debts are canceled for all practical purposes. It is to the advantage of both the debtors and the United States to allow them to remain so. If the Johnson Act stands in the way of world recovery—as it doubtless does—the most intelligent step would be to repeal the act on that ground rather than become involved in a futile and dangerous effort to revive the corpse of an issue which, as it was, lived beyond its day.

✶

WAR, OF COURSE, IS HELL, BUT IF WE MUST fight again, let's make everyone—including the wealthy—show more school spirit. Behind such cheerful camouflage, the Hill-Sheppard bill, designed to establish a war-time dictatorship in the United States, is once more being pushed. It was shelved a year ago after widespread protest; now, in the midst of a big-navy program, the bill's sponsors hope to find the atmosphere more congenial. The press continues to label it a "war profits" measure, ignoring the fact that it has virtually no bearing upon the status of war profits. What the bill does outline, with some mild concessions to public sensitivity, is the War Department's program for M-Day. It lays down the rules under which patriotic Americans will behave—or else—when the shooting starts. It intrusts to the President controls over our economic and civil life, from price-fixing to press censorship, which will stir envy from Rome to Jersey City. Scarcely less odious is the bill sponsored by Congressman May, which similarly promises to "equalize the burden" but neglects to indicate how that will be accomplished. In all these measures the fine hand of the War Department may be detected. Their reappearance with White House sanction is further evidence of the growing cynicism in our foreign policy. They are the domestic expression of a "big-stick" program. We sympathize with efforts to provide equal distribution of war-time suffering. But neither these nor probably any other measures will do just that. While wars are fought for profit, "dollar-a-year men" are not to be taken seriously.

✶

SINCLAIR LEWIS, AFTER SPENDING YEARS on his feet attacking the old fogies of American literature, has sat down—in Chair 17 of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Only a few years ago he said the academy represented not American letters today but Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He has now accepted its invitation in a letter which sounds like an early Lewis burlesque of the letter of an author accepting a chair in the American Academy of Arts and Letters: " . . . it has not been until today that I could write you to express my feelings of honor at being elected . . . and my pleasure in accepting it." Mr. Lewis has for some time now been indicating a belief that Sauk Center after all knows best. In his last book he took a house in Main Street and defended it against young upstarts whom he pictured as brainless reds. His acceptance of Chair 17 makes his position secure. He has made his peace with Babbitt and if you don't like it you can go back where you came from.

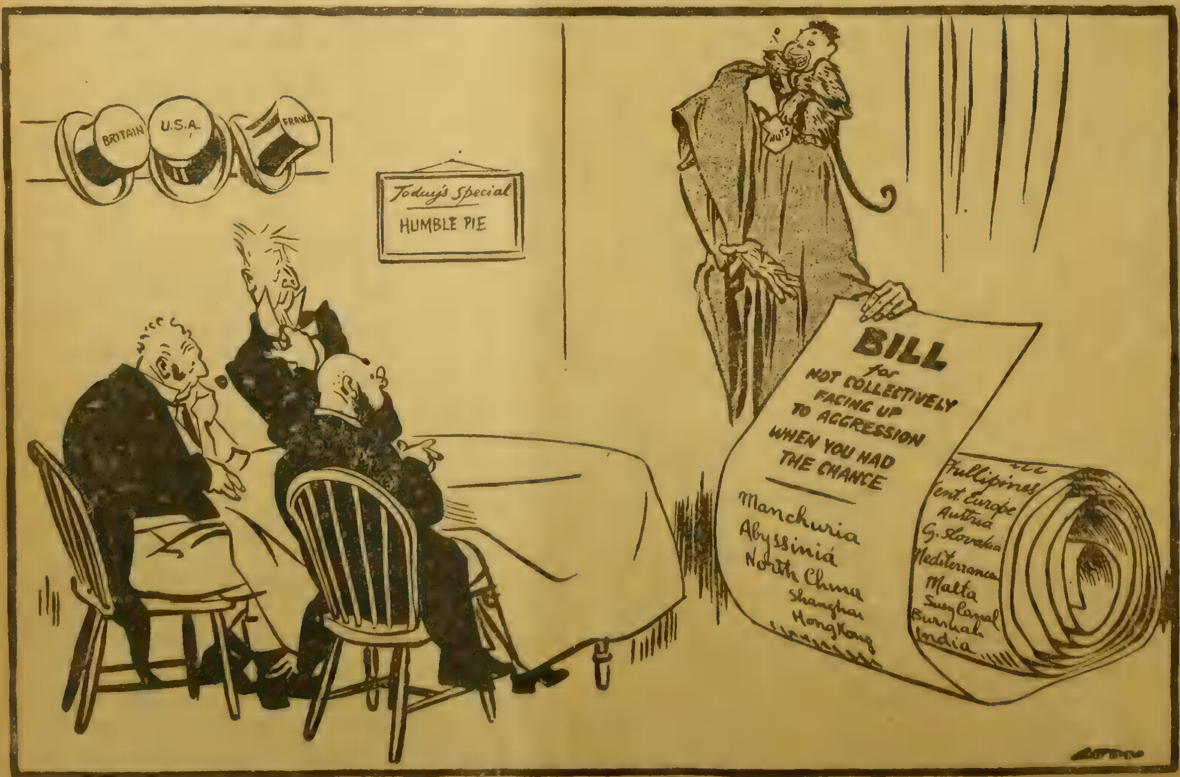
Surrender in Vienna

IN THE agreement for the "coordination" of Austria Hitler has won his first major victory on foreign soil with an ease that bodes ill for the future. For years proponents of democracy have been telling themselves that it was impossible to check Hitler's high-handed methods as long as they were applied within the borders of the Reich, but that the minute he reached out for foreign territory—such as Austria, Memel, or Czechoslovakia—he would be brought up short by international action. Hitler himself doubtless feared this, for he has moved with unusual circumspection. But by playing his hand skilfully he has achieved the ambition of every German statesman in recent years—Anschluss with Austria. And he has done so without serious risk of war.

His tactics were essentially those which he has used so successfully in the past, both in domestic affairs and in casting off the restrictions imposed at Versailles. After careful preparation backed by overwhelming force of arms, Hitler struck with bewildering speed, and presented his opponents with a *fait accompli.* While the intimidation of a minor power by display of arms can scarcely be construed as other than a violation of international law, Hitler very skilfully refrained from overt illegal action.

Without doubt the success of the Austrian adventure will strengthen the myth that fascism is irresistible. It will be said, with much truth, that the democracies have shown once again that they are unable to cope with a determined dictatorship in the international arena. Seven years ago, when the Social Democratic government of Germany proposed a customs union with the Social Democratic government of Austria, the project was thwarted by the vigorous opposition of Italy and France and, to a lesser extent, Great Britain. Today when a vastly more dangerous type of union is consummated at the point of the bayonet by a dictator in Germany, both Britain and France hasten to indicate their lack of concern over the turn of events. There is even a suspicion that the coup was engineered at the suggestion of the dominant faction in the British government.

France professes to find comfort in the fact that the Nazi gains in Austria were primarily at the expense of Italy. Certainly no basic change has occurred in the line-up of European powers. Austria has long been completely under the dominance of the fascist bloc, the difference being that Mussolini heretofore held the whip hand. Yet it is obvious that the Duce has not surrendered his position in Austria without compensation. While it is not clear what price has been exacted, it may be assumed that it is substantial. The only concession which Mussolini would be likely to consider of sufficient importance to offset the loss of Austria is either an iron-clad military alliance between Germany and Italy or the promise of substantial aid to the Spanish insurgents. Either would seriously jeopardize peace in Europe; which is further endangered by the strengthening of the extremist element in Germany. There can be no doubt that the army opposed the Austrian adventure, as it did the Spanish campaign. But whereas caution prevailed in the case of Spain, the recent purge of the army and the triumph in Austria have greatly enhanced the power and



NEMESIS RESTAURANT.

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prestige of the Nazi fanatics. It is highly possible that the next coup, which will presumably occur in Czechoslovakia, will not be executed with the finesse that has characterized the present one.

In fact, about the only comfort that believers in democracy can derive from the present situation is the hope that the Nazi extremists will be led to overplay their hand. Undoubtedly there will be a reaction. Already there are indications of sporadic opposition within Austria which might conceivably broaden into something approaching mass resistance. It is at least possible that the Nazis may go to extremes that will dampen the enthusiasm of the pro-German faction in the Chamberlain government.

It must be admitted, however, that hope of action by the democracies is slight, owing to the apparent lack of any realization that the fascist bluff must be called soon if at all. For in failing to take a stand against fascist aggression while they have overwhelming military preponderance, the democracies are not only making a world war inevitable, but are endangering their chances of victory when it comes.

Recession and Relief

THE late lamented recovery is only a memory in the public mind—except in the matter of relief. In that field the recovery psychology persists in spite of the unemployment census, which showed from 7,500,000 to 10,500,000 out of work in mid-November (the number has greatly increased since then) and in spite of the easily available evidence that the total relief need is uncomfortably close to that of the worst depression years. One-sixth of the population of New York City is on relief. Raymond Clapper recently reported from Detroit on February 2 that the number of families on relief of all kinds was within 3,000 of the depression record. What is even more conclusive, a report of the Social Security Board early in February said that telegraphic advices from ninety urban areas in twenty-nine states showed that the number of cases receiving general relief (not including regular welfare expenditures, WPA earnings, or loans and grants by federal agencies) increased 13 per cent from December to January. The reports showed that only about one-third of the reporting districts indicated an increase of less than 10 per cent; in ten urban areas the increase exceeded 40 per cent; and Flint, Michigan, headed the list with an increase of 285 per cent.

At present some 2,000,000 are on WPA work relief. State and local relief agencies were reported to be taking care of 3,500,000 individuals at the end of 1937. The additional WPA appropriation of $250,000,000 passed by the House and now pending in the Senate will take care of 500,000 more, according to Aubrey Williams. The C. I. O. has asked that the figure be increased to $600,000,000; the mayors' conference suggests $400,000,000. Both groups are in a position to know what the need is, and their figures are far more realistic. The President himself, in asking for the appropriation, said that 3,000,000 people had lost their jobs in the last three months. But the President's mind is running on battleships, and in general at the moment he is leaning toward "trickling down" relief through such projects as rearmament and transcontinental highways which also have a national-defense appeal. Meanwhile the drive to substitute a dole for work relief continues. The New York *Times* admits that if federal relief is to be administered exclusively on the basis of work relief more money is needed. But it complains that the present program spares the states too much, prevents a given amount of federal money from being "stretched" to cover more cases, and depresses business by increasing the deficit. It has been pretty well shown that the states have no magic purses in reserve. On the second point a recent report by a board appointed by Mayor LaGuardia speaks with eloquence. Home relief allowances in New York City—they are the highest in the country—are 40 per cent below maintenance standards and 15 to 25 per cent below emergency standards.

As for the deficit, since the Administration is following Great Britain's lead so slavishly in rearmament, it might also emulate its taxes. That would seem more advisable, from any rational point of view, than "stretching" relief to feed two where one was only half-fed before.

Franco's Conquest of the Atlantic

HEAVEN knows we don't look to the *Atlantic Monthly* for social guidance, and we have never ranked Ellery Sedgwick, its editor, as a potent force for progress. But until a short time ago we had always regarded him as a reliable, if not too exciting, journalist. Then General Franco invited Mr. Sedgwick to go to insurgent Spain to see for himself how grand it all was—and to write about it in the home press. If the customary procedure was followed, all Mr. Sedgwick's expenses were to be paid. Shortly before his departure Mr. Sedgwick was urged by Dr. W. B. Cannon of the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy to visit Loyalist territory as well while he was about it, but he declined on the ground that to do so would make him "persona non grata on the other side of the fence." He assured Dr. Cannon, however, that he proposed only "to write of what I see."

What Ellery Sedgwick saw in insurgent Spain is something hitherto vouchsafed only to angels and William Carney. Aside from the prosperity and happiness which abounded, what impressed him most, judging from the stories in the New York *Times*, was Franco's political acumen in the face of the seemingly conflicting groups that rushed to his banner. "Monarchists, great landowners, rich manufacturers," Sedgwick found, make up only "a fraction of his support." "Progressives, as we should call them, follow him in great numbers, and tens of thousands of genuine radicals shout themselves hoarse in his honor . . . the liberal spirit is clearly in the ascendant." What Ellery Sedgwick ("we") calls progressives, is a little hard to guess, but by "genuine radicals" (as opposed to those spurious Loyalist radicals whom he contrarily labels "reds") Mr. Sedgwick says he means the Falangists—"loosely called the Fascist Party." These, he explains, are the followers of the son of Primo de Rivera—"a great administrator who brought peace and order to Spain for six years" until he was ousted because the King "distrusted his sympathies with the proletariat."

The Falange "is recognized" by Mr. Sedgwick "as essential to the success of Nationalist Spain," but it doesn't inflame the romantic imagination of the *Atlantic's* editor quite as much as those medieval relics the Carlist *requetes*. "Ah! the *requetes*. You see them . . . whenever the front-line trenches call for the bravest of the brave. No such romantic folk since the Highland clans came down from the hills to fight and die for the Pretender."

And so Mr. Sedgwick wallows on, making his *persona* more and more *grata* to General Franco until at the end of his sickening fantasy we find him pilfering even the Loyalists' fighting slogan for the benefit of his—shall we say?—host. "*'No Pasaran,'*" according to Mr. Sedgwick, "say the patriots now to the reds."

Note: A few weeks ago a fellowship was established at Harvard to give journalists a chance to improve themselves and thus "promote and elevate the standards of journalism in the United States." Among the overseers who will administer the fund is Editor Ellery Sedgwick. We'll try a correspondence school.

Kennedy vs. the C. I. O.

THE American people are being treated to as neat an exhibition of pre-fascist union-smashing as it has been our lot to witness. The principal figures on the scene are Senator Copeland of New York, Mr. Kennedy of the Maritime Commission, now ambassador to England, and Joe Ryan, head of the racket-ridden International Longshoreman's Association of New York. Behind the scenes are more shadowy figures, notably the big shipowners on both coasts, the New York Tammany machine, Dave Beck and his labor-political machine in the Northwest, and the coalition of tory Senators and big employers.

The ordinary newspaper reader will find such an interpretation of what is happening rather far-fetched. He gathers from the papers merely that the heroic Mr. Kennedy has been turning his fine gifts to the task of creating order out of the shipping chaos; that the Senate Committee on Commerce, under Senator Copeland's chairmanship, has been doing its best to make the American flag and American womanhood safe from molestation at sea; and that to do this we shall have to outlaw all ship strikes, establish compulsory arbitration, and send Harry Bridges back to Australia.

There can be no doubt that conditions at sea are bad. But they are bad in the sense that the men's food, wages, hours, and living-quarters would all be intolerable even for men not brought up to expect something approaching American standards. There can be no doubt that the labor situation in the shipping industries is disgraceful. But the disgrace lies in the fact that only a portion of the men have been unionized, that up to a year ago the dominant unions on the Atlantic coast were controlled by Tammany politicians like Joe Ryan, that the successful organizing drive of Harry Bridges on the West Coast has met with the foulest sort of strike-breaking tactics.

We do not regard Mr. Kennedy's schemes for subsidizing the shipping companies to the tune of some twenty-five million a year as anything more than a preparation for war. The announcement last week that the government was preparing to purchase three ships from the International Mercantile Marine in order to give that company a chance to build more ships with government subsidies fits in with such a war program. But whatever one's views on that question, they should not blind one to the unqualified gall and fascist tactics of Kennedy, Copeland, and Ryan in their attack on maritime labor.

Their program calls for outlawing strikes and for compulsory arbitration of labor disputes in addition to a government training school for the merchant marine. In his parting shot before he left for the Court of St. James's, Mr. Kennedy attacked Secretary Perkins for her courageous opposition to compulsory arbitration and pointed to the fact that the machinery he proposes is being used in the railway industry. The machinery is working tolerably well in railroads because that industry is already completely unionized, and the negotiations are carried on between two groups comparable in strength. But before the railroad workers achieved that position they had to go through a series of strikes that were bitterly fought by the employers. The maritime workers are going through just that process today. They have made good progress under Harry Bridges on the West Coast and Joseph Curran on the East. But if they are now saddled with the complications and delays of this mediation machinery, their use of the strike as an instrument for organization is as good as taken away from them. And as for negotiating with unorganized workers, the shipping companies will, of course, find that very much to their taste.

The big stumbling-blocks in the path of Mr. Kennedy, Senator Copeland, and Mr. Ryan are the C. I. O. maritime unions. The strategy of this trio accordingly is to hold over Bridges the club of deportation for alleged membership in the Communist Party, to hold the Senate committee hearings without allowing Bridges to appear, to intrench Tammany Ryan more strongly on the Atlantic coast, and to brand the whole C. I. O. as "communist." What is new is that the shipowners have now stepped into the background and that they are using the Senate as their national stage and a United States Senator and an ambassador as their stooges.

Austria—Last Chapter

BY LUDWIG LORE

WHEN the history of our times is written, the fifteenth of February, 1938, will not be forgotten, for on that day Germany conquered Austria without firing a gun or drawing a sword. Formally Vienna is still the capital of Austria; actually Austria is ruled from Berlin. Its long-drawn-out struggle against German domination has ended in capitulation without honor.

The question of a union between Germany and Austria arose for the first time in modern history when the national German parliament met in Frankfort in 1848. What was to be the place of the Austrian monarchy in a united Germany? Were only the German provinces to be included or was it to be incorporated as a whole? The Austrians refused to split their empire in half. The Germans could not stomach the idea of including a vast non-German population. When Bismarck came to power in Prussia, he saw that German unity could only be achieved by the exclusion of Austria. The falling out between Berlin and Vienna over the Schleswig-Holstein question led to a definite breach between the two great German powers, to the campaign of 1866, and the collapse of Austria on the field of Königgrätz. Eight million Germans were cut off from all political union with their fellow-Germans.

The half-century that followed was outwardly uneventful, but internal affairs were marked by constant friction between the different nationalities included in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. This nationality issue was a constant source of irritation to Austria's Balkan neighbors and culminated in the fateful assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand in 1914. The World War ended with the dissolution of the monarchy. Austria, with an area of 240,000 square miles and a population of 46,000,000 before the World War, was left a head without a body, comprising a total area of 32,369 square miles with a population of about 6,500,000.

Austria's new status as a German vassal is, without a doubt, the personal victory of Adolf Hitler, but the foundation for it was laid in pre-Hitler Germany. The world forgets that Anschluss is not a Nazi but a German policy, that long before Hitler, Social Democratic governments, in both Berlin and Vienna, called for a united Germany and Austria. Had the makers of the Versailles and St. Germain treaties been less short-sighted and less vengeful, who knows what the future of Europe might have been? As it was, Article 88 of the Treaty of St. Germain expressly commanded Austria to "abstain from any act which might, directly or indirectly or by any means whatever, compromise her independence." Lloyd George, who is so critical of the post-war treaties today, feared nothing so much as a peace that would give Germany a chance to combine with German Austria and encircle the new Czechoslovak Republic.

The Anchluss idea was kept alive through the entire Weimar period. Socialists continued to demand a united German people in tremendous demonstrations, and we doubt whether any considerable group of Germans in either country would have been seriously opposed to an Austro-German Republic had the Allied powers been sane enough to permit it. The German Republic made a tentative move in that direction with its proposal of a customs union with Austria, but the powers turned thumbs down. It has been characteristic of all post-war "statesmanship" to give to reactionaries and fascists under duress what was refused to liberal and democratic governments. It was this blindness to realities that made the powers block the path of the liberal-democrat Karolyi in Hungary and then make concessions to the arch-reactionary Horthy. The sins committed by the Allied powers against European democracy during the first decade after the war paved the way for fascism.

Chancellor Schuschnigg, who appears before the world today as the knave who sold Austria's birthright, gave in to Hitler with a heavy heart. He knew that Austrian independence was a chimera, but he tried to keep up the fiction in the hope that another *Systemwechsel* in Germany would remove Hitler from his throne. A drowning man grasps at straws. Now Austria belongs to Germany, for better or for worse. Before long Germany will be a nation of 73,000,000 people, against 42,000,000 for France. For the present regime in the Reich that is a tremendous achievement. With Austria behind her, Nazi Germany is well on her way to becoming the dominant power of Continental Europe.

What does this mean for Czechoslovakia? Prague's submissiveness in the face of recent manifestations of Nazi aggressiveness points to the answer. "Allied" with France and "protected" by the U. S. S. R., she faces dismemberment and division by Germany, Poland, and Hungary. Poland and the Balkan states, which have tried to safeguard their independence by carrying on a nervous flirtation with the Nazi regime, are in a panic. France, their only bulwark against the Nazi Goliath, is hopelessly far away.

Messrs. Daladier and Sarraut may well weep over the chances they missed. When Hitler trampled the constitution of the German Republic under foot in 1933 France would have been justified, under the terms of the Versailles treaty, in sending her troops back into the demilitarized Rhine zone. This could have been done without losing the life of a single man. When Nazi Germany left the League of Nations nine months later, and when she rearmed immediately after, France had another chance to enforce the Rhine guaranties. At that time Germany could not have offered more than a perfunctory resistance. When Hitler sent troops into the Rhineland in March, 1936, the Reich was so little prepared to back up its venture that the general in command of the German troops had secret orders to retire at once if France should offer resistance. But the Germans were good psychologists. As they had expected, France dodged the issue and allowed the potential enemy to advance to her very borders, relying on her magnificent chain of underground fortresses and ignoring the fact that the presence of the German army in the formerly demilitarized area would make it impossible for her to come to the aid of her allies in Eastern Europe.

France has not suffered such a decisive defeat since she lost to the Germans at Sedan in 1870. Since February 15 there is every indication that she will have to play a secondary role in world affairs. Germany will leave no stone unturned, after her easy victory in Austria, to extend her control from the Rhine to the Dardanelles. If her plans succeed she will be, in the not distant future, the economic overlord of a bloc of some 150,000,000 people in an area that can supply her with practically everything she needs in food, oil, coal, and metals.

The last word, to be sure, has yet to be spoken. Germany's victory of today may still become her defeat of tomorrow unless Hitler and his associates have the wisdom to act with the utmost discretion for some time to come. It is inconceivable that England, France, and Russia will indefinitely stand by with folded hands while German fascism prepares to terrorize all Europe. Even the most peaceful of peoples must decide to fight when submitting to oppression is the only alternative.

Farm Aid—Fourth Stage

BY MORDECAI EZEKIEL

Washington, February 21

THE federal government has already gone through three stages of positive action in dealing with the problem of farm production and prices: Farm Board price-stabilization purchases in 1930-32, AAA commodity-control programs in 1933-35, and the agricultural conservation program of 1936-37. The farm bill just passed initiates the fourth stage.

The ever-normal granary is a dominant element in the new legislation. That concept, gradually evolved out of past experience with gluts and shortages, is a daring attempt to satisfy and protect both producers and consumers. For consumers, it encourages the establishment of reserve food supplies adequate to protect against short crops due to drought or other natural causes. Pinched recently by high prices for hams, bacon, and other hog products, consumers realize the need for such assurance. Those high prices, the direct consequence of the destruction by drought of half the crops of corn and other feed grains in 1934 and 1936, show the need of heavier feed reserves to protect against weather hazards. To farm producers the ever-normal-granary plan offers a guaranty that even in years of bumper yields prices and incomes will not be driven to disastrous lows.

To protect against future crop disasters, supplies at the end of the season will be built up to levels materially higher than in the past. Acreage allotments will be so adjusted that, with normal yields, carry-overs of wheat will run about 210 million bushels, as compared with an average of 140 million in the past. Carry-overs of corn will be increased by nearly 100 per cent. Meanwhile farm income will be maintained, despite the higher storage stocks, by benefit payments, commodity loans if prices are low and supplies are large, and parity payments. These last, however, will depend entirely on whether appropriations for them are made hereafter.

Commercial producers of the several major crops will be given acreage allotments so calculated as to produce the supplies necessary to satisfy domestic and foreign demand and to provide carry-overs larger than the averages of the past. Producers who keep within these acreages, and who also carry out the soil-conservation practices that may be required, will receive benefit payments and be fully eligible for crop loans. But despite these acreage controls, bumper yields may produce crops larger than are anticipated, or carry-overs may prove to be larger than was expected when the acreages were allotted. If the current supplies are in such excess as to provide carry-over reserves of some 250 million bushels of wheat or 400 million bushels of corn, then marketing quotas will be imposed. These quotas will restrict sales for the season, with a penalty tax on sales in excess of individual quotas. Marketing quotas will become effective, however, only if two-thirds or more of the farmers to whom they will apply, voting in a referendum, favor them.

The law also formalizes the procedure for extending crop loans to farmers. It materially reduces the administrative discretion in handling such loans, and specifies the amount of the loans under given conditions. Minimum loans to cooperating producers of wheat, cotton, and corn will be at not less than 52 per cent of the parity price. Under existing conditions this would tend to put a floor to farm prices of approximately 60 cents for wheat, 43 cents for corn, and 10 cents for cotton. Loans will not be made in any season when the price is above 75 per cent of parity, except in the case of corn, for which they may be made in any year, regardless of price, when the corn crop is estimated at more than a year's normal domestic requirements and exports. Loans will be available to non-cooperating farmers, but only at the low level of 60 per cent of the loan rate to cooperators. No loans will be available for a commodity in any season when its supplies are so heavy that marketing quotas are proposed for it but are rejected by the farmers' vote.

In actual operation, the program will not be devoid of difficulties. In essence it will tend to keep domestic market prices lower in years of small crops and higher in years of bumper crops than would otherwise be the case. In the case of corn this should tend also to hold live-stock production and prices within more stable limits. But for the export crops, especially cotton and wheat, complications may still follow. Holding our domestic price above the world market in years of large crops tends to check our own exports and to encourage expanded production elsewhere. (As a matter of fact, however, a large part of the increases of foreign cotton acreage has been in response to other factors, such as the low price of coffee or exchange depreciation abroad, which have no relation to our own cotton policies.) As an offset to this possibility, the pending legislation provides broader powers to "stimulate exports." Funds adequate to carry on a large export-dumping program, either in wheat or cotton, are not, however, provided; nor is there any assurance that exports could be subsidized on a large scale without leading to retaliatory action by foreign countries. If adjustment of production in this country were matched by concerted production adjustments in other countries, this difficulty would not arise. In a recent speech outlining his wheat policy, the Secretary of Agriculture expressed a willingness to revive the international wheat agreement, under which the leading wheat exporters had agreed to curtail production. Such action for cotton was once proposed by Egypt, but was never followed up. For this crop, for which our export market is still a major one, such an international agreement would be even more helpful than for wheat, but less progress has been made in that direction.

The increased emphasis on adequate supplies meets the accusation of "scarcity economics" which in the past has often been leveled at the AAA. As a matter of fact, scarcity as such has never been an objective of New Deal farm policy. Rather "balance" has been the keynote, to obtain the proper proportion between the supplies of farm products and the domestic and export demand for them. This resolves itself down to maintaining the proper balance between the production of farm products and that of industrial products. Larger industrial production and increased consumer buying power for farm products will be welcomed by farmers, and the demand gladly supplied, but low industrial production cannot be remedied by glutting the existing markets for farm products. Viewed in this way, the whole AAA mechanism is a device to put farmers, who formerly operated under free competition, in a position of bargaining equality with modern industry, which operates under the economy of monopolistic competition.

The soil-conservation features of the farm program are a protection to consumers even more than to farmers. If soil depletion went to the bitter end of inadequate supplies of farm products, the major burden would fall upon consumers. Food would have to be shipped to this country from the distant corners of the earth; expensive artificial fertilizers would have to be used far more extensively than now; food prices would shoot up. Such possibilities do not seem far-fetched to anyone who has visited the productive black-land area of Texas and seen the infertile white subsoil coming to the top on the upper slopes of all the gently rolling fields, or who on the fertile loess bluffs bordering the Mississippi, from Wisconsin to Arkansas, has seen the ravines and gullies cutting back deeper and deeper, and great sheets of soil washing off slopes above. Nation-wide surveys show that already 35 million acres of good land have been destroyed by gullying or other forms of erosion, while more than half the remainder of our farm lands is in more or less advanced stages of top-soil destruction.

Secretary Wallace

In its intensive demonstration projects the Soil Conservation Service (previously the Soil Erosion Service) is showing dramatically what can be done to hold the soil in place and to increase its fertility. The AAA, in its general soil-conservation program, is trying to spread such practices generally among all farmers. The program demands that an adequate proportion of the land of each farm be devoted to soil-improving crops; that not too much be used for the inter-tilled crops which deplete the soil or accelerate erosion; and that such production practices as the use of winter cover crops, terracing, strip-cropping, and green-manure crops be adopted to build up the organic content and fertility of the soil. From the point of view of soil conservation, the chief question is whether the AAA and the Soil Conservation Service can move fast enough to save much of the good land that is still left.

The new legislation, in many of its detailed provisions, provides for modifications of methods previously in use. Some of these changes may work well in practice; others may cause difficulties and require correction later. The marketing quotas, for example, in the case of tobacco, wheat, and rice are expressed in units of the commodity marketed, while for cotton they are expressed in terms of the actual yield of the given year on an allotted acreage. That would mean that in a year like 1937, when the crop is large solely because of unusually high yield per acre, the cotton marketing quota would have little effect upon the quantities marketed. On the other hand it might increase the effectiveness of the voluntary acreage control, since non-cooperators who greatly expanded cotton acreage would be penalized when selling the product of their excess acres if the sales quotas were in operation.

The proposed stabilization of live-stock production through corn prices represents a new measure. Under the original AAA the voluntary contracts directly limited the production and marketing of hogs, as well as the acreage of corn. Under the soil-conservation programs of 1936 and 1937 there was no control of hogs, and control of corn was entirely voluntary. Under the new law the corn program will apply primarily to the commercial farms in regions of heavy corn production. In those areas there would be definite acreage limits on corn under the soil-conservation program, backed up by corn loans, and then by marketing quotas once the national granary was filled to the generous levels already mentioned. Three-quarters or more of our corn is fed on the farm where it is produced, and is marketed as hogs or cattle. Accordingly the "marketing quotas" for corn are to be enforced, not by penalizing corn sales, but by requiring that an appropriate share of the crop be withheld from the market. The stored corn would then be released for feeding or marketing in years of shortage. It is expected that this device will reduce the range of fluctuations in corn supplies and corn prices, and thus lead to more constant production of live stock and live-stock products. This recognizes the fact once stated by a Southern Senator during farm-bill hearings, "Why, suh, a hawg is nothin' but cawn on foah laigs."

The penalties imposed on sales above the quotas are of moderate proportions: 15 cents a bushel on corn and wheat, 2 cents a pound on cotton (or 3 cents a pound if marketed in a subsequent year), ¼ cent a pound on rice, with relatively heavier penalties on tobacco. Whether the threat of these moderate penalties, plus the loss of the soil-conservation benefits and of most of the loan privileges, will be sufficient to lead most farmers to cooperate in the adjustment program and will thus be adequate to prevent continued excess production after the granaries are filled, is one of the questions which only operating experience can answer.

In many other details the new legislation shows efforts to meet problems which have arisen in the past. An attempt is made to provide a flexible basis for allotments to individual farms instead of freezing them in the rigid mold of past averages. The early AAA programs calculated individual farm allotments directly upon the "historical base" of average acreages on each farm in the years preceding 1933. Farmers who had already reduced their production of export crops or who were following good farm management with low cash crop acreages often suffered severe injustices. The present legislation modifies this rigid system in various ways, including use of a moving average of past acreages for distribution among states and counties. New effort is made to protect small farmers by providing minimum acreage allotments for them, increasing the benefits payable to them, and exempting them from some of the marketing quotas. Likewise, beginning in 1939, the total benefits payable to any one individual, partnership, or estate in any one state are limited to $10,000.

In part, the new legislation crystallizes into definite statutory form administration devices which have evolved under the broad authorizations of previous legislation; in part it provides new and more powerful mechanisms. Some of these new mechanisms may work as expected; others may reveal defects which will require further modifications later on. The basic objectives of the new farm program remain much the same as under the current programs: to stabilize farmers' incomes; to assure consumers adequate supplies; and to protect both the farmers and consumers of the future by conserving our soil resources.

The Road to Peace

BY LOUIS FISCHER

THE outstanding fact in the world today is that wars are raging in three countries—in China, Spain, and Ethiopia. The greatest fallacy of our political thinking suggests that this situation offers only two alternatives: to stay out and allow the aggressor to have his way, or to go to war and stop him. If I thought so I should be an isolationist. I should say: let the aggressor run amuck; it will be years before he gets ready to strike at us, and any respite is a blessing. I have seen so much of the horrors of war in Spain during the last eighteen months that I would even be ready to advocate peace at any price. But I am convinced that isolationism is a greater menace to peace and to democratic institutions in this country than a wise American foreign policy based on free international collaboration with a view to preventing war.

The aggressors have been made bold by their successes. Manchoukuo, the Rhineland, Abyssinia, Spain, China—and now Austria. Nor does Austria bring the story to an end. In August the *Angriff*, official Nazi organ, said: "Money is being collected in Czechoslovakia for Soviet Spain. And who will later collect for Czechoslovakia?" The implication is obvious: Czechoslovakia is next. Why not?

France, England, the Soviet Union, and the smaller states are therefore alarmed, and announce unprecedented accelerations of already unprecedented rearmament programs. We do the same. The more progress Japan makes in China and the farther Italy and Germany penetrate into South America, where their support of Spanish fascism has earned them many friends (what happens in Spain is quickly reflected in the Spanish-

American republics), the more feverishly the United States will arm. We shall have a large military establishment, mobilization of industry for war purposes, greater surveillance of individual citizens, more repression, more reaction. Successful aggression stimulates the world arms race. So does the prospect of successful aggression. There is no use asking for smaller army and navy subsidies while wars are in progress or while aggression pays.

As the aggressors advance they must reach a line which the opposing armed giants, if they are to protect their national interests, cannot allow them to cross. And then a major conflict will ensue. This is the gravest implication of fascist conquests. Isolationists may believe that America can remain aloof. This immature notion is not shared by those who understand the complicated pattern of international relations. Once war has started, Ludlow amendments will not help. War must be prevented long before it becomes imminent. Measures like the Ludlow amendment would tend to draw us away from a policy of war prevention and toward one of stopping a war in the eleventh hour.

The road away from armaments and back to appeasement and peace must start in a conscious attempt to stop the assaults of totalitarian states upon unoffending peoples. The first duty of the true pacifist is to take the profit out of aggression. If one aggressive war ended in failure thanks to collective action, a second would be less likely. The choice lies between mad rearmament, plus frail dams like the Ludlow amendment to hold back the inevitable flood, and the reestablishment of peace by a policy of war prevention.

Peace can be reestablished by non-violent measures. The assumption that Germany or Italy or Japan would, if subjected to economic pressure, strike back in desperation is based on an error not difficult to disprove. Ever since October, 1936, the Soviet Union has helped Loyalist Spain with munitions. If it had not, fascism would now be triumphant in Spain. Have Germany or Italy attacked Russia in retaliation? No. France today pursues a pro-Loyalist policy which is immediately translated into greater Spanish war costs for Italy and Germany. Have the invaders of Spain moved against France? No. Hongkong is the gateway through which a broad stream of British and other war materials is entering China. The Japanese have not yet attacked Hongkong, or French Indo-China, or Soviet Siberia, whence the Chinese are now receiving airplanes and other weapons to defend themselves against invasion. The fascist nations have not struck back because they cannot. They are too weak. We often mistake their audacity for strength. They are merely made brave by other nations' passivity.

Poor Loyalist Spain, which began the war with no army and with political disunity, has been able to resist Franco, Hitler, and Mussolini. Germany and Italy have helped the rebels as much as their resources, their preoccupations, and the international situation permitted. Italy has had 200,000 soldiers in Spain. The two dictators have sent 1,800 airplanes to the disloyal generals and equipment for an army of half a million. Franco, according to the London *Financial News* of January 10, owes Rome two and a half billion lire and Berlin eight hundred million marks. Germany and Italy will try to do more but it will not be enough. Their arm is too short. Meanwhile, the fascist investment in Spain has so weakened the investors as to prevent them from launching a European war. This is the Loyalists' contribution to world peace.

The Nazi *Frankfurter Zeitung* said on December 28 that when the rebels rose in Spain no one thought that the war would last longer than a few months. The Japanese were similarly mistaken about the war in China. The German theory of the short war has been exploded. Continued Chinese resistance will increasingly undermine Japan's economy. Will aggressor nations which cannot conquer their weak victims assume the additional task of attacking great powers which are helping those victims? The fact is that the powers which are aiding Spain and China have not been attacked although they are within easier reach of the aggressors than the United States.

Not only do the fascist states hesitate to fight the large countries. They even retreat when hard pressed by diplomacy. The Nyon conference against submarine piracy was one case. Again, a year ago, the French were disturbed by the German penetration into Spanish Morocco. On January 11, 1937, François-Poncet, the French ambassador in Berlin, told Hitler that these activities would have to stop. They stopped. No force was used. No force would ever have to be used. The moral and economic influence of the pacific nations would suffice.

America's contribution to this peace policy would be safe and inexpensive. It would consist, chiefly, in withholding from aggressors the materials which they need to pursue their murderous adventures. On January 11, 1938, the German steamer Crefeld sailed down the Delaware River with 200 aerial bombs. Its destination was a German port, where part of the cargo was to be unloaded, probably for reshipment to Spain. The remaining bombs were to be sent on to Japanese army depots in China. This was the first shipment of a 2,500-ton order of bombs for Germany and Japan. About the same time President Roosevelt appealed to the Red Cross to give a million dollars in relief to Chinese civilians.

It is not neutral to assist the stronger side. In accordance with the Neutrality Act we deny arms to Franco and to the Loyalists. Franco, however, needs no American munitions. He receives all he needs from Germany and Italy, and we sell arms to Germany and Italy. But the legal Spanish government suffers, and Spaniards die in thousands in air raids because the government is short of arms. Apparently impartial, we are in fact anti-Loyalist. We take sides by doing nothing. Though the sympathies of the American people are undoubtedly with China, we facilitate Japan's war on China.

The Neutrality Act should be repealed or at least amended so that it does not aid the bully and penalize the under-dog. Does any danger of war lurk in such changes? Suppose we sold arms to the Loyalists. Would Franco or Hitler or Mussolini attack the United States? At worst they could seize the foreign ships in which those arms would be carried. The same applies to shipments of weapons for China. And always it must be kept in mind that nations are actually supplying China and the Loyalists without getting themselves into the slightest trouble.

United States government policy and the private attitude of Americans as expressed through a boycott can foster peace by making it clear that aggression will receive no encouragement or aid from America. We could, if necessary, proceed independently of others. But American efforts might be correlated with similar measures by the bourgeois democracies and the Soviet Union. The French and British have been guilty of imperialist robberies. They have bombed peaceful inhabitants in the Northwest Frontier of India, in Palestine, and elsewhere. I am under no illusions regarding the reactionary potentialities of these countries. But they want peace, for they know they can gain nothing from war. This is not a very idealistic reason, but it is all the more reliable since it is a selfish one.

We dislike hearing about struggles for democracy because Woodrow Wilson in 1917 camouflaged an ugly combat between rival imperialisms as a lofty crusade to make the world safe for democracy and to end all wars. Ever since we have been zealously on guard against such hokum. Now in Spain a feudal military clique, inspired and supported by reactionary foreign dictatorships, is trying to snuff out a democracy where civil liberties have manifested remarkable virility even in war conditions. China, painfully seeking to become a nation, is threatened by a neighbor who would make it a slave. England and France, in the past, did similar things. Yet France sympathizes with the Loyalists for national-defense reasons. England looks with disfavor on the Japanese thrust for imperialist reasons. We do not approve the reasons but we welcome the result.

In international politics, which is a hard-boiled game, motive and consequence do not always match. For instance, Soviet assistance in Spain stimulates revolution in Spain and contributes to the downfall of totalitarian fascisms, but it also aids the bourgeois imperialisms of France and England. The naive and malicious have contended that each of these effects is deliberately sought. The discerning realize that one effect is not obtainable without the others. So, too, the capitalist democracies may set out to defend their sordid interests and end by buttressing true democracies with advanced social programs.

It has been argued that if the fascist nations cannot obtain the raw materials they need and solve the problem of their excess inhabitants they will explode. I do not accept the facile division of the world into haves and have-nots. Was it to *have* that Mussolini took Abyssinia? Then why, before he had even finished fighting there and before he began economic exploitation of the country, did he plot to invade Spain? If Italy needs new lands because it is overpopulated, why does the Duce distribute prizes to encourage large families? In "Mein Kampf" Hitler objected to colonies for Germany, and wisely. For in 1913 Germany's total trade with its colonies—and it had held some of them for more than thirty years—amounted to $25,000,000, or .005 of its total exports and imports. It got practically no important raw materials from its colonies. Yet it was rich and powerful. First Hitler wanted no colonies. Now he insists on them. First he proposed autarchy, or national self-sufficiency. He still has his four-year plan for substitutes and armaments, but he has also struck out for foreign-trade expansion. Mussolini too talks of self-sufficiency and in the next breath of empire. The two aims are at odds. The point is that fascism seems to be the last chance for these countries to solve their problems within the present social system. Frantically they take up with first one panacea, then the other, then they merge the two; finally they appear to achieve partial success in both and nevertheless continue to pursue the same goals with a madness that suggests the eternally ungratified.

Japan, in 1931, asserted that it coveted Manchuria for its surplus population and as a source of natural wealth. Yet Manchuria's economic surface was scarcely scratched when Tokyo occupied northern China, and that enterprise was far from consolidated when it launched its present assault on all of China. The motive is not economic. It is insanity born of futility. Even in Poland, with its tremendous stretches of sparsely settled land, a large Polish organization, officially inspired, directs a movement to acquire for Poland distant domains in Africa, South America, and Asia.

Czarist Russia was a colossal empire. Yet it neglected opportunities for internal development to absorb vast new provinces in Central Asia and the Far East. Russia was a big "have," but it wanted to have more. The revolution in Russia changed the have which wanted expansion to a have which needs none. But fascist states are have-nots by their very political nature, and no Van Zeeland plan or raw-material redistribution will help them.

The millions in Germany and Italy who thought and voted liberal or democratic or Socialist or Communist are neither all dead nor all converted. Outside opposition to fascism heartens internal opposition, whereas foreign political victories for the dictators depress it. Domestic discontent cannot yet cause the collapse of Hitler or Mussolini, but it must be put down on the debit side of the ledger when the totalitarian governments count up the pros and cons of initiating a major war. In this calculation, too, the neutrals appear as assets. If European fascism were certain that the United States would refrain from helping the democracies, it would feel less reluctant to challenge them. If Hitler and Mussolini were certain that America and England would remain neutral, France would be in danger. The goal of Nazi foreign policy has been to foster American isolationism and to separate England from France, and France from the Soviet Union. Similarly, Japan, Germany, and Italy have sought to cripple the League of Nations lest it become an instrument of common action against aggression. The bitterest opponents of collective security are not American isolationists but Hitler and Mussolini. In May, 1935, Hitler urged that when hostilities break out between two nations "the other nations withdraw at once from both sides."

This is his idea of neutrality. Germany attacks Czechoslovakia, for instance. All other nations withdraw from the conflict. Germany wins. Hitler marches into France. Everybody remains neutral. Germany wins.

The aggressors seek to drive isolationist and neutral wedges between their potential enemies. At the same time, however, the aggressors themselves unite for collective insecurity under the guise of the "anti-Communist pact." This device fools some people, for communism is a very popular red herring. Yet the three fascist militarisms are concerned first of all with Great Britain, and it is British interests that have suffered most in Abyssinia, Spain, and China. Those who believe that collective security is a Soviet machination are taking the anti-Communist pact at its face value and Hitler and Mussolini at their word.

Even in their union, however, the fascist aggressors lack complete cohesion. Germany and Italy cannot come to an agreement on strategy in Spain. Germany and Japan have not the same interests in China. Moreover, the fact that each of the aggressors is at war—Italy on two fronts—lessens the practical aid they can give to one another. The task of checking fascist aggression, while not easy, must therefore not be exaggerated. France and England must before long awaken to the necessity of resistance, and America's role would consequently be a minor one. If China and the Loyalists fight on for another year, the aggressors will be incapable of disturbing the peace much longer. Today collective security means help for China and Spain in stemming invasion. America could give this help without expanding its navy. But if past and present aggressions make us build a bigger fleet, people who don't like it ought to do something to oppose aggression.

Adrien Arcand, Fascist—an Interview

BY DAVID MARTIN

STUDENTS of modern history will be interested to learn that in the summer of 1934 Leon Trotsky visited the United States disguised as the valet of Baron Maurice de Rothschild. The trip was made via Shanghai. Upon arriving in the States, Trotsky conferred with Bernard Baruch and other members of the Roosevelt Brain Trust in the "Red House" in Washington and discussed with them the preparation of the Communist revolution in America. That, at least, is the story of Adrien Arcand, leader of the Quebec fascists, as published in *Le Patriote*.

Scarcely known to the public a few months ago, Arcand's name is today blazoned in the headlines. When newspapermen took photographs of blue-shirted fascists drilling under the instruction of ex-officers and began to write stories about a fascist movement 80,000 strong in the province of Quebec alone, the Canadian public sat up with a start. And it was still more perturbed when it learned that the provincial government was on intimate terms with the leader of the movement. Threatened with a federal investigation recently, Adrien Arcand, head of the P. N. S. C. (Parti National Social Chrétien), stated that he was prepared to march his men to Ottawa and display them to the Minister of Justice, and that "they would be better drilled and in better order than the soldiers they have down there."

The provincial government of Quebec, under Premier Maurice Duplessis, already shows strong fascist tendencies. Abetted by the Roman Catholic church, it is directing a campaign against "communism" that is destroying freedom of the press, speech, and assembly. Under the notorious "padlock" law, the provincial police have been raiding printing plants, bookshops, offices, and houses almost daily for several months. Certain news commentators, impressed by the scope of the corporatist movement and by the Huey Long parliamentary manners of Duplessis, have even suggested that the establishment of a corporate state in the province of Quebec was only a matter of time. Arcand's National Social Christian Party is made up of avowed fascists openly working to that end.

Tall, angular, wearing easily a brown corduroy sport shirt, Adrien Arcand received me in the office of *L'Illustration Nouvelle,* the Montreal daily of which he is editor.

"Mr. Arcand," I began, "can you tell me something about yourself—your life, how you came to the fascist movement, your experiences in it?"

Arcand smiled. "Nothing interesting about myself. I studied to be a chemical engineer but after leaving college I became a reporter. From there I worked up to my present position."

"I have been told," I continued, "that you are conversant with a number of languages, among them Yiddish and Hebrew."

"Yes, I know several languages," Arcand replied. "I read Yiddish and Hebrew—not too well, but sufficient to permit me to follow the press."

I turned to other matters. "Now about your organization? Could you tell me briefly what you stand for?"

"Our organization stands for God, family, private property, and personal initiative." Arcand spoke very deliberately. "We believe that the Jews are responsible for all the evils in the world today. Through the two internationals that they control, the proletarian and the financial, they provoke economic crises and revolutions with a view to taking world power. The present system is absolutely incapable of destroying the Jewish influence or of resisting communism."

"Do you stand for the destruction of democracy?" I asked. "In other words, if you were to take power in Canada, would you permit opposition groupings to continue to exist, or would you immediately illegalize them, as Hitler and Mussolini have done?"

I had expected Arcand to be evasive on this point, but he answered squarely and without hesitation. "We will immediately illegalize all other parties, declare unionism obligatory for bosses and workers, and organize the corporate state."

"If I understand you correctly, you are opposed to democratic liberalism because it tolerates communism?"

"No, that is not entirely so. Even if there were no communism we would still be opposed to liberalism, which is also an instrument of world Jewry."

I came now to a more delicate point. "How do you propose to take power in Canada?" I asked.

"We intend to take power by regular constitutional means—by means of a majority in the parliament." This was the answer I had expected. Arcand has consistently denied that his movement stands for force. The bands of men who are drilling under army officers? Mere physical training—"you won't find a sling-shot among them."

"Your organization," I said, "stands for the complete destruction of democracy and the parliamentary system. Yet you propose to take power by democratic and constitutional means. How can you reconcile your goal with the methods by which you propose to achieve it? How can you reconcile this position, moreover, with your support of Franco?"

"But the situation in Spain was entirely exceptional." Arcand exclaimed. "Law and order had broken down completely; churches were being burned; hardened criminals were being released from the jails. What is more, the Popular Front did not have a voting majority—the rightists had actually obtained 450,000 more votes in the elections."

"There is, of course, another side to that story," I replied. "But you stand solidly with Franco, you believe that his uprising was justified?"

"Entirely," affirmed Arcand.

"Let's bring the situation a little nearer home," I continued. "Suppose that a situation similar to that which confronted Franco did arise in Canada, would you do as Franco did?"

"If law and order broke down completely as it did in Spain—then, yes, I would resort to force to save Canada from communism." Conditioned as it was, I nevertheless had obtained the admission I was after.

"Now, about the size of your movement," I continued. "How many members are there in your organization and how big is your following?"

"From the showing which we made in the provincial and municipal elections," Arcand replied, "I would estimate our following at about 80,000 in the province of Quebec. That is the number of votes obtained by the candidates we supported in the last provincial elections."

From a many-sided investigation I knew that the figure that Arcand has claimed for his following is a grotesque exaggeration.

"Your paper is *Le Fasciste Canadien?*" I asked.

"Yes."

"It appears monthly?"

"Yes," replied Arcand—with irritation. Arcand himself and a number of his colleagues are modestly well off. With a following of 80,000 it should almost be possible for them to publish a daily. In 1933, at the time the P. N. S. C. was founded, his paper did appear as a weekly. But not today. He claims a circulation of 12,000 for it, but that is much exaggerated in the opinion of competent critics. Only a few newsstands in Montreal carry his paper.

"One of the chief sources of strength of the fascist movement in other countries," I said, "has been the sympathy which it has commanded in governmental and other nominally anti-fascist circles. Does your movement enjoy a similar support here?"

"Our movement is entirely independent," Arcand asserted. "We have no connections with the government or with any political party."

"You are the editor of *L'Illustration Nouvelle?*"

"Yes." *L'Illustration Nouvelle* acts as a semi-official organ of the Duplessis government. The attitude of Premier Duplessis himself has been one of complete tolerance towards Arcand's movement. And the columns of *L'Illustration Nouvelle* have within recent weeks been thrown open to the statements and proclamations of the National Social Christian Party.

"I understand also that you had an important position in the Conservative campaign apparatus during the last federal election?"

"I was in charge of their propaganda for the province of Quebec. I specialized in anti-Communist work."

"You are on friendly terms with Mr. Bennett? Could you tell me anything about Mr. Bennett's personal views on fascism?"

"Yes, I know Mr. Bennett. But we will have to give Mr. Bennett and the Conservative Party as clean a licking as anybody else."

"Your movement is sympathetic to the Nazi regime in Germany?" I asked.

"We are a national organization and we have no international affiliations," replied Arcand. "But we feel ourselves to be in moral solidarity with Hitler."

"What stand do you take on the conflict between the Nazi and the Vatican?"

"That is very far from here. We do not mingle in it."

"You do not support the Catholic church against the Nazis?"

Once again Arcand hesitated. "From this distance it is difficult to take a stand. We receive contradictory reports."

"I have heard," I persisted, "that your sympathy for the Nazi regime and your failure to support the Vatican against Hitler has resulted in the alienation of a considerable section of the Catholic church that formerly was sympathetic to you. The Catholic church in Quebec still stands for corporatism and is sympathetic to fascism, but is opposed to your movement for that reason."

"The Catholic church is not fascist," insisted Arcand. "It stands for corporatism, but they do not know what they mean by this corporatism." It was obvious that I had touched a sore spot. Arcand paused before he completed his reply. "There are a number, a very small number, in the church who support us. But for each one who does there are at least two who are opposed."

"What about the story that you distribute Nazi propaganda in Canada?" I asked.

"It is entirely untrue," replied Arcand emphatically. "Most of our propaganda is printed in Canada. What little we import comes from the Imperial Fascist League in London."

"But what about this German-printed material that is being circulated in Canada?" I asked. "If your organization is not distributing this material, then can you tell me who would be? It is only logical to assume that just as the Nazis use material printed by you, you use propaganda put out by the Nazis."

"We have received an odd bundle of leaflets from Hamburg," Arcand finally admitted. "But by far the greater part of our imported propaganda comes from the Imperial Fascist League in London."

I delved into my brief case. "I have here a copy of a letter that you are supposed to have sent to a certain Major Frank Peace in Germany," I said. "Before I use it I should like to know what you have to say about it."

The letter I produced is dated September 28, 1933, and is addressed to Major Frank Peace, Bad Aachen, Germany. It begins with a report on Arcand's activities in Canada and concludes with this paragraph: "If it can help you, you can act as correspondent of *Le Patriote,* which is known to Hitler and which is very well appreciated by the Nazi propaganda bureau. If need be, use this letter. Don't forget to reach Lüdecke, a most estimable friend, who was in the United States for several years. I have great faith in him. . . . I am, faithfully yours, in our great Aryan cause, Adrien Arcand."

Arcand glanced at the letter. He was annoyed. "Yes, I remember that. Peace wrote to me telling me that he was hard up and I entitled him to act as correspondent for *Le Patriote.*"

"You had connections with Lüdecke?"

"I met him in Montreal. I helped his wife buy a fur coat. I did not hear from him after that."

"Now, about the Communists," I continued. "Do you actually believe that they constitute a menace at the present time? According to their figures, you know, their membership does not exceed 12,000 in Canada."

"It is not the Communist Party alone that has to be considered," explained Arcand. "There are many people who say they are opposed to communism, but when you question them about political matters, they will give you typically Marxian answers—for example, they will be for the nationalization of certain industries. [Subsequently I found that Point 6 in the program of the P. S. N. C. calls for the nationalization or municipalization of all public utilities.] The Communists have at their disposal not merely the one international; there are four internationals. On the surface they seem to have differences, but actually they work together under the direction of international Jewish finance. The A. F. of L., founded by the Jew Gompers, and the C. I. O., led by the Jews Hillman and Dubinsky, are integral parts of this movement."

"Your statements about the Jews are not believed by many people," I said. "It is a fact that there is not a single Jew on the board of directors of a single Canadian bank or mortgage company or of a single utility company or of the rail or ocean transportation companies. How is it possible for the Jews to exercise the control you say they do? You say the Jewish financiers inspire the Communist movement. But communism is opposed to the entire capitalist class. Jewish capitalists fight just as bitterly against communism and the workers' movement as do Christian capitalists."

"The Jews do not work openly," Arcand replied, "but they control everything nevertheless. The price of wheat is set by Louis Dreyfus in France; the price of diamonds by Barnata, Spavier; the price of nickel by Melcheta; the price of silver and copper by Guggenheim; the price of pulp and paper by Graustein and Dreyfus. The price of butter right here in Montreal is determined by the Sassoons in London." Arcand paused, pulled a five-dollar bill from his pocket, and snapped it. "You see this? It is worth only fifty-one cents on the dollar. Why? The Jewish International Gold Bank has decided that this shall be its value. By inflating currency, they reduce the purchasing power of the workers' dollar. The workers naturally become discontented and demand increases in wages. The Communists take advantage of the movement to advance the revolution. It has been proved that Jacob A. Schiff of Kuhn, Loeb and Company in New York financed Lenin and Trotsky through the German Westphalian Bank, which was controlled by a cousin of the American Jew, Warburg."

I thought this would be an ideal time to pop certain questions I had been holding in reserve, and I reminded him of the fantastic Trotsky story printed in *Le Patriote.*

"These things sometimes happen with newspapers," explained Arcand a trifle embarrassed. "There were some rumors to that effect." (*Le Patriote,* at the time, had prided itself on being the first paper in the world to carry this earth-shaking news.)

"There is one other story I have in mind," I continued. "In your issue of last September there appeared a note which told of plans for a Communist coup in Toronto and how they were frustrated by police vigilance. I was in Toronto at the time and I heard of no such plans."

"Premier Hepburn himself spoke about the danger of a Communist uprising," insisted Arcand. "According to the plan, the Communists were to start strikes and riots in the course of which the majority of the Liberal Cabinet were to be killed off. The surviving members were then going to set up a dictatorship."

I could not suppress a blink. "You mean to say that members of the Liberal Cabinet, people who are bitterly opposed to communism, would actually participate in a

Communist plot to overthrow the government and establish a Communist dictatorship?"

"Not actually a Communist dictatorship," Arcand explained, "but one that would push towards communism. Liberalism, after all, is only a name."

"I notice that the last issue of *Le Fasciste* opposes the proposed military appropriation of the King government. How do you reconcile this with your rejection of French Canadian nationalism and your support of the British Empire? Are you also opposed to Britain rearming?"

"We believe that Britain has to rearm in order to defend her interests. But against whom is Canada rearming? There are only two possible sources of invasion—the United States and the Eskimos. From the latter we have nothing to fear; the former we could not hope to resist."

"I notice that your paper supports Japan against China. Would the fact that a large part of the present appropriation will be devoted to fortifying the Pacific Coast, obviously against the eventuality of war with Japan, have anything to do with your stand on the military budget?"

"No. If there actually should be a foreign invasion, Canada could not hope to add anything to the fleets of the United States and Great Britain."

"What about the fascist movement internationally?" I asked. "Do you think there will be civil war in France?"

"Much worse than in Spain," was the reply. "I expect it any time. Belgium may make a final decision this year as may also Yugoslavia and Denmark."

"What about the fascist movement in the United States?" I asked.

"In the States, too, things are rapidly approaching a climax. I would estimate that the forces of the left have 22,000,000 against 24,000,000 for the forces of the right."

"Don't you think those figures are somewhat exaggerated?" I suggested. "After all, even if we accept your characterization of the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. as Communist, their combined membership would hardly exceed 8,000,000."

"The figures I gave take into consideration their families and dependents," was Arcand's explanation.

I rose to leave. "Oh yes, one more question," I remembered. "What do you intend to do with the Jews? Kill them off?"

"The Jews? We will ship them all to Madagascar. The French and Polish governments have investigated the island and according to their report it is capable of sustaining 110,000,000 people. We will not give it to them for nothing, of course; we will make them pay for it. Rothschild personally can pay $1,000,000,000. I have nothing against the Jews as long as they leave us alone. I would like to see them all together and happy. Palestine would be all right, but it is too small."

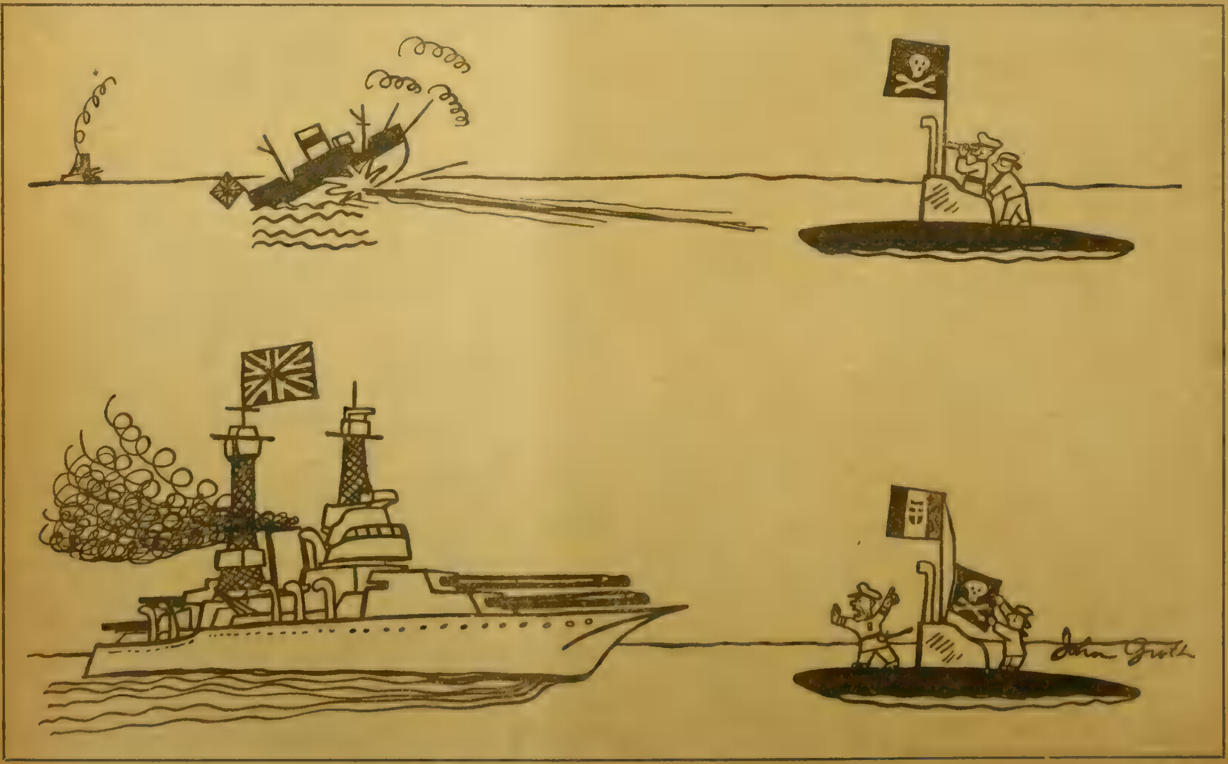
"We could put you down as a Zionist, then?" I asked.

Arcand laughed and waved his arms. "The greatest Zionist in the world!"

That is Adrien Arcand.

I also spoke to Hubert Desaulniers, provincial secretary of the C. C. F., who, ironically enough, used to sit next to Arcand in school.

"People thought that Hitler was crazy, too," Desaulniers told me. "But he took power in spite of, or perhaps rather just because of, that."



Quick-Change Act in the Mediterranean

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I WISH that these lines might be read by every voter in the state of North Dakota. My reason is that Senator Gerald P. Nye is up for reelection this year with the primary looming quite near at hand, and I should like every voter to realize that the whole country has a stake in that election. For Gerald Nye has made himself not only one of the most valuable members of the Senate, but a great leader in the fight for peace. His loss to the Senate now, when we are being rushed into war by the utterly mistaken policy of the Administration, and especially by Secretary Hull, would be incalculable. The nation needs him, for he has refused to allow himself to be bamboozled by the militarists or by the diplomats whose statesmanship has broken down.

I well remember when Senator Nye first came to Washington twelve years ago. He seemed extremely youthful and callow; he was in fact quite inexperienced in the ways of Washington. He had not held high office before but had made his reputation as a small-town editor. He did not give the promise of Henrik Shipstead of Minnesota or of others who arrived at that time; but as the years have passed, Gerald Nye has made not only a national but actually an international reputation. No more valuable job has been done in Washington in the last quarter-century than the munitions inquiry which Nye headed. True, the idea of it did not originate with him. But he was quick to see the value of the proposal, and he accepted the task when many another would have given a dozen different reasons for declining. It meant an enormous amount of work; it meant that he would be subjected to all sorts of pressure and incur much unpopularity. But he went at the job with an understanding and courage beyond all praise. That alone should entitle him to reelection.

The repercussions of the munitions inquiry had astounding results abroad. It brought about armament inquiries in Canada and Great Britain, and in Canada resulted in regulations giving the government close control of the export of munitions—if my memory serves. In England the inquiry was soft-pedaled by the government and failed to produce the hoped-for action. I have no doubt that the facts uncovered by the Nye committee helped the government of Léon Blum in France to nationalize the munitions industries—the change is reported to be working well and to be aiding French preparedness for war. Here the inquiry made literally millions of Americans aware of the international alliances of the "merchants of death" and enormously stimulated the demand for taking the profits out of war. Its reports are sought and utilized by students of war and peace all over. With war looming on the horizon today, it would hardly be short of a crime if the voters of North Dakota should be misled into keeping Gerald Nye at home.

There is unfortunately some danger of that, for it is to be a three-cornered fight. The Senator may have to run independently. If the men he has exposed and thwarted can contrive it, he will be defeated. Certainly the munitions makers would not be above sending money into his state to defeat him, and the war-makers among us would hail his defeat as a turning of the tide, as proof that America has become war-minded and that therefore they can go ahead with their schemes to have us at war within three months. But it is not only the militarists who would rejoice. They are not the only ones who have found that they cannot control the Senator from North Dakota. Nye was chairman of the Senate committee which ferreted out the Continental Trading Company during the oil scandals. This led to the jailing of Sinclair, the removal of Robert Stewart as president of the Standard Oil of Indiana, the recovery of millions in taxes for the government, and the preservation of oil resources worth hundreds of millions of dollars. Always a liberal and a progressive, he has never let his being a Republican keep him from being independent. He has voted for New Deal measures whenever he could, but he has also courageously criticized the National Labor Relations Board, the NRA, or any other New Deal creation whenever his conscience told him to do so. That is the great thing about Gerald Nye—he votes not as he is told to vote but as his conscience dictates; and that is so rare a quality that it would call for his reelection even if his career had been quite inconspicuous.

Of course Nye has made mistakes. Who has not? Who could find his way through the economic confusion and turmoil of this day and generation, the welter of legislation of every conceivable kind with which a member of Congress is confronted today, without making mistakes? I have had a long and unusual experience with issues and men in this country and abroad, yet I realize clearly how inadequate I should be in dozens of fields if I were suddenly dropped into a seat in Congress and told to help legislate for the benefit of all the people. Nye has really done his best. No one has ever questioned in my presence his absolute courage, sincerity, and honesty, qualities which should win him forgiveness for many more mistakes than he has made. They tell me he has done a lot for his state, getting much federal aid and money. I do not doubt it, but that seems to me far less important than the things I have recited. Liberals everywhere who can help in any way to keep Senator Nye in the Senate should not lose a moment in getting to work.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

COLUMNISTS ON PARADE

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

AN AUSTRIAN friend has remarked that if America had coffee houses it would not have columnists. But we have no coffee houses and we do have columnists. Their words, sentences, paragraphs—the model syndicated column should be capable of being cut in lengths, like yard goods—fall into the minds of millions every day. One cannot read a column of Hugh Johnson's without being convinced that the General is convinced that he is riding that mettlesome steed Public Opinion. One cannot help wondering if he really is.

The syndicated column as we know it is largely a postwar growth; the Lippmann-Thompson variety is a product of the past few years. "Most anything" columns of verse and aphoristic comment were once typical. B. L. T., F. P. A., Don Marquis, and H. I. Phillips have been in that line, and the commentator goes far back into our journalistic history. It persists locally—Jack Raper's column in the Cleveland *Press* which is called "Most Anything" is said to be the oldest continuous one of this type; but it does not syndicate well. The pseudo-sophisticated gossip of O. O. McIntyre or Walter Winchell was better suited to the uses of commercialization than what was by comparison the column of an age of innocence. McIntyre, who has just died, had the widest circulation of all with the possible exception of Dorothy Dix, who is an exception any way you look at it. (She is a real person and has been advising the lovelorn since the nineties.) McIntyre's column was dispensed to 508 newspapers having a circulation of 15,000,000; its appearance was two weeks removed from its writing and much farther removed from reality. That was its appeal. But the political columns seem to be operating in a rising market. The Washington Merry-Go-Round by Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen appears in 313 newspapers (circulation nearly 12,000,000). Paul Mallon's distributors claim for his News Behind the News 200 newspapers, which sounds plausible, with a circulation of 25,000,000, which doesn't. But though concerned with politics, these columns fall more accurately into the category of gossip. They have also gone in for prediction. Some trace this to the Winchell influence and predict decline on the ground that the public doesn't forget as quickly as the predictors suppose. The literary column never had anything like prosperity. The "inspirational" column had a heyday with Frank Crane, whose circulation is said to have rivaled that of Lippmann; it has found a new prophet in Dale Carnegie, who has been hired by 200 newspapers in three months, while the rising tide of Frank Buchman's pabulum—"The secret of changing human nature and giving everyone a new start" (Advt.)—suggests another candidate.

Syndicates and syndicated columns are naturals in a country of prodigious size and high technique. Their growth also coincided with the commercialization of journalism. In this process the independent editor went down as a public figure. The editorial page as it flourished under Greeley, Godkin, Watterson, and Villard faded out in newspapers confronted with ever-mounting costs and depending for their main support on advertising. Today's social-political columnists are in one sense substitutes for yesterday's fighting editors—with a difference which will appear as this series proceeds. Certainly they demonstrate that the demand for personality and strong opinion persists.

Every field has its commentators from Hollywood to science. They may be divided into the gossipers who dispense a soothing opiate of vicarious experiences of the rich and famous, whose function merges into that of the pulps; the service trade; and the Molders of Public Opinion. Here is a list of representative molders in the big press with their alleged circulations:

Free lance, mainly political			
Walter Lippmann	160	newspapers	8,000,000
Dorothy Thompson	140	"	7,500,000
Hugh S. Johnson	67	"	4,179,583
Boake Carter	92	"	11,000,000
*Writers from Washington**			
Mark Sullivan	54	newspapers	4,000,000
Frank Kent	112	"	7,000,000
David Lawrence	100	"	3,000,000
Raymond Clapper	49	"	3,653,385
Free lance, personal			
Westbrook Pegler	110	newspapers	5,907,389
Heywood Broun	42	"	2,829,487
Inspirational			
Dale Carnegie	200	newspapers	
Unique			
Eleanor Roosevelt	62	newspapers	4,034,552

*Walter Lippmann, I understand, has just moved to Washington.

Two columnists just budding into syndication seem to indicate minor trends. The two have nothing in common except that they are both tories and both write only once a week. George Sokolsky, who speaks for an intensified reaction, has landed in twenty-five newspapers in a year, which is accounted good for a weekly column. Lucius Beebe has only ten papers, which nevertheless must make him feel almost common; and within his little kingdom he is something of a cult. Will his New York fill the place of O. O. McIntyre's west of the Hudson? The smart sets of Fort Worth and Kansas City swear by him, and

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the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* printed the *New Yorker* Profile in full, with a four-column photograph. In Detroit no paper subscribes to his super-sophisticated fare, but all the papers, I was told, send reporters to meet him when he comes to town. Mr. Sokolsky is met by a different set—the Weirs and Girdlers. His most flaunted proof that he knows what he is talking about when he denounces labor unions and the left is that he used to associate with radicals himself. Since then he has crawled so far back into the womb of capitalist reaction and Jewish orthodoxy that he can easily be mistaken for a feudal remnant. From his warm retreat he recently announced: "I recognize Herbert Hoover as my leader in the Republican Party . . . its vital intellectual force." As I write his scope is being extended, by radio. In the language of *Variety:*

> National Association of Manufacturers is gifting stations with free transcriptions to propagandize the N. A. M.'s economic views. George E. Sokolsky talks on the quarter-hour discs, . . . 235 stations around the country have agreed to carry the wax series on a once weekly basis.

Much of my factual information has come from the offices of syndicates, notably all figures, and the atmosphere of a syndicate office may be described as fond, like that of a champion's dressing-room. "Odd" McIntyre was the star at McNaught's. Eleanor Roosevelt, though her circulation is smaller than some, is tops at United Features, where she is called a "great trouper" and where her two remarks on being approached with trepidation for a newspaper diary are office lore. The first was, "When do I start?" The second was, "What's the deadline?" She never misses deadlines and she never "pulls a prima donna." When I called Walter Winchell's secretary, the warm air rolled right into the telephone. He is syndicated in over a hundred newspapers and he appears, believe it or not, in London, Honolulu, and Paris. In French? In this atmosphere figures expand, and while they indicate relative popularity, since the air of one syndicate is perhaps no warmer than that of another, they cannot be taken literally.

In an age of transition, in which propaganda has become a decisive force, today's journalism helps, if only by a molecular process, to shape tomorrow's society. It is clear that the commentators must rise to eligibility through the selective mechanism of an industry which has huge investments to defend and adheres to Elisha Hanson's interpretation of freedom of the press. Are they merely the froth on the beer? Or do they have an independent function in a democracy that does not know where it is going and is only less ignorant of where it has come from? Do they express public opinion? Do they influence it? What is public opinion?

The current search for definitions has become so feverish and so fashionable that the blunt citizen is in danger of turning anti-semantic, but when it is not an escape it has its uses. Dr. Gallup had no ready definition of public opinion but agreed tentatively that it might be defined as that part of mass opinion which has means of expressing itself. Mass opinion presumably expressed itself rather widely in the last election—and was completely at odds with public opinion as represented by the dominant press. A new poll just taken by Dr. Gallup's institute indicates that in spite of the hammering of the press, including the commentators, mass opinion is still with Roosevelt in almost exactly the same proportion as on Election Day, 1936. If the C. I. O. had a newspaper comparable to the New York *Times* in size and prestige a great new sector of mass opinion might be given voice. But that is a good many strikes in the future.

This latest Gallup poll speaks badly for the influence of the Molders of Public Opinion. *Fortune,* in a survey published in January, 1937, calculated that the leading columns were read regularly by only 15 per cent of the adult public. It also said that 66.3 per cent of the "politically definite" readers of Brisbane, since deceased, voted for Roosevelt; 32 per cent of the Lippmann clientele did likewise. The Brisbane figure is interesting because the Hearst papers have a mass rather than a "class" circulation. Mr. Lippmann once wrote a book called "The Phantom Public." The findings of Dr. Gallup and *Fortune* suggest a Phantom Press and even a Phantom Lippmann. But this cannot be. The Public, the Press, and Lippmann are too much with us.

Whatever the facts, the columnist writes as if he were molding public opinion. This high consciousness is indeed one attribute of the columnist. If we think of public opinion as a whole herd of horses of many different colors, are Thompson, Pegler, Lippmann, Johnson, and the others expert horsemen, wielding the crop of free speech, reining their chargers toward the America of the future? Or are those gay-colored horses mounted on a merry-go-round with central music? Or both? The columnists themselves may yield some answers. Beginning with the mellow holiday season, when columnists, like other human beings, begin all over again, let us review their talk of the past few weeks. We should be out of the trenches by Easter.

[*Next week: Westbrook Pegler.*]

BOOKS

The Revised Communist Faith

THE PEOPLE'S FRONT. By Earl Browder. International Publishers. $2.75.

SINCE Mr. Browder is not only the most official but also the ablest spokesman of Communist policy and strategy in this country, it is valuable to have his addresses and essays of the past two years gathered together in book form. "The People's Front" offers the thoughtful reader the opportunity to make a careful examination of the tenets of the revised Communist faith and to analyze its implications.

The burden of all Mr. Browder's utterances can be summed up in two categories. The one deals particularly with foreign policy and is expressed in the title of his book. The other is concerned with domestic policy and is summarized in the slogan of the party: "Communism is twentieth-century Americanism." That is, the Communist Party offers itself as a vanguard of the forces of democracy, seeking by the policy of collective security to stop the fascist nations before they engulf the world in war; within the nation it presents itself as a force "continuing the traditions of 1776 and 1861; it is really the only organization entitled by its program and work to designate itself as 'the sons and daughters of the American Revolution.' "

The foreign policy of "collective security" so strongly advocated by Mr. Browder is too well known to require elaboration. It is a policy, he declares, "which will keep America out of war by keeping war out of the world." This line requires that a significant distinction be made between the peace-loving democratic nations and the "fascist war-makers." While this is an obvious, though not an admitted, deviation from orthodox Marxism, which allows for no distinctions between types of capitalistic imperialism, it may be well to waive that point for the moment. As one who is in general agreement with the policy of bringing collective pressure to bear upon the fascist powers, the writer's difficulty with Mr. Browder's position lies in what seems to be a certain lack of candor in presenting it.

There is no suggestion anywhere that the peace-loving nations love peace not so much because they are democratic as because they are the satisfied imperial powers. Failure to mention this point makes it impossible to assess correctly the possibilities of making collective security effective. The fact is that the so-called democratic powers have failed in every significant instance to use their economic power against fascist aggression. They want peace no doubt, but inner contradictions in their class structure make it impossible for them to proceed resolutely against the fascist nations. Instead, they build up huge armaments for an eventual conflict. Mr. Browder declares himself opposed to an increase of armaments but it cannot be said that the party is very vehement upon that point.

The simple reason is that while the party sincerely wants peace it also wants powerful allies on the side of Russia in an eventual conflict. In other words, the fortuitous alliance between Russia and the satisfied imperial powers makes impossible a completely realistic analysis of the present international situation from the official Communist perspective. It would be a splendid thing if we could stop the fascist nations by collective action. But the time for doing that is rapidly running out. If war should come upon us because of this failure of the democratic capitalist powers, the question is whether the workers should be encouraged to participate in it or not. Upon that question Mr. Browder is silent. If the present line were followed consistently it would lead to a participation in the war on the side of democracy against fascism. But to advocate it would require something more than a careful choice of proof texts from Marx and Lenin. It would necessitate a drastic and obvious revision of Marxian theory.

In domestic politics Mr. Browder's espousal of the formation of a Farmer-Labor Party and the cooperation of his party with it leads him to an appreciation of the American revolutionary tradition which carries him rather far beyond Marxian analysis. "Lincoln," he declares, "carried the fight against reaction to the American masses. He roused and mobilized them for an offensive against tyranny, for liberty and democracy." One would not guess that the Republican Party of Lincoln's day, which Mr. Browder counts as a banner bearer in the revolutionary history of the country, was composed of Northern industrialists and Western farmers and that the dominance of the former in its councils is responsible for the gradual reactionary corruption of that party, a development which Mr. Browder regards as "one of the ironies of history."

The present party line is probably more correct and fruitful than the old one. It is probably both pedagogically and historically correct to relate the struggle of the worker to the previous struggles of bourgeois democracy, as a new chapter in an essentially progressive development. But if this revision of policy is not undertaken with complete candor, the task of relating the worker's cause to that of the farmer for instance is obscured. Mr. Browder does not allude in a single page to the desperate difficulty of bridging the chasm between the small farmer and the worker, a difficulty vividly illustrated by the tension between the Radical Socialists and the Socialists and Communists of France. Fascism can probably be avoided only if a way of cooperation between the radical workers and the petty bourgeoisie is found. But that difficult problem can only be solved by conscious and candid revisions of party platforms and by analyses which recognize basic incompatibilities between these two groups.

It is unseemly for a very unorthodox Marxian to engage in heresy hunting, but while on the subject of candor it does seem strange that an obvious revision of the party line is never admitted. On the contrary, Mr. Browder consistently maintains that the Trotskyites are merely fascist allies and that his group alone follows the orthodox Leninist line.

A few quotations comparing Mr. Browder's present sentiments with official Marxian doctrine will reveal the extent to which he has gone in making communism respectable.

Mr. Browder declares:

> The Communist Party is not a conspirative organization, it is an open revolutionary party, continuing the traditions of 1776 and 1861. . . . The Communist Party is a legal party and defends its legality.

Lenin on the other hand has this to say on legality:

> The crisis has shown that the bourgeoisie is violating legality in every country, including the freest, and that it is impossible to lead the masses toward revolution without creating an illegal organization for preaching organizing, discussing, preparing revolutionary means of struggle.

Mr. Browder writes of democracy:

> It is a popular superstition, which it is the main task of our party to dispel, that Communists are anti-democratic. This arises from a vulgar interpretation of our slogan of the dictatorship of the proletariat as the means of transition to socialism. The Communists are not and have never been anti-democratic. The Communist program is only realizable through the fullest possible extension of democracy and the realization of democracy on a scale which has not been dreamed of in this country.

Lenin says upon this point:

> What forms a necessary aspect or a necessary condition of dictatorship is the forcible suppression of exploiters as a class and consequently an infringement of pure democracy, that is, of equality and freedom in respect to that class. . . . Kautsky has evaded this, the only important theoretical question. He has quoted all sorts of passages from Marx and Engels except the one relating to the subject and quoted by me. He talks about everything which may be pleasant to bourgeois liberals and democrats and does not go beyond their system of ideas. As for the main thing, namely, that the proletariat cannot triumph

without forcibly suppressing its enemies and that where there is forcible suppression there is of course no "freedom," no democracy—this Kautsky did not understand.

Mr. Browder declares:

> The Communist Party repudiates now as in the past all theories and proposals looking toward the forcible imposition of socialism or any Utopia upon the majority of the people. We repudiate the "reckless resolve to seize power" by any minority.

Lenin says:

> To suppose that in any serious revolution the issue is decided by the simple relation between majority and minority is the acme of stupidity, a typical delusion of an ordinary bourgeois liberal. . . . The truth is that in any and every serious revolution a long, obstinate, desperate resistance of the exploiters, who for many years will yet enjoy great advantages over the exploited, constitutes the rule. Never except in the sentimental Utopia of the sentimental M. Kautsky will the exploiters submit to the decision of the exploited majority without making use of their advantages in the last desperate battle or series of battles.

I suspect that Mr. Browder still agrees with this analysis but he obscures the reality of his agreement with vague phrases about democracy as the rule of "the people." What people? He declares:

> So long as the people can control their government there will be no necessity of a bloody revolution. If capitalists would submit to the decisions of the American people the change to socialism will be bloodless.

Everywhere Mr. Browder artfully implies though he does not say that communism will fight reaction only if reaction seeks to overthrow a constitutionally created government as in Spain. Surely this is not the authentic position of communism on the role of democracy in the class struggle.

On the question of religion Mr. Browder declares:

> The reason the church suffered from the revolution in Russia was because it was a state church. If the church separates itself from the state and confines itself to the proper sphere of religion it has nothing to complain of anywhere.

He adds what seems to me a perfect gem of understatement:

> We Communists, in general, are not adherents of any church. In this respect we follow the example of Abraham Lincoln and Thomas Paine.

Lenin says:

> The masses must be provided with every species of atheist propaganda . . . must be approached by every possible avenue in order to kindle their interest, waken them from their religious slumber, in short, arouse them by every possible approach and in every conceivable way.

One may, as the present writer does, find more numerous points of agreement with this Stalinist revisionism than with the original and purer Marxism. But is any good purpose served in insisting that this is not revisionism and in pouring vituperation upon the more orthodox sects of the true faith? What we need is a rigorous comparison between the old Social Democratic position and the present Communist position. There are probably important differences. But there are also interesting and disturbing similarities. Are these similarities prompted by the rise of fascism as a dynamic anti-democratic movement or by the development of Russia as a "satisfied" world power? Perhaps a still more important question is whether either or both of these new factors justify a policy which was once condemned as "social fascism."

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

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Defoe—Man of the People

DEFOE. By James Sutherland. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.50.

THE life and career of Daniel Defoe were marked by a clear consistency. He never rose to the heights of expression or to the greatness of mind achieved by his contemporaries Dryden and Swift; but on the other hand he never sank to the peevishness and the sheer spite of Pope. In the midst of the most severe frustrations and of startling threats to life and fortune, he retained a calm sanity of thought and behavior. He was in fact the physical realization of the true-born Englishman. This circumstance makes him significant, for, as Professor Sutherland clearly points out, Defoe was not a writer of the first genius but rather a mirror of the normal life and thought of his time. The soaring ideals of political reform and toleration of the earlier Puritans become in his words and deeds practical schemes for harmony at home and dignified peace abroad. His Essay on Projects, in youthful days, and his Augusta Triumphans, in later life, reveal a homely and immediately practicable concern for humane objectives and for modes of daily life designed to make human relationships more happy and profitable. He offers plans for the building of a vast system of good roads that will encourage free travel and bring the people of all England into fruitful acquaintance; he advocates institutions for the care of the feeble-minded; he proposes the establishment of academies for the more thorough study and wider diffusion of useful knowledge; he urges the founding of schools for the education of women; he suggests that there should be a university in London intended for those who enjoy fewer social privileges than the students at Oxford and Cambridge but who have greater desire for useful knowledge; and he considers reforms in court procedures designed to protect simple men from injustice and to bring malefactors, particularly street robbers, to speedier justice. Occasionally, indeed, he joins daring with practical convenience, as when he discusses a rudimentary league of nations, or economic boycotts, or government regulation of employment and business methods.

The Defoe that is most widely known is the victim of the pillory and the author of "Robinson Crusoe" and "Moll Flanders." To many he is either the ardent and indiscreet dissenter or the author of an adventure to beguile youth or a moralistic saga of a penitent prostitute. Too few know the Defoe of the projects or the brilliant and copious journalist of the *Review*. Cognizant of this fact, Professor Sutherland has devoted most of his book to a detailed presentation of Defoe's services to politics and of his multifarious pamphlets and periodicals. He has accomplished his purpose admirably, and though there are other excellent books on Defoe, notably the study by Paul Dottin, this volume easily takes its place as the best current presentation of an exceedingly involved subject. It has both learning and charm of style.

In his zeal to give his readers a full and accurate picture of Defoe the public man and journalist, the author has neglected, quite deliberately it appears, to present a complete account of Defoe's work as a writer of fiction. What discussion there is is effective in its analysis of style and its description of plots. In fact, it is so satisfactory that the reader regrets the absence of a fuller discussion of Defoe's relation to the picaresque type, the failure to develop more thoroughly the relation between the brief biographies of criminals and the longer narratives, the omission of any reference to Jonathan Wild and Peter the Great, and the lack of a completer statement of Defoe's place in the development of English fiction.

To ask for more from Professor Sutherland, however, is not to plead like Oliver Twist, out of hunger unsatisfied, but rather to sigh like the gourmet, out of taste delighted.

DONALD A. ROBERTS

The Business Liberal

A HISTORY OF THE BUSINESS MAN. By Miriam Beard. The Macmillan Company. $5.

OTHERS have already praised this work as one of profound philosophical insight into the theory of business enterprise, saying, "From any point of view, historical, literary, or philosophical, this book is a superb achievement." It remains for someone to praise it for what it is. Perhaps Miss Beard's reviewers are arrested by the thought that in questioning her achievement they are inviting replies from the entire literary company of which she is merely an outpost; father, mother, brother, and husband, scribes all, are indeed formidable, but surely the author herself would be the first to dismiss such uncritical encomiums.

It would have been more enlightening had most reviewers imitated the well-known minister who was accustomed, you remember, to defend himself during visits to the new parents among his parishioners by gazing admiringly at the infant and saying, "Well, that *is* a baby." This *is* a book—765 pages, filled with the scholarship of eight years. The author, no philosopher, has written a spicy narrative, a chronicle of the goings-on of the business man through the ages, from Ur of the Chaldees to the day after tomorrow.

And yet Miss Beard, too balanced and balancing a personality to welcome fulsome praise, clearly aspires to a reputation for insight into our present problems. It is with respect to that aspiration and its imprint on her work that it seems worth while to criticize her. Only at intervals in the chronicle does she pause to reflect her own views, but by piecing together these interludes, and by summing up the turns of phrase throughout the remainder of the work, some implicit substitute for an explicit philosophy may be reconstructed.

From this reconstruction Miss Beard emerges as a representative of that interesting species which adorns our era, the business liberal. The reader will search the book in vain for any demonstration that the author can envisage a world without business men. So great is her compassion for the class that a thousand fallen—whose falls she narrates, often with loud whoops—are as nothing beside one regenerate.

This produces a curious effect: first we have the theme, Business we have always with us; the more it changes the more it is the same. And then: "As far as historic record goes, there is no reason to suppose that American business must necessarily imitate any other type; indeed, if business history shows anything, it demonstrates the uniqueness of each people in its economic-social development, despite general trends and universal communication." Mark the words "necessarily" and "imitate" as reflections of this free-will attitude of the business liberal. Self-determination leads us (business men) to be isolationists and nationalists. This capacity characterizes the picture-book world she unfolds. In her universe there is no full-bodied inhabitant except the business man. The rest are paper cut-outs.

Her publishers celebrate the fact that this book is "not written around a rigid thesis," and perhaps the juxtaposition of two quotations, one from Miss Beard and the other from

Veblen, will show what it means to be a business liberal. By the round word rather than the sharp one, by the long view of the Olympian rather than the next step of the market-place, the business liberal achieves a release from necessity which abstracts her also from reality. Her "morality" is performed by her rational hero the Business Man, and in the following passage there appear the irrational, blood-lusty villains, the "old foes of business, the warriors." Time, the present:

> Empire thus proved as dangerous as Nature [she means "natural law"] to business. A device potent in rousing masses to cheer for war and support a capitalism which seemed to serve some higher purpose than profits, it had its menacing aspects. The symbol of Empire awakened dark forces of blood-lust, irrational mysticism, and pride of race. Above all, it gave increased power, in England as in Germany and elsewhere, to the old foes of business, the warriors, and shed a fresh glamor upon coronets, steel helmets, and massed banners. In this lay portents beyond the estimates of actuaries.

Compare this with Veblen, writing in 1904 on the same subject, in the closing pages of "The Theory of Business Enterprise":

> The quest of profits leads to a predatory national policy. The resulting large fortunes call for a massive government apparatus to secure the accumulations, on the one hand, and for large and conspicuous opportunities to spend the resulting income, on the other hand; which means a militant, coercive home administration and something in the way of an imperial court life—a dynastic fountain of honor and a courtly bureau of ceremonial amenities. Such an ideal is not simply a moralist's day dream; it is a sound business proposition, in that it lies on the line of policy along which the business interests are moving in their own behalf. If national (that is to say, dynastic) ambitions and warlike aims, achievements, spectacles, and discipline be given a large place in the community's life, together with the concomitant coercive police surveillance, there is a fair hope that the disintegrating trend of the machine discipline may be corrected.

R. K. LAMB

Guide to Relief

AMERICA ON RELIEF. By Marie Dresden Lane and Francis Steegmuller. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

THE WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION IN NEW YORK CITY. By John D. Millett. Published for the Committee on Public Administration of the Social Security Council by Public Administration Service. $3.

THE first book is a highly useful handbook to relief in America. And what is more important, perhaps, it points the way to a future relief program based not upon the expediencies of the moment but on the long-time needs revealed during the past six years.

Mrs. Lane is a social worker of broad experience and background. She has definite ideas about the administration of relief, and she appealed to Mr. Steegmuller to put them into readable form. While she is critical of many phases of the federal relief program she recognizes frankly that the mistakes which have been made have come out of the very circumstances under which the system was established.

What is essential, in Mrs. Lane's interpretation, is to benefit by these mistakes. It is made abundantly clear that now is the time to revise the relief system from top to bottom. What we have today is still a stop-gap. On the relief rolls are thousands upon thousands of individuals who

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will never be reemployed in industry again. Nor are they eligible for the benefits established under the social-security program. They are, many of them, in that unhappy twilight zone between forty-five and sixty-five. Or they are incapacitated by illness or injury. Or there is no longer any demand for their skills.

It is not only cruel but inefficient to keep these individuals on an impermanent relief basis. If they have not succeeded in establishing their employability under the Works Progress Administration, they are in most instances at the mercy of local relief agencies. And in a great many, perhaps the majority, of communities that means in this winter of the "recession" a precarious existence close to starvation.

Certain major changes are necessary within the relief administration itself. Mrs. Lane shows that the so-called sewing projects, enrolling some 200,000 women, are "an expensive and unfruitful blind alley." Although the word is not used, they appear to be a form of boondoggling out of which comes very little that is socially useful. Mrs. Lane makes specific recommendations for caring for the women who cling to the sewing projects. Social-security grants to mothers with dependent children should be liberalized. Projects of definite community service should be established. Mrs. Lane recognizes clearly that to many women the sewing projects represent the first security they have ever known. But it is a security which is delusive, since obviously this particular form of emergency work relief cannot be sustained indefinitely.

If relief has done nothing else it has shown the basic needs and desires that have long gone unfulfilled in America. In setting forth these long-time needs, against the relief picture, the authors perform an invaluable service. First and foremost is the appalling lack of medical care. Thousands of persons who had never had any medical attention whatsoever besieged the relief offices. And only slightly less conspicuous is the glaring want of educational facilities to supply the special needs and desires of millions of Americans. Vocational training and adult education have scarcely got a start.

No one connected with the problem of relief can afford to ignore the concluding chapter, Next Steps. Expressed here, forcefully and concisely, are the recommendations that have come out of Mrs. Lane's experience. First she suggests the establishment of a commission to make a thorough study and evaluation of the whole relief program. This study would be the basis of a long-range program which would be coordinated with all forms of public assistance

It should be added that although Mrs. Lane is a social worker, the book displays no unwarranted social-work bias. And it is written in language that the layman as well as the specialist can understand. A guide through the complex mazes of FERA, CWA, and WPA, the book points the way to what may eventually be another alphabetical combination.

Mr. Millett presents a comprehensive survey of the WPA in New York City, where nearly 250,000 persons have been employed and one-seventh of all Works Progress funds have been spent. This book, too, should be very useful to those who are concerned with the future of relief. Mr. Millett makes the sound point that no attempt to revise or abolish the WPA should be made until the Administration has decided upon a basic philosophy concerning relief. In the past it has been the sudden shape-ups that have been most disastrous to relief administration.

MARQUIS W. CHILDS

Oxonians in the Depression

STARTING POINT. By C. Day Lewis. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

NOVELS concerning youth formerly had to do with their psychological problems; today they deal with the methods by which youth comes to understand a difficult world. Here, as in his first novel, C. Day Lewis chooses for his characters the young Oxford intellectuals whom he knows best. His thesis lies in the quotation from Franz Kafka which introduces the story: "From a certain point onward there is no longer any turning back. That is the point that must be reached."

Anthony, the young idealist and liberal, turns finally to socialism and the book ends with his going to fight for Loyalist Spain. But Lewis is well aware that many educated young men do not fit so easily into the modern heroic pattern. Each has his own "starting-point." For Theodore, the son of the sophisticated actress Harriet Blair, that point is in childhood: a memory half-thrilling and half-terrifying causes him to kill his mother and himself. He is the ivory-tower artist who never matures and whom neither egotism nor success can shelter. Henry, an innocent, cannot be protected from his sense of insufficiency and sin. Tragedy leads him into the monastery. John, a socialist in college and a scientist, becomes the man who conforms to keep his position and support his wife and children. Anthony alone, of whom it would least be expected, grows finally to complete political awareness. He undertakes the small problem of reforming the conditions of the tenant farmers on his father's estate and learns the strength of the economic structure he wants to change. A scab in the general strike, he meets the strikers face to face and against his better judgment accepts their terms.

Lewis writes a very competent prose. He chooses his [illegible] well, and his psychological motivation is subtle and convincing. Some of his dialogue is brilliant and some is merely pseudo-intellectual. But certain scenes, undramatic in themselves, are so well handled that they remain unforgettable. Theodore, playing ping-pong as if his life depended on his winning against the champion player in the boys' club run by Henry, is both ridiculous and pathetic; Theodore is also symbolic of the blind hatred between the classes. Murder scenes are difficult to make convincing, but Lewis has so well motivated Theodore's relation to his mother and his essential childishness that the reader believes in the horror and rebellion in which Theodore commits his crime. The scenes in Anthony's home between Brenda and her brother and John are humorous, real, and very human. Nothing is overemphasized or poeticized in this book. The novelist achieves his effects quietly, and largely by the careful selection of small details which slowly build to a full awareness on the reader's part of the characters and their potentialities for action. The novel, on its own small scale, is successful. Lewis attempts no portrayal of people or situations with which he is not entirely familiar. He has undertaken to analyze the position of the Oxford student and graduate in the late economic crisis. If he is a little less successful with his women characters than with his men, it is obviously because he is most sensitive to the ways in which the young man confronts life. The book is readable; the narrative grows steadily into greater intensity. There is no doubt that Lewis, who has not betaken himself to the realms of legend and allegory for his method, but portrays naturalistically what he has studied, is a thoroughly good, though not a great, novelist.

EDA LOU WALTON

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DRAMA

More Rope and Less Sauce

INA CLAIRE is even more charming than usual in a witty play called "Once Is Enough" (Henry Miller's Theater). The author is Frederick Lonsdale, and as rational entertainment there is little or nothing to be said against it. From the standpoint of the reviewer it does, however, suffer from one very grave defect. Twelve hours after the fall of the final curtain I am already finding it difficult to separate this particular play from various other comedies by Mr. Lonsdale, or from dozens of others which he will probably get around to later.

The heroine is a wise and beautiful woman (she always is) whose husband has been observed dining in Soho with someone else (he always does) not worthy of him (she invariably isn't). So far I am indubitably right, but unfortunately as right about many other plays as I am about this one, and I must distinguish. The question which arises is this: Does she bring him to his senses by flirting with some one else? Now that the question is asked I do remember. She does not. She belongs, not to the "sauce for the goose" school of thought, but to the "give him enough rope" school. She is as nice and reasonable—in a thoroughly cattish way—as anyone could possibly be, and in due course the erring husband comes to his senses. To say this is to separate "Once Is Enough" from half the plays that are like it, but I find it difficult to go any farther.

And is this what I call "a rational entertainment"? It is. Mr. Lonsdale may not say anything new, but what he says he says well and the lesson he tries to teach is one which has never been learned. Comedy writers may have been telling us for a good many centuries that we ought to be sensible about things like this, but so far as I can judge from the newspapers even the best people who sit in orchestra seats often forget what they have applauded at the end of innumerable evenings. The wronged wife very frequently sends for her lawyer instead of either stirring up a sauce or letting out more rope; the injured husband goes out to buy a pistol instead of remembering that what a gentleman really ought to do under such circumstances is to tap a cigarette thoughtfully on a monogrammed case while suggesting that they talk this thing out. Comedy which is even moderately well written always seems new for the simple reason that it represents people as behaving in a rational manner—thus affording a spectacle too astonishing ever to seem commonplace.

Does "Once Is Enough" deal with a problem of contemporary existence? Can it come home to men's hearts and bosoms? It does. It can. So far as the members of the audience to which it is addressed are concerned the answer to these questions can be given in a much more confident affirmative than I, at least, should like to venture in the case of many graver plays whose claim to greatness is said to rest upon the fact that they present the spectator with living issues. On returning home, most of the people who attend Henry Miller's Theater are much more likely to find that their wife or husband has been dining tête-à-tête with someone else than they are to find the struggle between capital and labor reaching an acute stage on their doorstep. And there are many things wives might do less profitable than making a resolution to look as well as act more like Miss Claire in the present play.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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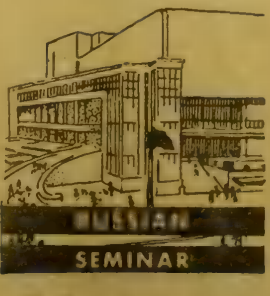

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In relating this poetry competition to the major world issues of the day, the Editors are not seeking to offer a theme but merely to strike a keynote. They hope that many leading American poets will be moved to enter the competition, which has been divided into groups, with prizes for each, as follows:

A—General Public	B—College Undergraduates	C—Secondary-School Students
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WRITERS' CONFERENCE FELLOWSHIP

The Olivet Writers' Conference, of Olivet College, Michigan, offers a fellowship for 1939, covering all costs of the Conference, to the prize-winning contestant who, in the opinion of the Conference admissions committee, seems most likely to benefit by attendance at the Conference.

CONSOLATION PRIZES

A copy of "The Complete Rhyming Dictionary," edited by Clement Wood, will be awarded to each of the 50 contestants who seem most likely to profit by it.

JUDGES

Padraic Colum William Allan Neilson Carl Van Doren

•

Instructions:—*No poem is to exceed 40 lines in length. Manuscripts must be addressed to the Poetry Contest Editor;* THE FORUM; *570 Lexington Avenue; New York City; and must be mailed before midnight of June 30, 1938. Under no circumstances will any manuscript be returned or its receipt acknowledged. Manuscripts must be clearly marked with the name and address of the contestant and with the group letter (A, B, or C) of the class in which the poem is being entered. Contestants in class B or C must state name of college or school attended. In order to qualify for a prize, the contestant must accompany his submission with a remittance of 25 cents in stamps.*

FILMS

Serial Sentiment

ONE of the worst sins against movie form is committed lavishly by two current headliners. Many others have committed it and will continue to do so, and the form sinned against is more than movie form; it is form in general, or rather that first law of art of which the name is unity. So that there would seem to be no good reason for picking on "Of Human Hearts" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) and "Tom Sawyer" (United Artists) among so many of their kind. The only reason, in fact, is that they come by coincidence close together and that there is nothing else to talk about in the dullest movie month I can remember.

Both films are sentimental, but that is not the point. They publish their sentiment serially. At perhaps a dozen moments in each film there is something like a dead stop, with something like a voice saying: "Continued in our next." That the next issue follows immediately by the clock does not mean that continuity has been kept. It has been broken in the worst way: one sentiment having been exhausted, another one has been started working, soon of course to grow tired in its turn and drop the lead to a third, and so on. A single controlling sentiment is so much better than this as to seem no sin; or if it is to be given that name, then this must be labeled abomination. "Of Human Hearts" is not singly and therefore perhaps honestly sentimental. It has been calculated as a series of devices to "get" us, each of them well tried, known to have worked before, and counted on confidently now—so confidently that nobody in power has given a thought to the story supposedly being told. The devices, or the sentiments, have familiar names: Doctor, Mother, Civil War, Lincoln. And any one of them could have been built into something respectable through the simple process of being believed. What we have instead is a medley, an amateur hour, a series of climaxes mechanically brought off. The village doctor who drinks too much gives way to the boy who forgets his mother; then she takes the stage, assisted by a scene in Lincoln's office during war time; and finally there is the old family horse—a nice fellow in himself, but worked all but dead in his tracks when the director suspects that there have not been enough spasms of sentiment thus far and so there must be still another. A sign that the audience was taking the film as it had been intended was the applause when Lincoln's face first became visible. The applause was not for anything that Lincoln did or said, but quite automatically for the idea of Lincoln's having been added to all the other "fine" things of the film. The audience had been well trained in the automatic response, the pressed nerve.

"Tom Sawyer" is too kidsy for my taste. It was perhaps bound to be, since the book is kidsy too, as "Huckleberry Finn" is not. But the film's worst fault is that it depends on the book to carry it, the whitewashing scene, for instance, serving no other purpose than to remind us of Mark Twain; as it stands here it is incomplete and feeble, an episode the point of which is neither emphasized nor developed. So with the treasure found hidden in the cave; its source is not explained, the finding of it does not seem important, and the public announcement of it at the end causes the merest ripple of surprise. The book is but sketched, and heedlessly at that.

MARK VAN DOREN

Letters to the Editors

Instead of the Ludlow Bill

Dear Sirs: Many arguments have been made for and against the proposed Ludlow amendment to the Constitution calling for a referendum on war. But there is one weakness in the proposal which both its advocates and opponents have apparently overlooked, and which I believe to be a valid objection. It lies in the following phrase, "except in case of invasion of the United States or its territorial possessions, and attack upon its citizens residing therein."

Who is to decide this point? Congress, of course. But if Congress were in a mood to declare war it could easily declare it to be a defense against invasion, whatever the circumstances. Then what becomes of the war referendum?

Instead of a referendum on war I propose a *referendum on conscription.* The President of the United States could wage war without a declaration of war, but he couldn't wage an aggressive, unpopular war for very long without conscription. Suppose we had such an amendment as the following: "No Act of Congress to conscript American citizens for any military purpose shall be legal without receiving the approval of a majority of the electorate in a popular referendum, and then only for the period of time specified in the referendum." This would leave the power to declare war in the hands of Congress, where it now lies. This would not unnecessarily handicap the President of the United States in his conduct of our foreign affairs. This would not prevent him or Congress from taking immediate steps to repel any threatened invasion of this country because the President would have at his disposal the standing army of the country, the navy, and the air force, and he could call for any number of volunteers.

If conscription were found necessary, Congress and the President could submit their case directly to the people for approval or disapproval. One point on which the average citizen in a democracy should be consulted is whether he wants to kill or be killed for a cause. And if a government is afraid to consult its citizens before drafting them to fight in a war, how does such a government differ in substance from a dictatorship or an absolute monarchy?

Moreover, the act of conscription, unlike the act of invasion, is capable of exact definition.

DAVID RHYS WILLIAMS

Rochester, N. Y., February 16

Substitute No. 2

Dear Sirs: May I bring to your attention a proposed amendment to the Constitution which I have offered for consideration to certain peace organizations and to certain Congressmen who supported the Ludlow bill? The purpose of this proposal is to define exactly national defense, in such a way as to leave no uncertainty about the powers and duties given to the President by the people, while avoiding all interference with the administration of foreign affairs by the Executive.

> No armed force of the United States shall be sent outside the territory and territorial waters of the continental United States and a patrol zone extending five hundred miles from the shores thereof, except such forces as may be authorized by Congress for the protection of Alaska, Hawaii, the Isthmus of Panama, and the West Indies; provided, that Congress may authorize the sending of convoys to protect commerce in times of danger; and provided, that the operation of this article may be suspended by vote of the people of the United States when hostilities threaten and until conditions of peace are restored.
>
> This article shall not be construed to forbid the transfer of a naval vessel from one coast of the United States to another; nor to prevent the use of a naval vessel for giving succor in time of distress; nor to forbid the protection of mandated territory placed in the custody of the United States by treaty with other nations.

BARCLAY W. BRADLEY

Pasadena, Cal., February 7

Mr. Hacker on Mr. Brody

Dear Sirs: I see in your issue of February 12 that Alter Brody is peeved at the fact that I, in company with some forty-four others, publicly expressed displeasure with your editorial policy on the war question. You yourselves titled the letter "A Letter from Forty-five Liberals," and that is your concern as well as the signers'. What interests me at the moment is the cute way Mr. Brody goes about getting rid of as many of the signers as he can identify. He thinks that Sidney Hook and I, for example, are not liberals, because, he says, we "freely admit" that we "are the only accredited American interpreters of that famous liberal economist, the late Karl Marx." Mr. Brody seems to be hinting that I am a bad Marxist and a bad historian, from which it follows that I am no liberal.

This is the second time that Stalinist correspondents of *The Nation* have made references to my competence. But if they don't think I am so hot, why do they lift my stuff? Academic scholars are beginning to remark on this wholesale borrowing.

In a review of "The First American Revolution," the work of the pseudonymous Stalinist Jack Hardy and published by the official Communist house, International Publishers, Professor Curtis P. Nettels of Wisconsin and Harvard Universities wrote in the *American Political Science Review* for December, 1937:

> The significant ideas appear to have been taken (without due acknowledgment) from an article by Louis M. Hacker, The First American Revolution, in the *Columbia University Quarterly* for September, 1935. Those interested in the best Marxian interpretation of the revolution should read Mr. Hacker's able analysis.

Mr. Brody and all his Stalinist friends cannot eat their cake and have it too. He will have to find some other way of insulting me. LOUIS M. HACKER

New York, February 10

Protest and Rebuttal

Dear Sirs: When a reviewer says that he—or she—dislikes a certain book, no author has any right to protest. But when a reviewer states flatly that an author holds views which he demonstrably does not hold, then the author has cause to speak out. In your number of December 25 appeared a review by Eda Lou Walton of my autobiography. In it she says: "He admires Mussolini, dislikes Russia, retires in the end into the most perfect of all retreats—sectionalism of the good old Southern variety."

There is not one statement in my volume to bear out these assertions. In point of fact I am extremely critical not only of Mussolini but of one of his upholders; I admire and value Russia's considerable cultural achievement, while remaining skeptical whether Russia's present economic policy leads toward or away from communism. Nor is "sectionalism of the good old Southern variety," in my case, a retreat; my object has been to transform it into an active social policy. But reviewers like Miss Walton have neither desire to speak the truth nor respect for the truths discovered by others to guide them. When anyone steps on their favorite prejudices, they are capable of asserting that black is white, and that an author has written what, in point of fact, he never said.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

Kansas City, Mo., January 20

Dear Sirs: In reply to John Gould Fletcher's letter concerning my review of his book, "Life Is My Song," I shall quote three passages from his book. On page 314 occurs this passage:

> Moreover, I was now intensely curious to see for myself how Italy was faring under Benito Mussolini, the first of the Caesars whose advent on the European stage Spengler had accurately predicted. I must admit that I not only went to Italy in a spirit disposed to be critical of Mussolini and of all the achievements of fascism, but that I came away favorably impressed.

That was in 1925. On page 355, with reference to his book "Two Frontiers," Fletcher says:

> I pictured in my last chapter a presumptive clash between the two great powers of America and the U. S. S. R.—a clash that would, in fact, be inevitable provided one assumed that Russia in any case must stand or fall by communism, while Amercia is always to be taken as the greatest and most openly powerful upholder of capitalism in the world. But fresh thought along lines of my own study has now convinced me how greatly I was mistaken in my first diagnosis. America only accepts capitalism pragmatically, because it either works now or has worked in the past; just as Russia only accepts communism theoretically, with infinite modifications—which at present rather tend to produce a system of competitive mass-production for rewards regulated by the state—in actual practice. Russia still is, therefore, under all its present applications, a centralized autocratic state working toward the goal of theoretical equality under communism. . . . In Russia whatever real communism does exist is imposed from above, not from below. Sentimentally the Russian is still a nihilist; but the state makes war on his nihilism.

In reference to agrarianism Mr. Fletcher says on page 361:

> The future of regionalism in America seemed to me to be bound up with something else—some unknown and incalculable moral factor of conscious agrarianism, which would set its face alike against further centralization of industry and against the big-city culture of sophistication which had followed upon the centralization from the days of the eighteen seventies down to the great boom of the nineteen twenties. What factor was there in the American intellectual landscape which had set itself the task of consciously upholding the cause of agrarianism except that small group of twelve Southerners who with myself as a member had brought out the symposium "I'll Take My Stand?" I could find none. Moreover, perhaps now the time was ripe for America to take moral stock, to see that behind all this talk of economic planning which had followed the coming of the great depression lay another question, not of economics, but of ethics—a question of what were the best elements upon which man could plan, and which would be the most conducive to the good and the full life.

As to whether this is a "retreat" or not, I leave it to the reader to decide.

EDA LOU WALTON

New York, February 4

Bard Needs Help

Dear Sirs: The announcement that Bard College at Annandale-on-Hudson, New York, is in immediate need of funds to carry on during 1938-39 is shocking to those who know of its unique liberal-arts program and its value to our educational scheme. I hope that those who are deeply concerned with the education of our youth will accept the responsibility and privilege of providing the necessary funds to sustain this type of educational pioneering.

Bard College, which is part of Columbia University, has a philosophy of education based on the following principles: education means development of capacities at individual rate of growth toward self-direction, creative effort, research for critical thinking, and social responsibility; close, informal relation between students and faculty tend to establish a confidence and understanding which make personality adjustments possible; the learning process is accelerated through interest, and through related studies the student continues to widen his horizon.

The effectiveness of the Bard system can best be realized when one observes that students there are actually discovering adventure in the educative process. The type of education which can develop this attitude is so rare that it should be supported by a social-minded public. ESTHER GRAY

New York, February 17

One Reader's Indorsement

Dear Sirs: Since your support of the principle of collective security has been challenged by readers whose numbers and reputation carry weight, permit another reader to record her warm indorsement of it. Our isolationists do not seem to realize that isolationism and imperialism are merely two sides of the same medal. Selfishness is selfishness, whether it is on the aggressive or on the defensive. And selfishness in the long run is usually shortsighted. It has been conspicuously so of late years, when a policy of keeping out of trouble has landed us all—where we are.

More power to your elbow!

C. I. CLAFLIN

New York, February 1

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The Shape of Things

THE LEGISLATIVE PICTURE HAS NEVER BEEN darker in Washington. The only legislation that seems to stand a chance in Congress these days is the emergency sort, such as relief appropriations and the big-navy stuff. As we go to press, there is very little probability of defeating the naval appropriation. But in the process of the debate, the progressive anti-armament bloc in Congress will have a chance to demonstrate its opposition and to warn the country not only of the rising military spirit but also of even more drastic legislation to come. The big struggle that is looming in the Senate is over the government-reorganization bill, on which we have commented several times. It is likely to hang like a shadow over the Senate for weeks, and the country will be treated to a repetition of the fight against the court plan. Already some of the Senators who figured prominently in that fight and a few others have been meeting as a strategy board; and they have enlisted in the opposition to the measure the same citizens' committees and patrioteering societies which succeeded in killing court reform. Watch for their propaganda. We are glad that the merchant-marine legislation, with its vicious labor provisions, has been stymied in the Senate committee; there are indications that the House bill will omit the labor sections. As for the wage-hour bill, it will take strong pressure from the C. I. O. and progressive legislators to get it through in any acceptable form. Washington is chiefly in the phase of "studying" various problems, including the railroad problem and that of commodity prices. The latter has real possibilities for inaugurating a policy of central planning for prices and production. But amid the present uncertainties, that would require decisive Presidential leadership. And on this issue at least such leadership is not in evidence.

*

THE ANTI-LYNCHING BILL HAS AGAIN BEEN buried under an avalanche of sectional hatred and partisan Republican spite. It is clear that while it was the Southern bourbons who linked hands to form a filibustering Hindenburg line, it was the Northern Republicans who prevented a two-thirds' vote from being piled up to apply the cloture rule and break the filibuster. No one who had any hand in the entire shameful proceeding has any reason to feel proud of his role in keeping the South free for rope and faggot. There are a few words that are worth saying now over the grave of the anti-lynching bill. We come to praise it for the things which, in dying, it made clear to the country. The greatest result of the fight was the realization on the part of the Senate and of Washington newspapermen that the issue far transcended lynching itself or the larger question of race discrimination; that if a group of reactionaries can by this means succeed in killing an anti-lynching bill, they can also succeed in killing any other sort of progressive legislation. Secondly, it has become clear that the fight against the bill had an economic base. It was a fight on the part of reactionaries in the South not only to continue the right of terrorizing Negroes through lynching, but also to continue the right of terrorizing whites as well as Negroes and keep them from organizing for decent wages and for political and educational opportunities. It is important to note that the Wagner amendment to the relief appropriation, providing for collective bargaining on relief projects, was killed mainly by Southern opposition. Finally it has become clear that the Negro vote will have to be reckoned with increasingly as a factor in American life. The fight against the bill has done much to complete the process of bringing the Negroes to political consciousness. It has become clear to them who their enemies are, and clear also that their enemies are the enemies of civil liberties and economic progress. As for Senator Wagner, despite the defeat of his bill, he emerges from the fight with increased stature.

✶

MAY A PRESIDENT TURN AUTHOR WHILE still in office? And if he does, may he reap the financial rewards of authorship like anyone else, or should he treat his literary products as he treats his public statements and give them impartially to the entire press? These are the questions that are now agitating official, journalistic, and publishing circles. For Mr. Roosevelt has again shattered precedent. He has not only undertaken to publish his state papers this spring, in a five-volume edition to be put out by Random House, instead of waiting until the issues they raise and their writer as well are both safely dead; but he has also written notes and comments on those papers and has sold the prepublication rights to the United Features syndicate; and he is planning two *Liberty* articles of a similar nature. This has raised a howl, notably from the New York *Herald Tribune* and from David Lawrence. The *Herald Tribune,* in an editorial headed Big Business in the White House, speaks of it as "cashing in on a huge scale on the job" of the Presidency, and as "a steep descent for a President of the United States." Mr. Lawrence, more ironic, sees in it proof "that the profit motive is rising in Mr. Roosevelt's psychology," and wonders why by the same logic he should not give paid testimonials for "what cigarettes he smokes or what suspenders he wears." We find it hard to grow either indignant or ironic about the matter. It is a fine thing for a President to take the time and trouble to prepare his state papers for posterity and to annotate them while he is still of vigorous mind and has around him the resources for doing a competent job. The treatment Mr. Roosevelt has thus far received from the press as a whole has scarcely been such as to warrant the belief that it would give his New Deal comments a square deal. It is a safe guess that in selling them to a syndicate he felt that he could get for them the continuous attention they warrant. He may have been wrong in his reasoning, and there may be enough people who feel that he has impaired the dignity of his office to make the strategy backfire. But we doubt very strongly that mercenary motives were involved. To dispel all controversy on that score, the President would do well to make it clear that he is devoting his earnings to charity.

✶

LOCAL CONTESTS IN WHICH LABOR AS A political force is directly involved are for the moment gaining the center of the national stage. There is a feeling that they may serve as a forecast of 1940 as well as 1938. The anti-labor press has been getting a good deal of comfort out of the results of the Seattle municipal primary. Although Mayor Dore, the candidate of Dave Beck and reactionary labor, ran behind Vic Meyers, the C. I. O. candidate, their combined vote was less than that of Arthur Langlie, who ran as an "honest-government" business man's candidate. The results prove something, but not that labor is on the wane as a political force. They prove rather that in Seattle, as in Detroit last year, labor is handicapped politically by the C. I. O.–A. F. of L. split. Langlie appealed to the lower middle class, which was tired of the Beck-Bridges labor fight. And the business groups will continue to capitalize on that fatigue, which may prove decisive nationally as well as locally. The same applies to the Pennsylvania situation, where the anti-labor Democrats have put through a state ticket without giving Lieutenant Governor Tom Kennedy of the United Mine Workers a major place. Their argument is that the A. F. of L. will turn against the Democrats if a C. I. O. man runs for governor or senator. William Green, with his characteristic blindness, has served notice to that effect, thereby putting himself on record as placing his factional fight ahead of the interests of labor as a whole. There can be little doubt that if labor could settle its difficulties, both in Seattle and Pennsylvania, not only would the labor vote be pooled but middle-class votes could also be won, as they were in the last New York City election.

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THE KILLING OF A POORMASTER IN HOBOKEN by a relief client is a dramatic flare that lights up a scene of sordid misery in one corner of Frank Hague's empire. Another was the death by starvation of a three-year-old boy last May. Hoboken, once prosperous, is poverty-stricken. It has 60,000 inhabitants, yet it spent only $3,000 on relief last year. It was the boast of Harry L. Barck, the poormaster for forty-two years and a faithful Hague man, that he had cut the Hoboken relief rolls from 7,000 to 360, and his brutality in handling the poor over whom he wielded such final power was notorious. In addition, Joseph Scutellaro, who killed him, was not in political favor because, simply, his father, who had formerly been a thriving contractor, had backed a non-Hague Democrat in 1931. His business has since been reduced to nothing. The fact that Governor Moore, immediately after the incident, instructed that $1,500,000 be withdrawn from general state funds and issued to municipalities for relief purposes indicates that the officials, even of New Jersey, realize that Scutellaro's act was not simple homicide but a fanatical gesture against misery long drawn out.

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THE JAPANESE DIET'S FIGHT AGAINST THE war-mobilization bill is not so much indicative of a resurgence of democracy as of ire at the bad faith of the military. For years Japan has been ruled under a compromise arrangement whereby the army dominated foreign policy and military expenditures, while financial and civilian interests had a free hand in domestic policy. The present bill would give the army complete control over all business and financial affairs, a power which it has been seeking since 1931. Once control passes into the hands of the military, it will presumably remain there irrespective of the outcome of the hostilities in China. In arguing for the passage of the bill the government has unwittingly revealed the growing seriousness of the country's economic plight. Already the shortage of raw materials for the war industries is being felt. Proposals have been advanced to mix artificial fiber with wool in the manufacture of uniforms, and otherwise make use of substitute materials. Coordination of the country's economic life under army dictatorship may bring a more efficient use of materials, but it cannot furnish the needed war supplies as long as other countries refuse to buy Japanese goods. The difficulties which Japan is facing today are insignificant compared to those which it is likely to face six months from now.

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NEWS OF INDIA IS USUALLY CONCEALED between two divorce notices in your family newspaper. To those who read John Gunther's full report on India's changing political pattern in *The Nation* two weeks ago the recent crisis will seem less startling and more intelligible. Two of the seven provincial cabinets which the Indian National Congress won in the elections last year have resigned. They did so after the British governors vetoed a move to release political prisoners in those areas. Although only forty-one prisoners were actually involved, the incident has crystallized those crucial divisions within the Congress which Mr. Gunther detailed. When the Congress, after bitter internal controversy, yielded to the plea of the "moderates" for participation in the government, the radical wing asserted its skepticism of the result. It predicted arbitrary exercise of the "safeguard" power retained by Britain, allegedly for use in "emergencies" only. Now at least a measure of this skepticism has been vindicated. The veto action has brought renewed demands for open resistance to British domination, and a pronounced shift in the strategy of the Congress may take place. That the British have precipitated this crisis now, when they have their hands full on every front, is perhaps its most significant aspect. Presumably they can ill afford another period of colonial conflict. But neither can they ignore the implications which might flow from a successful trial of authentic home rule in India.

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IF MRS. PAULINE MAE CLARKE OF TORONTO does not win a share in the baby derby, with its prize of $500,000, it will not be through lack of single-hearted devotion to the task she set herself. She cleared the decks for action by putting her earlier offspring in foster homes and separating from her husband. She then had five children by another man with whom she made an agreement, not a gentleman's agreement but a written one, to give him a percentage of her winnings in the derby. It is not explained why she changed fathers, but the judge who is faced with the problem of passing on the legitimacy and eligibility of the five entries is "very much troubled." "I think," he said, "she deliberately turned her back on her first children." And not only on her children. We ourselves are torn between wonder at the enterprise of Mrs. Clarke and her threat to middle-class virtues. The man, now dead, who posted the prize was undoubtedly a family man who would turn in his grave at the spectacle his magnanimity has brought to pass. If she fails to place, it will be the greatest recent example of love's labor lost.

Europe and America

EUROPEAN BALANCE SHEET

WHAT has happened in Europe in the past few weeks may be viewed on three planes: first, it has again changed the diplomatic map of Europe — that nightmare construction, crisscrossed with alliances, threats, commitments — and thereby blasted some lingering democratic hopes; second, it definitely marks the end of the post-war system, which has involved at least the rhetorical dominance and support of the League by England; third, it shows more clearly than ever at what points the lines of power converge and in whose hands lie the determinations of the world's destiny.

The quick succession of events has been, to most people in America who care about democratic survival, like a sequence of communiqués from the world's battlefields —all carrying bad news. They have cast a pall over our press. For whatever may be the longer view, Hitler has, in immediate terms, survived a crisis, struck a number of swift, successful blows in pursuit of his final aims, and emerged more than ever as the man in whose ominous shadow European policy is being hammered out. The army purge, the Austrian coup, the Reichstag speech, the Nazi riots in Vienna, the British Cabinet decisions, the impending Anglo-Italian talks, the confusion in Paris, the fear that hangs over Czechoslovakia—there is no anodyne that will blot out the impact of these facts on the world's consciousness.

Realism dictates that we measure future events after the pattern of what has actually happened. But realism dictates also that we interpret that pattern not through Hitler's own rhetoric but through a sober appraisal of the effective forces in Europe, and also the potential forces which recent events may rouse to activity. For it is the way of dictators to dramatize their personal careers and national adventures. Hitler's Opera House speech, eight days after Schuschnigg's surrender at Berchtesgaden was in a sense an overplaying of the Nazi hand. In his three-hour word torrent Hitler presented the world with the material for the severest possible indictment of Nazi aims and methods. There had been those—even the well-informed editors of the *New Statesman* in London—who had confidently expected that Hitler would follow brutal deeds with soft words. Instead of that, he flayed England, threatened France if it sought to aid its Central European allies, expressed undying enmity to Russia, insulted Eden, recognized Manchoukuo, expressed hopes for a Japanese victory, renewed the anti-Comintern pact, condemned the League as "fantastic," offered no guaranties of Austrian independence, and laid claim to German national minorities everywhere in the world. He could not possibly have made a speech better calculated to throw confusion into the pro-Nazi circles in England and France or give comfort to Mr. Chamberlain's opponents.

A second event that was not an undiluted help to Germany was Eden's resignation. True, it weakens the collective-security forces in the British government. But Eden has always been isolated and for that reason ineffective in the Cabinet. His resignation has at least drawn aside the only remaining veil from Chamberlain's strategy. It has removed Britain's pretensions to be a supporter of the League of Nations, and has given a new rallying cry to British labor.

A third element in the situation that has implications in both directions is the role of Italy. It is safe to accept as an initial premise the fact that Mussolini is no fool. He has never had any hankering to see Germany facing him at the Brenner Pass. Yet that is what German annexation of Austria would mean. The only explanation of his apparent acquiescence is Italy's weakness. There are reports that Schuschnigg received his command-invitation to come to Berchtesgaden without the knowledge of either Mussolini or Ciano. But in any event, the Duce could have offered no effective opposition. Mussolini has been weakened by his costly adventures in Ethiopia and Spain, and by the armament program that he has sought to impose on an economic base unable to support it. Hence his flirtation with Chamberlain and the coming Anglo-Italian agreement, which, while in no sense extenuating the folly of Chamberlain's policy (what reason can England have to take Mussolini at his word?) nevertheless give reason for concluding that the Rome-Berlin axis is much shakier than the Nazis would have the world believe. On the other hand, Italy's weakness makes the German alliance necessary to Mussolini for whatever schemes of aggression he may have in mind at the expense of Franco-British interests. In any event, it is one of the important and incalculable elements in Europe's future.

The Austrian situation has moved with less rapidity than was at first expected. When Hitler pushed his Trojan horse into Vienna, in the form of Nazi control of the police power, it looked as if the other steps in the achievement of a completely Nazified Austria would follow at the staccato pace to which the world has by now become accustomed. That this has not happened is due to the firmness Chancellor Schuschnigg has shown and the support he has been accorded. That support has come from the Fatherland Front, from clerical elements, even from the Austrian workers; its extent may be judged from the fact that before Schuschnigg made his speech to the Federal Council he was handed a petition signed by a million Austrians asking him to stand firm for Austria's independence. His speech was, under the circumstances, a gallant one. The fact that it was received with such surprise in Berlin and that it so clearly announced the guaranty of Austrian independence that Hitler had failed to mention in his own speech would seem to indicate that German power in Austria will not be achieved through Schuschnigg. Thus far the Chancellor has used a strong hand, especially in sending troops and planes to Graz in Styria, as a result of which a huge scheduled Nazi demonstration was called off. And there are indications, notably the fact that Cardinal Innitzer, under orders from the Vatican, has asked for prayers and special masses throughout Austria for a "free Austria," that Mussolini may be working quietly against Hitler in Vienna.

Nevertheless, Schuschnigg's position is immensely difficult. The probabilities are that Hitler will in the end have his victory in Austria, just as he had it in Danzig. If that happens, Schuschnigg will have his own past deeds and those of Dollfuss to thank for it. For, as G. E. R. Gedye has pointed out in his brilliant dispatches from Vienna to the New York *Times,* Austria was doomed when Dollfuss turned his artillery against 32 per cent of his countrymen—the Social Democrats—and then sought to fight the 25 per cent of Nazis with the diffused residue of the population. Schuschnigg has continued the policy of trying to resist a powerful dictatorship with an inadequate one. The Austrian workers have bitter memories of the past, and are suspicious of Schuschnigg now. To add to his troubles, the Nazi organizations are on the point of changing their name and thereby legalizing their demonstrations. Eventually a bloody clash seems inevitable. The most that can be hoped is that when it comes the Austrian workers will be prepared for it and will have learned from the Spanish experience how to organize an effective resistance against a fascist coup from within and without. Hitler may win in Vienna, but his victory will be dearly bought.

What follows for the Nazis after the Austrian adventure is fairly clear. Their eye is on Czechoslovakia. Once in control of Austria they can use the same tactics

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in Prague that they are using now in Vienna. Against that eventuality the overwhelming vote of the French Chamber of Deputies to uphold the Delbos foreign policy, and Delbos's reaffirmation of the Soviet pact and his announcement that France will fight to protect Czechoslovakia come as an important reassurance. How long France will pursue so firm a policy it is impossible to guess. The shift in England left France holding a bag full of high explosives. In the past two years it has made repeated concessions to retain Britain's friendship, concessions which have virtually destroyed its independent influence in Europe. It has stood idly by while a friendly republican government in Spain has fought for its life against Italian-German intervention. A fortnight ago it agreed to the sacrifice of Austria on the altar of Chamberlain's policy. As a reward for its loyalty, France now finds itself more isolated than at any time in recent history. The Chautemps ministry has met its crisis in foreign policy with apparent courage. It faces a domestic crisis in the new labor code. Whether Chautemps can extract concessions from labor depends upon the willingness of the organized workers to trust his firmness in dealing with Hitler. If there ever was a time when a clear and militant policy was needed among the left elements in the Popular Front, it is now. Unfortunately the recent indications that the Soviet Union has given up hope of collective action and the announcement of the new conspiracy trials in Russia come tragically to diminish the chances of the labor groups in France and England uniting behind a program of collective security. It would seem, quite apart from the reasons for the trials themselves, as if the Russians had a genius for selecting for their own internal crises the exact moments when they were most likely to weaken the labor movements of the world and to forfeit the confidence of their allies among the nations.

Cutting across and beneath these diplomatic maneuvers and internal national considerations are three sets of factors that are likely in the long run to determine the future of Western cultures. One is the ever-present factor of economic power. The fascist nations have had numerous diplomatic victories; they have been relatively weak in their military adventures, despite the huge war machines they are building. But what of their economic power? The stability of whatever structures of political power they erect will depend on their economic resources and how they use them. Here Hitler, like Mussolini and Japan, is weak. If the industrial democracies made this fact the key to their policy, and were willing to pool their own economic strength to maintain the peace of the world, they would discover a new principle of international order. The second question is where the working-class movements of the various countries will stand in the coming crises. In England, in France, in Austria nothing decisive can be done to reverse the present reactionary trends unless it is backed by unified workers' movements. The third factor is the maintenance of morale among the democracies. Mr. Chamberlain may be a cleverer man than Mr. Eden, but his "realism," which implies capitulation to the entire scheme of international values of the fascist powers, is the most unrealistic sort of realism. For while economic strength will furnish the sinews of war, we have learned in the recent Spanish experience that morale is of enormous importance. The democracies may well take their cue from Thomas Mann, who in his American lecture tour is asserting that it is the democratic idea that is youthful, and fascism that represents the decadence of the world.

Britain's Last Chance

The days that have passed since Anthony Eden's resignation have permitted the world to grasp something of the manifold significance of the revolution which has occurred in Great Britain's traditional foreign policy. With Chamberlain's repudiation of the League an era has ended. Despite all compromises, all previous surrenders, the assumption that Britain recognized its obligations under the Covenant has been the basis of the foreign policies of France, the Little Entente, Poland, and, to a lesser extent, the United States as well.

Viewed in perspective, Chamberlain's policy would seem to be equally disastrous to fundamental British interests. It is frequently said that the British Commonwealth of Nations is held together by the same type of moral pressure which has maintained the League, and that the disintegration of the latter would perforce mean the collapse of the empire. While this seems to overlook the very important financial ties between the dominions and the mother country, it nevertheless is true that the growth of power politics and the development of the concepts of regionalism and autarchy associated with fascism would spell the doom of a voluntary commonwealth like the British Empire. Moreover, important links in the empire, such as Ireland, South Africa, and Australia, have remained loyal at least partially because of their faith in Britain as the dominating force behind the League. Public opinion in all the dominions, including Canada, appears to have aligned itself definitely on the side of Eden.

In fact, feeling in England itself seems to be running strongly against the government. That the Labor and Liberal parties would oppose Chamberlain was to be expected. Both parties have traditionally based their foreign policy on the principle of collective security. But there are also signs of revolt within the Conservative ranks. A number of "up-country" Conservative dailies have come out in support of Eden. In addition to Eden's opposition, which is far more important to the electorate than to Parliament, there is the opposition of the Churchill faction, which may prove serious in Parliament. And for the first time in years the opposition parties have an issue of unlimited possibilities. Knuckling under to the threats of a foreign dictator is no better politics in England than in any other country, particularly when it involves the surrender of vast interests. Moreover, they have a powerful weapon in Chamberlain's direct admission that the government has abandoned the policies upon which it was elected in 1935. No British government has ever dared undertake such a fundamental shift of policy without a popular mandate. To be sure, Eden has announced that he will not appeal to the country against Chamberlain and thus split the Conservatives. But he could have said little else, given the demands of party discipline. The fact remains that his resignation has finally awakened the British Labor Party from its long sleep and served to crystallize latent opposition.

To the question as to why the Chamberlain government is willing to risk its political future rather than stand by the principles of collective security to which it is committed, there is only one convincing answer: collective action implies not only the checking of fascist aggression but the strengthening of the left governments in Spain, France, and the Soviet Union. Since this would presumably lead to the ultimate overthrow of Mussolini and possibly of Hitler, the British tories have become convinced that they are faced with a choice between "communism" and "fascism." Faulty though their perspective may be, there can be no doubt that they have made their choice. The only remaining question is whether the British people as a whole are willing to ratify a decision resulting from the hysteria of a few.

AMERICA MUST ACT

The United States, no less than other countries, must now carefully reappraise its foreign policy in the light of the events of the past fortnight. The isolationists are jubilant, pointing to the débâcle in Great Britain [illegible] final proof of the validity of their position. Strangely enough, they denounce Chamberlain for adopting a policy which, in essentials, is the same as their own. For the isolationists have openly advocated concessions to the aggressors as a means of lessening existing world tensions. Like Chamberlain, they have ignored the possible effect of their policy on the smaller democratic countries; and while paying lip service to the principles of international cooperation, they have consistently sabotaged all efforts in that direction.

But if the isolationists are in an impossible logical position, the advocates of collective security have also been put on the defensive. In recent months emphasis has been placed on "parallel action" with the other democratic powers to restrain aggression. With Great Britain embracing the aggressors, people are asking whom the United States can cooperate with and to what end. Die-hard League of Nations supporters are in a particularly difficult situation if they insist, as many do, that cooperation must be through the machinery of the League.

Isolationism, however, is not rendered less dangerous by the practical difficulties standing in the way of collective action. Any step which contributes to international anarchy is a step toward war. Conversely, if war is ever to be eliminated, it will be through the creation of a system of cooperation. There is every evidence that an overwhelming majority of the peoples of the Western world desire such a system and will support it. A recent Gallup poll showed that, despite Chamberlain's policies, 69 per cent of the British public actively favor a policy of collective security. The setbacks suffered by the League are not due to weakness in its basic concept but to the opposition of vested interests to the application of sanctions. The League has also been hampered by the fact that few statesmen have really understood or had faith in collective security. They have paid tribute to the collective ideal, but their policies have been consistently nationalistic, especially in a crisis. That was to be expected. Men's minds do not change overnight. But what was not to be expected was that Great Britain would follow a line not in accord with its fundamental interests.

The breakdown of formal cooperation between the democratic governments before the fascist bluff increases the importance of informal cooperation by means of the people's boycott. Representatives of organizations numbering 123 million persons from 43 different countries attended the World Boycott Conference held in London a fortnight ago. Recent reports in the New York *Times* indicate that Japanese sales in the United States have fallen off 60 to 70 per cent since the war in China began. The January trade figures, just released, show that American purchases of raw silk were off 50 per cent from the corresponding period of the previous year for the second consecutive month. Success of the boycott against Japan, now within the reach of possibility, would do much to restore the world's faith in cooperative action.

Meanwhile, we should not let up in our pressure for governmental action. We have no reason for despair merely because Hitler has won another victory. Fascism is still essentially weak. The people of Spain and Austria have not given up the fight; both Czechoslovakia and France have reaffirmed their faith in the collective method; there are encouraging signs of a popular revolt in England. If the United States would respond by taking the leadership in cooperative action in the Far East, this development would transcend in importance the shift in British policy and would be the surest way of bringing its reversal. And even without Britain, there are still France, the Soviet Union, most of the minor countries, and a large section of the British Empire which would rally to American leadership.

The most crushing immediate reply which the United States could give Hitler at this moment would be a revision of the Neutrality Act making it inapplicable to civil strife and establishing a clear distinction between aggressors and their victims. The experience of the past year has demonstrated the basic injustice of the act as it now stands. If it cannot be revised so as to permit this country to cooperate in moves to aid the aggrieved and curb assistance to aggressors, it should be repealed. Joint economic action against aggression may be impracticable at the moment, but the United States should at least be in a position where it can withhold aid to aggressors in case the atmosphere changes in Europe. The Administration's lack of such power was one of the major causes of the fiasco of oil sanctions in 1935.

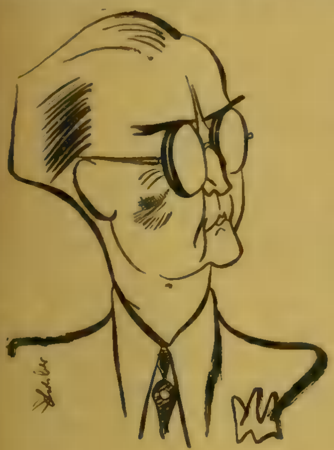
Revision of the Neutrality Act would have the immediate effect of permitting sales to the Spanish government, it would remove the danger of our being forced to help Japan at the expense of China, and it would be rightly interpreted as a warning that we are not wholly unconcerned with the march of aggression.

Profiteers Move Up

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, February 28

IN OTHER days it was the quaint custom of American shipbuilders and armor-plate manufacturers to support a lobbyist in the person of Bill Shearer, self-styled "Big Bass Drum," whose duties included whooping it up for more and bigger cruisers, sabotaging disarmament conferences, "educating" and "irrigating" the more ignorant and arid Washington correspondents, and performing similar chores of a patriotic and lucrative nature. Nowadays Bill's singular talents go begging, and no wonder. Within a week Adolf Hitler and Neville Chamberlain did more to brighten the future for the American armament industry than the "Big Bass Drum" accomplished in years of faithful service.



Joseph P. Kennedy

Although the situation is somewhat confused, there is no doubt that recent events in Europe have been a boon to Washington's war-scare mongers. Opposition to the navy expansion program—always a thankless task—has been made infinitely more difficult and discouraging. Critics of the program, such as Senator Borah and Representative Maverick, instinctively coupled their objections with distrust of British motives and policy. Now their worst suspicions concerning Britain have been confirmed, but the net result is to strengthen the hand of the big-navy clique. Congressional reaction is that we can't trust anyone and hence had better look to our defenses.

More and more the drive for a gigantic navy and "an adequate merchant marine" points toward a saturnalia of profiteering at government expense unequaled since the World War. This fact even penetrated the breezy assurance of Joe Kennedy on the eve of his departure for London. But not until he had ordered his knee breeches and bought his ticket did it dawn on him that while he was dispatching crisp orders to place striking American seamen in irons, the "big six" among American shipbuilders had been outfitting for an adventure which would make any of Captain Kidd's look like sheer philanthropy. Invited to bid on the construction of twelve cargo ships to be partially subsidized by the Maritime Commission, four firms submitted figures which were approximately twice the costs estimated by the commission's experts and about three times the cost of building the same vessels in England. Two members of the "big six" failed to submit bids, although they were understood to have prepared estimates. Moreover, the bids submitted were in such form as to cause Kennedy to declare that "if they were not collusive, the result was the same as if they had been." I quote from testimony before the Senate Commerce Committee:

> SENATOR VANDENBERG: Are we not likely to run into precisely this situation when this new navy is built?
>
> KENNEDY: I should think it would be much worse.
>
> SENATOR VANDENBERG: So these estimates for $800,000,000 for battleships don't mean a thing if this sort of bidding is to persist?
>
> KENNEDY: Quite.
>
> SENATOR BERRY: What is the increase in labor costs?
>
> KENNEDY: . . . I cannot find that labor is getting any particular amount of this money. Nor are materials high enough to justify any such prices.
>
> SENATOR CLARK: I have run across evidence of this combine in other matters. In the present situation you can buy from them or not at all. Isn't it more or less of a sitdown strike?
>
> KENNEDY: That is the result. I do not know whether that is the premise, but that is the conclusion.

To understand how well-taken was Vandenberg's point, let it be remembered that the costs of new naval construction as submitted to the House Committee on Naval Affairs are simply the estimates of navy experts using the same methods of computation that were used by the commission experts. Indeed, some of the same experts probably worked on both sets of estimates. That simply means that a two-billion-dollar addition to the navy, as contemplated by the navy, would cost about four billion if constructed by the only builders in this country who are equipped with the necessary facilities.

By what ingenious method did the daring and resourceful Kennedy propose to circumvent this contemplated holdup? First, by subsidizing "independent" builders and using their competition as a club over the "big six"; second, by having the ships built in England; and third, *"but only as a last alternative,"* by letting the government build them! But why "only as a last alternative"? To answer that it would be necesary to explain the social philosophy of Banker Kennedy—provided he did not sufficiently explain it himself when he ordered the striking seamen put in irons unless they called off the strike.

By the time this appears the La Follette committee will have resumed its vital investigation of the violation of civil liberties in labor disputes, and on its schedule is a subject of compelling importance. Among the sinister practices devised and applied in crushing the strike in "Little Steel" last year, one of the most viciously effective was that of inspiring and financing vigilante movements.

Such movements appeared in several states, notably Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Michigan. Usually they took the form of "citizens' committees" whose strike-breaking tactics included organizing "back to work" movements, coercing or corrupting local newspapers in the rare instances where that was necessary, and even organizing mobs to assault the strikers. The application of this technique was set forth in elaborate detail in the notorious Mohawk Valley formula, of which it is an integral part. In essence it is a Ku Klux process with heavy overtones of the local chamber of commerce and local banks.

Pehaps the most notorious example of its use occurred in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, during the strike at the Cambria plant of Bethlehem Steel. It has been testified at hearings before a National Labor Board examiner that a company executive supplied the Citizens' Committee with $30,000 in cash, which was turned over to Mayor Daniel J. Shields for the hire of special policemen and the purchase of tear-gas equipment and other restoratives of industrial peace. Similar committees operated in Ohio towns dominated by Girdler's Republic Steel, but less is known about how they were formed and financed, although the effect of their activities duplicated that in Johnstown. Senators La Follette and Thomas (of Utah) may be expected to conduct a thorough exploration of these activities, and a more-needed job is hard to imagine. If there is a real danger of fascism in the United States—and I certainly believe there is—here is where it lies. It should not be forgotten that Hitler got his original financing from the steel barons of the Ruhr, just as his prototype, Mussolini, was launched on the March to Rome by the industrialists of Milan. No specter of a man on a white horse disturbs my dreams, but I have not forgotten the bloody ax handles, or the seven men who died last Memorial Day with bullet holes in their backs because they made the mistake of believing their government was strong enough to enforce the Wagner Act against the steel barons who defied it.

Justice Black, Dissenting

BY MAX LERNER

"THE man who wrote that opinion," I heard a legal friend say of one of Justice Black's dissents, "is a damn good lawyer." And he smiled broadly and knowingly. I did not smile back at the innuendo that Justice Black did not write his own opinions. The remark summed up the peculiar dualism of attitude of the anti-Black people now that he is writing his name large in the court's annals. They cannot help admiring the courage and ability shown in his decisions; yet the censor that watches over our self-esteem will not permit them to confess that they were wrong about him in the first place. The result is the conclusion that since the opinions are good ones, it must have been a couple of other fellows who wrote them.

Whoever wrote them, they have set the legal world on its ear. There were many among Justice Black's friends who wanted him to go slow when he came on the court, wanted him to establish his position before he began applying his drastic progressivism to the judicial process. This applies to several of Black's friends on the court itself, who received him with a mixture of welcome and trepidation. They regarded him much as a Social Registerite might regard a protracted visit by a relative fresh from the sticks, talented and high-spirited, but uncouth, unpredictable, and a questionable addition to formal parties. They wished he would give himself a chance to mellow. Several are reported to have said that given five or ten years in which to master the lore of the court and steep himself in its traditions and spirit, Black would make a great justice.

But Black didn't intend to wait that long. Outwardly he proved malleable enough. His relations with his colleagues have been personally cordial. Even the Chief Justice went out of his way to be friendly. Only Justice McReynolds is still hostile; he regards Black as a renegade Southerner. And well he may, for their two social philosophies are as widely removed as the antipodes. Responding to the friendliness of the other judges, Black has been almost hypersensitive to the court tradition about personal discreetness. He surrounds even his casual contacts with elaborate safeguards. He is still suffering from the trauma of having people forever on his trail during the agonizing weeks of his *cause célèbre.*

But while eager to play the game in all personal matters, Justice Black has challenged the rules of the game so far as constitutional law is concerned.

Of twenty opinions in which Justice Black's name appears, six have been dissents and six have been concurring opinions in which he disagreed with the court's reasoning but agreed with the conclusion. In eight he wrote the court opinion. This is a high ratio of divergence, especially for a new justice. I shall pass over the cases in which Black has written the court's majority or unanimous decision, because the cases assigned to him have been relatively unimportant. It is as a dissenter that he has most sharply broken the court's patterns of thought and most distressed even his liberal colleagues.

The case involving the "obligations of contracts" clause (*Indiana ex rel. Anderson* vs. *Brand*) does not at first sight reveal the importance that it possesses. The Indiana legislature in 1927 passed an act establishing a certain tenure for teachers, and then in 1933 it passed another act excluding township schools from the tenure provisions. A teacher in a township school who had lost her job sued on the ground that the 1927 act established a contract whereby she could not be discharged except under certain conditions, and that the 1933 act had impaired the obligation of the contract and was invalid. The Supreme Court, reversing the state court, held with her, but Black dissented. A comparison of his opinion with the majority opinion by Justice Roberts shows disagreements as to the construction both of the state legislation and of Indiana precedents. But basically the disagreement was over the extent of state sovereignty as against the overriding sanctity of contracts. And there, for Black, is the nub of the matter. He believes in legislative supremacy, state or federal, as against judicial supremacy and the rigid hold of contract doctrine. Intellectually he knows where he stands in the struggle, begun in America over a century ago with *Fletcher* vs. *Peck* and the Dartmouth College case, between those who would freeze our order through property institutions and those who would keep it fluid through legislative change.

But the struggle over the contract clause is more an echo of past battles than an expression of present conflicts. More central in Black's judicial career are his opinions in the utility cases. Two of them stand out—a dissent in *McCart* vs. *Indianapolis Water Company* and a concurring opinion in *United Gas Public Service Company* vs. *Texas*. The Indianapolis Water dissent created a flurry in legal circles on procedural grounds. For Black did the unprecedented thing of dissenting from a *per curiam* decision, in which the court speaks as a whole rather than through any particular justice. With a sharp, clipped severity the court held that the lower court, in upholding the state commission's schedule of water rates, had erred in not allowing for an upward trend of prices between 1933 and 1935. The rates had been held not confiscatory in 1933; but—the *per curiam* opinion argued—they might have become confiscatory by the time the 1935 decision was handed down. Black's answer to this decision forms the best opinion he has thus far written. It is full, detailed, statistical in the best Brandeis manner; it is powerful in its irony at the fantastic delays of due-process procedure; it cuts through the overgrowths of legal jargon which screen the fact that ultimately it is the consumer who pays for the impotence of the regulatory system and for the luxury of shuttling cases back and forth between courts. It had taken six years for the commission's order to reach the court; it was now being remanded; at the same rate, it should be back in the court again in 1943. Black preferred to settle it then and there. And he does so on the basis of the prudent-investment principle which Justice Brandeis had developed in his classic dissents. In the process he writes a severe condemnation of the whole practice of the court, since 1890, of invalidating state regulation of utility rates.

The Texas gas case was the second round of the utility fight between Black and the court. Here again he pulled no punches. In a separate concurring opinion he pointed out that the company is an affiliate of the Electric Bond and Share, that the salaries paid to the holding-company officials are set down to operating expenses for the subsidiary and are paid by the consumer in the form of inflated rates. This opinion is notable also for its defense of the jury trial as a method of fixing the validity of commission rate-setting (Justice McReynolds, in one of his *ex tempore* speeches from the bench, called it "little more than a farce").

But the dissent which has proved most breath-taking is the one on the corporation as a person (*Connecticut General Life Insurance Company* vs. *Johnson*). I do not myself regard it as ranking in importance with the utility opinions: it has not the same chance of being fruitful for the future. But there can be no doubt of its dramatic character. The California legislature laid a tax on insurance premiums. The court overruled it as violative of the Fourteenth Amendment, which provides that "no state shall . . . deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person . . . the equal protection of the laws." Black says quite simply, "I do not believe that the word 'person' in the Fourteenth Amendment includes corporations." And thus he sweeps away fifty years of Supreme Court history and strikes at one of the props of corporate power.

But he does so only after an interesting survey of the legislative and judicial history of the amendment. I believe he is on solid ground so far as history is concerned. There has been for some time a controversy among American historians as to whether those who framed the amendment intended it as a protection of corporate property rights. That such was their intent was the argument of Roscoe Conkling, one of the members of the Congressional committee which drafted the amendment in 1866, when he appeared before the court in the San Mateo case in 1882. This would imply something of a plot or conspiracy on the part of the committee, for the purpose of the amendment was clearly the protection of the newly granted rights of Negroes against hostile state legislatures. Conkling's thesis was accepted as court doctrine in 1886 in the Santa Clara case. Black challenges it as irrelevant. Whatever individual members of the committee may have thought or intended, he points to the undoubted fact that the Congress that passed the amendment, the states that ratified it, and the people in whom the amending power rests were told that the amendment was to protect Negroes and not to remove corporations from the regulation of state governments.

Black's argument is good. There are, however, three things that trouble me about it. One is that in the face of fifty years of court history it is never likely to be more than a courageous gesture. Nor is it merely the time that has elapsed; it is the fact that the personality of the corporation has become an integral part of our constitutional law—right or wrong. The second is that his opinion would have been more complete if he had taken account of the fact that where "person" has been used previously in the language of the law and of lawyers, it has also been construed to include the corporation. The third is that the more strategic line of attack on the abuse of power by the courts would have been to insist that "due process" should be interpreted only to mean procedural safeguards and not substantive determinations of social policy. That was the direction of the Holmes approach, and an economic realist like Black could carry it out even more completely.

There remains the question of Black's impact on the future. He is not the sort of person who, like Holmes or Brandeis, can build a liberal minority around himself. His liberal colleagues are not ready to go with him; he is too acid, too impetuous, too downright; he ruffles judicial sensibilities. Like the child in the story he cries out that the king is after all naked, and it has been the whole function of constitutional law to weave imaginary garments for the nakedness of corporate power. Added to that, there is the fact that while his decisions are clear and well written they do not have the brilliance of phrase and the sure legal touch that Holmes had, or the scrupulous solidity and genius for procedure that Brandeis has. And they are, here and there, marred by somewhat careless footnotes and handling of precedents.

All of which means that Black has become a judicial crusader before he has come to maturity as a judge. His strength lies in the things in which he was strong as Senator—his feel for economic realities, his intrepid belief in popular democratic government as against any sort of oligarchy. He seems to belong in the Jacksonian period of the court, when the democratic upsurge brought to the bench tribunes of the people who had fought for them in the legislatures. Black has proved himself, in the deepest sense, a tribune of the people—ever watchful of their interests, zealous in protecting legislative power, reducing utility cases to the final problem of the interests of the consumer, zealous for government regulatory power over corporations. What remains is to see whether he can add to his other capacities that of patience, and whether he can discipline himself to make possible a common base for all the court liberals. For the time will come soon when the constitutional crisis will again be acute, and Black's dissenting doctrines will be put to the acid test—whether they can be translated into majority doctrines.

Barcelona Faces Front

BY LEIGH WHITE

Barcelona, February 7

ONLY the captious still regard the defense of Loyalist Spain as the expression of revolutionary ardor. It may have been so a year ago, when the Anarchists and Largo Caballero Socialists were far more prominent in Spanish politics than they are at present. Then there was plenty of revolution and not much real cooperation in winning the war. Today, however, the defense of Spain must be regarded as the refusal of a united people, bourgeois as well as proletarian, to accept an imported type of government that they do not want and will not have unless far more foreign assistance and military strategy are brought into action than General Franco has thus far been able to command. The Spanish war has become a war for national independence.

For a demonstration of the war's decreasingly revolutionary and increasingly nationalistic progress, one has only to look at Barcelona. In Barcelona the people have faced the more depressing aspects of war—economic maladjustment, hordes of refugees and consequent overcrowding, shortage of food and fuel during one of the coldest winters ever known, uninterrupted air bombardments, general disruption of social life—without any of the galvanizing factors of proximity to the front. In Barcelona the two mutually antagonistic, electric currents of the war are crossed—the military and the political. If there is a short circuit, it is in Barcelona that the sparks fly. And it is precisely in Barcelona, with its anarchism, its French Revolution libertarianism, and its Catalan cellularism, that the trend away from *proletarianismo* back to *republicanismo* has been most striking.

The other day I was walking in the lower *ramblas* and happened to pass what used to be the Cafe Lion d'Or. Until the "events of May" the Lion d'Or had been a stronghold of the ultra-leftist POUM. But after the uprising was put down and a part of the POUM sent to jail, the battle-scarred building was sealed by the police and more or less forgotten. The day I passed, however, an excited crowd was standing in front, and obviously something was about to happen. Another revolutionary disturbance? Nothing like it: the Lion d'Or had been quietly renovated and made into headquarters for the *Loteria Nacional.* What was about to happen was the first drawing ever to be held in Barcelona, replete with all the ritual that once marked the Madrid ceremony.

This incident is characteristic of the change that has come over Barcelona in its second year of war. A year ago the city was a teeming, phrenetic revolutionary base. The street cars, buses, trains, and subways all bore the red-and-black emblem of the Anarchists—except where the Socialist UGT was strong and there the emblems were combined. From noon to midnight the cafes that line the *ramblas* were thronged with blue-overalled workers, militiamen, and "guards of order," and similarly blue-overalled burghers anxious to look like proletarians. Everyone who could packed a gun. There were turbulent mass-meetings and frequent skirmishes, and at night there was firing in the streets. By day the people gathered in the gigantic Plaça de Catalunya or took long bus rides for pleasure. A sort of holiday *proletarianismo* was the fashion. The front, and the government in Valencia, seemed rather far away.

But with the prolongation of the war all that has gradually disappeared. It was beginning to disappear, in fact, when I arrived in Spain the first of May. The May uprising sponsored by the POUM was a challenge to the government of the Popular Front. Basically the issue was microcosm versus macrocosm: complete the social revolution and possibly lose the war, or scrap the social revolution and probably win it. The Popular Front, dominated as it was by Left Republicans, Socialists, and Communists, took the macrocosmic view: scrap the revolution and win the war and let social change take care of itself when fascism no longer threatens. The result in Catalunya was a reshuffling of the Generalitat to the advantage of the Esquerra Republicana, led by President Lluis Companys, and the PSUC (Unified Catalan Communist-Socialist Party), led by Economics Councilor Joan Comorera. The result in Spain as a whole was the dissolution of the Largo Caballero government and its replacement by the government of Juan Negrín, charged with subordinating everything to the winning of the war. The government's prestige, internationally as well as internally, has been gaining ever since.

After the test offensive at Brunete in July and the definitely successful offensive at Belchite in September, the Negrín government in November was strong enough to move to Barcelona and there proceed to coordinate the whole of Spain for the single purpose of winning the war. For the first time in history the political and economic hearts of Spain were one.

Since then there has been a gradual tightening of control in Barcelona along administrative, industrial, and police, as well as military, lines. Defense Minister Prieto and the army's general staff have been given *carta blanca.* The "fifth column" has been silenced if not removed; the war industries are working triple time; the problem of the food supply has been taken in hand; and air-raid precautions are being brought up to the efficiency of the anti-aircraft batteries that honeycomb the city. Existing bomb-proof and gas-proof shelters are rapidly being augmented. All street lights and all cafe and theater fronts have been painted blue, and the nights are blacker than anyone thought they could be.

The red-and-black flag is no longer the ubiquitous ensign that it once was; now the red, gold, and purple of the republic and the four red bars on gold of the Catalan Generalitat account for most of the city's color. The government of the republic is firmly in the saddle, and with it are the Generalitat and the government of Euzkadi (to care for its 150,000 refugee Basques). The militiamen went out a year ago, followed after the "events of May" by the POUM, or at least its Trotskyite wing, and the political supremacy of the Anarchists. What remains is roughly what existed before the war began—a Popular Front government resting on a broad trade-union base, with the difference that though the Anarchist CNT still dominates most of industry, the Communist-Socialist UGT has succeeded in aligning against it the petty bourgeoisie from traveling salesmen to hotel keepers.

The *ramblas* are as always jammed with crowds—organ grinders, flower women, and lottery vendors among them—but now they are bourgeois crowds and the identifiable proletarian is hard to single out. The workers' "guards of order" have disappeared, and the Guardia Nacional, assisted at night by the traditional *serenos* and *vigilantes,* now has charge of public order. The soldiers you encounter, and they do not overrun the city, are the uniformed men and officers of the republican army, not militiamen. If *comandantes* tend to eat and drink with privates still, they are soldiers, not revolutionaries, in speech and action as well as dress.

Even the forms of address are changing. *Salud* is still a fairly common form, but *Buenas* and *Passeu Bé* are much more common, and *Adios* is rapidly coming back. Though the street cars, buses, trains, and subways still bear the emblem of the CNT, their service has lost much of its *compañerismo;* conductors, like store clerks and officials, address you as *Señor* or *Señora. Compañero* itself has reverted to its traditional meaning ("fellow-mortal"), and *Camarada* has all but disappeared. Officers and public figures have become *Señores Dons* again.

Whereas a year ago propaganda was carried on mainly through mass-meetings, vivid revolutionary posters, exhortations in the press, and loud speakers in the streets, it has now taken a distinctly cultural turn, with an accent on war relief. Recently a recital at the rococo, Tiffany-ceilinged Orfeó Català featured the Czechoslovakian dancer, Mira Holzabajova. Its function was to raise money for the Children's Aid. The Mexican composer Silvestre Revueltas conducted the Catalan Symphony Orchestra in his popular "Redes" ("Nets"), in order to raise money for the victims of a particularly deadly air bombardment the preceding week. The Women's Committee Against War and Fascism and the Mexican League of Revolutionary Writers and Artists (LEAR) sponsored the concert.

The effect of the war has been de-politicalizing rather than demoralizing. You have only to compare the posters issued by all and sundry in the early days with the posters that appear today to realize that this is so. "Farmers! the land is yours," was the slogan of the POUM a year ago. "Farmers! the revolution needs your strength," was the slogan of the UGT. The slogan of the CNT, "United We Shall Conquer," was depicted in a poster showing a CNT tank leading a UGT tank on to victory. Now, however, the government itself issues most of the posters. Typical of these is the broadside: "Talent, not money, opens the door to knowledge. Culture has ceased to be the privilege of a minority. The Ministry of Public Instruction has created thousands of scholarships to pay for the education of every son of the people who can demonstrate his talent." Other government posters announce that the number of beds for the tubercular has increased 168 per cent in spite of the war, and that illiterate soldiers are being taught to read and write while in the trenches. The latest PSUC posters are not even illustrated, but are simply such red-lettered quotations from José Diaz, secretary of the Communist Party of Spain, as: "To drive out the foreigner requires the cooperation of every Spaniard who desires the independence of his country." A recent Anarchist poster quoting Elisée Reclus to the effect that "anarchy is the highest expression of order" is very clearly on the defensive.

But slogans and posters, like other forms of political propaganda, are playing less and less important parts in the lives of the Barcelonese. The loud speakers remaining in the streets are not used for political broadcasts at all. They belong to radio stores, or to the Red Cross, or to the Generalitat's Radio Association, and concentrate on music. The Propaganda Secretariat's frequent daily broadcasts are hardly more than news reports, and aside from endless repetitions of the republican "Himno de Riego" and the Catalan "Els Segadors," the Generalitat's radio is no more propagandist in character than the daily papers, which are not excessively so.

For those who would take their social revolutions straight or not at all (the result is frequently the same), some of the changes that I have indicated in this article may be depressing. But they were inevitable. Under fascism the social revolution would not be able to exist at all, and until fascism is killed in Spain the social revolution cannot progress. That seems to be axiomatic. It is true that the land-redistribution question has hardly been touched upon; that foreign and domestic industrial and commercial property rights are still in a tangle; that there is the ridiculous situation of collectivized enterprises competing with one another; that there is inflation and speculation; and that wage readjustments have not kept step with the war-time rise in prices. But nevertheless, the war is being won.

Wall Street Is a Race-Track

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

WITH budget-balancing abandoned, a new appropriation asked for the WPA, and various other measures in force to maintain purchasing power, it is unlikely that the present depression will, at worst, resemble that of 1932. But the fact that there is a bottom to the morass, and that we are not in danger of sinking deeper than our necks, is hardly consolation for failure to reach dry land and begin the ascent of those shining slopes leading to a national income of 80 to 100 billion dollars which, we have been told, is the Administration's objective.

It is obvious that an increase of some 30 per cent in national income means a similar increase in national production, which is conditional on an increase in investment. There is, I am aware, a school of thought which denies this necessity, which argues that there has been too much investment anyway and what is needed is more and more consumption. Two replies may be made. No practical way has been found of forcing the immediate consumption of all incomes; yet if there are "savings," these must be translated into real capital investments—houses, factories, machinery—or the total product will not be used up, and unemployment will follow. Again, if a higher national income is to mean a higher standard of living, production facilities in some lines must be increased or the advance will be dissipated in increased prices. We may have enough automobile factories to supply our wants at an advanced income level. We certainly have not enough houses; and there are indications that a normal demand for many other goods and services could only be met by bringing into use obsolete plant, making a rise in prices inevitable.

This situation should not, of course, blind us to the fact that in this, as in other advanced capitalist countries, there is a secular trend toward over-saving, toward a surplus over and above current consumption too great for translation into profitable investment. In any long-term program of national investment this factor must be taken into account, but it is not a matter of concern in the immediate future.

I should expect business apologists to take issue with this statement and insist that there is no field for profitable investment so long as New Deal policies continue. The reply to this is: either investors have an incredible incapacity for taking long-term views or they have come to agree with the Communists that the economic system is collapsing. But if the latter be true, their eager purchase of public bonds doesn't make sense. Personally I regard the first explanation as the correct one, particularly since the whole system of investment as developed in the corporate era has been to encourage short-term views. Any defense of the Stock Exchange lays stress on the fact that it offers the investor maximum liquidity. This is a great convenience for the investor and, it is claimed, has been an immense aid in promoting a flow of funds into the capital market. Even so, liquidity is far from an unalloyed blessing from the point of view of the general economy. The theoretical ability of the investor to reverse a judgment at short notice has been a primary factor in encouraging the pursuit of capital appreciation rather than income, a pursuit which more than anything else has made Wall Street a race-track rather than an investment market.

According to market theory, the expert opinions of traders, as expressed in purchases and sales, automatically produce an appraisal of a stock which is close to its exact investment value. Such an appraisal, it would seem, ought to have some relation to the income which the stock produces or is expected to produce. After all, a stock is simply a claim to a share in the profits of an enterprise; unless it yields, or promises to yield an income, it is nothing. Actually, of course, traders do not spend laborious days figuring the present value of an indefinite series of indeterminate payments. They are concerned with the price of a stock next week or next month, and the most successful are those who can best anticipate news likely to affect the market (or secure a pre-release) and estimate the psychological reaction to it. "Professional investment," to quote J. M. Keynes's inimitable metaphor, "may be likened to those newspaper competitions in which competitors have to pick out the six prettiest faces from a hundred photographs, the prize being awarded to the competitor whose choice most nearly corresponds to the average preferences of the competitors as a whole. . . . It is not a case of choosing those which, to the best of one's judgment, are really the prettiest, nor even those which average opinion genuinely thinks the prettiest. We have reached the third degree where we devote our intelligences to anticipating what average opinion expects the average opinion to be."

The evil effects of a market in which the speculative tail wags the investment dog is most apparent in its relation to new issues. From the point of view of the national economy, the main function of the Stock Exchange is to provide a conduit through which the stream of savings may flow smoothly on their way to being transformed into capital goods. A steady continuous flow is the prime consideration. But what do we find? In booms the sluices are opened wide and every method used to accelerate the current, with the result that the total supply is swollen at the expense of current consumption, while an undue proportion drains into New York. Frequently it becomes impossible to organize new capital projects rapidly enough to absorb the flow. That is the moment when the boom becomes dangerous and speculators really flourish, the moment for unloading dud stocks, the moment for selling water at fancy prices.

Comes the slump! The sluices are closed tight. The total flow of savings gradually diminishes, but with no outlet the reservoir fills—a reservoir representing the unspent portion of the national product. Inevitably output must be cut down; unemployment rises. Meanwhile where are our brave speculators? Are they scanning the future, playing the long shot, acquiring new assets at a discount? Maybe some are, but in the present slump, at least, these seem to be mostly the little fellows, the buyers of odd lots. It is to be hoped that they are buying for cash and will not be shaken out, for in that case they will probably have the laugh on the big boys, who are sitting on their liquid resources waiting Micawber-like for something to turn up and demning the unpleasant government.

It may, of course, be argued that the Stock Exchange does not originate slumps; it merely registers them. This is a dangerous half-truth. The Stock Exchange is more than a barometer; it is a piece of machinery occupying a strategic position in the national assembly line and, with its alternations between violent acceleration and complete stalling, apt to dislocate the whole process.

The trouble with the New Deal attempts to reform the Stock Exchange is not that they have violated its theories but that they have upset its practices. They have proceeded on the idea of eliminating abuses which had grown up in the market and were impeding its functioning. They have not recognized the extent to which the Exchange had become dependent on its parasites; so that, deprived of them, it found it difficult to function at all. The Securities Exchange Act, the restrictions on margin trading, the increase in the capital-gains tax, the tightening of Stock Exchange rules, the increased cost of trading due to taxes and higher commissions—all these things have served to reduce manipulation and put a damper on speculation. As a result operators have lost their old zest for jolly guessing games; or, as they would put it, confidence has been undermined.

On the assumption, obviously basic to the New Deal, that the capitalist system is to be controlled and reformed but not abolished, there is still a place for the Stock Exchange, and it would be a mistake to let it become atrophied. A national investment program should therefore include an effort to revive the Exchange, not as a casino, but as a real investment market. The reforms themselves should have an important influence in this direction, but a time-lag must be taken into account. It must be remembered that lack of confidence is not due only to the actions of the Administration. There are many solid citizens who have always eschewed Wall Street, believing that the dice were loaded. Still more have memories of the wild racketeering of the boom era. The Exchange has a big job still ahead convincing the nation that its new-found respectability is permanent.

An even more important cause of the loss of capitalist confidence than the Stock Exchange reforms is the government's taxation program. This, it must be frankly admitted, is not in any way a stimulus to investment. It is, in fact, designed in part to check the growth of savings —in the long view an entirely laudable objective. Actually even more drastic taxation may eventually become necessary to achieve this end. Gerald Colm and Fritz Lehmann, in a newly published monograph, "Economic Consequences of Recent American Tax Policy," estimate that in a year of favorable business conditions the 1936 taxation schedule would reduce net savings only by 4 to 7 per cent. They point out, however, that the saving capacity of different classes is very unequally affected. The group with incomes of under $15,000 suffer a curtailment of from 4.7 to 8.3 per cent; those with $15,000 to $200,000, one of 20.5 to 26.5 per cent; those with $200,000 and upward, one of 80.5 per cent.

In the past the general rule was the higher the income the greater the proportion of capital invested in common stocks. Inevitably so, since in an expanding economy a fortune invested in a diversified list of equities tended to grow automatically. As things are now, however, the ability of the very rich to buy equities has been severely restricted. Consequently the supply of capital for the riskier forms of enterprise has been much more reduced than the total supply. Moreover, since the stock market sets the tone for almost all other forms of investment, the collapse in equities has checked the creation of capital assets in innumerable enterprises quite unconnected with Wall Street. These results have been aggravated by the tax-free-bond loophole. There is reason to believe that the very rich are not only employing this for their new savings but are liquidating stocks on a large scale and putting the proceeds into municipal and state issues. Despite the low yields offered—2 to 3 per cent—there is a definite advantage, since it has been estimated that 20 million dollars placed in a 5 per cent industrial security would, after allowing for taxes, give a return of only 1.17 per cent.

In the long run, buying pressure on tax-free securities is likely to force yields still lower, encouraging holders in the lower tax brackets to seek bigger returns in corporate stocks. But the short-run need for greatly increased investment raises the question—assuming that a speedy constitutional amendment to abolish the tax-free privilege is politically impossible—whether important concessions to the wealthier taxpayers are worth while as a temporary expedient. There is no guaranty, however, that such a step would produce more than a temporary boom. The confidence of big business has been undermined not so much by specific New Deal measures as by the whole change in the political climate, exemplified, for instance, by Governor Aiken's speech on Lincoln's Birthday. Until its nostalgia for 1929 is overcome and a realistic appraisal of the situation becomes possible, business will not recover sufficient élan to enable it to take the lead in a drive for prosperity.

Hesitancies of the Administration regarding its next step, its alternate hot and cold breaths, offer business an inducement to stay on the sidelines and see what pressure will produce. If concessions are to be made they should be made quickly; further, they should be clearly stated to represent an absolute maximum.

In a comprehensive federal program a necessary first step would appear to be coordination of effort by the various departments and bureaus concerned directly or indirectly with investment. We have the Treasury and the Federal Reserve Board in general control of the credit situation; the RFC making loans to private industry; three or four different bodies concerned with financing housing, urban and rural; the PWA promoting utility projects; the WPA, in conjunction with state and city authorities, adding to the capital equipment of the country in a host of ways. These are only a few of the agencies partly or wholly dealing with investments. There would seem to be need for a National Investment Council which would harmonize these different activities, check competition for appropriations, prevent overlapping, and insure that, when possible, one effort assisted another. For instance, there are indications that the various housing programs may be hindered by a lack of production facilities for some materials. The RFC, which has already announced its willingness to make loans to the smaller business units, might therefore be asked to survey the building-material situation and, if necessary, give special consideration to manufacturers in this line.

While existing government investment projects are in some cases capable of useful extension, it seems certain that some additional and much larger scheme is needed if the depression is to be overcome rapidly. The most obvious deficiency in our capital equipment today is in working-class housing. The FHA, now its powers are extended, may meet the needs of the middle class and a small fraction of the working class. The USHA is tackling the slums but not on a scale commensurate with the problem. Between the spheres of these two agencies is a vast gap corresponding to the demand for decent homes at moderate rents. If this gap is to be filled, the combined efforts of the municipalities and the federal government will be required. There is a great opportunity here to take advantage of the cheapness of money and to turn to account the appetite of tax-avoiders for municipal bonds. Moreover, so many industries contribute toward building that beneficial reactions would be spread over the widest possible area. Another possibility is the plan for a series of transcontinental highways put forward recently in the Senate. It is doubtful, however, whether the need for greater transport facilities is as urgent as the need for houses. It would be for a National Investment Council to pass on their respective merits and on those of similar proposals, and make recommendations to the Executive.

Useful as it could be in the present crisis, such a council could have an even greater value as a permanent part of the governmental machinery. Making a continuous study of trends in the capital market, it could advise on the dovetailing of public and private ventures. It could note when the rate of investment exceeded the volume of savings and suggest such remedies as the postponement of public works. Or if the flow of savings seemed unduly rapid, it could investigate the efficiency of increased taxation. Such a council would not supersede the existing investment machinery; would not mean a government body passing on individual private investment plans; would not necessitate the granting of any additional powers to the Executive. It would mean that the existing power and resources of the federal government could be employed with far greater efficiency than at the present time.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

HITLER has added another crime to his already long list. He has dealt a deadly blow to my friends who believe in "collective security," who have been preparing to put us into war in behalf of the embattled democracies in Europe. Without firing a shot he has compelled England to eat humble pie again and move humbly for an alliance with Italy. Neville Chamberlain, who sees no alternative to war except surrender to the dictators at every point, will, I have no doubt, follow up his impending settlement with Italy with a compromise with Hitler—that is what the die-hards, the Halifax-Astor group, and the inner circle of the City of London desire, to say nothing of the London *Times*. Their game right along has been to make some settlement in Spain by which they will get a considerable portion of Spanish mines and trade, just as they were willing to have Baldwin compromise with Italy for half of the Ethiopian swag. As Anthony Eden carried nobody with him out of the Conservative ranks, I now look for the signing of the four-power pact proposed by Hitler and a move for the limitation of armaments as suggested by him in 1936; then everything will be peaceful and happy with Hitler dominating Europe, and England safely ensconced in the position of a second-rate, if not a third-rate, power.

Now that raises some interesting ethical questions. As we all know, the government in Washington considers that Germany, Italy, and Japan are "bandit nations." Officials very high indeed use these words in describing them, and a group of men in and out of the government who are determined to have us war-minded within the next three months are constantly referring to the necessity of our smashing Japan now when it has its hands full with China because, as they say, we have got to take on Hitler and Mussolini eventually. But if Neville Chamberlain strikes hands with Hitler, what happens? Will this (a) make Hitler no longer a bandit in the eyes of Washington and our Anglophile statesmen, or (b) make Chamberlain a bandit and the head of a bandit country, or (c) still make it necessary for us to go to war to save the British democracy? In my eagerness to find the answer to these important questions I have carefully read the dispatches that have appeared in our leading newspapers from their special correspondents in Washington. I find a distinct variance quite in accord with the tendencies of their editorial pages. Thus the *Herald Tribune* affirmed that the Hitler speech and the Eden resignation had greatly strengthened the isolationist sentiment and that the bulk of the people in Congress are determined to tell England and the rest of Europe to go to hell—while we arm at once.

The *Times*, on the other hand, reported that the events had undoubtedly strengthened the government's policy—by which it means the government's policy of playing its game in Asia with the connivance and cooperation of Great Britain while getting ready to come to the aid of the democracies in due course, whenever the time comes to save the world for democracy once more. Other special correspondents reported Secretary Hull as being dreadfully upset by the news of Eden's resignation, which would seem to indicate that, after all, the recent happenings have not played into the hands of the State Department's inner ring. I am not surprised at that. How in thunder *can* we fight for the democracies if they insist upon playing the game with the dictators?

All of this brings into clear relief the fundamental weakness of the whole Hull-Davis-Roosevelt policy of getting ready to steal up behind the bandit nations and hit them over the head when they aren't looking. That weakness was and is that they have been in such a dreadful hurry to swat those whom they call the bandits. They weren't ready to wait a few months or years to see whether Hitler would hang himself or not, and how the British would jump; they had to settle it all in a rush. The American people were to be made war-minded in ninety days, with the aid of Japan and some nice rousing fireside talks from the White House. But Japan hasn't been obliging of late—though of course it may come across any day—and here is Chamberlain who has just walked out on the collective-security crowd. So after only a month or six weeks of the Great Conspiracy we have visions rising before us of Brother Neville and Brother Adolf sitting side by side with their arms tightly around one another. How in the world will the State Department be able to sell an Anglo-American alliance to our people in the face of a picture like that?

Well, the truth is it won't be able to. Instead of dissent being suppressed and the country following the example of the ineffable Alf Landon and the noble, patriotic Frank Knox, and declaring that all criticism must now cease at the brink of war, the fire of criticism has grown sharper as the targets have come more plainly into view; and the end is not yet, even though the rearmament bill is going through with a rush. I wish these warlike gentlemen had been with me in Minneapolis recently and attended a dinner of six thousand persons in honor of Governor Benson of Minnesota. When Governor Phil La Follette of Wisconsin in the course of a fiery speech said that the American people weren't ready to exchange social safety for war, every man and woman in that great audience cheered. The people in those two states are 99 per cent for letting the war business alone.

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PUBLIC

Columnists on Parade

II. WESTBROOK PEGLER

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

WESTBROOK PEGLER is the typical newspaper reporter raised to a commentator. There has been no metamorphosis. He is still the newspaper reporter, common garden variety, and that is his principal distinction among the columnists. Pegler is a reporter by training, association, and attitude. His father is a veteran in the game, he grew up in the world of newspapers, and he married a newspaper woman whom he met when they were both covering the same murder. He began as an office boy in the United Press in Chicago. He became a reporter very early and at twenty-two was sent to the London staff. That was during the war. He offended at least one general and an admiral by asking embarrassing questions, and his foreign career was brief. After that he made a reputation as a sports columnist for the Chicago *Tribune*. He began writing his present column in 1933. Many papers subscribed under the impression that they were getting a sports column, and there were cancelations. Then editors "got educated"; he appears in 110 newspapers, circulation 5,907,389.

Your typical American newspaper reporter has no coordinated point of view. He is likely to be a personal rebel, at heart romantic, something of a reformer, but hard-boiled before the world. He usually has literary ambitions. The reporter's business is to ask questions and get answers even if the questionee is God himself. Do you remember when the reporters asked Dean Inge in New York harbor whether or not he believed in the Virgin Birth? That's the spirit. The tabloid era introduced a new competitive high in questions and a new low in their content. "I know the reporter's side," wrote Pegler defiantly in 1933. "I stop short of burglary, but the sort of newspaper schooling I received did not teach me to throw down an assignment at any time I happened to find the job repugnant to my finer feelings . . . and if I had been the vulgar rascal who was ordered on an office tip a few years ago to ask Colonel Lindbergh if it was true that he was engaged to Miss Anne Morrow I would have been the vulgar rascal to ask him just that." With the power of the press behind, and pushing him, it is easy for the reporter to assume, in a half-cocky, half-dedicated way, that he is asking questions not only for the press but for the American people, who have "the right to know" whether or not Dean Inge believes in the Virgin Birth. Meanwhile the world he lives in—which he comes to believe is the whole world—teaches him to have a low opinion of those who conduct the world's affairs in any and every sphere. He regards "intellectuals" as sissies, though he wants to write novels himself. The personal rebel, in and out of newspapers, nine times out of ten becomes a reactionary in politics because he comes to believe only what he sees and sees nothing in which he can believe—except personal relationships. Sometimes he becomes a cynic—though Pegler is no cynic.

Pegler's column is the column of a man who might have had such an internal history—and we know that he once tried fiction. He is agin everything, especially the government and authority in general. Nothing is what it seems, and both sides in any controversy are wrong. The title of his collection of columns published in 1936 was " 'T Aint Right." It began with a rather gentle piece about pigeons, which is said to be his favorite. His column is the liveliest of the lot. Being a good journalist he always attacks. Being unpredictable he constantly surprises. At his best he has a hard-hitting nervous style, which gives the impression of a boxer stripped and on his toes, welcoming trouble. He is the Cagney of the columnists. His style also gives the impression of ease in writing, though his friends testify that he works painfully at it. At his syndicate they say it's his "Gee whiz" attitude that has made him popular. But the "Gee whiz" attitude is running out. Pegler is becoming less unpredictable—everything is a racket—and the newspaper reporter is deteriorating. In disposing of the suppression of civil liberties of citizens as well as of C. I. O. unions by the blatant dictator of Jersey City he used an easy device, which an accurate reporter would scorn, of belaboring as Communist the C. I. O. and Morris Ernst (whose failure to get a Soviet visa is public knowledge) and ascribing to them the sins of Stalin. "Altogether the row is reminiscent of two dips who ran up to the policeman, one yelling, 'He glommed my stickpin!' and the other, 'He's got my watch!' " Another of Pegler's distinctions is his self-conscious use of sports or police-court jargon with which he brings every issue down to the level of a barroom argument between two "mugs."

He is vindictive about labor unions in general and labor leaders in particular. During the C. I. O. strikes last spring and summer he vented his spleen with characteristic violence. A column on May 12 was headlined: "Union Parasites a Menace. Labor Racketeering Vicious. Toilers Coerced by Leaders."

> As matters stand [he wrote on June 2], a contract with a labor union is worth no more than the word of the leaders who sign it, and . . . the labor leader . . . is immune to rebuke for anything short of personal murder, if that.
>
> One great income tax which is generally overlooked is that collected by labor unions from a class of citizens most of whom are considered to be too humble for the

> official attention of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. . . . Only a labor leader would tax those whom the President has described as ill-clothed, ill-housed, and ill-fed [June 9].
>
> Senator Guffey blames the steel trouble on the refusal of three companies to sign contracts with the C. I. O. . . . The justification is that a contract with the C. I. O. isn't worth a damn. . . . In fact, no contract with any union is worth any more than a treaty with Mussolini nor will be until there is mutual responsibility.

Reprints of his column of June 9 were distributed to employees of the Krug Baking Company, whose resistance to an independent union is now the subject of hearings before the New York State Labor Relations Board.

Toward the end of June, Pegler reported an interview with John Lewis, who was annoyed by his columns. He printed Lewis's citation of the record of the United Mine Workers and other unions in the matter of contracts:

> . . . but it has since occurred to me that I was right in saying that a C. I. O. contract isn't worth a damn, or anyway not much of a damn. Because while the law now protects the union and gives the employer a firm pushing around if he utters just one peep against the union to the help, the law still does not penalize the union if it breaks an agreement. . . . [Lewis] is a very tough man, and I predict that there will be more blood shed for and against a free man's constitutional right to stay out of a union and retain his right to earn a living than over all the other issues put together.

That is one way of stating the class struggle; and Pegler leaves no doubt that he will be on the side of the right to work and the oppressed employer.

Pegler's apology for the horrible lynchings in San José in 1933 is famous. It was a protest against self-righteousness rather than a defense of lynching, but its violence was disproportionate to its object. That is characteristic. In his column a day or two before, he had made this interesting, only half-humorous remark.

> Not until the repeal of prohibition did I realize how I loved to hate that law . . . and the present moment finds me with almost a week's accumulation of . . . ill-will and no really worthy proposition or group to use it on. . . .

The San José column was offset later by his columns on the Nazis and Mussolini—and for once his personal inside anger matched the outside social issue over which it flowed, white hot. But there was no organic connection between the two. He is not anti-fascist because he understands fascism in any social sense. He is a personal rebel who hates any kind of authority that affects or might affect him personally. He still takes pot shots at the fascists—and he really hates them—but the fight between Hague and the C. I. O. seems to him "six of one and half a dozen of the other." The "right to work" as defined by the Citizens' National Committee has a warm champion in Pegler, though it represents the essence of fascism—which he sincerely hates as it shows itself in Hitler and Mussolini. It is only fair to cite his column (November 27) on the yellow-dog contract imposed by the Douglas Aircraft Company on its employees, but he did not fail to refer to the coercion of labor unions.

Pegler's attacks on the Bureau of Internal Revenue were based on a personal outrage. His argument is invariably *ad personam*. It dispenses with any obligation for knowing more than one fact at a time or weighing one against the other. And it makes fast reading. On January 26 he turned out a column—part fact and part fantasy and very amusing—about an orchestra in a night club. It showed up the "full-crew" rules of the musicians' union. It happens that the musicians' union represents A. F. of L. bureaucracy in its last stages, but the average reader would never get a hint from Pegler that it is not typical of all unions, and he has almost 6,000,000 readers.

Another of his pet hates is the Roosevelt family. On January 18 he twitted the Roosevelts for being born rich and defended the self-made men of America whom Roosevelt has called economic royalists. He had a point. He usually has a point and it is usually a pin-point. But in making it he drew a picture of the self-made millionaire that would bring a lump to the throat of the average man. Incidentally he spread out a large sample of the Pegler "philosophy" and his nostalgic Americanism.

> The element of rich men I have in mind are members of the Horatio Alger school who started from scratch as typical, one-gallus, Whitcomb Riley barefoot boys. . . . In every possible way they hustled to make an honest quarter or a dollar. . . . Horatio Alger was the most popular boys' author . . . it was always the story of the boy with the widowed mother or no parents at all who worked hard, suffered much . . . and in the last chapter wore a gold watch and chain. The hero was an insufferable prig [you don't catch Pegler falling for a sissy] . . . but his success was dream stuff and he was the inspiration of many men who are now either rich or quite well-to-do and who got that way playing the game according to the rules which were unanimously recognized [here Mr. Pegler takes a light leap over the exploits of the robber barons big and little] and against heavy odds.

His last paragraph is too eloquent—of many things—to leave unquoted:

> There are those who call Mr. Roosevelt a traitor to his class, but that cry comes from the hereditary rich. . . . The class I have in mind take pride in having made their own way. They are proud to have taken care of their own parents in their old age, and every crack from him about well-fed clubmen and economic royalists evokes from them the soul-satisfying and contemptuous taunt, "mama's boy."

Being a Common Man, Pegler is against big business in the abstract, though the self-made millionaire is one of his heroes. In the big quarrel between Ickes-Jackson and big business, which was the best thing the columnists had had to chew on since the Supreme Court fight, he attacked both sides in his best court-reporter style, in the name of the little man of 1929.

> Mr. Roosevelt's restatement of the New Deal was sweet and showed a wish to soothe the fears of the frightened sucker, and here is hoping he can do it, be-

> cause there must be an awful lot of small money under loose bricks in this country. But business had better make up its mind that taxes are going to get higher and bigger and quit sniffling about something that simply has got to be, and the Administration had better quit yelling "Keep your hand on your watch!" every time business starts to polish up that Arkansas diamond for a live one's cautious gaze.
>
> How can any man take a chump with police whistles shrilling all the time?

Of late the quarrel about newspaper postal rates has occupied him. In the last few weeks three of his columns have been devoted to the claim of the Post Office Department that in the last ten years alone the newspaper and periodical press has enjoyed a camouflaged subsidy of more than a billion dollars. It gave him the opportunity to ring several doorbells. He could twit Jim Farley about special memorial issues—"the printing and engraving staffs began to think they were working for a funny paper." He could twit the Roosevelts on their journalistic prowess—"journalistic genius flashed in the writing Roosevelts the instant the returns were in in 1932." "Mr. Roosevelt and his Cabinet stooges," he continued, "want to publicize the fact that the press is a private business, conducted for profit." But don't think Pegler has any illusions about the press. He has often heard men in newspaper offices "sound off about the educational function of the papers and their status as a public institution, but always with a smile." He came out against subsidy of any kind.

It was in the course of these columns also that Pegler delivered himself of a piece of economic wisdom.

> One curious thing occurs in this controversy which seems to upset the old Upton Sinclair superstition that a kept or subsidized press is servile to its sugar daddy. Because if the American press does enjoy a subsidy it has not only bitten the hand which feeds it but munched it off clear up to the shoulder.

So a great issue is disposed of. But Pegler was also enabled to twit Upton Sinclair. In 1934 Pegler was sent to California during Sinclair's campaign for governor. Sinclair pinned the brass check on Pegler, and we may be sure the accusation rankled. Pegler's columns bespeak a bitter, thin-skinned, romantic individualist—he lives in a "picture-book Bavarian-Alpine cottage in Connecticut"—who thinks with his feelings, who is anti-"intellectual," and intensely personal. His defense of self-made men is not impersonal either.

His coverage of the Sinclair-Merriam battle was characteristic. He set down Merriam for the political tool he was. He had a Roman holiday with "Mahatma" Sinclair.

> Your correspondent has just reeled away from an interview with Upton Sinclair and some members of his Brainstorm Trust. The world is going round and round. There are wheels spinning in space, an old windmill, bolts and nuts . . . Nuts seems an appropriate note on which to conclude today's instalment.

That set the tone of future instalments. In this case it was an argument between a "mug" and a "nut." He preferred Merriam to Sinclair, echoing the exaggerated cries of the red-baiting reactionaries that Sinclair, the Socialist in Democratic clothing, would "smash the state completely."

Twenty out of thirty-five Pegler columns I have just examined deal with such questions as labor unions, Hague and the C. I. O., the Roosevelts, the newspaper-Post Office quarrel, the anti-lynching bill (he's against it). For the rest there are some amusing reminiscences and some good muckraking columns. One of his best was on the Catholic church and the child-labor amendment. As usual he seemed more interested in attacking the church—he was born a Catholic and the church represents authority—than in defending the amendment. His average man, George Spelvin, is an effective character, though conceived in sentimentality out of confusion. His most waggish performance was his column of January 3. It consisted of the following sentence repeated fifty times (in 109 newspapers*): "I must not mix champagne, whiskey, and gin." Recently he has spent a number of days in Chicago. That city's crooked politics give him unlimited scope for relieving himself of any stored-up ill-will. His columns on Chicago are usually good, though after several days the flow of bile over facts only slightly varied becomes monotonous.

There is no doubt that Pegler speaks to and for the small man, who is also agin the government and the politicians. Listen to some of his fans among readers of the Memphis *Press-Scimitar* who took part in a features' popularity contest. (Pegler tied with Eleanor Roosevelt for first place.)

> While we have a free press and Pegler, our country is safe.
>
> This is indeed true liberty when free-born men speak and therefore Inarticulate Mr. Average Citizen finds his Champion in the person of Westbrook Pegler. . . .
>
> . . . Pegler writes in our favor. . . . Oh, no, you can't fool Pegler.

One lawyer fan called him the "Voltaire of our century."

In an article in the *Saturday Review of Literature* Bernard DeVoto echoed his humbler fellow-fans.

> While someone of Mr. Pegler's ability is sitting on [the crackerbox], spitting on the stove, and telling us why he doesn't think so much of the folks in Washington—it is far too early to despair of our institutions.

To Mr. DeVoto Pegler is the direct descendant of the village thinker, the crackerbox commentator, of Major Jack Downing and Mark Twain. Mr. DeVoto flatters Mr. Pegler. The commercialized jargon of a sports writer turned columnist has little in common with the authentic homespun commentary of Major Downing. But admitting the lineage for the sake of the argument, Pegler, as a safeguard of American institutions—I am speaking of civil rights—is a slender reed. The commentator of 1938 who deals with the issues of the modern world in terms of personal feelings and intense individualism is the first to succumb to such reactionary delusions as "the right to work," which has been neatly turned into the wire-fence motto of the company town.

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*Not 110 because the Philadelphia *Inquirer* refused to print it.

Pegler's distemper, combined with a lack of any coordinated point of view, much less understanding, of the world he writes in must drive him farther and farther into reactionary attitudes. The charge often made, that he always agrees with the boss, is almost irrelevant. His experience with bosses has been pleasant. Success impresses him, and he believes in a deeply American way that the individual with guts and brains can achieve success. In millions the rich promise of America has generated a sense of power whose frustration they cannot understand. They tend to seek a scapegoat while secretly blaming their own inferiority. Pegler appeals strongly to this group. He has influence in so far as he expresses the small man's confused feelings about what this country's coming to—in glib and violent language his readers would themselves like to command. He speaks most eloquently to that element in the much-romanticized common man that is most susceptible to some reactionary American-dream fascism of which the stock in trade is scapegoats. Pegler's stock in trade is a kind of psychological inflation, the wilful assertion of self, which reaction always finds useful.

Meanwhile an interesting clue to Pegler's internal chemistry is contained in what is perhaps the most fulsome and therefore seemingly least typical column he has ever written. His column on "Snow White" was the outburst of a man who had had a catharsis. All his defenses were down. What came out was a stream almost maudlin in its sentimentality. It was really Pegler's disgust in reverse, and his key remark is as acrid a sentence as I have ever read.

" 'Snow White,' " he said, "is the happiest thing that has happened in this world since the Armistice."

Think it over.

Erratum: I was apparently misinformed as to the figures for David Lawrence's column though my source was presumably authoritative. His column appears in 133 newspapers, circulation 6,000,000.

[*Next week: Hugh Johnson*]

Verse for a Sower

BY LeGARDE S. DOUGHTY

This acre grew in simple green
Iambics slow as solstial sun,
Lyric-lucid and serene
As syllables of benison.

North-wind's anapestic rout
Brought this acre sorely down;
Scratched its candid wording out,
And left an acrid scrawl in brown.

Trochee-heeled, the ice-hard days
Trample on this acre now,
Leaving to the sower's gaze
Only lines drawn by the plow.

BOOKS

Whose Side Is the Lord On?

HEARKEN UNTO THE VOICE. By Franz Werfel. Translated by Moray Firth. The Viking Press. $3.

WHILE Austria trembles at the future, her gifted sons write of Magellan, Napoleon, and Jeremiah. Confronted by that savagery which her own prophet Freud revealed as sleeping within man and lives to see awaken, Austria seeks from the past a pattern for chaos. But while Zweig evokes the navigator's ghost only, it seems, in futile dream of brave new worlds, and the young Paul Frischauer takes a somewhat morbid delight in dissecting the Emperor's resonant lies, Franz Werfel now finds in the Bible a living belief in the uses of oppression and the power of the oppressed. "Greatness is consistent only with running counter to the world . . . the eternally defeated are the eternally victorious."

More than this, however, "Hearken unto the Voice" apparently indicates its author's return to race and religion, the culmination of a process that was foreshadowed by the return of the Armenian expatriate, Gabriel Bagradian, in "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh." And as a product of this process Werfel describes here the culture and life of ancient Judah under the relatively humane code of Moses—an ethics so advanced indeed that it was properly regarded with alarm both by Judah's powerful neighbors and by her own children. Primarily concerned as he is with God's use of man, Werfel does not neglect the uses to which man sometimes puts Him. There are really fine portraits of Zion's temporal rulers: Josiah, the "royal hurricane"; Jehoiakim, the dreaded tyrant whose strange passion for building vied with that for compounding—wines, perfumes, colors, incense, aromatics; Zedekiah, who at last freed Judah's bondmen because the Lord had decreed it and because he needed warriors. Interested always in spectacle, Werfel gives us glittering descriptions of the events, the customs and ceremonies, the many facets of the ancient cultures. He gives us Pharaoh, watching from his resplendent throne as the gods of Egypt tremble at Megiddo before the God of Israel; Nebuchadnezzar, not just but mighty, restoring through the sack of Jerusalem the "sacred symmetry" of the world; the farmers, soldiers, beggars, and priests of ancient Judah, whose social order, secure as it might seem and bulwarked by elaborate conventions, lay always ready for its Day of Judgment, the loan but not the legacy of an incalculable Creator. And against such a background Werfel traces the history of the impassioned Jeremiah, prophet of disaster, spirit of Hebraic righteousness, heir of Moses and precursor of Christ.

It is in the background scene of "Hearken unto the Voice" —this tremendous and rich mural of ancient life—that the virtue of the book lies. For Werfel, refusing to penetrate what he calls "the boring labyrinths of human psychology," makes no interpretation of that complex interweaving of psychic guilt and, as it were, ethical innocence which forms the emotional matrix of the martyr. To Werfel, Jeremiah, as he was to the Hebrews, is the voice of God, "the old causal God, the God of logic." And to Werfel, as to Jeremiah, ancient Judah sinned against this God, and ancient Judah was punished. Yet in spite of Werfel's convictions and creative force, can we now hearken to such a voice, coming as it does from the childhood of man? This view of Judah's fate seems at best a rationalization of despair and at worst masochistic. I must confess, moreover, that to me the ancient Hebrews hardly seemed to deserve all Jeremiah's fiery animadversions: their sin was as much their physical as their spiritual weakness. And since Werfel's modern protagonist is saved by embracing the ethics of Jeremiah, does Werfel imply that the Jews and all other oppressed minorities today are suffering because they, like their ancestors, have also sinned? Are the Nazis, even as the Babylonians, and Hitler, even as Pharaoh, simply the unwitting weapons of the Divine wrath? Although I realize, as Silone has lately reminded us in another book bearing on this theme, that in times of "conspiratorial and secret struggle the Lord is obliged to hide Himself and assume pseudonyms," I do not somehow feel that He, even for a moment, would assume the one of fascism. MAXWELL GEISMAR

The English

HELEN'S TOWER. By Harold Nicolson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

EVERY new book coming from Harold Nicolson is, for those who have read his last five biographies, an increasing delight. "Helen's Tower" is a development of his historical attitude and an amplification of his biographical technique. One frequently wonders whether it is not more a collective snapshot of its author than a full-length portrait of Lord Dufferin, and this ambiguity is deliberate. For it seems to be the first in a series of studies which will revive, as only Nicolson can, his whole epoch in terms of the men he knew well. Dufferin was his uncle. This "tragic and decorative man" was governor-general of Canada. When he was made Marquess the Queen considered the title of Quebec, whose walls he had preserved, less suitable than Ava, the old Burmese capital, whose kingdom he had annexed to India. He was a great diplomat and an accomplished public servant. His acts still cast their shadow on British foreign policy, and Nicolson had no need to stretch or exaggerate the references in Dufferin's career to contemporary events.

And yet, as Nicolson says, his book is not primarily a record of Dufferin's career but rather a study in transitions and an analysis of a complex personality. It is also in an indirect and more subtle sense an apologia for its author as an individual Englishman and a brilliant defense of the English attitude as a world principle. Nicolson has a special talent for the evocation of a precise past that makes Proust's great work seem all the more what it is, a novel. Nicolson's style is Proustian, but he writes not novels but history. When he hunts his minutes of forty years ago, the breathless, choking lyricism, the haunting, agonized perception by way of the *madeleine* are absent. Facts in their unrelieved, patient, and almost deprecated nakedness, constructed from trivial relations, are assembled in an anecdotal and carefully informal pattern which to a casual reader might almost suggest that the writer was not quite bright and that every new incident burst with astonishment upon his unsuspecting simple sight. This style is scarcely mock modest or naively pretentious, for every sliver of memory or tactile description accentuates the underlying conviction that the past is forever present, that men's behavior, particularly the behavior of the English (for he indeed admits only the right by observation to speak of his own countrymen), is in its errors and accomplishments at once minuscule and miraculous. Nicolson's childlike familiarity with his Uncle Dufferin, instead of breeding a mythological character, constructs bit by bit an almost heroic but very genuine figure. His sympathy with liberal politics, while he sorrowfully accepts their cynical compromising, does not wholly stigmatize his subject with duplicity but merely is evidence of his own diplomatic experience. The patient cynicism of the English diplomat is not in the bland frame of either De la Rochefoucauld or Machiavelli. The realistic self-interest of the Latins, their steel eyes and shrewd greed, is absent from Anglican idealistic imperialists. Describing a portrait of Lord Dufferin as a young man, Nicolson writes, "His brush had been guided by such confused associations as chastity, the Oxford movement, and a very rich young peer." The sense of imperial crusade, the instinctive feeling that after all the colonies are better British than native-governed and every native will get to be grateful given enough time and colonization, the happy sportsmanship of enough naval bases, the grateful security of imperial pipe-lines are all ingrained in the fascinating chronicle of Lord Dufferin's deeds and days. It is too easy and too irrelevant to cry hypocrisy, to unmask the self-deception, to reveal the self-interest, to point out betrayals, and to list acts of disputable honesty. Nicolson is about as honest as any writer living, and an honest historian in his field is rarer than in the far simpler pastures of an artist's narcissism or a novelist's exhibitionism. Nicolson is a spokesman for England's attitude, and he accepts his stewardship without pretension. As a little boy he was pro-Dreyfus and pro-Boer, but he did not, after Mafeking, recollect that "on that occasion I manifested any overt pro-Boer sympathies. I shouted and halloed with the rest."

The question of the mind of Britain, that awesome and mercurial vexation, is very present with us today, whether reflected in its suppression of "Snow White" for minors, its provision of gas-masks for the masses, its ominous flirtations with Franco, or its dissembling with Hitler and Mussolini. Mere self-interest cannot simply explain it. A knowledge of its grain of modest but absolute self-rightness is helpful, and "Helen's Tower" aids toward this knowledge. "Even to this day (and God grant that it may last) there is something in the spirit of Westminster which discourages heroics. It has nothing to do with cynicism and still less with heartlessness, but it is based upon the sane realization that emotionalism should not pass beyond New Palace Yard." One can accept that on its face value. What it all has something to do with is just this: The English play the waiting game the longest, the best, and win most often. In this angry world they will be the last to relinquish their hereditary and imperial property rights. They have an experienced technique for elastic decisions which may end in eventual war and dismemberment, but not until every humanly conceivable policy or possibility has been consciously employed and exploited. Their modest and resilient stupidity, inexorable acquisitiveness, and stubborn ownership are their God-given armor. All we read in our daily papers increasingly makes clear how fierce a God they get their gifts from. The tragedy of Lord Dufferin's declining days, his involvement in just the sort of hideous and criminal scandal which would most hurt and destroy such a charming man, was not mitigated by his innocence or by his almost accidental connection with the fraud. Dufferin's tragedy is in miniature the present drama of the British Empire, and Nicolson records it with a grace equivalent to its greatness. The urbanity, the simplicity, the endearing record of the many dates, names, places, and his unutterably tender sympathy for it all must command our homage. The last page, for example, is a masterpiece of poetic documentation and touching truth.

Once my sister remarked to Nicolson that she thought the empire started to decline when it lost us as a colony, the only colony it has ever lost. "Not at all," he replied seriously. "We deeded back the Ionian Islands."

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

The Realm of Truth

THE REALM OF TRUTH. Book III of "Realms of Being." By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

THREE decades have passed since Santayana published his celebrated "Life of Reason." Though its magisterial pronouncements were made in accents reminiscent of Plato and Aristotle, that work beguiled contemporary naturalists to view Santayana as one of them. To these philosophers it now seems that Santayana's early naturalism has become progressively attenuated in his recent books. Especially in the "Realms of Being"—a series of books to which the present volume belongs—it appears that the spiritual life has displaced the life of reason, and dispersed its poignant relevance to the human scene.

The "Life of Reason," however, was not a system of philosophy but a philosophy of morals, that is, of the harmony possible in man's practical enterprise. Its naturalistic bias was never central to Santayana's perspective, and even in the "Life of Reason" was qualified by that nostalgia for the spiritual life which so manifestly motivates the "Realms of Being."

Readers of the preceding volumes of this series will recall Santayana's distinction between the realm of matter, which comprises all existence, and the realm of essences, which are the eternal objects of thought and intuition. The realm of truth defines the relation between these other two realms of being, as well as the relation between the moral affairs of the practical reason and the aesthetic devotions of the contemplative spirit.

Truth is a prosaic, practical affair, of interest only to those unfortunate spirits whose material circumstances are unstable and insecure. Though it naturally inclines to the contemplation of pure essence, the spirit must here—to preserve itself—take cognizance of existence. The form of this existence is the truth.

But truth is not the ultimate goal or good of mind. That ultimate good is the spiritual life, which consists in freedom from existence. Free spirits, like the heroes of Santayana's famous novel, live in a material world which sustains them but in which they play no part. They are not workaday forces shaping the world but festive intelligences illuminating it by the free play of wit and fancy. In such spiritual life "truth would take its place side by side with fiction of every sort, to be valued not because true—for merely being true does not make things worth knowing—but only for invigorating and entertaining the mind."

If such entertainment is the value of this philosophy—and for a "free spirit" it can have no other value—it has eminently fulfilled its functions. If, however, the reader is so far from enjoying such "freedom" of spirit as to have a vital and not merely aesthetic interest in truth, he will look to philosophy for something more than an invigorating exercise of his mind. He will look for principles relevant to existence and clarifying the methods by which he comes to know it. And in this demand for an operative efficacy of philosophy there lies a challenge to those abstract realms of being which Santayana has here so neatly articulated into a system. From such a vantage point these realms of being are revealed as the continuous phases of human experience which by a linguistic artifice Santayana has dissociated from the natural and social world in which they originate and function.

This dissociation is at the root of his theory of truth, which he defines as the "complete ideal description of existence." Truth is not the quality of an idea, opinion, or judgment. It is "the standard which these deliverances conform to, in so far as they are true." "That which is true is the proposition, relation, or other essence actually illustrated in the facts." The truth is absolute, and "forms an ideal realm of being impersonal and super-existential."

This doctrine—so momentous in its vision of eternity—is not merely irrelevant to actual procedures in science but seems to lack internal coherence as well.

According to Santayana, true knowledge is a description of existence which conforms to a standard description. Then knowledge in this theory—as in Platonic realism—is a kind of *recognition,* and the trueness of any description of existence lies in its *identity* with that "standard comprehensive description" which is the truth. But this recognition, or identity, presupposes the independent knowledge of the two descriptions identified; in other words, the independent knowledge of the description made by the judgment and of the standard description recognized in it. Now, such knowledge of the standard description would have to be attained either through a knowledge of existence, in which case it could not serve as a standard for such knowledge, or through an immediate apprehension of essences, in which case we could have complete knowledge of all truth about existence without any empirical inquiry. Both alternatives are absurd, yet no others seem possible in Santayana's theory.

But perhaps these defects of his system appear only when it is viewed in the human "foreground" for which Santayana has such sovereign disdain. Set at a proper remove in some distant cosmic vista, his philosophy may be free of the embarrassing constraints of an inconstant nature and a halting human society. It is not without truth that Santayana can say of himself: "In the past or in the future, my language and my borrowed knowledge would have been different, but under whatever sky I had been born, since it is the same sky, I should have had the same philosophy."

WILLIAM GRUEN

African Tales

AFRICAN GENESIS. By Leo Frobenius and Douglas C. Fox. Stackpole Sons. $3.

FROBENIUS is certainly one of the best connoisseurs of Africa, but as certainly he is one of the greatest romanticists, one of the most contested scientists in the field of anthropology. His sense for reality seems to have exhausted itself in politics. He was successively a good friend of Wilhelm II and of the left socialist minister president Kurt Eisner of Bavaria; he waited in the antechambers of the Social Democratic secretary of state Heinrich Schulz and has today a framed sentence out of Hitler's "Mein Kampf" in his studio. Anthropological science has its more or less justified doubts about the reliability of his writings. Any Africanist, therefore, will think twice before quoting him as a scientific source.

Frobenius's recent book is a selection of African tales chosen from his former German publications of the years 1921-31 and published under a pretentious and misleading title. The tales deal exclusively with the African high cultures of the Berber region, the Sudan, and southern Rhodesia. Since the African high cultures are extraordinarily complex formations which absorbed numerous influences from the Mohammedan, the European, and the Indian cultures, the title of the book seems especially audacious. The Berber tales, in particular, show a strong European-Christian influence, and some of them may provide tolerable reading for the hard-boiled anthropologist but scarcely for the general public. The inserted illustrations, originating in Frobenius's investigations of African rock paintings, have on the whole no relation to the content of the tales.

Douglas C. Fox, who wrote the introduction, begins with the sentence: "As pure stories, read for the entertainment they may bring, these tales need no introduction." I agree fully with him. Perhaps they may afford some entertainment.

JULIUS E. LIPS

After "Anthony Adverse"—What?

ACTION AT AQUILA. By Hervey Allen. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

MR. ALLEN'S second novel—his first, if you will remember, was a long story about a young man whose name began with A— is doubtless being awaited by hundreds of thousands of eager readers. To set their minds at rest, it should be said at once that the new novel is short, covers only four of these United States instead of most of the civilized world, and takes place over a period of less than a year if you leave out the epilogue, which doesn't amount to much anyway. The time is the fall and winter of 1864; the place, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Maryland, and Virginia; the background, in case you have not yet guessed, is the Civil War. The hero is a colonel in the Union army.

Perhaps because he was dealing with a subject which recent fiction has made tolerably familiar, Mr. Allen was not able to resist a number of old favorites. There is the noble Southern lady who suffers with quiet dignity while the Yankees start to burn her house; there is the courteous Yankee officer who hates to burn the noble Southern lady's house but orders is orders; there is the fiery young Southern girl who sasses the Yankee officer. There is the battlefield scene after the engagement is over. It is night; a heavy snow is falling. You would of course expect to see a woman in a shawl with a lantern looking for her lover among the dead and wounded. Mr. Allen is more generous. He gives you two women in two shawls looking for two lovers. There is, however, only one lantern. At the end there is another scene which Mr. Galsworthy almost wore out. The old colonel, having watched the troops marching off to the war with Spain in 1898, and having mused on the meaning of it all and decided that every generation must have its battle, sits on his porch and thinks of the past. Suddenly a shaft of sunlight strikes through the leaves on to his face. He is dead!

It would be unfair to stop here. Mr. Allen brings his colonel on furlough from his home in Kennett Square down to the Valley of Virginia. As he passes through town after town, the war in some form is always present. In Philadelphia it is hot talk about killing every last rebel; in Harrisburg it is rumor, what you read in the newspapers, and an otherwise quiet life; in Chambersburg it is ashes and blackened chimneys, the aftermath of a rebel raid; in Morgan Springs, West Virginia, it is hog-wild militia lording it over the terrified inhabitants; in Winchester it is the headquarters of the Army of the Shenandoah and the war in fact and in person. It takes

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the colonel more than half of the novel to get to the small, unimportant engagement at Aquila which marks General Early's last stand, put down so handily by Sheridan but not before a sharp and bitter fight, to which Mr. Allen does full justice. The colonel's journey down to Virginia and the battle at Aquila are lively, full of credible incident, swift moving, shot with homely humor. This is Mr. Allen at his best, a best reminiscent of McKinlay Kantor's "Long Remember," though the material is less deeply realized. After the battle Mr. Allen and the colonel settle down to a blurry love affair which carries them through the winter and to the end of the war. If you are good at guessing you will know that the heroine is the noble Southern lady whose house the colonel burned down so reluctantly. North and South are thus reunited. But man must have his battle.

If Mr. Allen had not written a novel whose sales reached fabulous proportions, "Action at Aquila" might be taken for what it is, a good, run-of-the-mill Civil War novel, with a vivid battle scene and many admirable touches that can hardly be invention—the clock that never struck anything but two, the boy who was dared to stop a cannon ball with an iron spade and splintered his arm as a result, the strange end of Sergeant Smith who trusted his mulatto wench too far. If Mr. Allen invented these, the more credit to him. As it is, he has made them sound true. Much of the book sounds true. Much of it is hackneyed, a little weary, even a little labored. Perhaps "Action at Aquila" should have been written first, instead of the other way around.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Shorter Notices

INVITATION TO THE BALLET. By Ninette de Valois. Oxford University Press. $5.

It is very seldom that an artist and a craftsman is equipped with executive ability. Miss de Valois is not only a fine dancer and choreographer but the successful director of the Vic-Wells Company. She is also an accomplished writer. This book is a lucid and vivid account of her own experience as a dancer under Diaghilev, and then of her increasingly important role as a prime mover in the creation of a national British ballet. Her excellent taste prevents her from having any chauvinistic illusions about the preeminence of English talent; she is a realist, as any sensible idealist in the theater must be. Her book is full of fascinating details, with a wealth of reference to all the arts. The pictures are interesting and make one eager to see the English dancers. Anyone with curiosity about the developed classic dance or theatrical dancing today will be glad to have this splendid book.

BELLAMY SPEAKS AGAIN. The Peerage Press: Kansas City, Missouri. $1.

This two-hundred-fifty-page volume contains heretofore unpublished articles, addresses, and letters by the American prophet-economist Edward Bellamy, author of the well-known classics "Looking Backward" and "Equality." The first, published in 1887, sold in larger quantities than any other book up to that time except "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It has been translated into nearly every modern language and is considered, paradoxically enough, a textbook in modern Russia. What "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was to the abolitionists, Bellamy's books have been to idealists seeking a new democratic economy and social order. Most of the articles collected in "Bellamy Speaks Again" originally appeared during the nineties in such magazines as the *American Fabian Magazine,* the *North American Review,* and the *Forum.* In the light of recent developments—the enunciation of the philosophy of the New Deal and the presentation of various plans for keeping America out of war—this book, like all Bellamy's writings, takes on a new significance.

A GREAT LORD. By Paul Frischauer. Translated by Phyllis and Trevor Blewitt. Random House. $2.50.

Younger and less well-known to us than such compatriots as Stefan Zweig or Werfel, the Austrian Paul Frischauer gives promise of approaching their creative force. The protagonist of his story is Andreas Rasonski, an obscure Polish noble who, since he can afford the luxury of "neither convictions nor an establishment," dreams of becoming a great lord by the use of his own wits and his wife's charms. When this lifelong desire is fulfilled at last through Napoleon's affair with this wife Dzjunka, Rasonski, jealous, embittered, and trembling, discovers that "its fulfilment afforded him so little satisfaction that he no longer ventured to desire anything further." Mr. Frischauer's irony is not reserved solely for the career of his somewhat dubious hero. And his elegiac wit, summarizing his delicate psychological perceptions, gives the novel flavor as it plays upon the personages and events of the period—on Rasonski's lovely Dzjunka infatuated with royal tyranny, on the Polish nobility seeking a free land for themselves but not for their serfs, on Napoleon himself as he is revealed in Rasonski's aspirations and sickened fantasies, and on Napoleon's era, rich like our own in bloodshed, its crumbling fraternal Utopia enchanted by the fine phrases of its first emperor.

DRAMA

Drawing-Rooms and Battlefields

S. N. BEHRMAN'S new comedy at the Guild Theater certainly exhibits no new facets of the author's talent. The scene is again a sumptuous drawing-room through which his characters move with their accustomed ease, and the subject under discussion is not unrelated to subjects which similar characters have taken in hand on previous occasions. That is no doubt the reason why not all the reviewers seem to have found as much delight in the performance as I myself found, but I do not think I shall be inclined to enter any complaints so long as Mr. Behrman can discourse with the wit and incisiveness he again displays in "Wine of Choice."

His method, like every other method, has of course its limitations. Certain dramatic aspects of the conflict between the philosophy of those who have and the philosophy of those who have not obviously cannot be observed in a drawing-room. If the real significance of that conflict does not emerge except on the battlefield where concrete things are being fought for, then it is plain enough that only plays which move through the factory and the field can communicate that significance. But a fundamental assumption of intellectual comedy is that one kind of understanding of any conflict is possible only on the sidelines, or at some other place where, for the moment at least, the battle is not raging. And Mr. Behrman's drawing-rooms are merely realistic substitutes for a spot of enchanted ground upon which deadly enemies can meet, fragments of neutral territory over which flies the flag of social convention guaranteeing against any breaches of the peace other than those which come within the definition of the "scene" as opposed to the brawl. Here the contented sybarite can exchange thrusts with the reformer, but here also the revolutionist can, not too improbably, come to express his exclusive contempt for all the rules of a game which is not to him worth playing.

Mr. Behrman's clarity and wit being what they are, the result is an exhilarating exploration of minds and temperaments which can be as clear and stimulating as it is only because he has adopted still another convention—that by virtue of which each character is permitted to speak as wittily as the author can make him. For this same reason the battle is, moreover, almost necessarily a draw. That does not mean that Mr. Behrman conceals the direction in which his own sympathies lie. He is, as clearly here as in the other plays, among those who hold that the sensibilities and loyalties of his liberals—"inhibited by scruple and emasculated by charm," as one character puts it—are indispensable to any possible good life, however insufficient they alone may be to guarantee it. But this revelation of his own conviction does not involve any failure to give the revolutionist an opportunity to make the best possible statement of his case, and there is no reason whatever why many spectators should not conclude that he actually has the best of the argument.

Perhaps the fact that the dramatic climax of the play turns upon an incident only collaterally connected with the main theme may be taken as an indication of a certain weakness in the method, since it might be argued that the best possible play on the subject would not reach even its purely theatrical climax in a scene where a group of people await the moment when a guilty pair must confess their guilt by emerging from the room in which only a few of the company know that they are hiding. But this scene is at least one of the best "screen scenes" of recent comedy. And if Mr. Woollcott, who shares with Leslie Banks and Claudia Morgan the chief roles, still "behaves" somewhat more than he acts, his behavior is very appropriate and he has increased considerably in skill since his last appearance on the stage.

"Casey Jones," the new Group Theater production at the Fulton, illustrates rather neatly the dramatic method which is the opposite of that adopted by Mr. Behrman. Writing about a locomotive engineer and the relation of his craft pride to the railroad system he serves, Robert Ardrey boldly moves his scene from railroad yard to way station and even to the locomotive cab itself. The result is, in one or two instances, a stunning bit of stagecraft, but the story, while quite intelligent and intelligible, is pretty consistently what one would expect. As a result one has got at the end some nice realistic pictures but far less real insight into the emotional or intellectual significance of a situation than Mr. Behrman manages to give us without a glimpse of the physical locale of the struggle with which he is concerned. Of course the comparison of the two plays does not prove that all plays ought to take place in drawing-rooms. Mr. Ardrey is only a promising young writer, and Mr. Behrman is a master of his particular craft. But it does prove that to take us to the scene of a struggle does not necessarily mean to make it extraordinarily real or vivid, and that to reconstruct the cab of a speeding locomotive may be to encourage a writer to believe that his play comes to grips with the subject rather more effectively than it does. Charles Bickford is convincing as the engineer.

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THE B. B. C. Symphony has not played long enough under Toscanini to be as sensitized to his direction as the New York or even the Vienna Philharmonic; but its excellent personnel and ten years' discipline make it a responsive instrument in hands that can use it; and so while the performance of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony (Victor: five records, $10) is not all that Toscanini would have achieved with the New York Philharmonic, it is nevertheless a beautiful performance in the ways that his performances are beautiful — orchestral coloring, transparency of texture, contour of sound and phrase, structural coherence. And the recording allows these things to be heard.

No doubt you have read about the weakness in form of Chopin's Piano Concerto Opus 11 (Victor: four records, $8). The weakness exists; but I doubt that most of those who write about it could point it out—their knowledge being acquired from reading other writers who acquired theirs in the same way. And the ordinary listener is more likely to be disturbed by the usual remedy for the weakness—the cut in the long orchestral introduction of the first movement. That introduction once past, he will be aware, I think, not of weakness but of strength—the strength of the superb music Chopin has put into the work. I have remarked on previous occasions that the fault often is not in Chopin but in his performers: it is Arthur Rubinstein who tortures the phrases of the concerto's lovely second movement. In other parts of the work and in other ways his playing is magnificent; and Barbirolli provides an excellent accompaniment.

For a public performance of Bach's St. Matthew Passion that was going to be given permanence on records Koussevitzky should have engaged first-rate soloists; actually only Keith Falkner, who sings the music of Jesus in the performance recorded by Victor (Volume 1, ten records, $20), brings to the occasion the voice and style it calls for. To the deficiencies of the other singers Victor adds deficiencies in recording—among them shrillness and harshness in the sound of the orchestra. On the other hand the excellent singing of the chorales by the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society sounds well. The work is sung in English; I think a recorded performance should be sung in the original German. And the *da capos* of the arias are reduced to the mere orchestral introductions—which I have heard done, for obvious reasons, in concert performances, but which I would have liked to see left undone in a recorded performance.

In quiet passages of Strauss's "Heimliche Aufforderung" the delicacy and subtlety of Melchior's phrasing—astonishing in a Wagnerian heroic tenor's singing of German *Lieder*—are well reproduced by the Victor record ($1.50); but the full voice in this song and in "Zueignung" and "Cäcilie" is earsplitting. Astonishing in a different way is Jussi Björling's singing of "O Paradiso" from "L'Africana" and "Cielo e mar" from "La Gioconda" ($1.50). Comparing this with the electrical re-recording of Caruso's "O Paradiso," I found Caruso's voice the more beautiful in timbre, Björling's the one with greater power and ease in high notes.

"Carnegie Drag" is an enjoyable jazz improvisation recorded for the Commodore Music Shop by a group of outstanding players that includes the pianist Jess Stacey, who for once is heard at suitable length.

Columbia records have not arrived. B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

America's Blood Guilt

Dear Sirs: It was the Christmas service in our little Chinese church. We were singing, "It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old." A sinister rumbling overhead dominated the music, then died away toward the south. It was a squadron of bombing planes going to bomb the cities and villages in the war area. And I felt a flood of shame to think the planes were all probably using California gasoline. These flights into the heart of China, these ruthless bombings of refugees and helpless civilians, these exterminations of terrified farmers have largely been made possible by the Niagaras of gasoline we have poured across the ocean.

The army is coming into a conquered city—an apparently endless line of Ford trucks, neat closed staff cars, and armored cars of Ford or Dodge make. We have supplied the power for this thrust into the vitals of China. We have given Japan its wings and wheels. No American who has not personally known the sick horror of invasion can possibly imagine what this great mechanized glacier of cars can mean to this tortured population. Words cannot reproduce the agony of fear that shakes a village when the Japanese soldiers surround it, shouting for the "big girls." Words cannot make real the nightmare of bandits descending upon a defenseless countryside. And we are helping to do this. We may send our pennies over for relief. But we can't escape the blood guilt of our share in this holocaust of suffering.

It is ridiculous to call the boycott a war measure. Is a housewife compelled to buy from every agent that comes to her door? Immortal souls are at perfect liberty to give or withhold their resources under the guidance of their own conscience. And may America highly resolve that she will cease to share in the profits of and the responsibility for this international crime—the assassination of China.

F. B.

Peiping, January 15

Mr. O'Connell's Peace Act

Dear Sirs: I wish to call attention to a bill now pending in Congress introduced in the House of Representatives by J. J. O'Connell of Montana and known as the Peace Act. The purpose of this bill is to amend the Neutrality Act, which is in fact anything but neutral.

The O'Connell bill would vest power in the President to declare when an act of aggression has been committed by one nation against another nation, and to name the aggressor nation by proclamation. Thereafter it would be unlawful to transport any arms, ammunition, or implements of war from any place in the United States to the aggressor or to any other state for transhipment to the aggressor. Also it would be unlawful to buy bonds or securities of the aggressor nation, to extend credit to it, or for any American vessel to carry to it arms, ammunition, or implements of war. Heavy penalities are provided for infractions of any of the provisions of the bill.

It is essential that this bill receive a public hearing in the House, where proponents or opponents may introduce testimony concerning it. I therefore urge all readers to communicate with Representative Sam D. McReynolds of the Foreign Affairs Committee urging him to approve a public hearing for the "Peace Act" of Mr. O'Connell.

EDWARD FRIENDLY

New York, February 23

Boycott All Aggressors!

Dear Sirs: In this most critical period in history it is time to stop telling people that boycotts encourage race hatred and that boycotts let helpless children starve. It is time that everyone knew that the money which the Japanese government receives from selling silk to America goes *not* to feed Japanese children but to fill Japanese cannon. Germany, Italy, and Japan should all be boycotted. A hue and cry should be raised against buying any commodities of these countries.

Many times it has been said that the democratic nations must unite against fascism. But do our governments move toward such unity? Unfortunately, so far, the governments of the democratic countries seem on the retreat. It is up to the people themselves to make themselves heard, and the most effective way they can do this is by boycotting all aggressor nations. In that way they can show the government their real position; both Spain and China will be helped; and fascism will be weakened.

M. V. LEOF

Philadelphia, February 23

Object Lesson in Technique

Dear Sirs: The heavy hand of big business may wear different gloves for different occasions, it seems, but underneath are the selfsame fingerprints.

The New Bedford *Standard-Times* (evening), the New Bedford *Mercury* (morning), and radio station WNBH, the only newspapers and the one radio station in a city of 110,000, are owned by E. Anthony and Sons, Inc. Publisher Basil Brewer, who controls this corporation, has been a valiant defender (?) of freedom of speech and press, as a member of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. It will be recalled that the association and its members have often raised this banner of free speech and free press when attacking the New Deal and in their battle against the American Newspaper Guild.

Recently New Bedford's textile manufacturers and the New Bedford Textile Council reached an agreement, under pressure of the current "recession," for a 12½ per cent wage cut. Officials of the Federal Communications Commission later announced that Emil Rieve, acting chairman of the Textile Workers' Organizing Committee (C. I. O.), had complained that the Brewer-owned newspapers and radio station had "refused to print or broadcast a paid statement" of the union concerning the pay reduction. The federal officials said the complaint charging "unwarranted suppression of free speech" would be considered when the station filed for renewal of its license on May 1, 1938.

In one case big business has used freedom of speech and press as a slogan with which to attempt to crush labor. In the other it quietly renounced freedom of speech in an attempt to crush labor.

DREX SPRECHER

Cambridge, Mass., February 25

Republican Sabotage

Dear Sirs: At last the Republican minority in Congress are showing their true colors. At last they have come out in the open in their fight against the Administration instead of allowing a group of Democrats to form the opposition.

On the recent vote for cloture in the debate on the anti-lynching bill the Republicans held the balance of power between the revolting Southern Democrats and the New Dealers. These Republican Senators, though they all claim to favor the bill, voted for a continuance of the filibuster, which has so far made this Congress the most inactive in history.

Why did these men, all of whom favored the anti-lynching bill, refuse to limit debate on it and thereby bring the filibuster to an end? The answer is simple: they wanted to be able to say when the elections came around that the Democrats had become the "do-nothing" party, and to call attention to the bad record of this session.

Let us hope that the American people will remember how those Republican Senators voted on the motion for cloture, and give them their just rewards at the polls.

F. S. CUTLER

Newport, R. I., February 25

Louisa Alcott

Dear Sirs: I am very sorry and indeed aghast that *The Nation* (in its issue of February 19) should publish a review of the life of Miss Alcott which not only accepts as accurate Miss Anthony's fantastic analysis but piles Pelion on Ossa. It is impossible for one who knew her as well as I did, who enjoyed her amusing tales of Fruitlands and Mr. Lane, played charades and Mrs. Jarley with her, saw her pleasure, yes pleasure, in giving her father comforts and happiness and in caring for little Lulu, to make such phrases as "sterile rewards," "borderland of hysteria," "thwarted life" fit at all the buoyant and free character who was often a guest in my home.

I cannot refrain from writing a few words of protest.

MARION TALBOT

Chicago, February 23

Still Afraid of Forgery?

Dear Sirs: The research supporting Beatrice Schapper's Afraid of Forgery? in *The Nation* of February 5 was evidently confined to obsolete check-protecting devices, for she will find that no forger, no matter how clever, can "sponge out the colors" from a check protected by an imprint made with a modern ribbon-inking protectograph. Checkwriters employing the old liquid-ink method and fixed "star" characters are not to be compared with machines employing a ribbon which bleeds an indelible ink into the very fiber of the paper.

Moreover, some checkwriter policies provide coverage against forgery of the drawer's signature and the indorsement, and contain a valuable affidavit clause providing that the insured need not furnish proof but merely an affidavit stating that loss has occurred.

There are other errors in Miss Schapper's article. The elementary principle of law "He who alleges must prove" is a refutation of the statement about bank responsibility. Due care only is required of the banks.

IRVING L. GREENE

New York, February 15

Dear Sirs: For the sake of argument, suppose I concede that no forger can change the amount on a check protected by a modern checkwriter. What of it? A forger can still forge an indorsement on the back of the check, where most of the losses occur, or make alterations at a half-dozen or so other points not protected by the indelible provision, which covers only the amount. While the free insurance policies are limited, it is true that some forgery insurance policies broader than others may be purchased. Again what of it? The fact still remains that forgery protective devices are almost entirely unnecessary because the depositor is already adequately protected by the Uniform Negotiable Instruments Act.

As for your statement, "Due care only is required of the banks," it may be said that the quality of the care exercised is dependent upon the intensity of the bank's wish to avoid losses to itself through cashing forged checks, for the banks know that they are responsible. Section 23 of the Uniform Negotiable Instruments Act reads:

> Effect of forged or unauthorized signature—Where a signature is forged or made without the authority of the person whose signature it purports to be, it is wholly inoperative, and no right to retain the instrument, or to give a discharge therefor, or to enforce payment thereof against any party thereto, can be acquired through or under such signature, unless the party against whom it is sought to enforce such right is precluded from setting up the forgery. . . .

BEATRICE SCHAPPER

Pittsburgh, Pa., February 22

Union Teachers Only

Dear Sirs: In your issue of February 19, under the heading Plowing a New Field, you referred to the educational program of our union, the United Automobile Workers of America. We have a slight correction to make. At the present time we are not employing WPA teachers in our educational classes. The very realistic subjects that we are giving instruction in at present can be better handled, we believe, by our own union members who have graduated from our instructors' classes.

Classes for union men who will in turn become instructors are being held not only in Detroit but also in Cleveland, Pontiac, Lansing, Tarrytown, and Los Angeles. These instructors' classes are in addition to classes for the union membership which are being held in practically every automobile center in the country.

MORRIS FIELD,
Education Director

Detroit, Mich., February 24

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PAUL Y. ANDERSON has become a member of the Washington bureau of the liberal St. Louis *Star-Times.*

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CORRECTION:—In the article Farm Aid: Fourth Stage by Mordecai Ezekiel in last week's issue, it was stated that minimum crop loans to farmers "under existing conditions would tend to put a floor under farm prices of approximately . . . 10 cents for cotton." This figure should have been 8 cents.

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The Shape of Things

BARELY TEN DAYS AFTER EDEN HAD BEEN forced out of the British Cabinet for insisting that Mussolini should submit evidence of his good faith before opening negotiations with Britain, the Duce established the validity of Eden's position by backing out of his compromise offer on Spain. All the powers, including Italy, had agreed that the French frontier would be closed and aid to both sides in the Spanish conflict terminated when a substantial withdrawal of foreign (Italian) "volunteers" had been completed. Italy now demands that the frontier be closed as soon as the international commission which is to determine the number of volunteers reaches Spain. Mussolini knows that France cannot assent to an arrangement that would shut off aid from the Loyalists while Italy continues to support Franco. His demand can only be construed as an effort to line up Britain with the fascist powers in support of the Spanish rebels. In this maneuver Mussolini is doubtless acting on the belief that Chamberlain has burned his bridges and dare not retreat. Meanwhile fascist men and arms continue to pour into Spain in tremendous quantities—and in new qualities. The Germans are now sending their best equipment. In February a number of Desau machines appeared. The Desau is a large, armored fighting plane fitted with seven machine-guns and one cannon. At the same time, many Junker 52's, Heinckel 3's, and fast Messerschmitts continue to fly over Switzerland and France into Franco territory. Mussolini, in February, furnished the rebels with new squadrons of Fiats, Isota Fraschinis, Savoias, and Capronis, which were responsible for the recapture of Teruel. Nevertheless Barcelona is still confident of final victory. Teruel cost Franco far more than it did the Loyalists; the internal political situation has never been so good, what with the UGT and CNT cooperating more intimately every day; the output of domestic arms plants has increased impressively; and the government navy has scored a notable victory by sinking one of the three cruisers with which Franco hoped to enforce his blockade.

*

A LOT OF VERY DIRTY TVA LINEN IS BEING washed in public. If the two-to-one split of the directors was ever merely a family quarrel, it is fast assuming the proportions of a national scandal. Now that Chairman Morgan has openly made charges of conspiracy, deceit, and intrigue against David Lilienthal and H. A. Morgan, nothing short of a full and fair inquiry will allay public suspicion about the inner administration of the TVA. The wide press support that the demand for this inquiry has received comes, we are convinced, from sources hostile to the government power program as a whole. Nevertheless, the inquiry must be held. The most alarming charges are those that concern the claims of Senator Berry to be compensated for his inundated marble lands in Tennessee. Those involving evasion and deceit with respect to accounting methods and public reports are also grave. If they are true, the officials in charge must be held to public responsibility; if they are unsupported, then Chairman Morgan has much to answer for in projecting a private difference of opinion into the public arena, and thereby helping to sabotage a power program from which he dissents. We have never agreed with Mr. Morgan's minority views on what should be the relations of the TVA with the utility companies. But the time has arrived to lay bare the whole course of events within the TVA since its inception. Friends of the power program cannot but believe that its procedures will bear public scrutiny. The inquiry should be conducted by a Congressional committee rather than by another agency like the Federal Trade Commission. But it would be tragic if it were placed in the hands of Senator Copeland and his Commerce Committee. Copeland's handling of maritime matters has been vicious, and in view of his bitter hostility to the government's power program and the New Deal as a whole, he should have no hand in the TVA investigation.

*

THE TVA DISCUSSION HAS RAISED TWO major issues that reach beyond the personalities involved. One concerns the proper role of dissent in an administrative agency. The second concerns the future program of the TVA with respect to the Southern utilities. Every political body needs channels for the expression of dissenting thought. In America that is provided for in Congress by open debate, in the political system by multiple parties, in the Supreme Court and the quasi-judicial administrative agencies by regularized dissenting opinions. Mr. Morgan seems to have been motivated for the past few years by a fear that the nation was not aware of the real issues behind the decisions of the TVA directors, and by a feeling that there was no mechanism by which he could make his views public except the press. We can well understand the attitude of his two colleagues, a majority on the board, who assert that he has been sniping at them and that he has been a poor sport. But we suggest that provisions be made in the future for more frequent reports to Congress in which dissenting voices can express their opinions and gain a public hearing. The second issue seems to be much closer to solution now that the TVA has offered to negotiate with the Southern utilities for the purchase of their properties. The settlement of this issue will do much to free the log jam of utility investment everywhere in the country; it will also give the Southern cities a chance to develop municipal power programs. In the negotiations, however, it should be clear that the municipalities and not the federal government are buying out the utilities; and that the determination of price should be on the basis of physical value and not some intangible and inflated "going value." It is on this question of a power program, and not on mere personalities, that the real cleavage within the TVA is based.

*

LAST WEEK THE COUNTRY PAUSED TO TAKE stock of the five years of Mr. Roosevelt's regime. But, just as significantly, Bernard Baruch's testimony before the Senate Unemployment Committee might have furnished occasion for estimating the effect of five years of Bernard Baruch. We are always suspicious when someone is called an "elder statesman," whether in Japan or America. We smell a build-up to give extra weight to conservative economic views. Mr. Baruch has been the ambassador sent by business into the inner councils of the President. His influence has almost always been used to temper the cutting edge of Administration policies. It is natural that with the deepening of the tension between business and the Administration he should step forward and appeal to the public against the Administration. This he has now done in his testimony, which was full of platitudes about revolution and the pace of social change, and might well have graced Walter Lippmann's columns. What it adds up to, in practical terms, is that the Administration must veer to the right and make "ungrudging" concessions on taxes. Such is the prestige of an elder statesman that Mr. Baruch's speech is confidently counted on in reactionary quarters to swing the Senate balance against the new tax bill, which contains reasonable concessions to business. The tories are never so effective as when they can use supposed liberals to speak for them.

*

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S CLAIM TO THE islands of Canton and Enderbury in the mid-Pacific may mark the beginning of a new era of international rivalry in this region. For centuries the multitudinous small islands which dot the southern Pacific were not considered important enough to warrant colonization. Except for Samoa, the possession of which was disputed at the end of the nineteenth century by the United States, Great Britain, and Germany, and the New Hebrides, claimed by Britain and France, the various islands were acquired by their present owners with little international friction. But the rise of commercial air lines spanning the Pacific, coupled with the growing suspicion of Japan, has lent a new value to the most inconsequential of these dots. At a time when the great powers are openly preparing for a war in the Pacific, increasing competition may be expected for even the smaller islands on the supposition that they may prove strategically useful. In taking the lead in this scramble, on the doubtful ground that Canton and Enderbury islands were first sighted by American whalers, the United States has risked far more than it can hope to gain.

NATIONAL SHARE-CROPPERS' WEEK IS BEING observed this week, and the event serves to remind us that for all its efforts in behalf of the farmer the Administration has made no progress in alleviating the terrible conditions which afflict these marginal thousands in the great valley of the Mississippi. The Workers' Defense League, which is sponsoring Share-Croppers' Week, states that a recent survey shows that evictions last year affected 500,000 families and that 85 per cent of those evicted have been unable to find other employment or crops for this year. Meanwhile persecution of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union continues, and the cost of defending its members in court actions is increasing. The remarkable government film, "The River," now currently on view at various theaters, shows the genesis and development of the conditions that have produced the share-cropper problem. Such "propaganda" may eventually force the nation to solve it. But in the meantime the share-croppers, with a cash income of $200 a year and often much less, continue to pile up a national liability in malnutrition and poverty, while the union must somehow meet the bills incurred in its courageous fight for ordinary civil liberties in the planter states.

*

PRESUMABLY SEEKING TO HEAD OFF, OR buy off, opposition from the Catholic church, the President's Advisory Committee on Education has committed a perilous blunder. It has marred a notable report by recommending allocation of federal funds to parochial and other non-public schools. Nevertheless the report is an impressive summons for Congressional action to save public education. Some months ago the National Education Association estimated that nearly 3,000,000 children of school age are deprived of any educational facilities. It was shown that in twelve states teachers' salaries average less than $750 a year. The tenor of these findings is dismally confirmed by the committee's report, which calls for a six-year program of federal aid. Urging an appropriation of $855,000,000 spread over that period, the group acknowledges that this sum is "undoubtedly small when compared with real need." That the appropriation is inadequate should not be forgotten, but it is at least a hopeful springboard. As for the traditional cry that such appropriations mean "federal domination" and the end of democracy in our schools, the answer lies in vigilance over the execution of the program. Democracy will not be saved by the slow death of free education—or by the resurrection of any identity between church and state.

*

STANLEY M. ISAACS, BOROUGH PRESIDENT OF Manhattan, is a loyal Republican; Simon W. Gerson was a reporter on the Communist *Daily Worker*. In naming Gerson to his staff, Isaacs paid generous tribute to an individual's ability. His action has been denounced as reckless defiance of law—which it is not—and as sinister capitulation to Moscow—which should tax even the most reactionary imagination. With the Communist Party recognized as legal, it is plain that Gerson's technical eligibility is beyond dispute. What remains important is the pattern of attack which has been fashioned by the American Legion, the Catholic church, and all the professional foes of the New Deal—local and national. It occurs in a city where liberal and labor forces have registered momentous election victories. It is fostered by agencies which have been traditionally indiscriminate in their assaults upon minority opinion. If reaction forces the ousting of Gerson, the crusade will widen to include other progressives in office. In that light Mr. Isaacs's refusal to yield is as vital as it is impressive. When a Republican defends a Communist appointee, at the risk of his own political fortunes, it is not merely news. To the Scripps-Howard *World Telegram* it is Revolution. To us it is a dramatic assertion of faith in the essence of democratic procedure. It is a dignified rebuke to those who hate Mr. Gerson less than they despise democracy. We hope that Mr. Isaacs will sit tight until his critics grow weary of their own voices.

Russian Tragedy, Act III

THE trial of Bukharin and his fellow-oppositionists has broken about the ears of the world like the detonation of a bomb. One can hear the cracking of liberal hopes; of the dream of anti-fascist unity; of a whole system of revolutionary philosophy. The reaction in this country has been much more severe than in the case of the other public trials or of the purge in general. We are too far away from the center of infection to have become immunized, and the horror deepens as the process of extermination goes on. The probable innocence or guilt of the defendants still absorbs the largest share of interest, but we detect in published and private discussion a shift of attention to the wider implications of the trial—its relation to the European crisis, its effect on revolutionary theory and practice. One of the unfortunate by-products of the case has been the encouragement of isolationist sentiment. It has played directly into the hands of those who are looking for arguments to prove the futility of expecting united resistance to war and fascist ambitions. This too is natural; and it reinforces our conviction that the international effect of the trial may be even more serious and far-reaching than the objective facts warrant.

There is acute danger of a split between Socialists and Communists in France, a split that would doom the united front and lead to ends one scarcely dares to contemplate. Hitler, today, is discussing the fate of Europe with Nevile Henderson; can anyone doubt that a factor in his calculations is the drama under way in the Hall of Nobles in Moscow, and the probable response to it of the Western world? In Czechoslovakia, in Loyalist Spain, in China, wherever democracy is threatened, the significance of the trial will be anxiously weighed. In varying degrees every one of these nations bases its day-by-day foreign policy on its estimate of Russian stability and integrity. The Moscow trial is a world issue as well as the culmination of an inner struggle. Under the pressure of that struggle Stalin has risked losing the confidence of those nations and groups on which the security of the world and of Russia itself must depend.

It is important to know why this trial should mark a turning point. The reasons are not all rooted in logic. The crimes charged against the men now under indictment are not different in kind from those charged in the earlier trials. The list of defendants may include more names favorably known to more people. (When one looks at Bukharin's picture and reads his words, the whole past of the revolution clamors for defense and vindication.) But essentially the story is the same. If it is difficult to believe charges which range from a conspiracy to dismember the Soviet Union to a successful plot to cause Maxim Gorki to catch a cold, we find it equally difficult to believe that the Soviet government invented these nightmare crimes in order, as Trotsky suggests, to restore "shaken world confidence in Stalin's 'justice' "! One's mind moves, as in the previous trials, from the inherent improbability of particular offenses attributed to particular men and the psychological obscurities of the confessions, to the undoubted fact that terror and plotting and espionage have become a commonplace in the Socialist fatherland. And in the end one abandons the attempt to render final judgment when the materials for judging are so obviously out of reach. The tragic spectacle in Moscow leaves only one thing certain—a system of law that allows the guilt of men accused of grave offenses to remain forever in doubt is a travesty of justice.

These same elements of uncertainty and horror were present in the two earlier trials. The reasons for the more ominous aspect of the current one are to be sought elsewhere. The purge has had a cumulative effect. The new trial tragically confirms the evidence of mortal conflict among the most responsible leaders of the revolution and of the government. And it goes far beyond the other trials in the scope of its charges. It indicts the whole past of the revolution itself. It proves that disaffection has spread through all the important branches of the state apparatus. It indicates a plot in the army of sufficient dimensions to warrant plans for a military coup led by the most important generals. Accept the official position, assume the guilt of the accused, and you are forced to a conviction that the government of the Soviet Union has, from the start of the revolution, been riddled with conspiracy. Assume the innocence of the defendants, and the government itself is convicted of an even more monstrous crime. Assume them neither all innocent nor all guilty of all the specific charges—as reason tempts one to assume—and one is still forced to acknowledge a situation in which opposition has been met by repression, repression countered by conspiracy, and conspiracy fought by terror to the final demoralization of the whole government apparatus.

It is for these reasons that the "explanations" of Communists and of Trotskyites alike explain so little. They assume more knowledge than is available and ignore the elements which tend to blur the neat partisan outlines of their pictures. Even a partisan must occasionally ask himself whether the tragedy in Moscow can really be laid to individual perfidy, or whether the issue is not the result of a historic process that, with impersonal logic, is slowly strangling the very forces that set it in motion. The Soviet government was born of inevitable violence and was maintained by means of terror and military force against incredible odds. Would it have survived civil war and foreign invasion and the struggle to achieve a working economic order if it had refused to use force against its enemies? We are certain that it would not. But dictatorship—intrenched behind a powerful army, adept in the use of spying and police terror, conditioned to fear opposition—tended to solidify, not to fade. Repressive measures were easy to justify in the sacred name of the revolution itself. Repression came to be identified with justice; opposition with treason. And presently treason became the only possible expression of opposition, and conspiracy took the place of open political action. This much is evident whatever the truth of specific charges against specific men.

We are not adopting a cut-and-dried doctrine of inevitability. Many shifts of circumstance might have altered the dismal course of recent Russian history. A leader like Lenin might have encouraged the growth of proletarian democracy from the roots of party democracy. Even under Stalin a different course might have been laid had not the rise of Hitler created in the Soviet Union a psychological state of war. This in its turn produced, first, a desperate pressure to speed up industrialization, second, a vast arms program, and, third, a universal atmosphere of suspicion and overcharged patriotism. Since this development coincided with, and helped to aggravate, profound political differences already existing and denied any open channels of expression, the result was certain.

Out of the anxiety and shock of the present trial will come, we believe, a new determination on the part of political thinkers to examine the premises of revolutionary doctrine. The Russian dictatorship has challenged the whole theory of dictatorship and demanded an honest revaluation of its own history and achievement.

What remains? One hears no rumors of internal unrest in the Soviet Union, despite the political cannibalism of its ruling group. The solid material achievements of the revolution still stand. So do the need and desire of the Soviet government for peace, and its opposition to fascist aggression, East and West. But the effect of the trial is not to be measured in such tangible terms. It will be measured in the degree to which faith is reluctantly surrendered by left groups everywhere, in the confusion of contemporary revolutionary thinking. It will depend upon the estimate of Russia's real strength arrived at in the foreign offices of other states. It will depend upon the future policies of the Soviet government itself. Not the next few days in Moscow, but the coming weeks in European diplomacy and the next decade in the development of radical thought and action, will determine the real significance of the Soviet trial.

Reply to Mr. Slichter

A SIGNIFICANT article on the recession by Sumner H. Slichter, one of America's outstanding economists, appears on another page of this issue. Mr. Slichter's analysis is particularly timely in view of the current discussion of the revised tax bill in Congress. But the implications of his article go much deeper than the consideration of any particular bill or policy. He argues, very ably, business's case against the Administration, namely, that certain New Deal measures discourage business enterprises from taking the risks which are essential to economic expansion under capitalism.

After very skilfully presenting the basic dilemma which the New Deal faces in its efforts to cope with the recession, Mr. Slichter sets forth certain specific obstacles that he believes must be removed before business can regain confidence. He places special emphasis on the undistributed-profits tax and the desirability of reducing income taxes in the higher brackets. A realistic analysis of the fundamental forces operating in our profit economy indicates, however, that he has greatly overemphasized the importance of the tax issue and neglected certain compensatory factors of utmost significance.

It is true that the undistributed-profits tax has imposed a genuine measure of hardship on small corporations that were in debt or seeking capital for expansion. This will not be true, however, of the revised tax bill now before Congress, and the former tax did not injure the large corporations which hold the key to expansion or contraction in the capital-goods field. Moreover, the experience of many small companies showed that the profits tax was no bar to expansion. It is a matter of record that the first twenty months in which the tax was in force was a period of fairly rapid industrial expansion. As Mr. Slichter freely admits, repeal of the tax would create no investment opportunities. It is a question how far it would even contribute to the restoration of confidence.

Even more dubious is the contention that a reduction of the taxes on higher incomes would encourage an expansion of "tame wild-cat" investment. Granting that in some instances individuals may hesitate to enter on a speculation knowing that half of the profits will go to the government, we doubt whether a 10 per cent reduction in the income tax on higher brackets would substantially alter the situation. Many of the men to whom Mr. Slichter refers are speculators by temperament and would speculate if they only received 10 per cent of the profits. As for the others, the increased lack of concern with which they view losses that will reduce their income taxes offsets, to a large extent, the diminished urge for profits. The elimination of tax-free securities, though most desirable for other reasons, would not affect the situation materially. It would force local governments to pay a higher rate of interest on their securities, and thus possibly discourage borrowing to a slight extent, but it would not otherwise affect the volume of capital flowing into this type of security.

None of these measures, however, come to grips with the basic problems involved in the present crisis. Although Mr. Slichter does not once use the term "purchasing power," this problem cannot thus easily be dodged in any discussion of the current economic situation. Business men will take risks only if they believe that they can dispose of their product. This assumes that purchasing power is growing at least as rapidly as production. From 1933 until the middle of 1937 this undoubtedly occurred. But in 1937 three important developments checked this tendency: (1) business profits rose much more rapidly than wages or farm income, thus concentrating purchasing power in the hands of the relatively well-to-do who did not need it for consumption purposes; (2) several large corporations, notably in steel and automobiles, increased prices to an extent not justified by either general conditions or wage costs within the industries; (3) the government suddenly ceased its emergency expenditures at a time when the incidence of social-security taxation was just beginning to be felt. On top of this, the "sterilization" of gold and the reduction of excess reserves had a deflationary effect.

Repeal of the profits tax and a reduction of the levy on high incomes would only accentuate this deficiency of purchasing power. For it would once more permit corporations to accumulate large cash reserves and throw the burden of taxation even more completely on the low-income groups which otherwise would spend their money for consumers' goods.

Given adequate buying power, no end of opportunities for productive investment exist in this country. Meeting the need for housing alone would tax our economic system for several years to come. Rural electrification presents another challenge. Why has business failed to grasp this opportunity? It is not entirely or even primarily due to "lack of confidence." There was no lack of confidence a year ago. On the contrary, the business community was convinced that the country was entering a period of inflationary expansion. Yet private enterprise built only about one-third of the number of houses it was accustomed to build in the twenties and an even smaller proportion of the number it is equipped to construct. It may as well be frankly confessed that business leadership is bankrupt, partly because of lack of initiative and courage and partly because it has failed to understand the basic direction of present-day economic development. Confidence may be the key to expansion under laissez faire capitalism. But such a system no longer exists. It was undermined years ago by the methods of big business. The New Deal has only speeded its departure.

Under the circumstances it is only folly to sit around waiting for a return of business initiative to restore prosperity. The events of the past nine years have shown that if expansion is to occur, the government must lead the way. In the article to which we have been referring, it is stated that one cannot plan "chance-taking by many thousands of business men scattered from coast to coast." This is true, but to us it seems irrelevant. One cannot "plan" capitalism; but it is essential to plan *governmental* activities where private enterprise has failed. Under Administration leadership this country has reached a midway point between laissez faire capitalism and a planned economy. The position is highly vulnerable and probably cannot be maintained, but it is too late for retreat. Only a vigorous offensive will save the economic gains thus far obtained by the New Deal.

The Court Writes a Labor Code

IT IS a chastened Supreme Court that has been handing down decisions in Washington for the past year—a court on which seven out of nine of the members are mildly liberal or better. The only ones left today of the old tory bloc that voted so solidly and consistently for reaction are Justice McReynolds and Justice Butler. The other seven fall into three groups: a center group consisting of Chief Justice Hughes and Justice Roberts, his *fidus Achates,* with which the newly appointed Justice Reed will in all probability ally himself; a left-of-center group consisting of Justices Brandeis, Stone, and Cardozo; and a fourth group consisting of Justice Black all by himself on the left. The center group, it will be apparent, still holds the balance of power, provided it can definitely enrol Justice Reed under its banner. Thus far it has been throwing its weight in the liberal direction. And the principal product of its new enlightenment has been the hammering out of a new constitutional code for labor. The three most recent labor decisions of the court, delivered last week, form an important part of this code.

The "new party line" of the court on labor came a little less than a year ago, at the end of March, with the opinion holding the Railway Labor Act constitutional and, far more sensational, the minimum-wage reversal. In the latter case the court, through Justice Roberts's change of vote, not only transformed a liberal minority of four on the New York minimum-wage law (the Tipaldo case) into a liberal majority of five on the Washington minimum-wage law, but even overruled the classic decision in the Adkins case of 1923. Given this enormously important reversal, it was no wonder that Justice Sutherland's dissenting opinion was unusually bitter. He saw that a breach had been made in the solid phalanx of court decisions which had hemmed in labor activity and social legislation enacted by the states.

The breach was very much widened by the great decisions in the Wagner Labor Act cases last April. They proved that the minimum-wage reversal was more than an accident or a stray impulse of social benevolence on the part of the judges. Actually they were a result of the scissors hold that Mr. Roosevelt had acquired on the court. For with the backing of organized labor assured him the President had practically confronted the court with the alternative of upholding the Wagner Act or facing a popular protest which might give the final impetus to the passage of the court-reorganization plan. The court chose the former. In doing so, in the Jones and Laughlin, Fruehauf Trailer, and Friedman-Marks cases, it changed the whole direction of constitutional law by giving a very liberal scope to Congressional power over interstate commerce. And in these decisions it consolidated the new judicial liberalism.

What remained was the problem of giving actual effectiveness to the work of the Labor Relations Board. For by its very set-up in the Wagner Act the board cannot enforce its orders, but must apply to a Circuit Court of Appeals and ask for an order requiring compliance. The result has been, in the ten months that have intervened, a large number of bitterly fought actions in the circuit courts, on the issue of which the fate of the board has hung. On the whole the circuit courts have gone along with the Wagner decisions in their interpretation of the scope of the commerce clause, and also in their refusal to review the board's findings of fact. But that has not been true on the issues of disestablishing company unions or reinstating men who had been illegally dismissed.

That is why the three most recent Supreme Court decisions on labor, while important in themselves, are even more important for the effect they will inevitably have on the lower federal courts. Justice Stone, speaking for the court in the Pennsylvania Greyhound case, ruled that the Labor Board may require the employer to withdraw recognition of a company union as a collective-bargaining agency. Thus the disestablishment of company unions is made effective, and sabotage on the part of reactionary circuit-court judges can only delay it. Almost as important, from the standpoint of trade unions, is the decision of Justice Roberts holding that an anti-picketing injunction against a union is invalid under the Norris-LaGuardia Act and the Wisconsin injunction law, even when the men working in the picketed establishment are not members of the union. This makes it possible for organizing strikes to be carried on without being smashed by the traditional method of the injunction. The third decision goes far to validate the closed shop. The Supreme Court refused to review a decision of the New York Court of Appeals which had denied a temporary injunction against the Transport Workers' Union. What was involved was the refusal of some of the men to comply with a Labor Board order making the T. W. U. the exclusive bargaining agency. The question may come up again, but the Supreme Court's stand augurs well for a final ruling on the closed shop.

Thus the court has not only upheld the Wagner Act, but has strengthened three of the pillars of labor activity—the right of picketing, the disestablishment of company unions, and the closed shop. It is ironic that this swing should come at a time when the Administration is under heavy fire from the reactionaries on its tax and regulatory policies. The only thing that saves the court from similar attack is that the business groups consider it—and, historically, with reason—one of their own agencies. What will happen to the court's liberalism when a deepening crisis once more raises acute constitutional questions remains to be seen.

A Bill to Promote Dictatorship

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, March 7

A MAJORITY of the House Committee on Military Affairs has just reported a bill which probably is the worst measure ever recommended for passage by a committee of Congress. That this statement covers a lot of territory I am fully aware, but if there ever was a projected piece of legislation which contained more unrelieved horrors and fewer excuses for its existence than the May bill, I should like to hear of it. On reflection, I should hate to hear of it. The title consists of two and one-half lines which contain four distinct falsehoods and not one grain of truth. The title is: "To Prevent Profiteering in Time of War and to Equalize the Burdens of War and Thus Provide for the National Defense and Promote Peace." It would not prevent profiteering or equalize the burdens of war or provide for the national defense or promote peace. A perfectly adequate and truthful title for this legislative monstrosity would be: "A Bill to Provide for the Establishment of a Dictatorship upon a Declaration of War."

One hesitates to say which is the more dangerous and despicable—the provisions of the bill itself or the hypocritical attempt to cloak them under a pretense of righteousness. Congressional hypocrisy is found in many forms and degrees. Here it is singularly cynical because it seeks to achieve its ends by taking advantage of a sentiment which is universal among decent people, namely, abhorrence of war profiteering. Its enormity may be measured by the fact that whereas it is assumed the American people would only go to war if they believed their liberties were gravely menaced, this measure would automatically deprive them of their most cherished liberties the moment the war began. In a sense they would lose the war by act of Congress before a shot was fired. The Hill-Sheppard measure which this bill supplants was less obnoxious in many respects.

The favorable reporting of such a measure at this time may be laid to several factors. Foremost, of course, is the kindling of the war spirit in Congress under the vigorous fanning of admirals hungry for larger and larger appropriations. Another and familiar cause is the general drabness of life in the House of Representatives which drives nonentities to snatch at every opportunity to lift themselves even momentarily from deserved obscurity. This motive doubtless operated with unusual force in the case of Representative May, a Kentucky popinjay who recently moved into the committee chairmanship made vacant by Lister Hill's escape to the Senate. Theretofore he had succeeded in attracting notice chiefly by his efforts in behalf of Southern electric-power companies, practically none of which was calculated to raise him in public esteem. Such considerations may seem piffling, but it is a mistake to underestimate their consequences in the House.

Under this bill the President would be empowered to do a countless variety of things simply by proclamation. He could draft men for war or civilian service. He could grant or refuse licenses to business and industry. He could allocate raw materials and requisition finished products. He could fix prices, rents, commissions, rates, services, and rewards. He could reorganize the government out of all semblance of its normal structure. He could smash labor unions or compel their universal recognition. His power would be bridled in one instance—he could not control the press, except, of course, in cases where he might decide to shut off the supply of white paper and ink. The bill reaches a climax of absurdity when it presumes to advise future war-time Congresses—as if future Congresses would not be as avid as this one to demonstrate the depth of their wisdom and the temper of their "patriotism"!

One sensible argument could be made for this bill. If war comes, some degree of Presidential dictatorship is inevitable. It might be said that the presence of such a measure on the statute books would serve as a frightful warning—a bill to promote peace by inadvertence.

In the quarter-century which has elapsed since the Mulhall scandal the National Association of Manufacturers has learned something. It has learned new and costlier methods of antagonizing public opinion. If it has learned anything else, the fact did not appear during last week's sessions of the La Follette investigation. Once it bribed Congressmen and page boys; now it seeks to bribe whole committees. The old device of a thousand-dollar bill in the palm has been replaced with an elaborate program whereby business men, taxpayers, professional workers, and school children are told by radio, screen, billboard, cartoon, and canned editorial that their existence depends on peace in the mills. To put it more bluntly, they are told the only way they can hope to get along is by keeping the damn labor agitators out. It has worked in some places, but in the long run it will certainly be listed with all such costly and stupid follies.

For some of this propaganda, indeed, the members have paid and are still paying.

Senator La Follette

Thousands of dollars—of their own money—were spent to tell them that the Wagner Act did not apply to manufacturing. Even when such advice was originally free, as was that supplied by the Liberty League's sweet-scented lawyers, the cost of acting on it was heavy. Additional thousands were disbursed to educate them in the technique of forming company unions. Now they have learned from a chastened Supreme Court that the law does apply to manufacturing and that the company-formed company union is an outlaw.

If the fact needed emphasis, the hearings are serving the purpose of emphasizing once more that in the United States little business is almost invariably the dupe of big business. Babbitt is never so cheerful as when supplying the noose for his own neck. Examination of the association structure showed that with more than 4,000 members its policies are dominated by 207 corporations, whose officers in 1936 drew aggregate salaries of $88,750,000. It may be assumed that a substantial majority of the 4,000 are peaceful citizens, but 60 per cent of all the tear gas sold to industrial concerns in recent years was bought by these 207 companies, and 55 of them paid $2,225,000 for espionage in the years 1933 to 1937. The success or failure of a vast majority of the N. A. M. members unquestionably depends upon the purchasing power of workers, yet the evidence showed them religiously coughing up money for propaganda devised for the sole purpose of holding down the purchasing power of those workers.

How were they frightened into doing it? Don't take my word for it; read the testimony of Robert L. Lund, head of the Lambert Pharmacal Company, and Ernest T. Weir, head of the National Steel Corporation. They were told about the plans of the New York *Daily Worker* for undermining American industry! To what extent this was an extraordinarily silly attempt to justify sinister activity and what part was sheer boobery may be left to individual judgment.

Chamberlain's Treason

BY ROBERT DELL

Geneva, February 22

THE week that began with Hitler's ultimatum to Austria and ended with Anthony Eden's resignation was surely the most important week in the post-war history of Europe. The events of the past five years reached their climax. The successful bluff and blackmail of the fascist powers on the one hand and the incapacity and poltroonery of the Western democratic powers on the other produced a situation in which the British government had to choose between loyal cooperation with France and Russia to save Europe from fascism and adhesion to the fascist bloc. Neville Chamberlain chose the latter alternative. Eden, to his honor, refused to be a party to it. We cannot but regret that he did not make this choice in 1935 when the British government capitulated to Mussolini, but he has wiped out his weaknesses of the last two years by an act of courage which shows that he is made of stouter stuff than some of us had believed. The fact that he has been followed into retirement by Cranborne, the representative of a family that embodies the best tradition of English conservatism, is not negligible. Those of us who have seen Cranborne at Geneva have formed a high opinion of his character, in spite of several deplorable lapses. He has something in common with his uncle, Lord Cecil of Chelwood, whose evolution in the last few years has been so remarkable. The truth is no doubt that Eden and Cranborne have not fully realized until now the real nature of the policy of which they have been the instruments. They are to be congratulated on their escape from the gang of political crooks by whom my unhappy country is at present governed.

If Neville Chamberlain and the "Cliveden group"—the title is taken from Lord Astor's country house—have their way, it will not be long before Hitler is the master of the European continent. Some time or other the story will have to be told of the part played in the pro-German intrigue that led to the recent crisis by the family of American millionaire snobs who migrated to England to get themselves made into aristocrats and whose money has enabled them to lay hands on two of the most important London newspapers. The one hope is that the English people will revolt as they did at the time of the Hoare-Laval plan and prevent Neville Chamberlain from putting the power of the British Empire at the disposal of Hitler. It is as yet too early to form any opinion on that point, but there are already certain encouraging signs.

It is to Hitler, not to Mussolini, that Chamberlain and his fascist gang are capitulating. They are not afraid of Mussolini. They know as well as anybody that he is in a precarious situation, that Italy does not really count as a military power and is not a serious menace to England. The conversations that began yesterday are conversations not with Mussolini alone but with Mussolini as the mouthpiece of the fascist bloc. Neville Chamberlain's aim, as he said plainly in the House of Commons yesterday, is an understanding with Germany and Italy into which he hopes to drag France. He proposes to revive the Four-Power Pact, that is, to substitute for the League of Nations a directorate of England and Germany, with France and Italy as far from brilliant seconds.

There is no longer any question of Vansittart's fatuous policy of trying to detach Italy from Germany. Neville

Chamberlain knows that there is no hope of breaking the Berlin-Rome axis. He proposes to convert it into a London-Berlin-Rome axis. Not for centuries has England been put in so humiliating a position. As the London *News-Chronicle* said yesterday, Chamberlain "may now look in the mud for what is left of British prestige." Eden was forced out of office on the very day on which Hitler made a personal attack on him in the most truculent speech he has yet delivered. Chamberlain has condoned Hitler's pacific aggression against Austria, if he did not connive at it in advance, as is not impossible. It came to my knowledge not long ago that a certain diplomatic representative in Berlin had reported to his government that the British ambassador to Berlin, Sir Nevile Henderson, had said to a prominent member of the German government in the presence of several other persons that he did not understand why Germany had not already annexed Austria seeing that, so far as he could gather, the majority of the Austrians were Nazis already. Chamberlain has been disloyal to France, for in defiance of the agreement arrived at in the Anglo-French conversations in November he started the negotiations with Italy without consulting the French government. Indeed, he acted in opposition to it, for as soon as the French government heard of the first meeting between Chamberlain and Grandi on February 18, it informed the British government that, in its opinion, any negotiations with Italy at the moment would be "inopportune and premature."

Eden's departure has at least cleared the air. The policy of the majority of the English Conservative Party is now so plainly revealed in all its naked hideousness that nobody in England or in France or elsewhere can have any excuse for being misled. Eden said in his speech yesterday that a firm attitude on the part of the British government was more necessary than ever at this moment. I do not believe that there is a single intelligent observer of international affairs in any European country that does not agree with him. Even if the attempt to set up an Anglo-German hegemony in Europe succeeds, the time will come when Hitler will attack the British Empire. He says in "Mein Kampf" that at first Germany must not try to become a world power, since that would antagonize England and make impossible an alliance between England and Germany. But he also says that ultimately "Germany will be a world power or nothing at all." Clearly Hitler's idea is to make use of England to get the territory that he needs in Central Europe and then to discard it. Foreign observers see this so clearly and are so convinced that Neville Chamberlain's policy of playing into Hitler's hands cannot ultimately serve British interests that they are incined to attribute that policy merely to a craven fear of Germany.

In my opinion they are mistaken. I have been more and more coming to the conclusion that at the basis of the foreign policy of the British reactionaries during the last five years have been hatred of Soviet Russia and fear of the growing force of organized labor in England and still more in France. There is every reason to believe that they were behind Chautemps and Georges Bonnet when the latter deliberately provoked the defeat of the late Chautemps government for the purpose of separating the Socialists from the Communists and driving the latter out of the Popular Front. There is also every reason to believe that the attacks on the franc, for the instability of which there was no technical reason, were engineered in the City of London with the connivance of French financial interests and even of certain members of the late Chautemps Cabinet. The terrible irony of the situation is that Léon Blum and his colleagues in the first Popular Front government allowed themselves to be made the tools of a foreign policy fundamentally opposed to the interests of France and initiated by their worst enemies. The pro-German gang in England represented by Neville Chamberlain are not mere craven imbeciles. They are much more like traitors, putting the interests of their class before those of their country.

On February 12, after five years of rearmament, Hitler began to apply his program of territorial aggrandizement in Europe. The methods by which he forced the unhappy Schuschnigg to yield to his demands constituted as flagrant an act of aggression as an armed invasion. The best account of what happened was given by G. E. R. Gedye in the London *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post,** of which he is the Vienna correspondent. Before Schuschnigg left Vienna for Berchtesgaden on February 11 he was given to understand that the Nazi plan for his overthrow, found on January 26 in the safe of Captain Leopold's headquarters in Vienna, would be put into force if he declined Hitler's invitation. According to this plan, which was signed R. H. (Rudolf Hess), the Austrian and German Nazis in collaboration were to promote frontier incidents and at the same time the Austrian Nazis were to start terrorist activities in the interior. As soon as the Austrian police took action the German army was to cross the frontier to prevent "Germans from shedding the blood of Germans." For this purpose German troops were to be massed on the frontier under the pretext of maneuvers and were to be under the command of General von Reichenau, corps commandant at Munich, who was described in the Hess plan as "Commander of the Army of Intervention in Austria."

When Schuschnigg went to Berchtesgaden, German troops were actually concentrated on the frontier opposite Salzburg. General von Reichenau was the first person introduced by Hitler to Schuschnigg at Berchtesgaden, and he and two other generals, if they did not actually take part in the conversations, were in the antechamber to intimidate Schuschnigg. Hitler gave Schuschnigg an ultimatum which expired on February 16. Failing an affirmative reply from the Austrian government by that date, the German troops were to march into Austria. What could Schuschnigg do but give way, knowing as he did that he could expect no help from anybody, not even from Mussolini? He did not, however, give way on every point, for he appears to have refused to agree to Hitler's demand that Austria should support Germany in whatever action Germany might take against Czechoslovakia. Nevertheless, unless something quite unforeseen happens, the formal annexation of Austria to Germany can be only a question of time.

* Mr. Gedye's account also appeared in the New York *Times* of February 17.

It appears from Eden's speech yesterday that the attitude of the British government in regard to the coup against Austria was also a cause of his differences with Neville Chamberlain. The French government asked the British government a few days ago to join in making representations in Berlin to the effect that England and France would not again tolerate being faced with a *fait accompli,* and that they would not tolerate the destruction of Austrian independence or any interference with Czechoslovakia. Nothing has yet been published about the British reply to this proposal, but no doubt it was in the negative. Yet the British government signed the Treaty of St. Germain by which Austrian independence was put under the protection of the League of Nations. Hitler's success in this matter has caused great alarm here in Switzerland, where it is recognized that, if such methods are tolerated, no small country in Europe will be safe. Hitler's truculent speech on February 20 shows that he now believes himself able to do anything with impunity. That any British government should propose to come to an understanding with Nazi Germany after this speech is an enormity.

The worst element in the situation is the terrible position of France. Most people in that country are now beginning to recognize what a blunder the policy of sacrificing everything to British friendship has been. They are beginning to see that France has been betrayed by her false friends, the British reactionaries. That brilliant journalist, Emile Buré, described England and France a few days ago as *l'aveugle et le paralytique.* Alas! France is now paralyzed because the French, too, have been blind. Except during the eight months in 1934 when Louis Barthou was Foreign Minister, every successive French government in the last five years has blindly followed the orders issued from London. It is exasperating to remember that in 1936 the Blum Cabinet, under British influence, refused the offer of a pact of mutual assistance made to France by the Little Entente. The Blum Cabinet when it came into office had an immense opportunity. Had it revived and extended Barthou's policy, it could have secured the peace of Europe without sacrificing the friendship of England. As it is, the British government has succeeded in estranging France from Russia, and in destroying the Little Entente and the Balkan Entente. Poland, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Greece have one after the other been drawn into the German orbit, because, as a Balkan diplomatist said to me some time ago, they could have no confidence in people who were incapable of defending even their own interests.

Czechoslovakia is isolated in Central Europe. After Hitler's speech there can be no doubt that he intends to use against Czechoslovakia the methods that he has used so successfully against Austria. The probability is that Czechoslovakia will resist, in which case France and Russia will be bound to go to its aid, and if they do the result will be a European war into which the English people will be drawn whether they like it or not. If, on the other hand, France does not fulfil its treaty obligations, Hitler will be the master of Central Europe and Czechoslovakia will no doubt be partitioned among Germany, Hungary, and Poland. Russia is not bound to go to the aid of Czechoslovakia unless France does. It is a heartrending situation.

Risks—the Key to Recovery

BY SUMNER H. SLICHTER

I

SEVERAL months ago we spoke of the business recession. Now quite frankly we say depression. Nevertheless, there is an excellent chance that the next two months will see a revival in the consumers'-goods industries, partly seasonal and partly based on the replenishment of inventories. The crucial question is whether this revival will carry over into a substantial and sustained increase in the demand for capital goods.

This question provokes two points of view—one optimistic, one pessimistic. The optimists regard the depression as a temporary interruption of recovery from the Great Depression, an interruption brought about by the collapse of speculation in commodities last year. They stress two points. The first is that financial conditions in general (railroads excepted) are strong, and that despite the vigorous speculation of last year there has been no credit collapse and there is no speculative wreckage to clear away. The second is that the country has made relatively little progress in eliminating the shortages of durable goods—housing, railroad equipment, public-utility equipment, industrial equipment in general—that accumulated for five years during the Great Depression. Hence the optimists believe that a pick-up in the light industries will soon produce a broad demand for housing and industrial equipment.

The pessimists admit that the potential demand for capital goods is large, though some of them believe that it is overestimated by the optimists. They point out, however, that throughout almost the entire recovery period the country has experienced difficulty in developing a sustained demand for capital goods. True, for a period of about nine months last year the heavy industries were almost as busy as in 1929. But this activity in the main was not based upon long-term planning. Most of it represented replacement of equipment rather than expansion, and it was financed from unexpended depreciation allowances rather than by new security issues. A large part of the accumulated depreciation allowances have been spent. Hence there is no hope for sustained recovery in the capital-goods industries unless we develop a strong new-issues market—something we have not succeeded in doing during the last five years except for the highest-grade issues. The pessimists regard it as an evil omen that when the worldwide commodity boom collapsed last April the United States was the only country in which the demand for capital goods also collapsed. The very fact that the demand for capital goods here lacked vigor will make it difficult, in their view, to reestablish it.

The pessimists also point out that there are special obstacles to expansion in the demand for housing, railroad equipment, and electrical equipment. In the case of housing, expansion is limited by the fact that the effective demand for housing is small. It is true that few houses have been built in recent years and that responsible statisticians estimate the shortage to be between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 houses. It is ridiculous, however, to argue that a nation which spent $5,000,000,000 last year on automobiles could not buy 500,000 or 750,000 houses a year if it wished them. In 1937 only 280,000 houses were built. The hard fact of the matter seems to be that people prefer to economize by renting old houses and to use their money for automobiles, radios, refrigerators, and vacations. In other words, housing is in fierce competition for the consumer's dollar with these other industries, and it has been losing out in this competition ever since 1926. In 1920 a cheap six-cylinder car cost about 40 per cent as much as a cheap house; in 1937 a cheap car cost about 20 per cent as much as a cheap house, and the car had improved more than the house. Housing will not be a major influence in producing revival until it can compete with other industries by giving the consumer much more for his money.

The pessimists believe that a revival of business will not produce much buying of equipment by the railroads until it is fairly clear that the revival will last for some time. Increases in railroad costs and shrinkage in railroad traffic have so drastically reduced the profits of the roads that they must pursue an exceedingly conservative buying policy.

Most of the pessimists admit that the electric-utility industry offers more hope for an immediate expansion of demand than either housing or railroads. This is a young and growing industry which was making large capital outlays until well into the depression and which today could advantageously spend large amounts on improvements and extensions. The utilities are held back by their unsatisfactory political situation. The government has embarked upon the production of power, and no one knows how its competition will be conducted or how far it will go. No one knows to what extent the plants of the utilities will be duplicated or to what extent the utilities may be compelled to dismember their systems by selling part of their plants to the government. Until these uncertainties are removed, expansion by the electric-utility industry will be on a hand-to-mouth basis.

The pessimists conclude their case by pointing to signs of recession abroad, particularly in Great Britain, and by reminding us that it will be difficult to accomplish a sustained recovery here in the face of recession abroad.

II

Whether one be an optimist or a pessimist, one can agree that the crux of the recovery problem is making sure that expansion in the consumers'-goods industries does lead to substantial and sustained expansion for capital-goods industries. And whether one be an optimist or a pessimist, one can agree that the prospect of such a carry-over is so uncertain that nothing should be left undone which might help to bring it about. What might be done?

One school of thought would revert to the "pump-priming" of 1933-35. They would have the government deliberately incur a huge deficit and spend it on public works or armaments. Pump-priming is stimulating as long as it lasts. The difficulty with it is that it does not produce much long-term planning, because business men hold back in expectation of a recession as soon as the pump-priming ceases. This does not mean, however, that a moderate deficit, say about $1,500,000,000, would be undesirable. A depression is a time when individuals are saving more than they are investing. In order to prevent these savings from being hoarded, and thus making the depression worse, a way is needed for using them to support the demand for goods. A deficit of $1,500,000,000 is large enough to give considerable support to consumer demand and to provide an outlet for savings that might be hoarded, but it is not large enough to arouse inflationary fears. The business man knows that the ultimate result of inflation is collapse. Consequently, when he fears inflation, he tries very hard to avoid long-term commitments—the very kind which need to be encouraged.

Another major suggestion is that a general increase in production be brought about by "planning." The proposals are vague, but the idea has been suggested by the President himself, and it finds some favor in the government. But who is to make the plans, how is their execution to be accomplished, and, above all, how are producers to be assured that there will be a demand at profitable prices for the planned output? All planning schemes rest upon a misunderstanding of the essential nature of our industrial system. Ours is the kind of economy which flourishes only when business men are disposed to take chances, when they are willing to spend money for the purpose of seizing an opportunity to make money. Now, chance-taking by many thousands of business men scattered from coast to coast and from Canada to the Gulf cannot be planned. It can be induced and encouraged, but it cannot be ordered or forced. In fact, the very efforts of the government to plan production and business activity are likely to alarm business men and make them hunt for security rather than take chances.

III

All this helps to define the essential problem of stimulating the capital-goods industries. Clearly it is one of encouraging business enterprises to take risks on a larger scale, to attempt to develop new markets, and to spend money on new methods and new products. No single policy can assure this, but the following steps would help.

Let the government begin to open up new investment opportunities by defining its policy toward the electric utilities in terms which make it plain that operating systems (as distinguished from holding companies) will not be dismembered, and legitimate private investments in them will not be destroyed. The utility industry, more than almost any other, is in an economic position to make substantial capital outlays. The public little knows what the present undefined utility policy of the government is costing the country in terms of unemployment and a lower standard of living. Certainly the cost is many times what the public may expect to get back in the form of lower rates, for electricity is one of the smallest items in the cost of living. Even a cut of one-third in rates would not save most customers a dollar a month.

Let the government use its moral influence to facilitate reductions in the prices of building materials and the wages of building labor. If a house which now costs $4,000 could be offered for $3,500, and on more attractive terms, many people probably would be induced to use their old cars a year or two longer and to cut down on their vacation plans in order to make the first payment on a house. This incidentally would give other people a chance to move up into better quarters at little or no increase in rent. The very fact that there are now so many relatively new automobiles in use gives the housing industry an excellent opportunity to induce people to buy houses provided it prices them attractively.

Although railroad buying must be governed primarily by the prospects for traffic, the ability of the railroads to purchase better and more economical equipment would be increased by a drastic reorganization of the thirty-eight major roads now in receivership or bankruptcy. These financially weak roads can be converted into strong ones if we have the courage to make drastic cuts in their fixed charges. This is a golden opportunity which should not be allowed to pass.

Let the government sponsor repeal of the tax on undistributed profits except as it applies to non-operating corporations created for purposes of tax evasion. Mr. Eccles in his recent testimony before the Senate committee argued that it is deflationary to encourage corporations to reduce their debts and lay away reserves against times of stress, but this is not quite true. Excessive debts can be deflationary, as the present condition of the railways eloquently testifies. Furthermore, the ability of corporations to attract outside capital often depends upon the willingness of the management to plow back part of the earnings. The effects of repeal, however, should not be exaggerated, because eliminating the tax would create no new investment opportunities. It would simply make enterprises more responsive to such opportunities as they arise. Business men are particularly fearful of the undistributed-profits tax because, rightly or wrongly, they regard it as a tax, not upon income, but upon capital accumulation, a tax designed to penalize corporations which undertake to strengthen their financial condition.

Most important of all, let the government sponsor reforms in the income tax designed to encourage capital to take chances in private industry rather than to seek security in municipal and other government bonds. Despite the fact that ours is the kind of economy which flourishes only when capital is disposed to take chances, the United States has developed an income tax which penalizes capital heavily when it enters private industry and rewards it generously when it seeks security in government bonds. This is because income from private investments is taxed at rates which exceed 50 per cent for the higher brackets, while income from government securities is either partially or entirely exempt. Such a system will have to be modified unless we are prepared to substitute state capitalism for private capitalism.

In this connection, it is significant that one of the most universal demands of "the little business men" in Washington recently was for government help in obtaining funds. Scattered around the country are many hundreds of capitalists, small when judged by metropolitan standards, who in times past have been ready to put money into ventures which looked promising to them. Quite often the investments of these capitalists took the form of picking promising young business men, usually men without funds, backing them with capital, and giving them a chance to buy a share in the business out of profits. Capital of this sort has taken long chances, and it has gone into factories, mines, stores, and real-estate developments that no bank or insurance company could possibly consider—ventures which were not exactly "wild-cat" affairs but which some wag has called "tame wild cats." It is the kind of capital which is most useful in starting new enterprises and in making competition vigorous and industry dynamic. Although the local capitalists who have supplied these venturesome funds are not multimillionaires, they are rich enough so that the government is likely to take 40 or 50 per cent of the profits from their successful guesses. And one bad guess, of course, is sufficient to cancel the profits of several good ones. This is why the tax system has dried up the supplies of our most venturesome capital and why the "little business men" cannot get funds at the same time that interest rates in the gilt-edge market have been driven down to record-breaking lows.

Probably the most important single step which the government could take to encourage sustained revival in the capital-goods industries would be (1) to sponsor a constitutional amendment making possible federal taxation of state and municipal bonds, and (2) to commit itself to reduction of income taxes in the higher brackets upon the adoption of the amendment. The result would not be to lighten the tax burden borne by the rich, but to end the discrimination which now encourages capital to hunt for security rather than to take risks.

A proper consideration of the problem of recovery should not confine itself to what the government should do. Business itself has broad responsibilities, particularly in an industrial system such as ours in which private initiative is the mainspring. When business men demand that the government restore confidence, they overlook the fact that confidence is only superficially a matter of relations between the government and business. More fundamentally, it is a matter of relations between business and the community. Business will not have confidence in the future until it feels that it possesses the friendship and the good-will of the community. All of this means that the responsibility for restoring confidence rests as much upon business as upon the government. Once business wins the good-will of the community, the relation of business to government takes care of itself.

Business needs to correct many policies in order to gain the good-will of the community, but enterprises could probably get the most immediate return by improving their relations with organized labor. Indeed, in a democratic society, it is simply not safe for business to be on bad terms with a large and powerful labor movement. Many times during the last year business men have complained that bad relations between employers and organized labor have weakened business confidence and retarded recovery. This probably is true, but business men have it within their power to make these relations good. During the last several years leading enterprises in the steel, electric, oil, and rubber industries have succeeded in working out friendly relations with labor unions. If these enterprises can do this, why cannot others? A strong determination by business managers to build up cooperative relations with organized labor would go far to improve relations between business and the community and to solve the problem of business confidence.

IV

These problems of restoring prosperity which now confront us are far more than simply problems of 1938 and of this particular depression. They are aspects of what may be called the paramount economic problem of the twentieth century. This is the problem of encouraging risk-taking by private capital, of encouraging investment. It is a truism that consumption varies with the level of employment and that employment varies with the volume of new investment. The encouragement of investment, therefore, is a matter which far transcends the interest of investors. Almost everyone's standard of living depends upon keeping new investment large enough to absorb the current savings of the community.

During the nineteenth century, when the vacant continents of North America, South America, Africa, Australia, and large parts of Asia were being developed with the savings of Europe, no one needed to worry much about maintaining the volume of investment. But conditions have changed. With vacant continents no longer awaiting development, with the increase in population slowing up, with many barriers interfering with the international movement of capital, no longer can we take it for granted that investment will maintain itself. The encouragement of investment must become a major objective of public policy. Upon the ability of democracies to appreciate this fact will depend their ability to operate the capitalist system—the only system, I suspect, under which power in the community can be sufficiently divided and dispersed to make democracy possible. And upon the ability of democracies to encourage investment will depend also their ability to keep opportunity abundant and, therefore, social conflict mild, and to avoid the repression and regimentation that are the inevitable results of severe social conflict.

Columnists on Parade

III. HUGH-AND-CRY JOHNSON

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

HUGH S. JOHNSON is an old Lochinvar out of the West. He was born in Fort Scott, Kansas, and he has been answering bugle calls ever since. His family moved to Oklahoma Territory, where he grew up among subject Indians, hard-swearing frontiersmen, and horses, in the wide open spaces of a pioneer country. He tried to enlist with the Rough Riders at sixteen but was saved for West Point. From Fort Clark, Texas, he rushed to the rescue in the San Francisco earthquake, and he served in the Philippines and on the Mexican border. His army name was "Tuffy." He talked out of the corner of his mouth and began roaring at privates at an early age. On the side he wrote sentimental stories for boys about soldiers and adventurers. His heroes were gallant men talking slang. The stories got published, thereby launching the soldier on what his syndicate blurb fondly calls his literary pursuits. Occasionally in his column he still writes stories for elder children glorifying great defeated soldiers like Ludendorff and great statesmen like Newton D. Baker. Between the Philippines and the Mexican expeditions he got a law degree at the University of California. He was with Pershing in the Mexican days. From then on he was forced to do his fighting behind the lines. In the autumn of 1916 he went to Washington during a leave—and General Crowder ordered him to stay. It was the autumn when Wilson was reelected to keep us out of war, but "for us, the war was just around the corner" and Hugh Johnson's happiest years lay just ahead. "General Crowder," he writes in one of the simplest sentences in his book ("The Blue Eagle from Egg to Earth"), "had been interested all his life in the subject of mobilization." Hugh Johnson had the privilege of writing the draft provision into the mobilization plans. The General is very proud of this episode; he repeated the story only a few weeks ago in his column. It has many implications in this period of new wars. I quote, with a few underlinings of my own:

> *That was months before we declared war on Germany.* President Wilson . . . told the Secretary he wanted a bill prepared by the next day authorizing him to raise a vast army during the recess of Congress if developments in our relations with Germany required it. . . .
>
> *Without any discussion whatever* I wrote a paragraph providing for conscription. Mr. Baker was supposed to be a pacifist. . . . The Secretary did not hesitate at all. . . . *In advance of statutory authority* we set up all the machinery for conscription.

In his book he dwells fondly on this point:

> Printing [of registration forms] in advance of the statute was absolutely illegal . . .
>
> . . . by breaking law and regulations we saved at least six weeks.

The next job, writes Johnson, " was to inform and convince the country of just what was necessary"; and it is another of his proud memories that having taken "two days off literally to soak myself in the style and writings of Woodrow Wilson," he wrote the President's draft proclamation: "It is in no sense a conscription of the unwilling; it is rather a selection from a nation which has volunteered in mass. . . ."

Remember? We know the rest. The "selling" campaign (Johnson's phrase) was a great success. And Johnson at least has few regrets. One is that he didn't get to France.

In writing the Recovery Act, at the request of another President, Johnson and his aides "wrote in a provision for vast naval construction which—to our astonishment—was never even questioned. . . . We never even discussed that naval provision. . . . I simply wrote it."

If these episodes do not square with the General's frequent appeals to public opinion, it is because you do not understand his ideal of public opinion. It was exemplified during the war. He recently scoffed at the idea of a dictatorship in the United States, though he had himself taken part in what is generally regarded as a pretty good imitation of one during the war:

> . . . it is the worst material in the world [he is speaking of American soldiers] on which to attempt the goose-stepping, heiling, posturing, sheep-herding, bunk and ballyhoo that must go with any attempt to take away their right to a say in their own government.

He says he knows because he saw a cross-section of them in the draft of 1917!

The war period remains for Johnson the golden day of idealism, unity, leadership, powerful purpose, and Hugh Johnson helping to run things. He was in his element on the War Industries Board assisting one of his heroes, Bernie Baruch. He loves to "straighten things out." He loves great men. His devotion to Wilson, Baker, and Baruch is deep and characteristic. His psychology is that of a top sergeant; and his chief is invariably a great man to whom he gives undying loyalty, confidence, and affection, and whom the world does not truly appreciate. He delights in a similar loyalty from his own subordinates.

When the great days were over, Johnson resigned from the army—a brigadier general at thirty-six—and became associated with Bernie Baruch. Since then he has lived in the never-never land of enlightened capitalism and voluntary cooperation. Its contradictions match his own, but the General has so much energy and is so tough that contradictions naturally "roll off his back like a duck," as Sam Goldwyn would say. Action, devotion, facts, service. He marches in a cloud of dust kicked up by his own fierce forays which obscures distances and fills him with a happy sense of going somewhere.

As a big-time military man who had added big business to his repertory, the general of emergency answered the bugle call of the NRA with gusto. He went about the country in a whirlwind of "straightening things out" and "cracking down" on "chiselers." "Witch doctors" and "dead cats" assailed him, and "those who were seeing things under the bed," such as NRA "dictators."

Labor didn't really appreciate him, although in Johnson's opinion the NRA did more for labor than unions had ever done. Johnson is sentimental about labor. In the land of enlightened capitalism labor lies down with capital, and business is a "joint adventure." He genuinely wants everybody to be happy. The profit system is best, and to the General it presents no conflicts that cannot be resolved by codes and cooperation. Labor and management are partners. "There is never a proper question of *what is the most labor can get out of management*. . . . There is never either a proper question of *what is the least that management can pay labor* [Johnson's italics]." He is a King Canute telling capital and labor they must not act like capital and labor. He is hurt when they persist in their folly. He envisions a touching partnership named "Labor, Management & Co." He believes in the vertical organization of the whole of labor in a given industry and he admires John Lewis—"he knows so much more about the bituminous coal industry than many of its managers that I used to feel sorry for them in some joint conferences." But wait. He does not mean to condemn craft unions, and he admires Bill Green and craft-union leaders. He wrote in his book:

> . . . I never saw him [Bill Green] in a spot where the national interest was involved when he did not come forward. . . . He repudiated the general strike on the Pacific Coast with even more emphatic words than mine. He has smashed at communism whenever it raised its head. . . . In finding leadership for the new vertical units, I think it highly necessary to make heavy drafts on the experienced leaders of the craft unions.

What this country needs is a labor policy, and he could pick a team to draft one. He revels in picking teams.

If I have referred often to the General's book it is because it reveals so fully the complicated convictions out of which his columns come. It teems with plans and platforms that he "simply wrote." It teems also with remarks such as "if I had it to do over again" and "I still think my plan was best."

How he would like to have it to do over again! His column is the column of a top sergeant on leave. It is mainly devoted to criticism of the Administration. He carefully distinguishes the first (his) New Deal from what he calls the third New Deal. Its confusions and contradictions are an easy target, and the General has been around enough to have a good supply of ammunition. But the implication is that the third New Deal is more confused than the first. At least the General prefers his own brand. His solution for the country's problems is to accept the "economic behemoths" as

> . . . natural growths under natural laws which have brought great benefits—together with whatever burdens and abuses may be proved . . . but give people, through their government, a say in the correction of proved abuses by letting these corporations live but requiring them to operate under supervision of government and with its cooperation in some such tribunal as might be called a "high court" of commerce.

It sounds well, but the NRA, relying on persuasion, was not a howling success, while the War Industries Board, which was, worked through compulsion. The abuses of the behemoths must be curbed, but the Administration's brand of regulation does not suit him. Now that Roosevelt is retreating to Richberg's line, the General must approve. For the present he sees dictation everywhere—"things under the bed." He has made his peace with Richberg, who has come over to enlightened capitalism and voluntary cooperation, but he is still bitter about Madam Perkins. The New Deal is "trying to fenagle the popular support of wages-and-hours legislation into a fascist control of labor." The New Deal's agricultural policy "is a fascist control over croppage." He refers to the "radical fascist fringe of the President's advisers." He speaks of the "third New Deal approach to totalitarian government." He is very tender of big business. As for the talk of monopoly, "There are some price abuses, but to accuse all business, or even all big business, of them is the most dangerous and vicious and least brave and honest kind of political demagoguery." He scoffed at the idea of a "food trust."

"Since 1925 the steel industry has earned less than 4 per cent on its investment." Pity the poor steel industry. During the NRA he was most bitter toward those critics who said that it encouraged monopoly by crowding out the little fellow. In the same breath he said that businesses that couldn't meet the code standards didn't deserve to survive—which is a good principle but seldom hits the big fellow. The du Pont family is a "distinguished [one] with a fine record of public service in both peace and war." "Messrs. Weir, Sloan, and Chester are all men of good-will." He blames the Administration for the recession. "The present depression," he said in a recent speech, "was made by one man and can be lifted by one man, and his name is Franklin D. Roosevelt."

When it comes to plans for war, Johnson is on the side of the President and the generals and admirals. "The President's armament request could be improved upon only by asking much more." There followed a nightmarish picture of fascist invasion of the American continent. He seemed not to be aware of the secret Mobilization Day plans of the General Staff, prepared "in advance of statutory authority," which will convert this government into a dictatorship overnight. We must avoid war profiteering and inflation, but we must be careful not to kill the profit incentive. "Our profits incentive has worked to the greatest result of production in history. The compulsion idea is an unproved experiment." The draft of course is a different matter. Privates will fight out of pure patriotism provided they are drafted and public opinion is behind them, but apparently Johnson's captains of industry cannot be expected to do the same. He's right, of course.

On the question of aliens the General is a belligerent American. On February 15 he raged against aliens like Sonja Henie, who are taking good money out of the country:

> . . . counting the bootlegged ones, we are probably supporting 3,000,000 aliens in jobs or on relief, and when you include these highly perfumed specimens it is costing plenty—we with ten millions unemployed and running WPA theaters and orchestras to support a surplus of mummers and piccolo players in nude eel propaganda. [Syntax and pun Johnson's]. . . . Every time I hear that juvenile lime-juice adenoidal accent [he is speaking of Freddie Bartholomew] playing an American kid and think of Jackie Coogan and Shirley Temple I want to wring that little Briton's little neck—not because he's British or Bartholomew, but because we've got plenty of good kids of our own.

It calls up another incident in Nogales, Arizona, when a Mexican garrison from across the border gave the American officers' corps a dinner. Hugh Johnson, called upon for a speech, said in Spanish: "Here's to the day when the American flag will fly from the North Pole to the Isthmus of Panama—then we can all be brothers in arms." His chauvinism works both ways.

Johnson's style is vigorous and noisy, picturesque and allusive. In his book he describes the scene in which he took leave of his faithful employees. He indulged in an address, reprinted in full, that reduced his "army" and himself to tears and must have reminded the General of Washington's farewell to his troops. It was sprinkled with literary and Biblical references—to the Sermon on the Mount, the Golden Rule, the last words of Madam Butterfly in Italian ("To die with honor when you can no longer live with honor"). I like his paraphrase, in honor of NRA, of the lines of his "favorite poetess":

> But oh my foes and ah my friends
> It was a lovely fight.

His columns likewise abound with allusions. One has the impression that he has read widely—and out loud. His mind is a battlefield in which he rushes in all directions roaring at the enemy. The enemy of the moment is the third New Deal, but I cannot help feeling that the General is only on leave.

When he left the NRA he had no word of blame for his beloved chief, the President, who trusted him to the end. He criticizes Roosevelt, but his real bitterness is reserved for the present advisers of the President, the White House "janissaries" who read books like Lundberg's "America's Sixty Families" instead of listening to B. M. Baruch. On March 4 he wrote a furious column headed "Baruch Snubbed" on the occasion of the report that the President had said he had read only the headlines about Baruch's testimony before the Senate Unemployment Committee. Five Presidents, he said, had requested Baruch's advice on national economic affairs, and he "had a powerful part in advising the broad principles of the first New Deal—the magnificent New Deal of early 1933, under which this nation recorded its greatest economic advance of the depression, an advance now lost." A few days earlier he had said that government requires a team of great men. I am sure that his ex-chief Roosevelt can have him back by calling him back—him and B. M. Baruch.

Needless to say, he is the darling of the editors. At first, I was told, his column did not go so well because editors thought of him as boss of the NRA. When they realized that he was vigorously anti-Administration his stock went up and he has been selling rapidly—which is a commentary on who selects columnists, the "public" or the editors. He appears in 67 newspapers, circulation 4,179,583. His column is designed for the prosperous middle class, for the service corps of industry, for editors. He is an apologist for business. The "chiseling fringe" is only about 10 per cent. His sentimentality, toughness, "picturesqueness," and authentic Americanism probably have an appeal. A general who writes a column is a novelty. Readers like the sharp sauce of a general talking slang. The editors like the anti-Administration meat beneath. I think he is sincere in his opposition to fascism. But I have no doubt that he would be willing to take part in a "voluntary" arrangement—in an "emergency" and with the support of public opinion—with himself as the tough but kindly officer in command.

[*Next week: Dale Carnegie.*]

The War in the Ether

By KARL VAN GELDERLAND

IT HAS been a major tenet of liberal thought that democracy as an institution need not try to make converts nor send out propagandists to promote its cause since the "truth" as such is bound finally to gain the upper hand over "deception." Having accepted this thesis, the Western democracies ceased to be missionary and aggressive, and post-World War developments found them in a defensive attitude, clinging to the status quo. Only recently the discovery of "thieves at work" shocked France and England and other democracies into a realization that more vigorous measures were necessary against the latest offensive of the fascist world alliance—the war in the ether. This European short-wave war has now spread to all parts of the world where ideologies and material interests clash.

Tokyo has announced that it will start construction of at least two powerful short-wave stations at Peiping and Tientsin to acquaint the world with its program of "pacifying" China. Broadcasts will be in Japanese, Chinese, and English. Italy's radio attacks on France and Britain are undermining the authority of those powers in Africa and Asia. Latin America receives daily broadcasts from Rome. General Franco has established short-wave stations in Seville and Spanish Morocco whose mission it is to expose the "rottenness of democracies"—they have referred to the French government as "a bunch of murderers."

Germany, however, stands first in this as in other fields of modern propaganda. Its short-wave messages are skilfully designed to gain sympathy for the Third Reich by justifying its territorial demands and demonstrating its peaceful intentions; to foster united blocs of German minorities abroad; and to carry on the fight against democracy, Jewry, communism, and the world's labor movement. Germany's twelve powerful short-wave stations have been hammering away on the ether for years. Operating with not less than 40,000 watts, combined with directional antennae, these stations can be heard in every part of the world. For their purposes the world is divided into six zones—North America, South America, Africa, East Asia, South Asia, and Australia—each receiving a program specially prepared for its consumption. One half of the program features German music, folk songs, sketches of present-day life in Germany, speeches by political leaders. The other half repeats most of this in English, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, French, and other languages. The League for Germanism Abroad, which plays an important role in composing the broadcasts, has announced: "Foreigners of standing, visiting Berlin, appear more and more frequently before our microphones. They give authentic testimony about the Third Reich of a most convincing nature to the people of the speaker's home country." A special department on *Weltanschauung* seeks to spread those ideas which have been universally recognized as characteristic of the Nazi ideology.

Each one of the six zones is under the direction of a member of the National Socialist Party who has had long experience in that part of the globe. "These men know the conditions in the countries to which their broadcasts are sent; they know the languages well; and they are supposed to answer every letter received from individual listeners." Old German music and folk songs are considered to have a political "cash value" as a means of strengthening the ties of Germans abroad with the mother country.

The program broadcast to the United States on January 5, for instance, contained a number of promotional items sandwiched between folk songs, music from small villages, a violin concert, and chamber music. There were five "news flashes" of fifteen minutes each; a broadcast in memory of a "Pennsylvania Dutch" poet, Henry Harbaugh; a reading by a young poet representing the Hitler Youth; and a review of the news. The news reports with which these programs are packed are not to be confused with the average American presentation. They are chosen primarily to advance the "Berlin line."

German-language publications everywhere reprint items received in the news flashes over the short wave. And since this service is generally free of charge, it is well adapted to bring small newspapers into the same line. (There are 1,700 German-language publications outside of Germany, according to the Deutsche Auslands Institut, Stuttgart, with approximately 150 in this country.) Every month thousands of programs printed in several languages are mailed to all parts of the world explaining the special significance of broadcasts to foreign listeners. That this combination of radio and press propaganda abroad is having the desired effect is shown by a statement in the report of the League for Germanism Abroad: "Eighty per cent of all letters from the United States to the German short-wave stations come from non-German listeners. The average in all zones of letters from non-German listeners amounts to 63 per cent."

Our State Department has recently become concerned about the success of European short-wave propaganda in South America. Unable to deal with the situation directly, it let it be known to the Federal Communications Commission that foreign-language short-wave broadcasts from the United States to South America should be encouraged. A year ago Commissioner George Henry Payne, in a speech before the Harvard School of Business Administration, declared that the establishment of a government short-wave radio station was "necessary for defense over the air from the attacks of foreign or unfriendly agencies." A report of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, dated October, 1937, refers to the unscrupulous methods of the fascist powers in their campaign for "spiritual occupation." "German stations," it asserts, "blanket out frequently the most powerful of the three American stations." It adds that German programs are highly favored in South American countries, while programs broadcast from the United States rank third in popularity. These observations find support in a report by Carl W. Ackerman, dean of the School of Journalism of Columbia University, who also refers to the blanketing out of American broadcasts to South America by Berlin and Rome. ("Blanketing out" is a trick well known in Europe, where radio stations illegally use the wave lengths of their opponents across the border and make a clear reception impossible. Radio Strasbourg, a strong French station, for example, sending out news in the German language, is constantly interfered with by Germany; most German-language broadcasts from Moscow are also "killed.")

An attempt to create a foreign-language short-wave system in the United States was made recently by the National Broadcasting Company, when it inaugurated a six-language short-wave program to Europe and South America. A high percentage of broadcasts, however, are given in English, and the regulations of the Federal Communications Commission, which allow performances only "in the interest of public service," bar anything of a controversial nature. The few other short-wave stations which are equipped to reach foreign countries feature educational, religious, and good-will programs, and since most of them are in English, they are rarely understood in South America. Station WIXAL in Boston, an educational station operating in conjunction with the Pan-American Union, had until recently a two-hour program in Spanish once a week—Germany broadcasts to South America for ten hours daily in Spanish, Portuguese, and German. In Europe's fascist countries the people are not allowed to listen to information on the forces active in democratic countries; witness the suppression by Propaganda Minister Goebbels of President Roosevelt's message to Congress on foreign politics, ordered broadcast in six languages.

On February 26 President Roosevelt made the first official move to counteract foreign radio propaganda in South America by appointing a government committee to investigate the whole problem of international broadcasting. The committee is expected to recommend, among other things, a federal short-wave radio station in Washington. With official encouragement of short-wave broadcasting, the old problem of commercial or non-commercial programs will again become acute. According to the FCC regulations, short-wave broadcasts must be non-commercial. Yet it can hardly be expected that the big radio chains, which have made some effort to appease the government by the installation of short-wave stations broadcasting to South America, will operate them without profit as whole-heartedly as conditions require.

When the FCC gave out rights for new frequencies on the short wave a few weeks ago, the National Broadcasting Company was denied its application for new frequencies, while General Electric, operating from Schenectady, was granted new frequencies and enlargement of facilities. The assumption is that General Electric was supposed to be less entangled internationally and to have a lively economic interest in executing the government's programs of "good-will" to South America. Only a few days ago, from the General Electric station, Sumner Welles joined various Brazilian dignitaries in a broadcast to Brazil which stressed the beginning of a "closer co-operation" between the United States and South America.

César Saerchinger, European director of the Columbia Broadcasting System for seven years, puts the entire problem of short-wave propaganda squarely before the nation when he asserts in his new book, "Hello, America": "Nazi propaganda goes out to the world wrapped in Beethoven, and Italy broadcasts propaganda buried in beautiful Italian opera. I think the democratic countries should make more than a half-hearted effort to counteract this by giving as complete and agreeable a picture of our civilization as we can."

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE news from Russia is simply appalling. That after protests from all over the world against these treason trials the largest batch of victims is now on the rack—some on charges of having conspired against Lenin twenty years ago and against the life of Maxim Gorki—is surely proof that madness has taken charge of the Soviets. If it is not the madness of a single man, then it can only be explained as a wave of hysteria sweeping over Moscow like that which led to the witch trials in New England. It actually looks as if Stalin were going to "liquidate" every last one of the men who made the revolution. Whether one man or a group is responsible, this strikes a deadly blow at all the progress made toward a decent life for the masses of Russia. It plays into the hands of the dictators who are openly for the destruction of the Soviets and, as I have written before, deprives Russia of the sympathy of those liberals the world over who, without being in the least committed to communism, have still felt that no more remarkable experiment in human government has been undertaken in modern times.

We knew that the plan to erect a great modern state which should place all the emphasis upon the welfare of the masses and not upon that of the rich and privileged might fail because of economic mistakes or an erroneous philosophy, but we never dreamed it would dig its own grave by exhibiting a blood lust without parallel. Even Hitler killed his largest batch of victims when he yielded one night to craven terror. In Russia they are killing men in cold blood twenty years after the overthrow of the Czar. As Maurice Hindus has well said, having reached the year of maturity the Soviet Union is going back to its revolutionary childhood. The Czar was not more ruthless. And there is no assurance that after these men have made their confessions of guilt in public and been done to death, the dance of death will not go on. Yet only a few weeks ago the special correspondents in Moscow reported that there was to be a cessation of the killing.

I hear some say who have lived long in Russia that the accused are guilty, that the Russians have behind them centuries of misrule during which every official was venal and the very highest sold out to any bidder. With Russia overrun by the agents of Japan, Germany, and Italy, is it any wonder, they ask, that many men should be corrupted? Almost every day there are accounts of spies caught in the United States and England, of men beheaded in Germany, of men and women sentenced to prison in France for treason or espionage. That is one of the inevitable evils of the militarism of which today every nation is the victim. But nauseating as that is, it is something quite different from putting men on trial for crimes which failed to take place, for conspiracies which were abortive—if they existed—twenty years ago. Moreover, the effect is cumulative. We are not getting accustomed to it; the horror grows with every new report of the crumpled bodies of men at the base of another Moscow wall. They may have sinned, but their sin is as nothing beside that of the men in the Kremlin who are destroying the faith of all those who have insisted on the right of the Russians to their own way of life and to be free from outside attacks; the Kremlin is undermining everything good the revolution sought to accomplish.

Even if these men were and are guilty, why must they die? The greatest indictment of the death sentence is its finality; it destroys what no man can replace. Other times may come in a nation's life, other moods, other thoughts. No one knows that better than the Russians. Life exile or imprisonment would not shock the world so much. To say that it would endanger the Soviets to grant life to some of the accused is preposterous; great states do not fall that way. They fall when the masses awake to the fact that justice no longer reigns among them, that murder stalks in the very halls of justice; when rulers find that to hold their places they must kill right and left. This may take long in Russia, where news is suppressed, where millions do not yet care what happens to others if only they are left alone in their fields, their workshops, their homes, but come it will. Meanwhile Russia is being truly betrayed to her enemies; Stalin is giving them aid and comfort and the expectation of early disaster. And how can loyal men in Russia make a success of their part in this mighty human experiment, if they do not know at what hour the executioner may appear?

With various others I gave my name to a telegram to the Russian ambassador in Washington asking that the latest trials be postponed until an international committee could be formed to be present at the trials and tell the world just what was taking place. I had faint hope that our request would be listened to; I know it was rejected as an unbearable foreign interference in Russian domestic affairs. Yet I could not decline to make the appeal. It seems to me that everything must be done to make responsible Russians realize something of the horror which civilized men everywhere feel as they read of what is taking place again. True, the Russian mentality is as unlike our own as is that of the Japanese. Still there must be some among them who know the dangers which confront their state—the danger of complete isolation in Europe, nearer today than at any other time since 1920. These men cannot want to forfeit the last bit of friendly liberal sentiment.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

JOSEPH IN THE LAND OF THE DEAD

BY PHILIP BLAIR RICE

ALTHOUGH Mann's Joseph story, of which "Joseph in Egypt"* is the third part, is still incomplete, it has an ominous air of finality. It seems both to sum up and to pass judgment upon the shining virtues of that way of thinking and feeling and living which modern Europe inherited from the earlier Mediterranean cultures and developed so magnificently. Regarded in conjunction with recent events abroad, it cannot fail to give many the feeling that this is the kind of great work which on several past occasions has written off the score of a major epoch in history.

Laden as it is with Herr Mann's assessment of our ethical, religious, and social heritage, constituting as it does a post-Wagnerian synthesis of the art forms, it is at the same time the freshest, clearest, and most straightforward of his stories. The commentary does not become a digression, as it often did in "The Magic Mountain," and the multiple symbolism carries along the story instead of absorbing it. Here, of course, the narrative interest cannot be in what happened but in how it happened. The author's chief task, then, has been to imagine characters from whom the action would issue logically. The key to the action lies in the condition of Potiphar, who is but the titular captain of Potiphar's guard, a parasitic courtier with only ceremonial duties. He is also merely an honorary male and a titular husband to Mut-em-enet, since his consecration to the service of Amen-Hotep III has involved a surgical operation in his youth.

Potiphar's sacrifice, in turn, accounts for the behavior of his wife, who, according to our author, has been maligned by her reputation as a wanton. When we first meet her she is, besides a lady of fashion and the head of Potiphar's purely ornamental harem, a moon-nun, devoted to the cult of the conservative deity Amun. When this exquisite but unawakened creature finally becomes aware of the beautiful Joseph, the result is a demoniac seizure like the passion of Hans for Clavdia and that of Aschenbach for Tadzio. Mann makes her so enthralling an embodiment of all erotic desires, and at the same time evokes so much sympathy for her as a suffering woman, that there may remain some shred of doubt as to the plausibility of Joseph's rejection of her, despite the fortitude of mind and the seven excellent reasons with which the author has endowed him.

To understand Joseph, we must place him within the larger design of the work, for all the old motifs recur with variations. When we meet him at the beginning of this part, his coat of many colors has been replaced by the faded garment of a slave. Joseph's servitude to Potiphar repeats Jacob's to Laban; at the same time the Jacob theme is broken up and inverted by duplicating his agonized yearning for Rachel in Mut's for Joseph. The father-son motif is renewed in the relation of Joseph first to the old Ishmaelite, then to Potiphar, and throughout to God. The course of Joseph's fortunes, as in the previous volume, is again an inverted V, which here assumes significance as the profile of a pyramid. Joseph rises from the pit to become steward of Potiphar's house, then declines into the dungeon. The resurrected god must be slain again. The graph of Potiphar's wife is similar. From a porcelain figurine, she becomes a woman, then degenerates into a hag, a sorceress, a mummy.

But there is an underlying linear progression which makes the inverted V into a triangle, the delta of the Nile, the divine triad of Egyptian theology, foreshadowed by the three days in the pit and consummated by the three years in prison. The base of the triangle, the ground-bass of the story's music, is the flow of measured time, the flow of the Nile, the procession of the living dead. Joseph is really in the pit all the time, a slave in the house of death. His rise is illusory. He is no part of this polyglot Egypt, which is both a symbol and a counterfeit of the human race. He walks through it in the detachment of a dream. Potiphar's wife, likewise, is never wholly alive: her body and her will are awakened, but not her spirit.

Joseph's fathers had always identified Egypt, the land of mud, with Sheol. It was for them "the seat of the worship of the past, of dalliance with death, of insensibility to sin." Although Joseph is of a more sophisticated, more tolerant generation, he finds that their repugnance, tinctured as it may have been with insularity and priggishness, is not altogether unfounded. At the very entrance to the land he is met by the frowning fortress of Thel, which defends luxurious Egypt against the poverty of the East, for to the Egyptian "misery is suspect and lack of elegance an abomination." In the pit Joseph has acquired a conscience. When he sees the coughing little people living under the lash as did their ancestors who built the pyramids, when going up the Nile he observes the nobles sitting upright and immobile on their yachts in order to impress the common people, he knows that he cannot wholly share the purposes of this land.

But Mann's delight in paradoxes, his perception of relativities, his propensity to hold everything in dialectical solution which is yet not resolution, leads him to introduce stirrings of life into the land of mud and death. There is a kind of liberal and progressive movement in Egypt, associated with the cult of the god Atum, who is wresting ascendancy even in the court from his

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*"Joseph in Egypt." By Thomas Mann. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.
"Thomas Mann's Joseph Story." By Harry Slochower. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.

established rival Amun. The Egyptian nobles are becoming international-minded; there is a rage for importing foreign wares and customs, and even for identifying foreign gods with their own in a religious universalism.

The full social and political reference of this section may not become plain until Mann has finished the tetralogy. The earlier sections depict the primitive communism of the family group. The revolt of the brothers against Jacob in their manhandling of Joseph would seem to be not only, as Mr. Slochower suggests in his useful little guidebook, a savage and proto-fascist revolt of the masses against man but also the uprising of the sons of the primeval horde against the Cyclopean father which, according to Freud, established the social compact and the first state. Mr. Slochower appears right in taking the Levantine cities passed through by Joseph and the Ishmaelites to represent early commercial civilization, and the journey through the desert to the borders of Egypt as symbolic of the Dark Ages.

The question of Mann's temporal references is rendered difficult by the fact that he is simultaneously talking about all time and a particular epoch. But there are good reasons for doubting what seems to be Mr. Slochower's view that the Egypt of this part covers the entire span from feudal Europe to fascism. The features which I have mentioned suggest to me that the present volume brings us only up to the Enlightenment and the verge of the French Revolution rather than to the twentieth century, although here, as in history itself, there are anticipations of later events. Potiphar, the personal archetype of this culture, is neither a captain of industry nor a Nazi official but a nobleman of the tottering *ancien régime* in his sterile refinement, his bored tolerance, his love of abstract justice, and his capacity to get a pleasurable shiver from reading prophecies of revolution. This interpretation would also accord better with the apparent role of Joseph in the story, as well as with Mann's artistic methods and social philosophy.

For all Joseph's unwillingness to accept anything short of the best, he has not yet reached the end of his pilgrim's progress. His stay in the pit had not altogether rid him of his arrogant pride. If he does not give in completely to Mut's fascination, he yields so far as to take pleasure in her abandonment of herself to him, and under the pretext that he can cure her passion by pedagogical measures, he gives rein to his curiosity. He displays, furthermore, a characteristic liberal fault, the "unwillingness to give up the free choice of the bad course." Joseph has not yet found his life, for he has not wholly lost it. His sympathy with others is mixed with a certain calculation, which enables him to use rather than serve them.

So Joseph must go down into the pit again. Will he emerge in the next part of the novel as "the savior of man and bringer of the new time"? It is clear that, in the person of Joseph, Mann is at last hinting at the ideal character, the god-man, the child of both nature and spirit. But there are also indications that he may not attain his apotheosis. According to the book of Genesis, Joseph's morals to the end remained spotty. He was, in a sense, the savior of the Near East, for he kept those who could pay the price from starving (as has Hitler), and he was generous to his relations (as is Mussolini). But he exacted a heavy return for his work of salvation, using his blessing to develop to a fine point the arts of monopoly and profiteering, and finally becoming, in fact, a kind of Duce to Pharaoh's Victor Emmanuel. Furthermore, he later married a daughter of the land of death. Must we be prepared for a Sophoclean irony?

Mann thus far has held his story rigidly within the framework of the Biblical narrative. It does not, then, seem likely that he is intending to depict in the fourth part of the book, as Mr. Slochower suggests, the ideal socialist commonwealth; we can expect, rather, an image of contemporary European society, with at most portents of the time to come. The moral that appears to be foreshadowed is the humanistic-religious one that man can never become God, but his salvation, in so far as he is capable of salvation, consists in his continuing to try to become like God. If so, we must read "Joseph" as a tragedy, whose purport is the inevitable failure of the ideal to achieve full realization. Great tragedy leaves us with hope; but it also gives us glimpses of the ideal good before the dénouement. Recognizing this as the possible structure of the story, we may get more from it as we read. In particular, we can grasp it as exemplifying Mann's insistence that the social revolution must seek to preserve and fulfil, as it alone can, certain precious values from the tainted past.

TWO POEMS

BY W. B. YEATS

The Old Stone Cross

A statesman is an easy man,
He tells his lies by rote;
A journalist makes up his lies
And takes you by the throat,
So stay at home and drink your beer
And let the neighbors vote,
Said the man in the golden breastplate
Under the old stone Cross.

Because this age and the next age
Engender in the ditch,
No man can know a happy man
From any passing wretch,
If Folly links with Elegance
No man knows which is which.
Said the man in the golden breastplate
Under the old stone Cross.

But actors lacking music
Do most excite my spleen,
They say it is more human
To shuffle, grunt, and groan,
Not knowing what unearthly stuff
Rounds a mighty scene.
Said the old man in the golden breastplate
Under the old stone Cross.

To a Friend

Stretch towards the moonless midnight of the trees
As though that hand could reach to where they stand,
And they but famous old upholsteries
Delightful to the touch; tighten that hand
As though to draw them closer yet.
Rammed full
Of that most sensuous silence of the night
(For since the horizon's bought strange dogs are still)
Climb to your chamber full of books and wait,
No books upon the knee and no one there
But a great dane that cannot bay the moon
But now lies sunk in sleep.
What climbs the stair?
Nothing that common women ponder on
If you are worth my hope! Neither Content
Nor Satisfied Conscience, but that great family
Some ancient famous authors misrepresent,
The Proud Furies each with her torch on high.

BOOKS

Harriet Monroe's Seventy Years

A POET'S LIFE: SEVENTY YEARS IN A CHANGING WORLD. By Harriet Monroe. The Macmillan Company. $5.

AFTER a trip around the world in 1912 Harriet Monroe worked out a plan to subsidize a poetry magazine. She persuaded one hundred men in Chicago to subscribe fifty dollars a year for five years to finance her venture. She studied modern poetry, and when all plans were made, she wrote personally to those poets whom she wished to submit manuscripts. Thus *Poetry* was launched and American poets were given, at last, a place where their poems might be printed and paid for. The adventure was well timed. America was on the eve of its so-called renaissance. Soon innumerable other little magazines were to appear. In *Poetry* itself Ezra Pound, Vachel Lindsay, W. B. Yeats, Edwin Arlington Robinson, H. D., and many other poets were represented. And Chicago became a literary center because a woman in her middle years pushed her project through.

Born in 1860, Miss Monroe had grown up in a Victorian atmosphere. In her veins, however, was pioneer blood. She chose to become a journalist, hoping thereby to finance herself until she might become known as a poet and playwright—her two personal ambitions, never fully realized. Her only romantic, and imaginary, love had been for Robert Louis Stevenson. It was a literary affair, and his letters appear in this book. When the young girl finally met the sick man on his way to the South Seas she was shocked at his appearance. In the eighties in New York Miss Monroe had known Eugene Field and Edmund Clarence Stedman, dictator of poets. She had been given encouragement in her poetry and her playwriting. But Chicago was her home and she returned to it. She wrote the "Columbia Ode" for the World's Fair and was paid $1,000 for it. She then had to sue to have it read and sue a newspaper for violation of copyright. From the newspaper she obtained $5,000. She was, in other words, a fighter, and an adventurer too. She had traveled to the inaccessible Hopi lands and to Europe and she had met famous people everywhere. Her girlhood over, Miss Monroe was not unprepared for her task as editor of *Poetry*. Once in the editorial chair she put aside her Victorian prejudices, if she had any, and began to learn from the violent Ezra Pound and from every poet who wrote to her. She was attacked by the press and she made sane replies. Columnists, editorial writers, and poets all became outraged—it is a little difficult now to see why. William Rose Benét hated Ezra Pound; Conrad Aiken hated imagism; Lindsay's "General William Booth" caused a tempest in a teapot; and Carl Sandburg's "Chicago," a minor revolution. Every prize given by *Poetry* created an uproar, but *Poetry* and its editors were usually right. The conventional *Dial*, then published in the West, fought Miss Monroe on every issue. She fought back. And before the *Dial* moved east and honored Eliot with its prize, Miss Monroe had printed Eliot's early poetry.

The war years were difficult for *Poetry* financially, but Miss Monroe saw the magazine through them, as later she was to carry it through the still more critical days of the 1929 depression. She printed the war poets, English and American. A letter from Lindsay at this time is prophetic: "Harriet, war with Germany is only the beginning of our chance to die for the U. S. A. I see war on the world constitution when it is set up, and revolutionaries for it and revolutionaries against it, and no easy time."

In the post-war years other experimentalists than the imagists and free-verse writers for whom Miss Monroe had waged a lively fight appeared, and she gave them all room. Before she died, indeed, some of our present revolutionary poets had crept into her pages. Miss Monroe had capable assistant editors; Morton Zabel, a brilliant young critic, was the last of these. It is he who completes her book.

Poetry's editor died on one of her last adventures. She loved travel, and in the last fifteen years of her life each vacation saw her off to Mexico, to Italy, to Egypt, to China. Finally in 1936 she went to the P. E. N. International Congress at Buenos Aires and there read a lively paper. From this gay meeting she was tempted to go to the Inca ruins. She died of a stroke on the high altitudes of the Andes and she is buried there. The manuscript of her autobiography was mailed back. It breaks off in the midst of an account of the events of 1922. In one short summary chapter Miss Monroe calls herself a heathen, loving beauty and art above all else. She had found her way clear of the Puritan tradition.

If one runs through the back numbers of *Poetry*, especially the early volumes, one is astounded at the list of famous names first given a hearing in the magazine's pages. Certainly the editor selected all varieties of poets. She may have had one or two prejudices (she kept out Cummings, perhaps because of her dislike of his eccentricities), but all in all hers is a brilliant record. She strikes the one sad note when she remarks that "Ellis Park," by Helen Hoyt, and Kilmer's "Trees" "were the most widely quoted of those poems printed in the first years."

This autobiography is completely impersonal and objective. The author is interested not in her life but in poetry. Famous letters, famous editorials, memories of famous people are, for her, life itself, and she gives these to us. She could efface herself for the sake of art quite unsentimentally and sanely. *Poetry* is still being published, as she wished; George Dillon, a poet she printed when he was very young, has been appointed editor. It has survived most of the other journals dedicated to the cause of art.

EDA LOU WALTON

The Eighth Gothic Tale

OUT OF AFRICA. By Isak Dinesen. Random House. $2.75.

BARONESS BLIXEN of Denmark, who for some reason signed her "Seven Gothic Tales" with the name Isak Dinesen, signs this new book not only with the same name but with the same style of story-telling, so that the fact of its being autobiography sets it only the slightest distance away from that outpost of fiction which its author so brilliantly holds. No one but Isak Dinesen could have written either book; could have rendered the fantasies of the "Tales" so real, or the realities of Africa so fantastic. For if her autobiography reads like fiction, the moral is not at all that it seems untrue. It is as true as its author's imagination and character; and of these, as of their unparalleled attractiveness, there can be no doubt.

The Baroness does not bother with dates, but it is clear that her residence in Kenya, twelve miles from Nairobi, began some years before the World War and ended some years after it when her coffee plantation failed. The story is chiefly of the plantation and of the natives with whose help she managed it. The landscape figures too, beautifully of course; the wild animals of Kenya are never out of sight; and two or three Englishmen, together with an old Dane named Knudsen, are interesting at the fringe; yet the heart of the book has to do with the relations between one Northern woman and perhaps a hundred Negroes of divers tribes and temperaments. Some of these are her house servants, some are coffee workers, some are vagrants, some are children, some are hunters, some are rulers of neighboring races, and some are simply old men past work or play who spend their time settling the affairs of others. To all of them the Northern woman has given her life, and since she is a woman of genius the intercourse between them is bountiful in its rewards. On her side there is understanding which expresses itself in respect, amusement, sympathy, anger, love, and a sense of continuing obligation by no means inconsistent with a willingness to wield authority. On their side there is understanding which expresses itself in respect for her even when she is incomprehensible, in love for her *because* she is incomprehensible, and in a sense of continuing obligation by no means inconsistent either with a willingness to resist her authority or with a disposition to worship her as if she were Providence.

She can refer to herself as their Providence because she has no illusions as to what this meant. It meant to them that she was not to be withstood, but it also meant that she was not to be loved and honored with logic. Their mutual understanding was in large part an agreement not to pretend to understand what in the nature of things was mysterious, namely, each other. She knew when to acknowledge their mystery, and they hers. Added to which there was of course their bottomless humor, a thing with which even white geniuses may not cope. It reached exaggerated proportions in the boy Kamante, whom the Baroness had saved from a fatal illness and who ever after lived only to serve her.

> He had a little mocking laughter, of which he made use in all circumstances, but chiefly toward any self-confidence or grandiloquence in other people. All natives have in them a strong strain of malice, a shrill delight in things going wrong, which in itself is hurting and revolting to Europeans. Kamante brought this characteristic to a rare perfection, even to a special self-irony, that made him take pleasure in his own disappointments and disasters, nearly exactly as in those of other people.

She was Providence to Kamante, or a goddess, or a queen, precisely because she took risks, played with fate, gave orders, acted as if she knew what she was doing. No person in his opinion would so behave; so this must be more than a person. She had come into his world from outside, somewhat like a conqueror but somewhat also like a deity strayed from her proper home. Now that there was no help for it he took pleasure in adoring her; which suggests that any people's pantheon may be nothing but the aristocracy of its invaders deified.

Readers of "Seven Gothic Tales" will remember its author's sentiment for the antique and the aristocratic. The same bias is here, and as little now as then can be offered in criticism of it. For Baroness Blixen is really distinguished and profound; there is nothing which she does not know; and there is nothing which she cannot feel. The tragedy of her final pages is that she is leaving her life behind her; it was truly given, and it cannot be taken back. Kamante with the help of a scribe has written her since she returned to Denmark: "We think that you shall never can forget us." This is the highest of compliments, and very touching; but it is more touching that Kamante will never read the book which has been written about him and his people. If he could do so he would recognize himself, one hopes, in the paragraph which describes him as a stunted boy in the Mission hospital where the Baroness had taken him for his final cure:

> I caught sight of Kamante in the grounds, he was standing by himself at a little distance from the groups of other convalescents. By this time he was already so much better that he could run. When he saw me he came up to the fence and ran with me as long as it was following the road. He trotted along, on his side of the fence, like a foal in a paddock when you pass it on horseback, and kept his eyes on my pony, but he did not say a word. At the corner of the hospital grounds he had to stop, and when as I rode on, I looked back, I saw him standing stock still, with his head up in the air, and staring after me, in the exact manner of a foal when you ride away from it. I waved my hand to him a couple of times, the first time he did not react at all, then suddenly his arm went straight up like a pump-spear, but he did not do it more than once.

MARK VAN DOREN

Milestone on Mexico

THE EJIDO. MEXICO'S WAY OUT. By Eyler N. Simpson. University of North Carolina Press. $5.

THERE is no American scholar who is fully competent to criticize, in detail, Dr. Eyler Simpson's monumental work on agrarian Mexico. The "land question" is the fundamental problem of Mexico. Its entire history, its current politics, even its art are related intimately to the economic dislocations of the distribution and exploitation of the land.

Up to now there had been no systematic, scientific effort to describe this problem completely, in terms of all the available facts. It was "a friar's job," as they say in Spanish. Not even Mexican economists, with the added facilities of knowledge of the language and lifelong acquaintance with the human, personal reflections of the problem, had attempted what was tried—and achieved successfully—by Dr. Simpson, in some eight years of patient scrupulous investigation.

"The Ejido," 808 pages long, excluding index and bibliography, has not received the attention it deserves. If Dr. Simpson had written a popular version of it, every person who is at all interested in Mexico or in Hispanic-American affairs would have realized at once that "The Ejido" was required reading and indispensable reference.

To economists the most interesting parts of the book are Dr. Simpson's careful descriptions of land tenure in pre-Spanish and colonial days and of the development of property forms to date. These are illustrated by sets of charts and documented with statistical data. To other readers Dr. Simpson's conclusions would probably seem more important. His decision, on the basis of the material itself, that the land problem in Mexico can be solved only by complete socialization is remarkable coming from a man who began this work with no set social theories.

Some economists and sociologists in Mexico disagree with certain of Dr. Simpson's judgments and interpretations, as I do myself. In a work of such ambitious scope, exploring so much uncharted territory, there are bound to be sections needing further examination and later testing, possibly correction. But the information it contains and the manner in which that information is handled make this a very necessary volume to any student of Mexican affairs. It is the solid stuff that shapes Mexico's history, and is worth hundreds of ephemeral impressions. ANITA BRENNER

The Gallant Marquis

LAFAYETTE JOINS THE AMERICAN ARMY. By Louis Gottschalk. University of Chicago Press. $3.

IN HIS first volume of the Lafayette series, published in 1935 under the title "Lafayette Comes to America," Mr. Gottschalk dealt with the youth of the gallant Marquis. It should be remembered that Lafayette arrived in our fair land, to take part in the Revolution, a few months before his twentieth birthday. In one pocket he carried an English grammar, in another a commission as major general in the Continental army. In his heart and mind there was a surging desire for fame and glory. One of the favorite Lafayette legends is that his American adventure was inspired by an ardent love for liberty and republican institutions. It is a myth; not true at all. Later in life, when he wrote his wholly unreliable memoirs, he did what he could to sustain this legend. Evidently he had become convinced himself that he had been a crusader in the cause of democracy. There is, however, no contemporaneous evidence to support his assertion.

He came here, as Gottschalk points out, for the sake of adventure. He wanted to win renown on the battlefield so that he might eventually return to France in a glowing aura of fame and accomplishment. That would make the Duc d'Ayen, his father-in-law, and other important gentlemen consider him somebody special and not just a dawdler and time-waster. The motive is quite comprehensible. Mingled with it was his inveterate, lifelong hatred of England.

With the arrival of the Marquis in America Mr. Gottschalk concluded his first book. The present volume deals with Lafayette's experiences in the American Revolution from June, 1777, to December, 1778, when he returned to France for a year. In 1779 he served as an officer in the French army, returning to America in 1780. He came back to General Washington and the struggling Revolution in 1780, and remained here until after the surrender of Cornwallis in October, 1781. There are 364 pages in this volume and 184 in the previous one, yet the second book ends when Lafayette was still under twenty-two years of age. This observation is not intended to be derogatory; I make it here simply to show the scope of the author's evident purpose.

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When his seven or eight volumes are completed I am confident that they will be considered the final word on Lafayette. Mr. Gottschalk is producing a major historical work, a notable contribution to our knowledge of the past. He is not impressed by the tinsel, confetti, and perfume of the Lafayette legend, but at the same time he should not be looked upon as a debunker with an urge to "show up" this and that. He has a passion for truth, and the present volume reveals an astounding capacity for factual research. But Mr. Gottschalk vitalizes his facts. Under his psychological treatment Lafayette ceases to be a historical dummy and becomes a human being—courageous, generous, foolish, impetuous—with a fairly large supply of both good and bad judgment.

His affection and reverence for Washington approached adoration. He called himself Washington's "adopted son." This was, of course, only a figure of speech. Lafayette was an orphan; his father was killed in battle when the Marquis was an infant. Nevertheless, and notwithstanding his love for Washington, he got himself involved—for a little while—in the conspiracy to supplant his adored chief and put General Gates in his place. The explanation is that he did not know what it was all about; he did not understand the complicated politics of the army. Besides, he had a deplorable habit of writing letters on the spur of the moment and sending them in all directions, with compliments and flowery phrases in them. So the Gates party played with his ambitions, but as soon as he learned their intentions he left them.

Jefferson, while he was in France as American minister, wrote that Lafayette had a "canine appetite for popularity." He did, indeed. He wanted to shine, to be in the sun, to sit on a horse on the skyline while bullets came zipping by.

Gottschalk shows that he was a lovable person. No other foreigner has ever made such a profound impression upon the affections of the American people, or upon American history.

W. E. WOODWARD

ART

Marin and His Oils

THIS is the year of Marin's oils. As the painter says in a delightful free-verse poem which accompanies his new pictures at An American Place, they

"Seem to be a Coming along—
tolerably well—tolerably well—"

Indeed they do. They come to him naturally now.

Five oils are included among the water colors and drawings on show until March 27. Of these, Breaking Wave is undoubtedly the most expert of his increasingly numerous performances in the heavier medium. It is a veritable explosion of color. A great wave, spuming and white, throws itself high against a shore. Purples burst from the sea, supported by deep blues. On the shore are solid browns and blacks. This painting has warmth, power, and spontaneity, qualities which the critics have frequently denied to his earlier oils. Another sea piece, Island, Boat, and Ledges, shows a similar increase in facility, while a third, The Dance by the Sea, marks a new level in Marin's ascent as an artist.

Its five nudes dancing by the sea are in a tempestuous movement. They rise, thrusting upward in the center; they interlock, their bodies moving toward a common axis; yet they never become rigid, because a relaxation is obtained by means of the frieze-like sea and horizontals of shore and sky behind. Hence this picture simultaneously charges, lifts, and recedes. It integrates more and heavier movements than Marin has ever managed in the past. It also demonstrates that he has mastered the dynamics of the human body as well as of nature. We may therefore expect new advances to issue from it. The fourth oil bothered the painter for many months. It shows a gay and wayward tête-à-tête on the Weehawken Ferry, with cubes of the New York sky line punctuating the shore behind. This work, while less affecting than the others, does establish a decided advance for him—namely, the ability to imbed background and figure in each other.

This new faculty has carried over into the water colors—even though they were done earlier. In each of the three gull pictures, for example, he has interlocked the birds and the background in a way that strengthens both. A greater depth has resulted—and a new substantiality. This becomes even clearer by comparing the Boat and Green Sea of the present show with any of his earlier boat pictures. They were swift and brilliant, too. But they skimmed the sea, whereas this boat cleaves it. The water is felt as much as the wind. So, also, with the shores in these new water colors: they seem to go right under the sea. This new solidity proceeds from the oils and Marin's success in building them up. For the oil medium requires kneading, piling on, modeling; it seems, indeed, to be a work of the thumb and fingers. Certainly, it is a thicker and more earthy material. And the water colors have benefited from the activity in it.

But there are two which cannot be seen in this manner. The first, entitled Low Tide, is saline, spent, cold, utterly withdrawn. It is Marin in an Arctic moment. The other, Boat and Sea, is like a bit of ethereal silver which somehow got breathed on paper. Two of the drawings, also, are inimitable. One is a Manhattan fantasy, with a dashing, peak-hatted young woman in the foreground facing a young man with a pipe. A gay horse prances in the streets behind. All the factories are talking through their smoke. This is the impish Marin, populating the city with humor. Another fine drawing is Myself in Wonder, the artist's first self-portrait. These two drawings, it should be noted, further that employment of human subject matter which has coincided with Marin's renewed attack upon the oils, beginning about five years ago. They suggest, accordingly, a new extension of his powers.

Then there are two water colors which the painter terms "stepping-stones." One of these outlines a shore in a very heavy line, almost as if his finger had traced it. Behind, at the horizon, a series of tiny grey dots race across the sky line. From these, no doubt, he will develop new and more silvery space-movements next year. The other water color, entitled Morning Light, has black-barred diagonals against a purplish sea. It is day chasing away night. In explanation, the painter has said that in the early morning hours the darkness and the light fluctuate. Weaving in and out, black shafts retreat as white ones advance. This is what he has seen and sought to realize. He has not quite captured it, but he probably will at the next encounter. Marin is not afraid to chance a failure if it will take him farther than he had gone before. This is one of his most endearing traits as a painter.

Perhaps, too, this is what guarantees his perpetual freshness. He follows the everlasting flux of things. The wind blows, the sea rocks, the boats fly; again, the city veers and turns and shakes; or human beings charge and hurl themselves together. Whatever the experience, Marin meets it without preconceptions. He even has moments of calm, when he appreciates the Wordsworthian solemnities of nature and astounds us with his own sense of awe before it. In short, he has resilience. So it is this year. The only difference is that the singing, wistful, humorous, sometimes passionate composer of the water colors has now been fortified by the mellow, substantial, and irrevocably anchored painter of the oils. Marin is richer than he was before; and so are we.

JEROME MELLQUIST

DRAMA

In the Grand Style

THE Lafayette Theater is located at Seventh Avenue and 131st Street. One could hardly, perhaps, go very much farther but one could easily fare a great deal worse, for there the Harlem division of the Federal Theater is offering a melodrama called "Haiti" which has charms of its own. It is a romantic affair as well as a bloody one, but it is played to the hilt—and somewhat beyond—by an obviously enraptured company whose sincerity disarms all carping criticism.

The plot is concerned with some embellishments upon the story of Jean-Christophe's rebellion at the time of Napoleon, and it is probably best not to speculate too much upon the effect it would produce if acted by an ordinary Broadway company before an ordinary audience of correct but anemic taste. Under such circumstances one would probably feel that the author had laid everything on a bit too thick, that the emotional gestures were somewhat too sweeping and the heroics almost too much in the grand style. One would not find it surprising but almost inevitable that Christophe himself should emerge through a secret panel and that the wife of one of the French colonels should turn out to be the bastard daughter of an ancient ex-slave still hovering about the house. One might even find in the general conduct of the piece a good deal that was reminiscent of the ten-twenty-and thirty as well as of its counterpart, the yellow-back. But in the present production one not only forgives all these things; one actually applauds them. They seem creditable enough and very exhilarating besides.

This happy result is doubtless due, first of all, to the wisdom of the director, who has played everything up instead of down. I do not mean that there is even a suggestion of conscious burlesque. There is no spoofing of the grand manner, and I do not think that any player condescends to his part. Neither, for that matter, do I mean that the audience needs to condescend. What I do mean is that the whole is played for what it is, and that as the result of a perfectly consistent style it becomes effective in a special way of its own. Rex Ingram, as Christophe, is gigantic and impressive in his red and gold, and he is pathetic too—as he could not be if he were not impressive first. Even the white actors seem to catch some of the native grandiloquence of the blacks, and where everything is equally gaudy nothing seems really overdone. One somehow gets to feeling that such simple and grandiose gestures, as well as such simple and grandiose language, really fit these people, and one is accordingly carried along on a pleasant wave of operatic emotion. It is all bigger than life and in some ways better too.

Certainly I found much more to admire in "Haiti" than I did in the elaborate and costly concoction called "Save Me

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the Waltz" at the Martin Beck. The latter is so obviously a musical comedy with the music left out that one never gets over waiting for the songs that do not come, and one does not have to be a great admirer of light music to feel that if that is to be dispensed with one might just as well dispense with everything else as well. Nor should the prospective spectator be deluded by the fact that the story is concerned with the adventures and misadventures of a Graustarkian imitator of Hitler and Mussolini. Surprisingly few changes have been found necessary in the standard plot and not too many in the jokes either. Jane Wyatt, back from the movies, is very agreeable to look at but she has little to do.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

Photography by Woodard

STACY and Horace Woodard are the authors, directors, producers, and distributors of "The Adventures of Chico" (Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse), but above all they are its photographers. When Stacy Woodard completed his work on "The River" in 1936, the two of them set off for Mexico with nothing by way of equipment beyond a pair of cameras, an idea in the form of a script, and fabulous reserves of patience. Their idea was simple: to find a man and a boy in Mexico who would live before their cameras as father and son, who would enter into certain relations with certain animals, and who in collaboration with ground and sky would express their country as it had expressed itself to the brothers Woodard. The animal they were most interested in was the roadrunner bird, or paisano, which is very wild and intelligent and can kill rattlesnakes. Since their script called for a friendship between a paisano and a boy, they were obliged, once the boy was found and named Chico, to discover a paisano fledgling and put him in charge of it. They did so; Chico caught lizards and fed it in its nest; and when it was ready to leave the nest it attached itself to him, following him about and sitting in his hand or on his shoulder. The difficulty of photographing all this was great, since the paisano tolerated no other person's presence; screens and telescopic lenses had to be used, and much time needed to pass. But that was only the beginning. Not to speak of the other animals called for in the script, there was the duel between their paisano and a rattlesnake which they hoped to arrange. They arranged it; it happened; the paisano won; and Chico, sleeping by the wall of his father's hut, was "saved."

A year and a half of effort and 100,000 feet of film were spent in making a picture which one sees in an hour and which, if one is not watching closely and thinking about what is there, may seem a thing of mild and transient importance. But "The Adventures of Chico" will not be easy to forget. Barren of superfluous properties, leisurely in its pace, and bothering at no moment to disguise the fact that its activities have been arranged, it asks only that we hear what it has to say about Mexico in the language available to it; and asks with such innocence and sincerity that we can do no less than listen. The brothers Woodard are photographers with a love of their art, but in this case they have the additional merit of being in love with their subject. How they say this with cameras I do not quite understand, yet I am sure that they say it, just as I am sure that their subject is more than Mexico. It is animals and men, or more abstractly still it is life as an enterprise of which we can be most aware when we are witnessing it immediately and affectionately, without theories as to what it means or why it is going forward. The adventures of Chico and his friends take place in a remote and sunny stillness which our presence somehow does not violate, and which is not broken by the small voice of Chico as it accompanies each sequence in childish and imperfect English.

There are other animals, as I have said: two absurdly hungry coatimondi; the doe and her fawns who are saved when the father shoots the puma that is stalking the wild pigs; the armadillo with her four young; and others still. But Chico and the paisano are the heart of the picture. And the picture is somewhere near the heart, I should guess, of photography.

How lightly death is taken in "A Slight Case of Murder" (Warner Brothers) may be indicated by reporting that when the corpses of four gangsters are found in the Saratoga house of Remy Marco (Edward G. Robinson) the audience howls with delight at the things Marco and his mugs have to say about it. Marco is a bootlegger gone "legitimate," but legitimacy is for him only another racket, so that the moral tone of the entire piece is hopelessly low. Since the conception, however, is bold, and the execution both brilliant and consistent, the net result is a very funny film; certain things become laughable which have rarely or never been laughable before, and Mr. Robinson himself, freed from the necessity to sentimentalize his idiom, is able to give his surest and briskest performance to date.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Letters to the Editors

On Determining a Fair Price

Dear Sirs: I read the editorial on the TVA in your issue of January 29 and then I read Mr. Villard's page and then I read the editorial again. To me it's idiotic. *The Nation* says that to take over the whole interconnected plant in the area is wrong. Only the best units should be taken because to take it all would be to "saddle on the public the various write-ups." This is a completely absurd argument. The prices of the common and preferred stock show what has become of the write-ups. They don't enter into the matter in any way under any of the proposed solutions. A "reproduction-cost" price ignores write-ups automatically.

The Nation says "physical and operating value" are "the only valid basis" for determining take-over price. It may be so. But what is "physical and operating value" and why is that more definite or more just to all concerned than "prudent investment" or "reproduction cost" or "a just price to be fixed by a committee of three," two of them to be government men? There's a hell of a lot of take-it-for-granted in that editorial. It's another case of the other side must be all wrong whatever it says or proposes or does. I have a lot of respect for Mr. Villard, but I haven't got the slightest interest in Commonwealth and Southern.

SAMUEL M. HYNEMAN

Nutley, N. J., March 1

[It would be better if Mr. Hyneman had at least a slight interest in Commonwealth and Southern. If he had, he might not be so willing to trust the stock values as indicators of presence or lack of write-ups. That would have been a forceful argument a decade ago; today it is naive. In 1929 Commonwealth and Southern had unloaded $918,000,000 of stock on the public. Several years later, when the Federal Trade Commission began looking into holding-company set-ups, the holding company reduced the securities to $354,000,000—a cut of over 60 per cent. But look at the commission report and you will find that there is still plenty of water in the stock. Obviously, in order to earn a "fair return" on inflated security holdings and corporate salaries, and thus maintain stock values, the holding companies have to put a crushing burden on the consumer. They got away with it—whatever Mr. Willkie, Mr. Villard, and Mr. Hyneman may say—until the TVA began making power available to the local communities in the South. Then they grew panicky. For out of the TVA "yardstick" experience has grown a movement among municipalities in Tennessee and neighboring states to buy TVA power and distribute it to consumers themselves. Municipalities like Memphis and Chattanooga have been asking their local companies to sell their physical plants at a fair value to be determined by the Federal Power Commission, in order to avoid competition and duplicating plants. We consider this movement healthy. All the state supreme courts in the area and the United States Supreme Court have held it to be legal. It is in line with the best American tradition, which has always regarded the generation of electricity as a local public function and looked upon franchises to private companies as recallable grants of privilege.

If Mr. Hyneman will reread our editorial, he will find that we do not recommend the government taking over "only the best units" of the utility system. When we spoke of "the physical and operating value" of the companies as being the best basis, we meant that urban systems should be bought as functioning units, without paying for "intangibles" and without bailing out the water-logged holding-company securities. If such a plan involves hardship to the companies, then let the communities in the TVA area—not the federal government—buy out the utilities as a whole and parcel out their properties among themselves.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Social Credit Not Fascist

Dear Sirs: In the February 12 issue of *The Nation* the Social Credit government of Alberta is indiscriminately lumped with the fascism of Quebec and Ontario. The leading exponents of the Douglas ideas are curtly dismissed as fanatic and dictatorial. What, may I ask, has become of the dispassionate inquiry, the intellectual hospitality, the discipline of temperate utterance that have made *The Nation* justly famous?

Social Credit is a democratic creed, quite independent of both fascism and communism. That Aberhart, who does not understand the technical bases of the policy he is attempting to inaugurate, should dally with censorship, is foolhardy and deplorable.

Social Credit is entirely compatible with the American Bill of Rights, and none of its leading advocates believe that it has anything to hope from dictatorship. The so-called democracies are now under a dictatorship of finance, at whose command millions are denied life's barest necessities. This dictatorship Social Credit is fighting. I respectfully suggest that you launch an inquiry to determine the extent of responsibility of monopoly finance for the present chaotic condition of the Western world.

NICHOLAS LENTZ

New Albin, Iowa, March 1

Browder and Marx

Dear Sirs: It is bad enough when others do it, but it is shocking when so able a scholar as Reinhold Niebuhr starts quoting from the Marxian scriptures to show that somebody has profaned the original gospel. Dr. Niebuhr certainly knows that every Marxian sect everlastingly quotes and counter-quotes from Marx, Engels, and Lenin to prove all other sects faithless; and that such logic never succeeds for the obvious reason that Marxism, above all political doctrines of history, is understandable only in the context of its method and system as a whole. Yet Dr. Niebuhr would have us believe in his review of "The Peoples' Front" that Earl Browder has become a revisionist of Marxism because passages from Lenin can be cited which advocate illegal tactics, atheism, dictatorship, and other policies which the Communist Party now soft-pedals.

If Mr. Browder explicitly contended that the present temperate program of his party were all that communism ever means, then I should agree that he woefully misrepresents Marxism. And no doubt "The People's Front" gives such an impression too often. Dr. Niebuhr is equally misleading, however, when he implies that Lenin stood exclusively for extreme revolutionary tactics. As a matter of fact, a basic principle of Marxian theory is that the specific way we apply the class struggle depends entirely upon the kind of social situation we confront. Sometimes the situation calls for revolutionary, even illegal methods such as

Lenin advocated as against Kautsky's; sometimes it calls for parliamentary cooperation such as Lenin advocated against "left communism, an infantile disorder." It is often said that Lenin has been the greatest Marxist since Marx: certainly he is in recognizing that the means to be utilized in achieving the end of a classless society are as multiple as the events of history itself. The most recent biography of Marx, by Nicolaievsky and Maenchen-Helfen, shows again how Marx himself was always ready to compromise on a specific issue, just as Communist parties today compromise with bourgeois democracies whenever such tactics seemed most likely to work. Thus entirely aside from the question of how right Mr. Browder's program may be in effectiveness, it certainly is not wrong in Marxian theory.

THEODORE BRAMELD

Jamaica, N. Y., March 3

Union-made Lisle Hosiery

Dear Sirs: Lisle hose are now being manufactured by some of the best union concerns, notably Best Made, Gotham, McCallum, and Phoenix. By asking for lisle stockings by name, or insisting upon the union label, consumers will promote the interests of the members of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers.

Since it is conceded that machines up to 42 gauge may be used in the manufacture of lisle hose and since some of the best union concerns are now making them, it seems to be up to the social-minded consumer to buy lisle hose intelligently and protect union workers.

AGNES NEWBORG

New York, March 2

A "Radical" Catholic Magazine

Dear Sirs: Several weeks ago I read with pleasure the article you carried by that fine young Catholic woman, Mary M.

Then I found somewhere an advertisement by a little Catholic magazine. "Radical"? it said, "you don't know what radical means until you've read the *Christian Front!*" So I set out to learn. I sent for a copy. This is what it contains: (1) a diatribe against Marxism; (2) a perfectly decent appeal to the nations of the earth to drop their individualistic nationalism; (3) a recognition that the economic order is unchristian, coupled with the idea of cooperative banking; (4) a defense of Latin as the language of the church; (5) an article in which holding companies are justified; (6) a traveler's impressions of Europe, concluding, "I do not believe either fascism or communism has the most infinitesimal social or cultural contribution to make to the United States."

Honestly, I should like to call the bluff of that little paper. There isn't a radical line in it. Aside from the glorification of Catholicism, there isn't a thing in it that Herbert Hoover would not approve and applaud. In fact, its idea that the lowly of the earth should pool their little funds and manage some of their tiny ventures cooperatively, without disturbing in any way the present ownership of the sources of supply, is Mr. Hoover's stand to a T.

I had hoped to discover a Catholic sheet by some young Catholics, say, who had had a vital collision with the idea that all men are brothers. That idea is to be found within Catholicism. And radicalism can be fetched out of it. I wanted to see the thing done, but the *Christian Front* doesn't do it.

MARION G. LEWIS

Marshfield, Mass., February 28

Life of G. K. Chesterton

Dear Sirs: I have been asked by Mrs. Chesterton to write the life of the late G. K. Chesterton. I should therefore be very grateful if anyone who has letters from Mr. Chesterton would lend them as material for the biography. They will be copied and returned immediately.

They should be sent to Mrs. G. K. Chesterton, Top Meadow, Beaconsfield, Bucks, England.

MAISE WARD

New York, March 1

Isolationism Makes for War

Dear Sirs: W. R. Hearst, Hamilton Fish, and other tory reactionaries, as well as pacifists and liberals, have become ardent supporters of the policy of isolation. It is difficult to explain this curious combination, but it obvious that lack of political realism is a distinguishing feature of some of its members. Pacifists and liberals perhaps do not realize that their isolationist stand makes it easier for Hearst et al. to sell the idea of a big navy to the American people. Once the isolationist principle is accepted, it is inevitable that Americans should fall for a big-navy program in order to preserve and defend such isolation. This makes eventually for war instead of peace.

Once before pacifists showed a lack of political vision—when they did not foresee the application of our present "unneutral" neutrality law, which they helped to enact, against the legitimate government of Spain.

The Nation's stand for collective security, its brilliant editorials, and Louis Fisher's timely analysis of America's role in world affairs deserve the commendation of everyone who is concerned with the preservation of peace.

HERMAN GOLD

Chester, Pa., March 2

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The Shape of Things

REPORTS FROM REBEL SOURCES INDICATE that the great insurgent drive in Aragon has been far more successful than any previous Franco attack in central Spain. Although we lack information from government sources, it can scarcely be doubted that rebel troops have captured Belchite, together with several other towns, and occupied several hundred square miles of territory. How important the advance will prove in comparison with the government's sinking of the Baleares remains to be seen. Most of the occupied territory is wild and uninhabited. It is useful chiefly as a stepping-off place for a drive to cut the Barcelona-Valencia railway. The sinking of the Baleares, on the other hand, seems definitely to have destroyed any possibility that Franco could effectively blockade the Mediterranean ports. It thus reduces the significance of belligerency rights as an issue before the Non-Intervention Committee and diminishes to a certain extent the strategic importance of Franco's attempted drive to the sea. Spain may also gain from the fact that for the moment the focus of fascist attack appears to have shifted to Central Europe. Much depends, however, on whether events in that area eventually serve to strengthen or weaken the Rome-Berlin axis. If Hitler has made substantial concessions to Mussolini in return for Italian neutrality in Austria, they almost certainly involve Spain. If, on the other hand, Hitler has chosen simply to disregard the Duce, as many observers insist, we may see a substantial reduction in fascist aid to Franco. Thus the events of the next few weeks in Spain may furnish the key to the ultimate fate of Europe.

*

ALTHOUGH THE FAR EAST, LIKE SPAIN, HAS been overshadowed in the past week by events in Central Europe, Chinese resistance to Japan's brand of fascism has shown no signs of weakening in the face of unfavorable world developments. The Japanese attack on Hsuchow seems to be completely stalled on both the northern and southern fronts. Similarly, the main drive down the Peiping-Hankow Railway toward Chengchow appears to have been stopped at the Yellow River. Efforts by the Japanese to cross the Yellow River farther west in preparation for an invasion of Shensi have likewise proved unsuccessful. Only in Shansi has Japan made any substantial gains. Although it may be assumed that

Japan will ultimately be able to add northern Kiangsu, Honan, and Shensi to its list of conquered provinces, China, after eight months of war, is far more unified and far more determined to maintain resistance than at any previous time. If this determination continues through the difficult days that lie just ahead, Japan may continue to overrun provinces but will not be able to conquer China.

* * *

WHEN ADOLF HITLER'S BOMBING PLANES roar over Prague, as they have already roared over Vienna, it will be too late to talk of preventing the war which the world has been dreading for a decade. No decent person can want that war, but decent persons have radically different ideas on how it can be avoided. Those who urge a policy of collective security believe that the mass of liberal and left opinion in the United States will respond to a plea for solidarity with democratic forces abroad in an effort to head off the fascist advance before it makes war inevitable. Those who favor isolation insist that American liberalism is overwhelmingly in favor of minding its own business as the one sure way of keeping this country out of war. Believing that the time has come to put both these claims to the test, *The Nation* is sending to over 130,000 American liberals a questionnaire on war prevention. Elsewhere in this issue is a ballot intended for our own readers. We urge them to use it while their votes are still important to an Administration whose foreign policy in a crucial hour remains to be formulated.

* * *

"SPARE THE RICH" IS THE NEW SLOGAN that Congress has adopted in place of the "Soak the Rich" tendency that was once attributed to the New Deal. Under cover of the general scuttle-and-run psychology that the deepening depression has brought with it, Congress is reverting to the spirit of benevolence toward business that characterized the halcyon tax era of Andrew Mellon. The latest move in this direction was the action of the House last week in passing a revenue bill which it had first stripped of the "third-basket" tax on closely held corporations, and which it almost succeeded in stripping of the provision for publicity of returns. As the publicity provision now stands, salaries of over $75,000 (instead of over $15,000) a year will be made public. The bill that now goes to the Senate is one in which the undistributed-profits tax has been pretty nearly done to death: the small corporations have been completely exempted from it, the larger corporations are taxed only lightly, and the closely held corporations which were the original target of the tax are not dealt with effectively. The Senate, more reactionary even than the House on tax matters, will undoubtedly revise the tax downward even farther. The only possible conclusion one may draw from the tax barrage that the press has been laying down is that the ruling groups in America are bent on taking a course which, in the sacred cause of restoring confidence, would add tax burdens to the wage-earners and still further reduce purchasing power. The doubtful boon of a psychological victory will have to be paid for by a severer breakdown later.

* * *

BROAD VISTAS OF NEW TAX POLICY ARE opened by recent decisions of the Supreme Court on tax cases. In a sensational reversal of two basic precedents the court held in the Wyoming oil-tax case that the federal government may tax income from land leased by a state to a private company. The reversal is dramatic for two reasons. One is the fact that Chief Justice Hughes, who was part of a five-to-four majority in the Coronado Oil case of 1932, has now switched to the government side, with the bland statement that the Coronado case and the case of Gillespie vs. Oklahoma (1922) "are out of harmony with correct principle and . . . are overruled." The second is the triumph of Justice Brandeis, whose sixteen-year-old dissent in the Gillespie case has now become court doctrine. The effect of the decision will be to widen the area of federal taxation and bring within the scope of the tax laws a good deal of income that had unjustifiably been slipping through the crevices. Taken with several court decisions handed down some months ago, which ruled that the federal government could tax the income of quasi-state officials and that the states could tax the income of contractors on federal projects, the cases show a tendency on the part of the court to redefine the entire theory of tax immunity. Another government victory was scored last week in the Charles E. Mitchell tax-penalty case, when the court ruled, after a brilliant argument for the government by Edward S. Greenbaum, that Mitchell's acquittal in 1933 on the criminal charge of tax fraud did not exempt him in civil suit from having to pay a 50 per cent penalty charge to the Treasury. While the decision strengthens the whole administrative machinery of the Treasury in tax enforcement, it is more than an administrative victory. Mitchell's case was in the common belief the outstanding tax fraud of the century. The government's successful challenge of chicanery among the higher bracketeers will do much to dampen their ardor for evasion.

* * *

CHAIRMAN MORGAN DID HIMSELF SMALL credit in the President's inquiry into the struggle of the TVA directors. Mr. Roosevelt's attempt to get at the facts behind the sensational charges fell foul of his stubborn refusal to answer questions. There may be some who still regard Mr. Morgan as hero or martyr; we do not. His refusal to give a bill of particulars for his charges leaves him shorn of whatever prestige he may have had. One can only conclude that he has no particulars that will stand scrutiny, or that he wants to make the President's path as thorny as possible, or that he believes that to reveal the facts now would be to detract from the dramatic character of the Congressional inquiry. If the last two of these three possibilities contain, as we believe, the greatest measure of truth, then Mr. Morgan's ethics (about which he has spoken so much) are

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transcended by his politics. No one can absolve the President completely of blame in this whole matter. As Paul Y. Anderson points out elsewhere in this issue, Mr. Roosevelt is paying now for his dilatory tactics in not resolving the impasse earlier. Nevertheless, that furnishes no excuse for Mr. Morgan's tactics. We still want an inquiry by a special Senate committee. But we are learning to expect little more than spleen from the TVA chairman.

*

THE APPOINTMENT OF THURMAN ARNOLD as Robert Jackson's successor in the Department of Justice may be far more fruitful than his critics like to imagine. Naturally his writings are now laid out to confront him, as if he were Walter Winchell turned press agent for the Legion of Decency. At worst these writings disclose that he senses the limitations of the anti-trust campaign, which has always been shrouded in bombast and proclaimed as a cure-all. At best they may provide the base for systematic, intelligent treatment of the monopoly issue. Arnold has maintained, with rich justification, that the anti-trust fight has been surrounded by rampant generalities and moral solemnity. He has debunked the holiness of the war. He believes that there is a battle to be fought—but with devotion to particular problems, to matters of detail, and to variations in the diverse realms of our economic life. He is likely to emulate the best work of the SEC in particularizing his inquiry and in invoking the widest publicity to bulwark real findings. The reactionaries have cuttingly suggested that he would not have his heart in the job. He probably intends to use his brains.

*

FRED BEAL, WHO LED THE GASTONIA STRIKE in 1929, has gone back to prison in North Carolina after a series of events which have taken him through all the vicissitudes of the radical movement for the past nine years. Beal, who was a member of the Communist Party, was convicted with six others of conspiring to murder Police Chief O. F. Aderholt of Gastonia, fatally wounded in a fight growing out of the strike. The American Civil Liberties Union offered to carry an appeal to the North Carolina Supreme Court on the ground that the convictions were based not upon evidence but upon the political views and working-class activities of those involved. While the appeal was pending, the defendants jumped bail. In the years following Beal made two trips to Russia. He came back opposed to the Soviet regime and went into hiding. Last summer he wrote a book in which he denounced the Soviets. He was picked up several weeks ago in Lawrence and extradited to North Carolina. Needless to say, he has been denounced by the Communist press as an enemy of labor. Fred Beal is a casualty of two wars. However strongly one may disagree with his present views, they are not the issue. The issue is the conviction of a labor leader on false charges. Beal has no legal appeal because he jumped bail. His fate rests therefore in the hands of the parole authorities and the Governor of North Carolina. Pressure from liberal and labor groups is in this instance more than ever essential.

*

THE CZECHOSLOVAKIAN TRADE AGREEMENT illustrates better perhaps than any previous pact the advantages and limitations of the Hull trade program. It goes beyond other agreements in providing for a reduction in the duty on an important product manufactured in the United States. But the benefit to Czechoslovakia from the cut of 50 per cent in our tariff on shoes is largely nullified by a provision for an increase in the duty if the importation of shoes reaches 1¼ per cent of average production in this country. As has so frequently been the case in the Hull agreements, the United States seems to have exacted a harsh bargain. Czechoslovakia granted tariff reductions on items forming 76 per cent of its imports from the United States, items which totaled $30,000,000 in value in 1936. In exchange, the United States cut duties on only 63 items with a total value of less than $20,000,000, or 55 per cent of our imports from Czechoslovakia. Although Secretary Hull is being criticized by vested interests for granting unwarranted concessions to foreign countries, the evidence is all the other way. Sensitive lest reactionary interests be offended, Hull has exacted far more than he has conceded, with consequent danger to world economic stability. Figures released last week by the Department of Commerce show that our exports to twenty-six trade-agreement countries in January were nearly 10 per cent higher than in the same month a year ago, while our imports from these same countries declined nearly 30 per cent. Although the recession undoubtedly accounted for most of the decline, these figures should give Mr. Hull cause for concern.

*

"THE BIRTH OF A BABY," AN EXTRAORDINARY film made under the auspices of the American Committee on Maternal Welfare, is at present being kept from the public in New York on the ground that it might corrupt public morals. An appeal is now before the Regents of the University of the State of New York. The film is educational in its objectives, and its objectives are such as to shame any group of censors. It seeks to reduce maternal and infant mortality, to avert fear of child-bearing, to prevent abortion, to warn against the dangers of promiscuity, and to present sex in its proper relation to life. In a country which has one of the highest maternal-mortality rates in the civilized world and more than its share of disease and pruriency as a result of the lack of proper sex education, a film like "The Birth of a Baby" should be broadcast far and wide. It has been indorsed by medical organizations, hospitals, maternity centers, prominent physicians, and even by the United States Public Health Service, which is conducting a campaign to bring syphilis under control. Laymen who have seen the film testify that an admittedly delicate subject is handled with amazing intelligence and taste and that it is, moreover, an excellent and beautiful example of cinema technique. The film is being shown in Minneapolis with the vigorous public approval of the Mayor. That it should be barred in New York City is only additional evidence of the attitude which the film seeks to dispel. Write to the Board of Regents in Albany, and make it strong!

* * *

GOVERNOR LEHMAN'S BLUNT REJECTION of the demands for the removal of Stanley M. Isaacs was politically wise and legally invulnerable. And Mr. Isaacs, the Republican Borough President of Manhattan, who valiantly stood by his Communist appointee, emerges from the incident with increased stature. While a pathetic chorus led by the Scripps-Howard *World Telegram* still warns that the republic is in danger, Simon W. Gerson remains at a post for which he happens to be well equipped. The net effect of one of the silliest of New York's red scares is that the cause of progressive government has been strengthened and life goes on pretty much as it did before Mr. Gerson seized City Hall.

* * *

WITH THE DEATH OF CLARENCE DARROW the nation loses the most colorful of the older generation of rebels. "I am a pessimist with hope" is the way Darrow once described himself, and he had the gift of making both premises persuasive. His view of human nature was Swiftian: while he professed himself an agnostic, there was an element of almost religious laceration in the low opinion he held of human qualities. But this fatalism about man did not prevent him from fighting for men. He was Governor Altgeld's partner, and his supporter during the Haymarket affair; he was counsel for Gene Debs in the railway-strike case, for Big Bill Haywood and his companions in the Staunenberg case, for the McNamara brothers in the ill-fated dynamite case. When he faced William Jennings Bryan at Dayton, Tennessee, in the evolution trial, he made Darwin and Huxley live in the minds of ordinary men and women; his report on the fate of the small business man under the NRA cleared the air of much of the current cant. The record of his life is woven into the record of the labor and progressive struggles of one of the bleakest periods in American history. But his permanent mark will probably remain in the annals of the law—not in the dusty records but in the body of memory, half-myth and half-truth, to which the common man clings. He will go down as the man who could work miracles for the defense in murder trials. With his intuitive grasp of human emotions and his passionate disbelief in capital punishment, he did more than anyone else to popularize the basic social fact that it is the environment that fashions criminals. His achievement was to bring a measure of humanity into the law.

* * *

THE NATION AND ALL ITS READERS HAVE rejoiced over the return to these pages of Paul Y. Anderson. Old subscribers had never ceased to remind us that he had been too long absent. A few weeks ago Mr. Anderson joined the Washington bureau of the St. Louis *Star-Times*, and that journal has experienced a similar burst of enthusiasm. We wish to add our congratulations to those of its other readers. The *Star-Times* has been consistently progressive for years. Its chief editorial writer, Irving Brant, is outstanding among liberal newspaper editors. It has a Guild shop. We can say nothing better about the *Star-Times* than that we believe Paul Y. Anderson belongs there.

"Mein Kampf" Unfolds

NOTHING that Hitler had done in the past quite equaled the shrewdness, dispatch, and ruthless efficiency he displayed in conquering Austria. On Friday an Austria which was at least 70 per cent anti-Nazi was preparing to demonstrate its opposition to *Anschluss* at a plebiscite on Sunday. Schuschnigg was defiant; the workers were flocking to his support; there were reports that the Austrian army was being mobilized, and even that Mussolini was giving encouragement if not backing to the government. On Friday night Schuschnigg was forced out by a Nazi ultimatum; early on Saturday morning German troops entered Austria; on Sunday President Miklas resigned, the Austrian army was coordinated with the German military force, the Austrian Nazis were put under German leadership, and Austria ceased to exist as even a nominally independent state.

After this sequence of events, there can be no question either of Hitler's ability to evaluate a political situation correctly or of his willingness to disregard all legal and humane considerations when he decides to strike. Nor can there be any doubt of the absolute nature of his victory. In many ways Austria may prove more difficult to coordinate than Germany. It is predominantly Catholic; it contains a larger proportion of Jews than Germany; and Vienna, at least, has a Social Democratic tradition that was never wholly uprooted by the Schuschnigg dictatorship. Moreover, despite Hitler, a strong Austrian nationalist sentiment exists which will not easily be overcome. Yet nothing unorganized individuals in that tiny country can do is likely to have much effect against the highly organized might of Nazi terror. Austria lost its last opportunity for freedom when Schuschnigg gave the order that the army should not fire a shot in defense of independence.

The conquest of Austria opens the path for Hitler's drive to the East which, according to "Mein Kampf," is to be the next step in Germany's rise to world mastery. That Czechoslovakia will be next is accepted as beyond question. Beyond lies Hungary, already repentant of its years of campaigning for revision of the peace treaties. Rumania under Carol's dictatorship is now strongly under German influence, and would presumably put up little resistance against Nazi economic dominance. Across Rumania lies the black-soil region of the Soviet Ukraine, the ultimate goal of Hitler's expansion to the East.

It remains to be seen, however, whether Hitler has paid a price for Austria that is incommensurate with his gains. The fact that his actions have provoked no open criticism in Rome does not mean that Mussolini is pleased to have German troops at the Brenner Pass. The Duce may have been too weak to resist, but he will certainly try to exact substantial repayment in one form or another. Failure to obtain this might seriously weaken Mussolini's prestige at home, and might yet break the Rome-Berlin axis. At the moment, the axis is unassailable, largely because of Germany's strength, but let it be demonstrated that England and France are firmly reunited, and Italy, its dreams of Central European dominance shattered, might well return to the Stresa front.

Outside the fascist bloc the Nazi coup has already had some effect in strengthening, at least temporarily, the forces opposing aggression. The new French Cabinet is much stronger in its orientation against fascism than the one which preceded it. It has been announced that the French treaty with Czechoslovakia will be strengthened so as to assure French intervention in the event of a German attack on the Czech republic. All signs point to a refurbishing of the somewhat tarnished Soviet-French agreement and a reaffirmation of the Soviet-Czech treaty. Czechoslovakia itself has flatly announced that it will fight rather than suffer Austria's fate.

Perhaps the most serious check to Hitler's aspirations may be found in the sudden disruption of Anglo-German negotiations. A more deadly weapon could scarcely have been put in the hands of those opposed to Chamberlain's pro-Nazi policies than has been furnished by Hitler's coup. Although Britain has refused to commit itself to support Czechoslovakia, it has seen a demonstration of Hitler's aims and methods which it is not likely soon to forget. Should France become involved in a war with the Reich, Britain would have little choice but to come to France's defense.

Frightened by the ease of the Nazi triumph, the democratic countries have been drawn together to resist the growing threat of German domination of Europe. While the anti-German bloc is by no means as strong as in the days of the Stresa front, it is still powerful enough to curb Nazi aggression if it remains intact. But is it a sincere opposition? Will it hold together once the events in Austria begin to fade into history? As always, the answer to these questions must be sought primarily in England. France, Russia, and Czechoslovakia must remain anti-Nazi from necessity. But there is reason to suspect that Chamberlain's opposition is merely "for the record." No Prime Minister of England could openly support Germany in the seizure of Austria. Should Hitler, as on previous occasions, allow passion to cool before launching his next adventure, it may again be possible to urge a "realistic" settlement with Germany. Only then can we know with certainty whether Chamberlain has profited by his error, or whether the British people have awakened sufficiently to overthrow the government if it returns to its pro-Hitler policies. In this connection it is heartening to note that the leaders of the political opposition are almost unanimous in urging a solid front of democratic powers to discourage any further Nazi advance in Central Europe.

Whipping a Dead Horse

IT HAS been amusing to follow the reactions to the President's government-reorganization program ever since it was first proposed over a year ago. The first response was one of magnificent boredom: the Brownlow report was long and most of its sounded technical; the feeling was that Presidents have for many years tried to reform the executive departments, and there was little reason for thinking Mr. Roosevelt would succeed where the others had failed. Then came the court fight, and with it two results—an obsession about Mr. Roosevelt as a potential dictator, and a new technique for smearing his proposals. Part of that technique was for the Republican opposition to stay in the background like a puppet-master and pit Democrat against Democrat. Another part was propaganda through agencies like the Committee to Uphold Constitutional Government: frantic appeals for funds to fight threatened dictatorship, open letters by Amos Pinchot, telegrams by the thousand shepherded to Washington. By use of this technique the opponents of reorganization finally managed to drum up some excitement—at least among themselves. Mr. Pinchot and Frank Gannett have called the reorganization battle the "third crisis" of American history, the deduction being that the Revolution and the Civil War were also important.

What is striking is that these tactics are proving to be just duds. The Administration enemies have tried their hardest; Senator Byrd got the Brookings Institution to make a study of reorganization, and it came through with a half million words attacking the Brownlow plan. But we doubt whether even Senator Byrd's zeal extends to reading half a million words. Senators Bailey, Walsh, Clark, Burke, and Glass—Old Guard Democrats fresh from their victory in the court fight—are trying to rouse the country with cries that the republic is in danger. But the country has failed to rally. Even the columnists, who did yeomen's work saving the country last year, have stopped whipping the dead steed of public indignation. Raymond Clapper picks to pieces the opposition on the crucial question of reorganizing the Comptroller General's office, and concludes that the hysteria has fed merely on ignorance of what the Byrnes bill says. Arthur Krock has failed the tory coalition for once; his comment is one of those on-the-one-hand-on-the-other-hand affairs. And Walter Lippmann has written the most sensible comment we have yet read on the bill, telling the coalition in effect that they cannot hope to make another court crusade out of a job of reorganization that has long needed doing.

For the fact is, despite Senator Wheeler's continued determination to carry on his emotional life in public, that the reorganization plan is nothing to get emotional about. There is very little that is new in it. Congresses have been talking about reorganizing the executive branch of the government for almost half a century—ever since the Dockery committee of 1894; but no Congress has ever done very much about it. President Hoover came close to succeeding in the task at the end of his term, only to miss out finally. President Roosevelt got emergency authority to carry out a reorganization at the beginning of his term. The crucial fact, as Mr. Lippmann well points out, is that while Mr. Roosevelt had theoretically for a time almost dictatorial power to scramble the government bureaus, he made very little use of it. And the reason is that "while in theory the bill may seem to give him enormous power; in practice it gives him a large collection of political headaches."

The job of streamlining the executive to fit the needs of modern administration has to be done. It is idle for Congressmen to cry that they and not the President must be the ones to do it. The fact is that Congress cannot and will not do it, because any individual Congressman is the prisoner of the patronage system, and the sum of their commitments amounts to inaction. It requires a great degree of personal courage even for a President to do it. But the job is his, and if Mr. Roosevelt has the stamina, Congress would do well to let him try it. The Byrnes bill as it now stands allows Congress by a two-thirds' vote to overrule any rearrangement of bureaus and agencies the President may decide on. That is check enough for any exercise of arbitrary executive power. For the rest, the issue should be fought out on technical administrative grounds and not as if the Senate were fighting Bunker Hill all over again under klieg lights.

Larceny in Wall Street

RICHARD WHITNEY was the central figure in one of those rare combinations of circumstance in which it is possible to reduce the activities of a Wall Street operator to so simple a matter as larceny. As floor broker for J. P. Morgan and Company, he made a market for securities in which millions were lost by investors, but he himself was tripped up by a rather elementary operation. He borrowed money from banks on securities which did not belong to him. As a result some of the outstanding contenders for the governorship of New York seem to be falling over themselves in their anxiety to make a reputation by sending Mr. Whitney to jail. District Attorney Dewey, although a late starter, was the first to bring in an indictment. Mr. Whitney has pleaded guilty to grand larceny, the misappropriation of $100,000 from a trust fund left to his wife, his sister-in-law, Harvard University, and St. Paul's School in Concord, N. H. Attorney General Bennett, whose assistants made no secret of their feeling that Dewey had stolen a march on them, next took Mr. Whitney in tow, also on a charge of grand larceny, this time on an allegation that the broker stole $109,384 from the vault of the New York Yacht Club, of which he was treasurer.

The closing of Richard Whitney and Company, if the losses are only $2,000,000, is not a financial disaster, but Wall Street could hardly have been more embarrassed if J. P. Morgan had been caught helping himself from the collection plate at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Mr. Whitney, five times head of the New York Stock Exchange, had long been one of the Street's chief spokesman for what is known as self-regulation of the investment markets. He seems to have been singularly unsuccessful in regulating his own affairs. According to District Attorney Dewey, investigation showed that Mr. Whitney had twice before taken securities from a trust fund to put up as collateral for loans. On those occasions the loans were repaid and the securities returned. The first time, in 1932, was about two years before Mr. Whitney pleaded that the Fletcher-Rayburn bill establishing the Securities and Exchange Commission would ruin the exchanges and nationalize American business. He said that the Stock Exchange, of which he was president, was ready without interference by government to "assist in every possible way in the prevention of fraudulent practices affecting Stock Exchange transactions, excessive speculation, and manipulation of security prices." The second occasion was in 1937. This was the year in which the investigation of the Wheeler subcommittee into the railroads revealed the failure of the Stock Exchange to disclose reports by an expert in its employ expressing grave doubt as to the financial stability of holding companies. The expert also frowned on listing Alleghany Corporation, a creature of the Morgans and the Van Sweringens, their allies in the railroad field. It will be recalled that Mr. Whitney was on the preferred list for 1,000 shares of Alleghany common at a time when its price was about $35. Alleghany won its listing on the Exchange.

Mr. Whitney's difficulties seem to have arisen from the fact that he and his firm were heavily involved in a small applejack-manufacturing company, Distilled Liquors Corporation. It had 148,750 shares outstanding. The Whitney firm and its partners held 139,400 shares. Question was raised in the investigation as to whether this did not constitute a "corner" in the stock. Unfortunately in this case the stock seems to have cornered Mr. Whitney. An attempt to peg the price, first at $15, later at $9, proved ruinous in a falling market; the announcement by the Stock Exchange that he was under investigation led to a voluntary declaration of insolvency. If the circumstances surrounding Mr. Whitney's fall illustrate the need for the regulation he fought, the absence of the panic fears that have accompanied the closing of brokerage houses under similar circumstances in years of "recession" demonstrates the wisdom of another measure to which Mr. Whitney and his banking colleagues violently objected—insurance of bank deposits.

The Whitney collapse may make the Street more humble in the future, and certainly more careful. The real story has not yet been told. Why did the House of Morgan, with so small an amount at stake, permit Whitney to become so entangled that he turned to larceny as his only way out? Why did the Stock Exchange take the unusual step of precipitating the collapse by publicly announcing that investigation was under way? Was action forced by the SEC? Finally we hope our friends in Moscow do not find too incredible this spectacle of a financial Old Bolshevik forced to confess peculations on a scale so unworthy the traditions of Wall Street.

TVA Jitters

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, March 14

FRIDAY was wash day at the White House, but for all the President's heroic efforts over the tub a mountainous bundle of TVA linen seems surely destined for the senatorial laundry. What is happening to him is what usually happens to easygoing housekeepers. He should have pitched in long ago. Instead, good easy man, he allowed things to accumulate, and what would have been no more than a brisk job of straightening up must now be a thorough house-cleaning—and one out of which envious neighbors will do their worst to make a scandal.

By his dramatic action in summoning the TVA directors to confront one another in his presence and there prove or retract their mutual accusations, Mr. Roosevelt may have hoped to render further investigation superfluous. If so his intent was defeated by the stubborn refusal of Chairman Arthur Morgan to produce any facts in support of his charges against his fellow-directors, Harcourt Morgan and David Lilienthal. It is true the chairman cut such a sorry figure that the President would be on solid ground in demanding his resignation at once, but in the face of his broad and persistent intimation that he can and will present proof when Congress authorizes an inquiry, one seems inevitable.

The question is being asked: Does the President have power to remove a member of the board? The only method of removal expressly provided in the TVA act is by concurrent resolution of the two houses of Congress. Some lawyers contend that a Presidential power of removal is implied in the act. It will hardly matter in this case. Resignation or removal of one director or all three is virtually assured. The outcome probably will be determined by the prospective investigation. Unless Chairman Morgan makes a far better showing than he has thus far, nothing is likely to save him. The tame tory columnists and peanut partisans who labor so heavily at making a martyr of him have no genuine concern for his ultimate fate. He is just a handy mudball to heave at the TVA and will receive the same solicitude as one that has been thrown.

His defiant attitude at the White House furnished the most striking corroboration of his colleagues' charge that he is temperamentally unfit to exercise a divided authority. Obviously he was under the most compelling ethical obligation to produce facts in support of his charges of dishonesty, indecency, conspiracy, and intrigue—charges which, as Lilienthal properly said, are libelous if untrue. And certainly he was morally obligated to render an accounting to the man who appointed him and them. No one who takes the trouble to read the eighty-page transcript of the hearing can fail to be impressed by the President's fairness in the face of insistent provocation. Anyone who, after reading it, is willing to compare the proceeding to a Soviet treason trial would do well to take himself to the nearest psychiatric clinic.

Because of their dramatic content news accounts have emphasized Chairman Morgan's charges, and his refusal to substantiate them. More significant to me, on the basis of the record, was one of the charges leveled against him by Lilienthal and Harcourt Morgan—and the evidence which they adduced to support it. The charge was that he actively and persistently interfered with and seriously hampered the preparation and presentation of the government's case in the vital injunction suit brought—and lost—by eighteen utility companies.

To the TVA the outcome of that proceeding was a matter of life or death. It was the culmination and quintessence of all the legal attacks by the combined forces of the power companies. In it all the tactics of obstruction were summed up and put to the test. Yet the record presented by Lilienthal and Harcourt Morgan appeared to show that the chairman sabotaged the government's case from beginning to end, and even sought to impeach some of the government's witnesses. What impresses me most in this connection is not the angry denunciations from the other two directors, but the coldly bitter objections of the lawyers who handled the case. It is not amiss to note that one of these lawyers—and the one who expressed the deepest indignation—was John Lord O'Brian, who served with some distinction as assistant attorney general in the Administration of Herbert Hoover. He was retained in this case as special counsel.

In the midst of the trial Chairman Morgan charged that a number of TVA engineers had complained to him that they were being required to give evidence of a misleading character. Challenged by Mr. O'Brian and James L. Fly to name the engineers, the chairman refused. Already burdened with the task of conducting the government's case against the best lawyers that utility money could hire, TVA counsel went to the trouble of interviewing every engineer who had been called or was scheduled to be called as a witness. They found nothing to support the chairman's nasty accusation.

Considering the chairman's unblemished personal reputation and his excellent record as engineer and administrator before joining the TVA, it seems logical to conclude that considerable provocation must have been required to push him to such extremities. The conclusion derives a color of corroboration from what is known of Lilienthal's nature and methods. The transcript of the hearing itself leaves little doubt that this astute, ambitious, tough-minded young lawyer overlooked no angles in compiling a record against his older colleague. It may be an unpleasant characteristic, but it does not impair the force of the record. That can only be done by facts—facts such as the President asked for and was denied.

Although Senator Norris still thinks the investigation should be made by the Federal Trade Commission, to avoid partisan sniping and personal buffoonery, he is resigned to a Senate inquiry. Since a select committee is indicated, and since it would be appointed by Vice-President Garner, always a friend of the TVA, there seems to be no great cause for alarm. In view of the tragic aspect of the whole matter, and considering that a certain amount of clowning cannot be avoided, no great harm can be done by making Senator Bridges a member of the committee.

[In last week's dispatch from Mr. Anderson it was stated that whereas once the N. A. M. bribed Congressmen and page boys, now it attempts to bribe "whole committees." The last word should have been "communities" not "committees."—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Europe Learns from Vienna

BY ROBERT DELL

Paris, March 14

HITLER'S annexation of Austria came sooner than anybody had expected, owing to Hitler's desire to prevent a plebiscite that would certainly have resulted in a large majority for Austrian independence. The absorption of Austria puts Czechoslovakia in immediate danger, for the Czechoslovak-Austrian border is not fortified, whereas there are strong fortifications on the German frontier. The Czechoslovak government and the people are meeting the situation with calm firmness. A Prague paper, *Pravo Lido,* spoke for the whole nation when it said yesterday, "We are not Austria and will never in any circumstances follow the example of Austria." Long ago steps were taken to make possible rapid mobilization whenever necessary, and the Czechoslovak army is excellent. The government has declared, in reply to questions from Paris and London, that Czechoslovakia will yield to no intimidation and will resist invasion by force. It has been assured by both the French and the Russian government that France and Russia will fulfil all their obligations under their respective treaties with Czechoslovakia.

On Saturday Sir Eric Phipps, the British ambassador in Paris, was informed by Delbos that the cause of Czechoslovakia was the cause of France, and the same information was given to Lord Halifax by the French ambassador in London. If, therefore, Hitler deals with Czechoslovakia as he has dealt with Austria, the result will be war. He has assured the Czechoslovak government of his pacific intentions, but it is remembered in Prague that in 1936 he solemnly undertook to respect the independence of Austria.

Neville Chamberlain

Courtesy London *Tribune*

The last illusion of those who persisted in believing that Mussolini could be detached from Hitler and induced to defend Austria has been destroyed. This illusion persisted at the Quai d'Orsai up to Friday, when the French chargé d'affaires in Rome was instructed to call on Foreign Minister Ciano, who refused to see him. Nothing about Austrian events was published in Italy until Saturday, when the press approved Hitler's action. Gayda said in the *Giornale d'Italia* that Italy would do nothing to hinder a natural stage in German national history and mentioned that Italy had formally abandoned Austria on March 1, 1937. How anybody can have imagined that the Rome-Berlin axis would exist if Mussolini had not abandoned Austria to Hitler passes my understanding. Yet eminent diplomatists like Sir Robert Vansittart, chief adviser to the Foreign Secretary, appear to have imagined it.

It seems that Hitler did not inform his Italian vassal in advance of his intention to seize Austria, but he has since given Mussolini an assurance that he will always respect the Brenner frontier. German and Italian officers have been fraternizing on that frontier. Mussolini cannot be very happy about the future. He has got nothing from his betrayal of Austria except a worthless promise from Hitler. His only hope now is in the British government. Hitler cannot save him from financial and economic catastrophe.

In France one of the first results of Hitler's coup was Blum's change in his ministerial plans and his attempt to form a government of national union, including Communists and men from the center and right who are loyal republicans, not royalists or pro-fascists. Blum particularly wanted Paul Reynaud as Foreign Minister. The attempt failed because the Communists were ready to subordinate their party and class interests to the interests of the nation, but the center and right were not, excepting Reynaud and a few others. Indignation against the latest example of Hitler's bad faith was intensified by a feeling that it is the inevitable consequence of Anglo-French policy and repeated capitulations. There is great bitterness against Chamberlain and Halifax, only hinted at as a rule in the press, but openly stated by Gabriel Peri in *Humanité*. Had the British government agreed to the French proposal, immediately after the Berchtesgaden ultimatum, that England and France should tell Hitler they would tolerate no further interference in Austria, he might have been checked without war. The proposal was rejected by Chamberlain, who explained away the Berchtesgaden ultimatum and pretended that there was a voluntary agreement between Hitler and Schuschnigg.

Moreover, in his speech on Eden's resignation Chamberlain encouraged Hitler to go ahead. Saturday the British and French ambassadors in Berlin made what are described as energetic protests, when it was too late. It was officially announced in Germany that Hitler had rejected the protests as inadmissible—another humiliation for England and France.

Now Austria is given up in Paris as a bad job, and interest is concentrated on acting in time to save Czechoslovakia from the same fate. If England and France and Russia all warned Hitler that any attack on Czechoslovakia would mean war with all of them, Czechoslovakia would be saved without war. The British government has been asked what it will do, and its reply is awaited. Much depends on the policy of the new French government. If Paul-Boncour lives up to his recent expressions of opinion, his policy will not be that of Delbos. He has been condemning the non-intervention farce and advocating closer cooperation with Russia, a firm attitude toward fascist dictators, and less subservience to the British Foreign Office. In March, 1936, when Hitler repudiated and violated the Locarno treaty, Boncour as a member of the Sarraut Cabinet strongly advocated mobilization.

Gangster Triumphant

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

IT HAPPENED in broad daylight. The small man looked around quickly as if he expected help from the man just behind him. Then he made a spasmodic move as if to defend himself. But the gunman walked toward him with steady, cold purpose. In a moment the small man was lying on the sidewalk, and it was all over. There were plenty of witnesses. The man behind the victim watched the attack intently, at close range; but he never made a move from beginning to end. Two other rather burly men, looking on from a little distance, seemed disturbed during the attack. They glanced at each other several times; once the bigger of the two frowned and shook his head; the other shrugged his shoulders. Afterward, while the body was still lying huddled at the feet of the gunman, they both rushed up and expostulated with him. He merely smiled. It was broad daylight, and the whole thing was clearly seen by many bystanders.

So Austria was murdered.

Of course it was not as simple as that; no crime is. The causes reach far back into the history of the relations of the gunman and his victim; they ramify in many directions. But once the crime has been committed, it is well to concentrate for a moment on the final fact: Austria is finished, and Germany stands over it, the perfect exemplification of brutal success, the gangster triumphant. Here we see the victory of pure force, untarnished by scruple, pity, hesitation, indecision; contemptuous of the weakness of its victim, scornfully certain of the vacillations of other interested powers. Here is final proof of what no longer needed demonstration—that a ruthless nation driving ahead toward its own goals cannot be stopped by inaction, compromise, and an anxious hope that perhaps the gun isn't really loaded.

Hitler's gun is loaded, and he knows his goals. He has announced them to the world. He is achieving them one by one. First, the wiping out of the Treaty of Versailles; second, the conquest of Austria; third—Czechoslovakia? He has drawn his territorial aims on maps and hung them in each German schoolroom. Every ordinary citizen in every nation knows them—everyone, it seems, except the diplomats, the men in power. To them alone the future is strangely obscure. They confer and bargain and exchange polite expressions of confidence attached to polite inquiries and requests. They hunt boars. They attend picturesque ceremonies. They visit Hitler in his charming Berchtesgaden eyrie. And now that it is all over they are shocked, terribly, terribly shocked. Mr. Chamberlain, who had been discussing colonial demands with the new German Foreign Minister, got the first hint of Hitler's intentions in Austria just before Herr Ribbentrop's departure from London. Lord Halifax, who knew his Nazis so well that he was sent to Berlin to prepare the way for the final, friendly settlement of German claims, and for this high achievement was then made Foreign Minister—Lord Halifax was caught completely by surprise and was reported pacing up and down his office "holding his forehead like a man distracted and exclaiming: 'Horrible! Horrible! I never thought they would do it!' "

Only his predecessor, Anthony Eden, knew what was known by every bus-driver and housewife in London, and his amazing perspicacity first drove him to defeat and isolation within the Cabinet, and then drove him out of it. Now that he has gone and the corpse of Austria lies sprawled across the Central European highway, the men who forced his resignation are emerging from their astonishment and preparing to adopt (too late?) his point of view and policy.

But the crime has older roots. Along the path of Austria's post-war history stand certain datestones marking stages in its sure but uneven progress toward extinction. One was the Treaty of St. Germain, which set up a new Austrian state. The second—February, 1934—was the slaughter by Dollfuss, at the instigation of Mussolini, of the Socialist workers of Vienna. The third—August, 1934—was the abortive Nazi coup and the assassination of Dollfuss. The fourth and last—February, 1938—was the meeting at Berchtesgaden at which the Austrian Chancellor agreed to Hitler's terms.

These dates mark crucial points in the history of the crime. The inexcusable Treaty of St. Germain, dismembering the old Hapsburg empire, carved out Austria, an amiable, impotent dwarf, dependent from the first on other countries and forbidden by the very terms of its birth certificate to unite with its stronger sister state, the new German Republic. Austria survived somehow, on bad debts and scenery and hopes; and the Socialist government of Vienna even created, out of almost nothing, a brilliant demonstration of municipal socialism in action. But always the Austrians looked toward union with Germany as a way out of their economic impasse—a reasonable ambition which aroused spasms of fear in the foreign offices of the Allied states. In 1931 a proposal for a mere customs union between the two German countries created an international financial panic.

The customs union was not established and *Anschluss* was fatally postponed. But Austria's disequilibrium was not overcome. The countryside—poor, reactionary, and Catholic—resented Socialist Vienna. The federal government represented the Catholic hinterland; Vienna represented only Vienna—and the working-class hopes of the world. Armed forces sprang up on both sides. Difficulties multiplied. When the peasant premier, Dollfuss, ended the parliament in the spring of 1933, he encountered no great opposition. This was partly because Hitler had become chancellor and dictator of Germany, and Austria was being deluged with a flood of threats and propaganda from another source. Nazi groups, organized in Austria, practiced new and more ruthless forms of terrorism. Hitler openly declared his intention to annex Austria, but this was not the kind of *Anschluss* Austrians had hoped for. Dollfuss looked southward for protection, and Mussolini adopted him.

Mussolini did not—and does not—want Hitler on the Brenner Pass; he wanted Austria to continue as a helpless barrier between the two hungry dictatorships. To survive in this role it was necessary to strengthen the central authority—and suddenly Dollfuss became a real dictator. He disbanded the Socialist Schutzbund and allowed the Heimwehr to assume more power; he announced a new authoritarian constitution which would have abolished the independent trade unions. The Socialists fought back, knowing that their existence was at stake. Dollfuss's struggle with the Nazis grew more active and complex. And finally a simple solution of the situation was proposed by Mussolini. Dollfuss was to clear the decks by wiping out the Socialists.

And that act marked the second fatal step in Austria's collapse. The workers were slaughtered in the streets and in their homes—the fine municipal tenements built by their Socialist government. Their defense was courageous beyond belief but it failed—through inefficiency and democratic scruples and an honest dislike of bloodshed. And when it was over, a thousand workers were dead, and the chance of withstanding Hitler by the creation of an anti-Nazi front had been blasted out of existence.

Then came the Nazi coup. Dollfuss was killed, but his government survived. Why? What held Hitler's hand in 1934? The Socialists were crushed; his own followers were active and arrogant. Two things saved Austrian independence at that time: (1) the Austrian masses failed to rise; in spite of disorders here and there, no genuine response greeted the news—falsely spread by radio—of the government's collapse; (2) Mussolini mobilized the Italian army on the Brenner Pass. So Hitler pretended he had never sanctioned a Nazi coup in Austria, and he let his henchmen go to prison and the gallows.

But four years have passed. Hitler and Mussolini are military allies. Germany has rearmed. The Treaty of Versailles is all but forgotten; the League is not even appealed to by the victims of aggression. The Rhineland has been fortified. Every act of defiance has met with success. But Hitler has only begun. The time has come to fulfil those other announced aims; and the first is the one that stands at the head of the Nazi program—all Germans must be united under a single flag. Then the rest must follow, as fast as possible, for time is also important. Germans, apparently, can live on pride and promises, but factories cannot operate on them even for a day. Germany needs resources—as well as more Germans. So Berchtesgaden and the surrender of Schuschnigg.

Schuschnigg's desperate last-second gesture of defiance was important for only one reason. It revealed with sickening clarity what he and his predecessor had sacrificed when they killed the Socialists and smashed the labor movement. In his extremity last week Schuschnigg appealed to the workers of Austria. And out they came, bravely and deliberately, to help Schuschnigg save Austria; making no conditions except that they be permitted at least the same privileges as the Nazis, asking only for arms and a chance to fight for the government that had driven them underground and killed their comrades. But all their valiant gesture accomplished was to mark them out as the first victims of the new Nazi terror.

Schuschnigg called on the workers just four years too late. This time the Austrian Nazis were ready; they rose at Hitler's command. This time German troops poured across the border, closed the frontiers, occupied the centers; and bombers circled over Vienna. This time the handful of Italian border guards at the Brenner politely greeted the motorized German unit that swept up to the pass. And this time the Western powers were divided and frightened, out-bluffed and out-maneuvered. So Hitler is the dominant figure in Europe today, the gangster triumphant.

War in the Peace Movement

BY JAMES WECHSLER

I

THE leaders of two prominent peace societies were mournfully appraising the outlook for world peace. Mr. X bitterly insisted that the President's failure to invoke the neutrality law in the Far East should be converted into another "Supreme Court issue." Mr. Y, having been weaned on the League of Nations, still drew spiritual strength from Geneva. Neither mentioned the private boycott of Japanese goods. Their talk ran the gamut of human interests from monetary stabilization to lower tariffs—and then to the long view.

"When the next war is over," said Mr. X finally, "we've got to prevent the nations from writing another Versailles."

"A peace without victory; then peaceful change," intoned Mr. Y.

The next day Mr. X quietly asked one of the foundations to finance an exclusive study of peace treaties.

So did Mr. Y.

Concern over the next peace treaty is no longer considered premature among some of America's more mellowed peace leaders; to outsiders it may seem like making plans for an ambitious social life after your funeral. Yet on the surface the American peace movement is enjoying an unprecedented boom. Its leaders used to address audiences which remained absent in large numbers; they wrote letters to the editor when their existence was questioned. Now they snuggle into headlines beside Admiral Leahy. Anti-war literature is being read as well as printed more widely than ever before. Certainly there has never been a period more congenial to the growth of the movement.

But something is wrong. For the established peace societies have tragically failed to exert any pronounced or positive influence upon the course of American foreign policy. They debate passionately among themselves; they hurl occasional epithets in unison; they address feverish and conflicting appeals to public opinion. Meanwhile, American policy returns to the traditional pattern of a big navy which even the admirals don't understand, of preparedness without perspective. While the peace leaders waver between jitters and paralysis, between futile hysteria and fatalistic "long view," the old preparedness lobby dominates. A glimpse of the peace movement in action—and inaction—may throw some light on the causes of its failure and explain the growing interest in peace treaties.

Strictly speaking, the phrase "peace movement" is a euphemism. What passes under that name is a strange, confusing array of more than fifty national organizations which want peace, in one form or another. Many of the organizations don't want anything except peace—at varying prices. Others also want prohibition restored or the equal-rights amendment passed or God more widely publicized. Still others insist that they don't want anything at all; they are just "educational." Most of them have nothing against capitalism. Whatever their individual reasons for existence, they jealously guard their field of action, with dark frowns for those who try to muscle in.

But they have certain characteristics in common. Most of them were founded in the post-war years. They articulated that ardent idealism which demanded the creation of permanent peace machinery. World Court, League of Nations, disarmament—these phrases were their ritual. In practical politics they were appallingly ineffectual. Yet despite persistent rebuffs the peace leaders of that period remained cheerful. A deeply religious animation—which originally inspired most of them—bolstered them against the setbacks of the real world; the character of their constituencies enabled them to scorn immediate results. For the followers of the peace movement ranged from devout, crusading idealists to sober men and women who sent in their dues as faithfully as they remained members of their churches and alumni associations. It was a middle-class movement, recruiting women who were seeking a "cause," educators who were anxious to make some frail contribution to adult society, clergymen who wanted to enthrone Christianity in a harsh world, enlightened men of moderate wealth who wanted to distinguish themselves from Babbitt without causing too much of a row. Peace was the answer. It still is.

In those years the peace organizations rendered some real services to popular understanding. They did not do a great deal more. They endowed the present-day movement with a profoundly middle-class heritage and a marked inferiority complex. They encumbered it with a host of prejudices, divisions, and false hopes, with hostility toward "radical" or "violent" techniques (even when most of the peace leaders were being labeled red by respectable people) and distrust of or indifference toward the labor movement (which remained emphatically indifferent in return).

In 1933 it became apparent that Something Had to Be Done. Still pleading for universal disarmament, the societies were confronted by the fact of aggression. In an effort to reconstruct their battered lines, a group of the leading peace organizations established the National Peace Conference to serve as a clearing-house, to prevent duplication, and, most important, offer a solid front whenever possible in the political arena. As a clearing-house the conference has done admirably. As a solid front it firmly stands for peace in general—and straddles most issues of immediate relevance.

The National Peace Conference includes forty-one affiliated organizations. They range from membership bodies to committees, from peace organizations to the W. C. T. U. When the membership of all these agencies is totaled, the figure passes 40,000,000. But that total should not be taken too seriously. Subtract liberally for duplication. (Thus while 6,000,000 women are represented in the conference by the National Committee on the Cause and Cure of War, which unites eleven women's groups, many of these groups have individual representation also.) Subtract further those persons who know only vaguely that they belong to an organization which belongs to the conference. What you get is an unknown remainder of the "peace-minded." To them must be added the members of such "outlaw" organizations as the American League for Peace and Democracy (formerly Against War and Fascism), which optimistically claims more than 3,000,000 supporters; it is barred from the N. P. C. because it harbors Communists in its ranks.

Even with these reductions, however, the National Peace Conference represents a numerically impressive group. If all its affiliates could agree on propositions more urgent than lower tariffs, they would be more formidable. A cross-section of the conference will reveal why it is a sadly divided camp.

Reading from right to left, we see first the most respectable bodies, strictly committed to inaction. These have the most distinguished trustees, the largest budgets, and the longest view. Of this company the most august is the Carnegie Endowment. The Carnegie Endowment made an exhaustive survey of the cost of the last war; it will undoubtedly make a similar survey of the cost of the next. As its bulletin explains: "That more wars may take place is regarded as inevitable; to prevent them is not the work of the peace endowment." Its work is rather to provide nearly a million dollars a year primarily for research, which future historians may acknowledge more ardently than future war veterans.

Suffering from comparable reticence, but for entirely different reasons, are the large religious organizations which represent the numerical majority of the National Peace Conference. Their real strength can only be estimated by conjecture. A church leader may like to pretend, in peace politics, that he speaks for millions of devout constituents; he knows that on crucial issues of national policy he can speak for himself alone. Thus the millions of Protestant constituents of the Department of International Justice and Good-Will of the Federal Council of Churches undoubtedly cherish international justice and good-will. But how many are for isolation, how many for collective action, and how many are just "peace-minded"? The large women's organizations contain members with similarly discordant views. A notable advance was registered when delegates to the last conference of the National Committee on the Cause and Cure of War reached agreement on a program of collective security.

That forty-one agencies with so diverse a membership have set out to find peace through the National Peace Conference may be a reassuring note. That all their members will vigorously support a program which their leaders write is as likely as an outburst of mass picketing by the rank and file of the Union League Club. The fact is that the overwhelming majority of member organizations in the conference are not geared for pressure action—except the militant circulation of reading lists.

Within this languid assemblage, however, is a core of ardent, aggressive, and defiant societies whose directors are largely responsible for the peace movement's current prominence. They do most of the talking and furnish the momentum for whatever is done. Several of them represent organizations with no members at all, and are thus virtually free to say what they please when impulse or habit dictates a public pronouncement. In reality they are but a small sector of the N. P. C.; but they explain its strained disposition and its periodic tumult. In this company the most dynamic figures are Frederick J. Libby of the National Council for the Prevention of War—venerable, vociferous, and haunted by visions of red herring and British chestnuts menacing the peace movement; Dorothy Detzer of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom—aggressive, a talented lobbyist, and an experienced old-timer; John Nevin Sayre of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, Mrs. Estelle Sternberger of World Peaceways, Inc., Oswald Garrison Villard of the Committee on Militarism in Education, Clark Eichelberger of the League of Nations Association, Henry Atkinson of the Church Peace Union, and a handful of others. As individuals or as spokesmen for their organizations they are the leading figures in the movement's power politics. Walter Van Kirk, director of the conference, acts as monitor when things threaten to get out of hand; his attempts to keep the peace among the delegates are no less heroic than his broader efforts.

The first five named, plus William T. Stone of the Foreign Policy Association, who occasionally plays quarterback, are the spearhead of the isolationist team. Most of them are convinced that someone in the State Department is engaged in a sinister conspiracy to plunge the country into war when nobody is looking. This fiery bloc literally represents groups that are numerically insignificant, but exploits a vast reservoir of popular feeling. Mr. Libby's National Council, with thirty affiliated organizations, has no individual membership; its bulletin goes to 23,000 subscribers. Miss Detzer played a memorable rôle in setting the stage for the Nye inquiry, but the Women's International League still has only 14,000 members. The pacifist Fellowship of Reconciliation claims 8,000. The sponsors of World Peaceways set out in 1931 to persuade big business that "peace pays," a sentiment which Bruce Barton had kindled. E. R. Squibb and Sons capitulated and financed a radio program; since then press, radio, and business executives have succumbed to appeals for free space, time, and donations. The society boasts that "our achievements have been made possible by the cooperation of business and industry, which believe that world prosperity depends upon the maintenance of world peace." While its propaganda network is amazingly far-flung, most of it goes to prove that war is hell. That news was last year spread in journals with a total circulation of 25,000,000.

Against the barrage of material from these groups there has been only a moderate, almost inaudible counter-attack. Mr. Eichelberger has made valiant efforts to rally opinion behind a program of joint international action, but with neglible success. Such efforts have been hampered by the tendency of even pro-League groups—which have equally moderate memberships—to feel that collective pressures which have not been sanctified by Geneva must have been manufactured in Moscow. It was only after months of appraisal that Eichelberger's League of Nations Association indorsed the Japanese boycott in "better than nothing" terms. Through his efforts a "Committee for Concerted Peace Efforts" was set up to organize the collective-security forces. After issuing one manifesto, it lapsed into silence.

These conflicting factions have been tugging at the State Department's ear for months. One wing has clamored for enforcement of the neutrality law, for the Ludlow bill, for repudiation of the President's Chicago address. Another, with less sound and only occasional fury, has begged for collective measures to stem aggression. In all the turbulent debate the naval budget looms largest. In a sense the isolationists have emerged supreme, although it is questionable to what extent they have molded American policy—or lack of policy—and to what extent they have merely cheered while a steamroller gathered momentum. Granting their own claims to effectiveness, they now face a tragic dilemma. They are told that if the United States must henceforth stand alone, as they have always insisted, a great navy is imperative. No excited telegrams from the Women's International League, no protests from the Fellowship of Reconciliation, appear able to prevent this; the latest Gallup poll shows a 73 per cent majority for a larger navy—as a peace measure. The isolationists happily point to the Nye inquiry as a momentous event in which they played a real part. They are also pleased by the neutrality law which flowed from that inquiry—a law which has proved disastrously "unneutral" in the Spanish war.

Meanwhile the collective-security advocates are busy at other things. Mr. Eichelberger has been organizing a campaign for world economic cooperation which will reach a climax at a Washington conference next week. All of them nonchalantly neglected to attend the naval hearing.

In Washington the hostile cries from one side drown out the cries from the other. Even when the peace societies are fairly unanimous—and loud—their influence is largely imaginary. Recently a group of churchmen went out and hunted up a man with a thundering voice. They took him down for an interview with President Roosevelt. He read their booming manifesto attacking the naval budget. But the Navy League will get its ships.

[*In the second part of this article Mr. Wechsler will give an account of what the National Peace Conference as a body has—and hasn't—done on issues of immediate importance.*]

Columnists on Parade

IV DALE CARNEGIE

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

DALE CARNEGIE of Missouri is a growth rather than a columnist. But what he puts forth every day looks like a column, and since he is a species that we have always with us he is worth a brief glance. His column, started in November, has had a fast rise. He belongs to the school of Elbert Hubbard, Walter Pitkin, and Addison Sims of Seattle. He thrives on the desperate desire for success in the land of opportunity, and he operates in that large and peculiarly sterile sector inhabited by the housekeepers and upstairs servants, the sub-bureaucracy, of business. He preaches a sermon of inverted inferiority which runs like this: If you are a bad salesman, you have only yourself to blame. But don't despair. "You do not know what treasures are within you." It's a matter of handling people. Andrew Carnegie knew the secret, and you can learn it. He then quotes William James, John Dewey, Charles Schwab, Abraham Lincoln, Dorothy Dix, Lao Tze, Socrates, and Publius Syrus. He has many testimonials from business men who by following his simple rules, backed by the authority of Socrates and Charles Schwab, made two orders grow where one grew before. And the Dale Carnegie Institute of Effective Speaking and Human Relations is so successful that it recently displayed its wares in an advertisement covering practically a full page of the New York *Times*.

The warm glow diffused by Mr. Carnegie's advice to the success-lorn may be measured by the fact that his book "How to Win Friends and Influence People" has sold 768,545 copies. It is "the most popular work of non-fiction of our time," and recently the United States Bureau of Prisons asked its publishers to submit bids on 200 copies for prisoners in Leavenworth, Atlanta, and Alcatraz! Carnegie's column, "On Success," is mainly a rehash of the book.

Why did Andrew Carnegie succeed? Here's a clue:

> When he was a boy back in Scotland, he got hold of a rabbit, a mother rabbit. Presto! He soon had a whole nest of little rabbits—and nothing to feed them. But he had a brilliant idea. He told the boys in the neighborhood that if they would go out and pull enough clover

Can We Insure America Against War?

TORN by conflict, with actual warfare in two continents and deep divisions of interest and opinion in all nations, the world longs for peace while it plunges toward the most disastrous of all wars. Our mere physical separation from the two embattled continents is no guaranty of peace for the United States unless we can present and adhere to a vigorous, consistent *peace policy.*

Profound differences among us impede the development of such a policy. Our extreme isolationists say we should wash our hands of the struggles of Europe and Asia. They maintain that we can keep out of the next world war only by adopting a drastic policy of non-intercourse—no trade with a warring nation; no loans or credits; no Americans permitted in areas of conflict; no Americans permitted on ships of nations at war; no commitments to aid the future victims of aggression, either by economic measures or through diplomatic intervention.

Believers in collective security disagree at almost every point. Peace, they say, is in the end indivisible. It cannot be preserved here if it is extinguished in Europe and Asia. With China overrun by Japanese armies, Spain fighting for its life against fascism, Austria actually annexed by Germany, and Czechoslovakia the probable next victim, no end to aggression is in sight. Successive surrenders by Great Britain and France and by the League of Nations to the aggressive powers have resulted not in peace but in further demands, new aggressions. Only if the fact and threat of aggression are met by the united resistance of the democratic powers can a new world war be avoided. A world war would ultimately engulf the United States, no matter how many laws were written to prevent it.

Which Policy Affords Us the Better Chance of Security?

THE NATION regards this as the greatest question before the people of the United States today. A safe foreign policy depends upon our ability to answer it wisely—and promptly. Above all, the liberals of the country should express themselves clearly. It is to them that our Administration looks for support and direction. Readers of *The Nation* form an accurate cross-section of enlightened liberal opinion. They want peace. How can we best insure the future of our country?

Though liberal desire for peace is a complete unit, liberal opinion about how to achieve it is perilously divided. It is vital that the weight of the two opposed schools of thought be known now, while the knowledge can be of value to the Administration in formulating its foreign policy. This urgent need has caused *The Nation* to draft and address to AMERICAN LIBERALS the adjoining questionnaire, to make known the consensus of opinion regarding the surer way to peace for the United States in the existing emergency.

The Nation *of April 2 will contain the results of a separate poll of newspaper editors on this subject, also special statements by liberal leaders prominent in various spheres of American life. From week to week thereafter the magazine will present the returns from the general poll, together with related articles by celebrated writers on world affairs.*

[If you wish to keep this copy of the magazine intact, write at once to The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y., for a separately printed copy of the Questionnaire and Ballot.]

Peace-Policy Questionnaire and Ballot

I. In the long run, which offers the better insurance against war for this country—

1. Isolation? .... ☐
2. A policy of cooperation with other nations in defense of peace? .... ☐

(Please answer the questions under A and C, or B and C, depending on your answer to the questions above.)

A—Isolation

II. If you favor isolation, do you believe that our present Neutrality Act, if applied, would supply sufficient guaranties of American security?

(Circle YES or NO.)

III. If your vote on Question II is *No*, would you go beyond the Neutrality Act and stop all trade with belligerents, withdraw all aid from American citizens in countries at war, and refuse to consult with other nations on ways to avoid or end further conflict?

(Circle YES or NO.)

IV. Do you believe that a policy of isolation—

1. Should be backed by a large increase in the army and navy? .... ☐
2. Or should we depend chiefly on measures of economic non-intercourse to protect us from war? .... ☐

B—Collective Security

V. If you believe in collective action, what sort of commitments do you favor?

(If you favor more than one, mark your preferences 1, 2, 3.)

1. Joining the League of Nations? .... ☐
2. Acting in common with other signatories to the Pact of Paris? .... ☐
3. Collaborating (through joint or parallel action), as occasion demands, with the major non-aggressive powers? .... ☐

VI. What sort of collective action do you advocate to check aggression?

(If you favor more than one, mark your preferences 1, 2, 3.)

1. Economic measures directed against the offending power? .... ☐
2. Economic support for the victims of aggression? ☐
3. The threat of collective armed resistance to aggression? .... ☐

VII. The present Neutrality Act prevents economic cooperation with other nations to prevent or resist aggression. Would you favor—

1. Repealing the act outright? .... ☐
2. Or amending it to permit economic aid to the victims of aggression? .... ☐

C—In Either Case

VIII. Has the failure of the major democratic powers effectively to oppose the aggressions of Germany, Italy, and Japan weakened your belief in the possibility of collective action?

(Circle YES or NO.)

IX. Has it caused you to direct your hopes for such action to non-official groups in all countries—particularly to labor and liberal and pacifist elements in the populations and the parliaments?

(Circle YES or NO.)

X. Do you favor the application of voluntary popular boycotts to goods coming from nations engaged in aggressive warfare?

(Circle YES or NO.)

XI. Do you believe that the United States should join in or support efforts to reduce the economic causes of friction by such means as—

(If you favor more than one, mark your preferences 1, 2, 3.)

1. A redistribution of colonies? .... ☐
2. Reciprocal trade agreements? .... ☐
3. Cancellation of war debts? .... ☐
4. Stabilization of currencies? .... ☐
5. Relaxation of immigration restrictions? ...... ☐

XII. Do you believe in a referendum on the question of a declaration of war by the United States?

(Circle YES or NO.)

Please be sure to fill in your name and address below, and mail this page to The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y. *Unsigned ballots cannot be counted* with the published results.

Name .... Street ....

City .... State ....

For further announcement, turn to outside back cover.

> and dandelions to feed the rabbits, he would name the bunnies in their honor. The plan worked like magic; and Carnegie never forgot it.

Carnegie knew how to make people feel important!

Here's another tip:

> I go fishing up in Maine every summer. Personally I am very fond of strawberries and cream; but I find that for some strange reason fish prefer worms. So when I go fishing, I don't think about what I want. I think about what they want. . . . I dangle a worm or a grasshopper in front of the fish. . . . Why not use the same common sense when fishing for men?

Henry C. Frick's secret was tenacity. "Well, any one of us can acquire tenacity." The secret of Charlie Schwab's success is his capacity to handle people. "Charles Schwab told me himself that he had many men working for him who knew more about the manufacture of steel than he did." How does he do it? "Well, while I am dealing with [men] I mentally swap places and it seems to work." He told Dale Carnegie so himself. Carnegie has met a lot of rich men in his day. His rules for winning friends make it easy for him to get them to talk to him, and they have all told him the secret of their success, as rich men will. Invariably it has been some admirable talent for handling human relationships. Throw away your economics textbooks.

One of the first principles of his lexicon is the futility of criticism. He proves it by saying that Albert B. Fall, "Two Gun" Crowley, and Al Capone never repented. "So when you and I are tempted to criticize someone tomorrow, let's remember Al Capone, 'Two-Gun' Crowley, and Albert Fall." That should go big in Alcatraz.

What struck me hardest was Mr. Carnegie's example of the "greatest winner of friends the world has ever known." It's the dog. "A dog," he wrote on February 9, "knows more about the art of winning friends than all the philosophers and psychologists that have ever lived." Study the dog. Mr. Carnegie has; as a result he has given us the best outline of the science of tail-wagging and hand-licking ever written. (But don't think he means flattery. That's insincere, and a dog is sincere.) And in case you're trying to forget it, almost 800,000 people are presumably busy learning the science, to the great success of Dale Carnegie.

I have one serious criticism. He gives full instructions about how to get ahead by acting like a dog. But he slights the under-dog. Maybe you'd better hang on to your union card after all. He gives employers a tip on how to fire an employee without hurting his feelings. According to a testimonial, of which Mr. Carnegie receives hundreds, the way to fire a man is to say, "Mr. Smith, you've done a fine job. . . . You've got the stuff . . . you're going a long way wherever you're working." If you use that technique Mr. Smith goes away feeling a lot better about being fired. Mr. Carnegie also tells employers how to make employees happy at no extra expense.

> J. A. Want, head of the J. A. Want Organization, . . . was faced with the necessity of changing a mechanic's attitude and demands without arousing resentment. . . . He was always complaining that the hours were too long . . . that he needed an assistant. J. A. Want didn't give him an assistant, didn't give him shorter hours or less work, and yet he made the mechanic happy. How? This mechanic was given a private office. His name appeared on the door, and with it his title—"Manager of the Service Department."

He tells how John D. Rockefeller, Jr., after the Ludlow massacre, won the strikers to "his way of thinking" with a speech which "presented facts in such a friendly manner that the strikers went back to work without saying another word about the increase in wages for which they had fought so violently." He says by the way that "business men are learning that it pays to be friendly to strikers." Still, I'd keep that card.

Mr. Carnegie's courses have been conducted at the Westinghouse Electric Company, the New York Telephone Company, the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce. He thrives on junior junior executives and salesmen, who write him stories of how they sold themselves to the boss. But what about the boys who fed Andrew Carnegie's rabbits and the under-dogs you see haunting factory gates or nosing garbage cans? Surely he has a message for them. This must be it.

> Sometimes my ego rises and fills me with a degree of complacency which might still all my ambition if it lasted long enough. This is when I stop to realize that in certain respects no multimillionaire has anything on me. For instance, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., can't enjoy a good book any more than I can; Andrew Mellon himself couldn't see his wonderful collection of oil paintings with any better vision than mine. . . . Yes, when I think of all the joys I can have at so little cost, I might, if I didn't really enjoy my work and had no responsibility, even drop back and apply for a place on the relief roll.

The Carnegies are not in themselves important. But there are many of them, and as yeast in the dough of small reaction they have their larger uses.

[*Next week: Eleanor Roosevelt.*]

Spring Song

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

Oh, Spring comes dancing down the lane
In Germany, Japan, and Spain;
And poets raise *humana vox*
To sing the vernal equinox;
And the ending of the season snowy
In the Italy of Horace's Chloë.
But Spring's particularly grand
In this—Columbia, happy land
Where everybody's a Good Neighbor,
And Capital's in love with Labor.

A truce to velvet ridicule!
The world's a knave! the world's a fool!
And I'm for picketing, with cards:
"THE SPRING'S UNFAIR TO UNION BARDS."

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Hitler Dooms the Church

BY PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN

THE annexation of Austria aggravates the church problem for Hitler. When he came to power in Germany in 1933, the churches were divided and weak; in Austria, where more than 90 per cent of the population is Catholic, the church is strong, united, and anti-Nazi. Cardinal Innitzer of Vienna has made clear on innumerable occasions his intense dislike of Hitler's philosophy and program. The majority of Austrian Catholics, though they might be sympathetic to *Anschluss* for other reasons, have resisted it on religious grounds, and many will continue to do so.

Probably in anticipation of the Austrian coup, Hitler has sought to create the impression in recent months that he was discontinuing his war on the churches. Hundreds of clergymen have been released from concentration camps since Christmas. The charges against Martin Niemoller, the leader of the Protestant revolt, were reduced from treason to minor offenses, and his trial resulted in what was substantially an acquittal, though, to be sure, he was rearrested immediately afterward and held without trial. Even Hitler himself, in his speech before the Reichstag on February 20, invoked God and Christianity as witnesses to the justice of his cause. Whether these developments actually indicated a change of heart or were merely maneuvers in a well-thought-out plan for the annexation of Austria is a question that can be realistically answered only in the light of Hitler's promises and performances with reference to the German churches.

The twenty-fourth article of the avowedly immutable Nazi platform declares, "The party as such represents the point of view of a positive Christianity without binding itself to any particular confession." On this basis and also because Hitler promised to save Germany from anti-religious Bolshevism, great multitudes of churchmen rallied to his cause. Pastor Niemoller joined the National Socialist Party and was its ardent supporter until it attacked the church. Father Rupert Mayer, who later became the spearhead of the Catholic opposition in Bavaria, urged his people to follow the new leader. The Papal Nuncio in Berlin, Orsenigo, an ardent Fascist, participated in the negotiations which brought Hitler to power. Millions of Protestant and Catholic laymen followed their leaders into the Nazi camp.

It is difficult to understand the spiritual blindness of these people, especially the clergymen. Apparently they were so completely concerned with narrow church interests that they were oblivious to the profounder implications of the Nazi movement. How could they hope that a demagogue who sought to crush democracy, glorify war, reduce women to a medieval status, regiment youth, destroy labor unions, and promote race hatred would at the same time foster Christian ideals and institutions?

By their blindness and lack of comprehension they made the Nazi dictatorship possible. They showed little concern when Hitler robbed the German people of their freedom and imprisoned or murdered pacifists, Social Democrats, and Communists. Pastor Niemoller's sermon pronouncing God's blessing on Hitler's electoral mandates after the burning of the Reichstag was an interesting revelation of the mentality of the clergy. A small number, among them Cardinal Faulhaber, have denounced discrimination against Christians of Jewish descent, but scarcely a voice has been lifted against persecution of the Jews as Jews. Only when Hitler began to attack the church did the clergy rise to resist.

The Catholic church was the first victim. According to the last census there are 23,772,000 Catholics in Germany, about one-third of the total population, and they increase by nearly 1 per cent yearly. Because this group owed allegiance to a "foreign power," possessed a world-embracing, non-nationalistic *Weltanschauung,* and exercised firm control over its youth, it quickly came into conflict with the new regime. But out of its immemorial shrewdness the church decided that it would be better to come to terms with Hitler than to fight him. The result was the Concordat of July 3, 1933. The Vatican promised that the priests would abstain from all political activities. In return Hitler guaranteed to German Catholics freedom of worship, of education, and of the religious press.

In actual fact the church has been steadily attacked and persecuted. Too clever to forbid Catholic worship or to arrest the bishops, the Nazis have sought to break the hold of the church on the people, especially on the young people. They abolished the Catholic charitable societies. They so effectively censored the Catholic periodicals as to leave the faithful without correct information about the religious situation. They arrested printers who published papal encyclicals. They disbanded the Catholic youth organizations and insisted that all children must belong to the Hitler Youth. They gave children the legal right to disobey their parents in any conflict between Hitler Youth and the church. For example, if, as often happens, the youth organization announces a hike for the hour on Sunday morning when children ordinarily go to church, their parents on penalty of arrest must permit the children to march. Through one ruse or another most of the parochial schools have been closed. Ugly pressure is exerted by local party leaders upon parents who still send their children to church schools. All of this is accompanied by propaganda against the church in the schools, the press, and the radio.

Is it diabolical cleverness or some sex perversion which moves the Nazis to attack their victims on grounds of sexual immorality? As Jews were discredited by laws preventing them from employing Christian house-maids and imprisoning them for relations with Aryan women, so priests were defamed not only by largely trumped-up charges of currency smuggling and palpably absurd accusations of conspiracy with Communists, but also by much-publicized immorality trials designed to demonstrate that they were an evil influence on Catholic youth. Whereas fewer than 1 per cent of the church officials were charged with such offenses and only a small number of those were convicted, the way the trials and the publicity about them were handled gave the impression that the entire church was morally corrupt. Catholic parents have told me that as a result their children are unwilling to go into a church out of fear of what the priests may try to do to them.

There is no question that these tactics have driven large numbers of Catholic young people away from the church. On the other hand, they have made it perfectly clear to loyal Catholics that the Concordat was never sincerely intended by Hitler and that he is engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the church. At great risk and with heroic courage some Catholic leaders have openly defied and denounced the regime. This has infuriated Hitler, who had hoped to liquidate this problem without such notoriety as Russia's anti-religious program obtained.

The Protestant churches were attacked on another front. Unlike the Catholics, they represented the majority of the German people and they had no foreign entanglements. The problem here was to break the hold not of the church but of its ideology. The Nazi god is a jealous god. For a Protestant to say, "We must obey God rather than man," is blasphemy in his sight. But while the Nazis seek to destroy the power of the German Catholic church, they may permit the Protestant churches to continue on the condition that they subordinate their ideologies and loyalties to those of the state.

A useful weapon was ready at hand for the coercion of the Protestant churches. Nearly all of them are dependent on the state for financial support. Not even churches will bite the hand that feeds them, thought Hitler, as he appointed one of his followers to administer their affairs. This Nazi, Bishop Müller, proceeded to interfere in church affairs whenever he could in any way promote the interests of the Nazis. He withheld support from or closed down churches which did not accept Hitler as their supreme arbiter. He had imprisoned, expelled, or transferred to unimportant rural parishes the prominent clergymen who persisted in their loyalty to Christ. He organized an efficient and ruthless espionage system to terrify the preachers and their congregations. Even to this moment no minister knows whether the strangers in his audience are Gestapo spies or not. Thousands of clerical and lay leaders have been sent to concentration camps on genuine or manufactured charges of disloyalty. Powerful pressure has been exerted on laymen to resign from the churches of dissident pastors. The pastors have responded by reading from the pulpit the lists of resignations by way of a sermon on the anti-religious policy of the regime.

The problem of divided loyalties which Christianity raised for the Nazi regime has been attacked in three ways. The most extreme group in the party desires the complete elimination of Christianity as Jewish and corrupt, and the substitution for it of a medieval, Germanic, pagan religion. This is a minority group and will probably remain so. The others are divided between those who wish to see the sects abolished and one all-embracing national church established and those who would be content with the complete Nazification of existing churches. They vary from Labor Leader Ley, who said, "The party claims the totality of the soul of the German people," to Church Minister Kerrl, who announced, "God has decided. The sole final spiritual authority in the Reich is Adolf Hitler. He will say what Christ and Christianity mean to the Germans."

For some time churchmen labored under the delusion that Hitler was unsympathetic or indifferent to the anti-religious campaign. Again they were strangely blind not to realize that in a totalitarian state no such fundamental policy is initiated without the approval of the dictator. Hitler's attitude toward religion was shaped by the writings of the anti-Semitic, anti-Christian Houston Stewart Chamberlain. In the darkest hour of his career he was befriended in the home of the Wagner family, where he absorbed the composer's mystical, pagan, Germanic religion. His favorite intellectual mentor is Alfred Rosenberg, the most violent anti-Christian of them all. To him Hitler has intrusted the education of youth, of labor, and of the storm troopers. Only last fall Hitler awarded to Rosenberg the highest prize for his contributions to German culture. These facts, together with his failure to stop even the crudest and cruelest attacks on the churches, make it clear that Hitler is the directing force in the anti-religious campaign.

What are the motives behind this attack? Why should a dictator who has displayed the shrewdest psychological insight in achieving and extending his power follow a course which must inevitably arouse the stiffest and the most irrational opposition in large masses of the German people? Why did he not follow Mussolini's lead and come to terms with the churches on some basis which would have assured him the loyalty of the churchmen? In its simplest form the answer is that National Socialism also is a religion. It is the deification of the power politics of a fanatical and unscrupulous party. One cannot read its literature, listen to its exponents, attend its meetings, without finding in it a mystic faith in the divinely appointed superiority of German blood and soil. Given this premise and its sequel—that therefore Germany under its present inspired leadership is destined to world supremacy—then the attacks upon Christianity become inevitable. The external forms of Christianity, however, may be spared, because these can be used to promote the national aims. Ewald Banse justifies the function of the church in the Third Reich in his book "Wehrwissenschaft": "The soldier dies more readily when he believes that he is giving his life for the national God."

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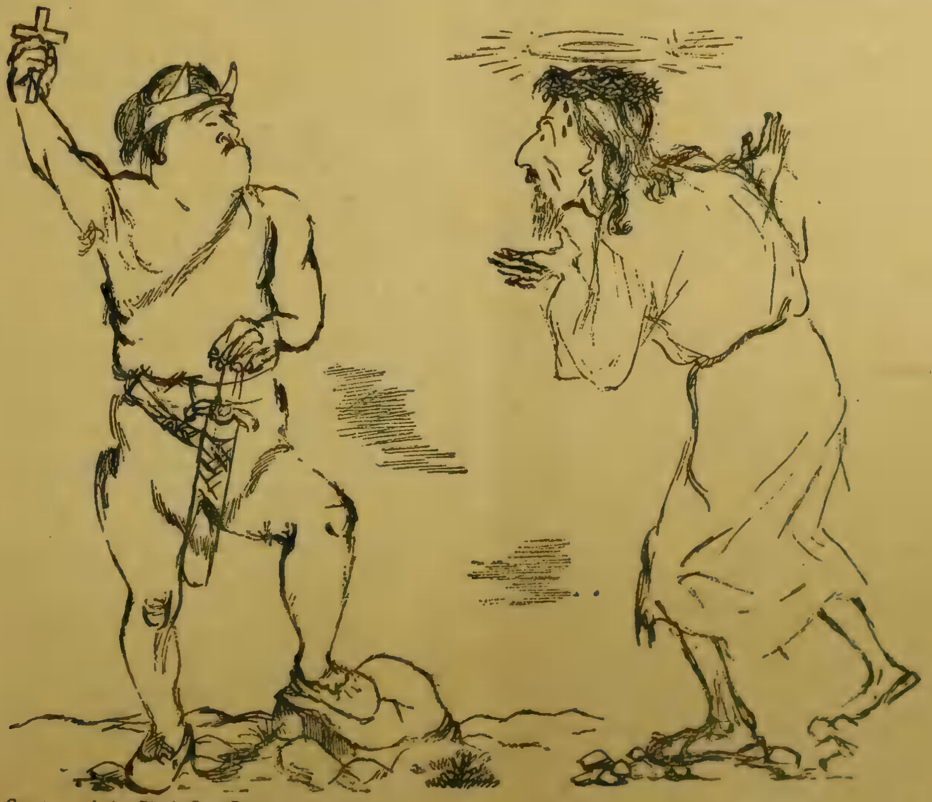
It is the essence of Christianity which the Nazis cannot abide. At the heart of Christianity is the teaching of love as exemplified in the life of Jesus. Hitler rose to power on a shrewdly planned program of hate for the groups that stood in his way, and he is now achieving world power on the same basis. At the best Christianity implies democracy, for it insists on the equal worth of all men before God. To this Hitler replied in "Mein Kampf": "The church sins against the Holy Ghost when it preaches the brotherhood of man." He is quite logical. The doctrine of human brotherhood leaves him no moral basis for insisting on German supremacy or for persecuting minorities. The Jews are especially disturbing to his German persistence in seeking a logical basis for an irrational emotion. How can he tell the German for six days in the week that the Jews are despicable, only to have him go to church on the seventh to worship one of them and to read their sacred literature?

Hitler is the ruler of a totalitarian state whose primary objective is military power. He must insist upon the *Gleichschaltung* (prostitution) of every national agency to that end. An institution which raises questions of ultimate loyalties, which insists that there is something good even in one's enemies, which preaches a debilitating doctrine of love, is a nuisance and must be put in its place. As Professor Hans Willi Ziegler of the Rostock Teachers' College admits with disarming frankness in his book "The New Spirit of Military Education," "the soldier who has to kill in war wants a quite open and clear answer. He can do nothing if he is entangled in theological disputations. *The soldier cannot be burdened with scruples.*"

One must neither magnify nor underestimate the significance of the religious opposition. Niemoller, its spokesman, is a Nazi in spirit. At this moment he would probably rejoin the party and promote its aims if it ceased to attack the church. His religion is of the old-fashioned hell-fire-and-brimstone variety, completely free from any suggestion of that humane liberalism which alone is the hope of Germany. His social outlook is reactionary. The most exuberant passages in his autobiography deal with his military prowess as the head of a battalion suppressing the Spartacist red revolt in the Ruhr. A victory for Niemoller would bring no change in the status of the people. He has fought for freedom of conscience for the churches, not for other groups.

On the other hand, it must be said that the clergy alone have raised the standard of revolt during the five years of Nazi rule. They alone have challenged the cosmic arrogance of Hitler. The churches are crowded today, perhaps because in them alone men can hear something vaguely resembling criticism of the regime. It is too much to hope that they will be victorious over Hitler if the regime endures, for he possesses the youth of Germany, who will determine the future. But the churches can keep alive a spirit of rebellion which under other conditions may help to liberate Germany. In any event, their present plight demonstrates again that a church which becomes bound up with a system of exploitation and oppression is doomed in the modern world.



Courtesy of the Black Sun Press

Drawing by George Gross

Saints

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

More Dispatches from Moscow

AS THE result of a long consultation with a seventh son of a seventh son and my favorite crystal-gazer, I am enabled to score a great beat on the press of the world by presenting here some telegrams from Moscow which bear the dates 1940 and 1941:

Moscow, February 1, 1940. The Soviet Union's forty-first great public treason trial within the past five years began today in a grim atmosphere in the former Nobles' Club, now the House of Trade Unions. The baby-blue walls with their frieze of dancing girls and their crystal chandeliers were the same which saw the end of Zinoviev and Kamenev and their fourteen associates, the sentencing to death of Radek, Piatakov, and eleven others in 1937, and of Krestinsky and Bukharin and their nineteen associates in March, 1938. The same official, Andrey Y. Vishinsky, conducted the prosecution, and the presiding justice was again Vassily V. Ulrich. The chief culprit was the former president of the Council of People's Commissars, Viacheslav Mikhailovich Molotov. Placed upon the stand, ex-President Molotov confessed freely and eagerly in the manner of an undergraduate Buchmanite confessing his first guilty dreams. Mr. Molotov told how he had prayed for the death of Lenin when Lenin was ill, had fed poison bread pills to Stalin whenever the dictator came to dine with him, and admitted that he had been in the pay of the Germans ever since he graduated from public school, fifty years ago. He asked eagerly for the death sentence and it was promptly given to him by the presiding justice, who assured Mr. Molotov that he had always been happy to oblige him.

Moscow, May 1, 1940. The attendance at the forty-second great public treason trial, which began here today, was record-breaking, there being special eagerness to hear the announced confession of the former ambassador to the United States. Mr. Troyanovsky lived up to expectations. To the jammed courtroom he told in detail how he had been taken to a private entrance of the State Department on the day of his arrival and conducted secretly to the office of the Secretary of State. Here he found no less a person waiting to receive him than the President of the United States, Franklin D. Roosevelt. "I gladly accepted the $5,000 bill which President Roosevelt offered to me and from that time on conspired with him to overthrow the Soviet Union. I daily sent him copies of our most secret dispatches, keeping him posted as to all details of our military preparations for war with Japan. He warmly approved our dispositions on the Amur River but criticized the smallness of our fleet and advised us to order seven more battleships in a bunch just as he had done in the armament bill of 1938. Altogether I deposited $175,000 in my private account in 1938 and 1939." It caused a great sensation in the courtroom. The presiding justice stated that he would take under advisement the question of summoning William Green, the present American ambassador to the Soviets, to give confirming testimony.

Moscow, October 11, 1940. The scene in the trial room of the forty-third great treason conspiracy illustrated very clearly today the fundamental differences between the Russian and the Anglo-Saxon character. The star prisoner was the mother of Joseph Stalin. In America a mother accused of trying to poison her distinguished son would have shown some evidence of remorse or grief or regret at the position in which she was placed. But it was easy to see that this gray-haired witness was in a state of almost exaltation, buoyed up by the satisfaction of clearing her mind of guilt by the confession which came so quickly from her aged lips. She explained that her animosity to her son dated from the day that he changed his name to Stalin. "That steel," said she, "entered my heart. He did not come often to see me, but whenever he did I conspired with the local physician, whose high character everyone knows, to give him particles of ground glass in his food. Of course, I pretended to be devoted to him, and that is why I welcome those bullets which will soon be mine in the prison yard."

Moscow, January 1, 1941. The most sensational event in all the long series of treason trials took place today at the first session of the forty-fourth trial, for which there were arrayed no fewer than 177 defendants, all charged with having plotted the downfall of the Soviet Union one month after it was founded in 1917. To the astonishment of everybody, including the prosecutor and the presiding judge, Joseph Stalin himself walked into the courtroom unannounced and in happy tones asked the court to waive the taking of evidence and pass upon him at once the sentence of death. He confessed clearly and loudly that he was the intimate friend of Léon Trotsky and that during all the time he was dictator he spent nothing less than three hours a day seeking to betray himself and the Soviet Union. Dramatically he exclaimed, "I, Joseph Stalin, with the aid of Trotsky took foreign gold to overthrow myself. Though I never succeeded in doing so, I crave the privilege of appearing before the firing squad at daybreak tomorrow." Without leaving their seats the judges unanimously granted his request and urged that he have his body embalmed and placed beside that of Lenin.

Moscow, March 31, 1941. The latest batch of conspirators against the Soviets, found guilty yesterday and sentenced to death, were shot at daybreak today. As there were 647 of them, machine-guns and six-inch cannon were used to get rid of them in a bunch. There is great jubilation in Moscow because this batch included all the survivors of the men and women who under Lenin founded the Soviet Union. Cheering crowds swept through Red Square this morning rejoicing that the end of the conspiracy against the Soviets had been reached.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Self-Destruction

MAN AGAINST HIMSELF. By Karl A. Menninger. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

WHATEVER judgment may ultimately be passed upon the claims of psychoanalysis, one thing is clear. Certain of its basic assumptions were accepted immediately by the general public for the simple reason that they seemed to be true as soon as they were stated.

Of all those who habitually employ the concepts "repression," "compensation," and "sublimation" in their everyday thinking probably not one in ten has ever examined the clinical evidence upon which the case for the scientific validity of the concepts is supposed to rest. Even fewer ever concern themselves with the technical disputes between the embattled dogmatists of this "school" or that, and I doubt that either the successes or the failures of psychoanalysis as a therapeutic method have had much effect upon the extent to which certain of its basic assumptions have come to be taken for granted. They were accepted simply because they seemed to give a clue to the meaning of certain patterns of behavior with which everyone was familiar but for which none had a name. And if these concepts are ever dislodged, it will not be because of technical objections, either scientific or philosophical, which anyone has succeeded in raising against them but only because some other at least equally satisfactory way has been found of identifying and describing persistent patterns of behavior.

Dr. Menninger's new book will undoubtedly attract the widespread interest it deserves, not only because his account of certain related types of abnormal behavior carries the same sort of conviction that the broader generalizations of psychoanalysis have always carried, but also because, as has so often happened previously, pathological cases suggest clues to the understanding of certain aspects of apparently normal behavior which would be overlooked if we had not observed them exaggerated in the behavior of the mentally deranged. There is not, of course, any complete novelty in Dr. Menninger's recognition of the existence of a self-destructive impulse in man. Edgar Allan Poe proclaimed it before Freud was born. But those who read "The Human Mind" do not have to be told that Dr. Menninger has a gift for exposition which is both interesting and persuasive. In this instance he has also a collection of case histories not only fascinating in themselves but so arranged as almost to tell the story for him.

The book deals with the psychology of suicide—by which is here meant not only or even most importantly complete self-destruction by a single act but also what Dr. Menninger calls Chronic Suicide and Focal Suicide. Men who cut their throats or who throw themselves in the way of oncoming trains are not the only ones who seek in some way to destroy themselves. There are others who, for obscure reasons, mutilate parts of their bodies, methodically drink themselves into the grave, or, more strangely still, repeatedly suffer physical accidents of one kind or another as the result of what they themselves sometimes believe to be almost incredibly persistent bad luck. Then there are the men who are chronically sick for no apparent reason, the men who fail where success seemed easy, the men who repeatedly do or say at a crucial moment the very thing which they themselves would at any other time know should not be done or said. And it is Dr. Menninger's conviction that such men are trying to destroy themselves as certainly as are those who, often with the same absence of rational motive, deprive themselves of life by some one definite act. Doubtless there are cases in which suicide can be accounted a fully rational act, but in many cases it is not, and the irrational compulsion which leads to immediate death is probably often the same as that which leads to alcoholism or chronic failure. In the majority of cases Dr. Menninger believes that the compulsion can be traced to one of two usually hidden motives—the desire to punish oneself or the desire to punish others; either, that is to say, to the need for expiation or to an extension of the need expressed in the recurring childish thought, "They will be sorry when I am gone." Dr. Menninger also believes—and explains that he is driven to the somewhat sensational conclusion only by the accumulated weight of personal observations—that a considerable number of actual physical ailments are to be explained as the result of a will to self-destruction. He is careful to explain that he is by no means suggesting that all ills are psychic. But he has again and again seen cases in which indubitably organic lesions were apparently produced by the will of the patient.

No such account as the present can suggest the richness of the illustrative case material presented in the work or the fascination of the theories it unfolds. To me it is one of the most absorbing books which I have happened to read in recent years, and the conviction which it carries is, if I may return to the point made at the beginning of this review, much like the conviction which is carried by a powerful novel. What impresses one most is not anything which is, or perhaps could be, proved but the conviction which is carried by mere statement. What Dr. Menninger says seems true because one seems to recognize one's own observation and experience now for the first time coordinated and given shape.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

DeVoto and His Epoch

BERNARD DEVOTO: A PRELIMINARY APPRAISAL. By Garrett Mattingly. Little, Brown and Company. $1.

ART is long and recognition is notoriously tardy, and therefore it is a source of peculiar satisfaction to see a writer full appreciated, not at the end of his literary labors, but at a somewhat earlier stage. It does no less credit to Mr. Mattingly's powers of perception than to Mr. DeVoto's qualities of distinction. A literature has grown up around Bernard DeVoto, but it is a literature of blurbs and polemics. So far as I am aware, the only monograph on the subject has been "Bernard DeVoto: A New Force in American Letters" by Professor Robert S. Forsythe (not to be confused with Mr. Robert Forsythe, the Marxist humorist). Professor Forsythe's work has suffered for being the pioneer in the field, yet on DeVoto's principal novel—the name escapes me at the moment—it pronounced what has been allowed to remain the final word: "No American novel since 'Moby Dick' has been so nearly cosmic; and Mr. DeVoto's artistry is surer and his onward sweep far less often interrupted than that of Melville."

It is ten years since Professor Forsythe and Messrs. Macmillan collaborated on that prescient little volume, and meanwhile DeVoto has not been idle. He has changed publishers, won new friends, and is by way of influencing more and more people. A mere comparison of the bibliographies of these two books, or even of the frontispieces, will indicate that some further explanation is called for. Mr. Mattingly's volume is small, but it would be difficult to produce a book commensurate with the subject. This is not the time, unfortunately, for a conclusive summing-up. With the self-effacement characteristic of disinterested scholarship, Mr. Mattingly is the first to admit the provisory nature of his conclusions. He would doubtless recognize that an adequate book on DeVoto is still to be written—to say nothing of an adequate book by DeVoto. What impresses DeVoto's friends today, even more than a decade ago, is his tremendous potentialities. Well may he exclaim, with King Lear:

> I will do such things—
> What they are, yet I know not; but they will be
> The terrors of the earth.

Mr. Mattingly's study is refreshingly free from the biographical debunking and literary backbiting that have not spared Edgar Allan Poe or Brigham Young or Abraham Lincoln. Diligently and patiently he has unearthed the obscure facts about DeVoto and broken down his native reticence. The real DeVoto emerges as a very different figure from what our superficial knowledge of his writing would lead us to suspect. We should, indeed, have welcomed a more Boswellian account of his relations with his circle. Sometime colleagues and contributors, those who have—as it were—seen Shelley plain, should shore up their *memorabilia.* But possibly they will not need to be told this. Possibly they are all engaged in writing books on DeVoto.

Fulke Greville said of Sir Philip Sidney that his life was his greatest poem. So it might be said, by those given to hasty generalization, that DeVoto's literary career eclipses the brilliance of whatever he may have happened to write. But that would be ignoring two ambitious books which, as Mr. Mattingly shows, nothing short of critical conspiracy could have managed to ignore. "We Accept with Pleasure" is "a difficult book," and "Mark Twain's America" is "uncompromising." While readers of novels were lulled by the insipid conventionality of John Dos Passos and students of criticism were cajoled by the time-serving complacency of Granville Hicks, what room was there for DeVoto's kind of courage and integrity?

Bernard DeVoto—and we owe this rare intuition to the author of this volume—is essentially a non-conformist. It was non-conformism that led him, after his "Farewell to Pedagogy," to settle down within hailing distance of Harvard, when other writers were scrambling toward the *Rive Gauche:* to single out, with uncanny eye, the unappreciated merits of Robert Frost when Hart Crane and Ezra Pound were being feted and bepulitzered; to incline in the austere direction of Thomas W. Lamont when other critics were treading the primrose path to the bosom of Karl Marx; to fling prudence to the winds and rally to the defense of the community of Caribou when its moral equilibrium was disturbed by the spectacle of Miss Kitty Smith in shorts. It would have been easy and obvious to absorb the illusory doctrines of Jefferson, Thoreau, Whitman, and Veblen, but DeVoto would have none of them. Rather, he accepted a thankless apostleship in the vineyard of Pareto, and strove earnestly to clear our stubborn minds of the fetishes of democracy. This, in one who has never shirked the full responsibility of speaking in behalf of American tradition, was a supreme act of non-conformity.

Is it surprising, then, that Bernard DeVoto's raft should be drifting down the main stream of American letters? With Thomas Green Fessenden, Albion W. Tourgee, the brothers Duyckinck, and the late George Apley, his immortality is secure.

HARRY LEVIN

X-Ray Realism

LIFE ALONG THE PASSAIC RIVER. By William Carlos Williams. New Directions. $1.75.

DR. WILLIAMS takes no detours around life. Using realism with the precision of a surgeon exposing the vital organs, he achieves art. His materials are those of his own life, the experience of a busy doctor engaged often in clinical and charity work. His vision is stated in his own words: "I defend the normality of every disease, every amputation. I challenge anyone who thinks to discomfit my intelligence by limiting the import of what I say to the expounding of a shallow morbidity, to prove that health alone is inevitable." His political position is implied in this bit of dialogue:

> "A clear miss," he said. "I think if we'd gone in there earlier, we'd have saved her."
>
> "For what?" said I. "Vote the straight Communist ticket?"
>
> "Would it make us any dumber?" said the ear man.

These sketches—many cannot be called short stories—teem with life, with the urgency, the fury with which life continues despite all that our general ignorance and our society do to kill it. Dr. Williams sees the heroism and the glory in corruptible flesh, among the diseased, the poor, the ignorant, and the immoral—the people, in short, who are "cuckoo as a funny strip. But at that it is not so funny." One of these stories is about a girl with a pimply face who is cured not only of her pimples but of ineffectual living by her will to find out causes; another is an account of a child's violent physical struggle to keep the doctor from examining her throat because she knows she has diphtheria. The doctor's anger at and admiration for the little fighting "animal" are both part of the comedy. One could point out that each of these sketches is, in a way, symbolic, but the reader discovers this for himself. The impact of these tales is due to the fact that everything expressed in them is pared down to the bone, to the essential structure. The shock of each story is the shock of observing bone suddenly and cleanly unfleshed. Without any sentimentality, and with the utmost dexterity, each little piece of the human pattern of living is made significant.

The comedy and tragedy, and always the human dignity, of birth and death—which a doctor observes daily—are Williams's subject matter. He stresses the psychology of the doctor-patient relationship, the exchange of feeling between healer and diseased. His scene is the Passaic River town, its tenements, its dirty streets, and its hospital clinic where the dramatic fight for the preservation of seemingly worthless lives takes place. Williams's art lies in his ability not only to paint his picture with unforgettable exactness but to expose what he himself *makes* of his picture. He has been compared to Hemingway because of his clipped prose. But in truth he is neither philosophically nor technically like the author of "The Sun Also Rises." He is not a sentimentalist, or a romanticist; he is not disillusioned. He faces life at its ugliest and reacts to it with a kind of gusto and faith. In his prose as in his poetry he is an imagist, a painter of pictures. He so uses commonplace, concrete words that they live again, expressive of new violence or tenderness, revealing a new awareness.

Williams's art is realism intensified with a skill as of X-ray in penetration and analysis—realism, in other words, vitalized by an imaginative way of viewing life which is unique, comprehensive, and very American. Despite the evidence in his writings of a clear political position arrived at through practical experience, Williams is never a propagandist. He lets his material speak for itself. Because he is a fine artist, he can make the picture, the action, the facts illuminate his theme; he need not comment.

EDA LOU WALTON

The Osiris Way

U. S. 1. By Muriel Rukeyser. Covici-Friede. $2.

THE appearance some two years ago of Muriel Rukeyser's "Theory of Flight" was attended by rejoicing. Here was evidence that the Social Muse, after presenting Papa Marx with a large brood of cheer leaders, minor prophets, off-key locomotive whistles, and non-starting Diesel engines, had cohabited with Apollo somewhere on the premises of Vassar College or the Roosevelt School of the Air, and had at last brought forth a poet. These tidings are, in general, confirmed by "U. S. 1," although it does not show marked development from the first book and exhibits many of the same faults.

The new volume is a sizable one, as books of poetry go, and the author could well have spent another year in polishing it. She is still in her early twenties, and has plenty of time. A writer with energy, fertile imagination, and many ideas, she is so eager to make way for the new insight that she ignores the exactions of her craft. Her success is in the larger plan of the poem and in the frequent line and image; the details are blocked in carelessly. The influence of Auden and company on her rhythms and syntax has not been altogether happy. Essentially an imaginative realist, when she attempts, as in The Cruise, their vein of satirical fantasy, she does herself something less than justice. At her rare best as productive of verbal magic as any poet now writing, she is often inattentive to word textures, and she has not yet realized the potentialities of form.

Despite these flaws, "U. S. 1" contains some of the most original verse of recent years. The Book of the Dead, the sequence which forms the first half of the volume, has the virtues of honest documentary writing, yet keys them to a higher pitch. Although one expects the poet to intervene in the world, there are some subjects which dictate that intervention be kept at a minimum. Miss Rukeyser has been possessed by one of these, namely, the deaths by silicosis of recent memory at Gauley Bridge, West Virginia. This is certainly not a theme which calls for decoration. There is no possibility of heroic tragedy here; it is a stark horror which needs neither rhetorical embellishment nor screeching of the moral.

The poet has gathered her material with the same thoroughness which led her to attend an aviation school in order to prepare herself to write "Theory of Flight." She has read up

"What is the artist if he is not a triple thinker?"
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on the history of West Virginia, she has consulted the records of the Congressional investigation and interviewed the investigators themselves. And finally, she appears to have spent some time at the scene of the crime, and to have talked with the families of the dead and with some of the victims who had not yet succumbed to the silica which was rotting their lungs.

Like a lawyer with an air-tight case, she lets the witnesses tell their own stories, alternating their testimony with the introduction of the written records. We are shown the mountain town, the power plant and dam, the men at work without masks tunneling into the pure silica, the Negro coming out so covered with dust that he looks like a white man, the workers as time passes becoming short of wind and dragging their feet, the local doctor hedging on his diagnosis, the secret burials in the cornfield, the lawyers of the dying settling with the company for a few dollars. The grim impersonality of the affair is conveyed by the doctors' analyses of the X-ray pictures of the victims' lungs, by the mathematical equations of the engineers, and by the stock-market reports of the prosperous company for which the job was rushed.

All these things are told objectively, in an unobtrusive rhythm which has cumulative force. What the poet has added chiefly, what makes the poem something more than social documentation, is the imaginative scheme which holds it together. This is twofold. The poet has taken the arterial highway through America, and Gauley Bridge is only the first stop on a long journey that is promised to the reader. But this road is also the Osiris Way described in the Egyptian Book of the Dead. The tunnel is the underworld, the mountain stream is the life-giving river, the Congressional inquiry is the judgment in the Hall of Truth. And the whole tale, of course, is an emblem of rebirth: the dead, in the fulness of time, shall rise to shape a new world. This scheme is suggested rather than presented; Miss Rukeyser has not overweighted her poem with allegory. Yet the few quotations from and allusions to the Egyptian scripture suffice to assimilate the particular incident to a universal pattern, and to give it more than topical significance.

The ritual pattern of the dying god has a perennial appeal to the imagination and expresses an eternal truth about the human spirit. It produced the birth of conscience in Egypt and Greece; Paul's shaping of the Christ story to its mold enabled Christianity to conquer the ancient world; in another form, the medievals transmuted it into the Grail legend. And in recent times Eliot, Lawrence, and MacLeish have reenacted it in the hope of inducing rain to fall upon the waste land. That it should lend itself, in a secular and humanitarian form, to another dawn of conscience in the new literature of social protest also seems fitting.

But the history of the ritual pattern indicates that there are potential dangers in its use. Professor Breasted says of Miss Rukeyser's source: "In so far as the Book of the Dead had become a magical agency for securing moral vindication in the hereafter, irrespective of character, it had become a positive evil." Translated into contemporary terms and into the language of aesthetics, this statement would read somewhat as follows:

If the new literature remains the naive expression of an eschatological hope, its social function will be extremely limited, and it will be a minor literature. There is a place for marching songs and for incantations over the dead, and there are reasons why much of the new writing should be of these kinds. But a major literature will not rest content with the exhilarating anticipation of new life. Forms of life are more important to the artist than the fact of life. I am not suggesting that the poet should try to give a detailed picture of the New Jerusalem, for such prophecies are always thin and unreal. The artists themselves, in any case, and not the critics, must discover how to combine the probing of the present evil with the envisagement of the good. The mature genius of Thomas Mann, who has also taken the Osiris Way in his Joseph novels, is finding suggestions of the desirable forms of life in the past and the timeless present. Perhaps Miss Rukeyser's journey across America will follow a similar route.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Herndon's Lincoln

THE HIDDEN LINCOLN. From the Letters and Papers of William H. Herndon. By Emanuel Hertz. Viking Press. $5.

IN "The Hidden Lincoln" Mr. Hertz makes a notable contribution to Lincoln bibliography. His book will need to be considered by those studying Lincoln or Herndon hereafter from any angle. His thesis in this volume is that both Lincoln and Herndon have suffered from the neglect with which the researches of the President's junior law partner have too often been treated by Lincoln's biographers. Mr. Hertz, therefore, after prolonged and admirably diligent investigations among the Herndon collections in the Huntington Library, the Library of Congress, and elsewhere, reproduces in organized form selected letters which Herndon wrote to Lamon, to Hart, and to Weik, whom he chose to assist him in the writing of his three-volume "Lincoln," published in 1889. Mr. Hertz presents, also, many other letters from Herndon to correspondents asking for information about Lincoln after his assassination, as well as letters, in answer to Herndon's inquiries, from persons who had known Lincoln in his youth or during his maturity.

These documents illustrate the untiring persistence and intelligence employed by Herndon, through many years, to amass facts and impressions of many sorts to test and supplement the knowledge which he had acquired from long and intimate association with Lincoln during their law partnership at Springfield. The letters from Leonard Swett and the statements of John Hay, Mrs. Thomas Lincoln (Abraham's stepmother), R. B. Rutledge, Gillespie, and others were collected by Herndon's industry to give completeness to the authentic testimony he was gathering to assist him in his preparation of the life of Abraham Lincoln he felt he must write.

To this material the author adds Notes and Monographs, chiefly found in the rich Huntington Library collection of Herndon papers. Herndon's Boswellian theory of biography was to give "the best yet said as well as the worst" about his beloved and loyal hero. To tell the truth was, he believed, fidelity to Lincoln, whom he considered the "best man . . . since Christ," and "the great central figure in American history." To give all the details about his great partner was the motive that drove the none too active Herndon to plan and laboriously get together the wide range of biographical materials now accessible to the scrutiny of Lincoln researchers and interpreters. Mr. Hertz of course is right in insisting that some Lincoln biographers have apparently underestimated the credit due to the man who initiated the Lincoln biographical movement and whose fund of information was so great.

THE AMERICAN SEMINAR

At the suggestion of a member of the President's Cabinet, the American Seminar, composed of fifty to one hundred educators and men in public life, after studying the situation in Europe each summer for the last seventeen years, now proposes a new venture of studying American problems by meeting outstanding leaders in this country. The itinerary will include New York City, April 20-25; Washington, D. C., April 26-30; and an optional trip to the South, May 1-5.

The group expects to meet the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, the Secretaries of State, of Agriculture, of Labor, of the Interior, etc., informal groups in the Senate and the House of Representatives, the Ambassadors from China, Spain, and Russia, and other leaders.

In New York a survey of the principal problems confronting the American people will be made under the leadership of Charles A. Beard, Reinhold Niebuhr, Norman Thomas, Harry Emerson Fosdick, and others. We expect to study the problems of city government with Mayor LaGuardia, and of crime and racketeering with District Attorney Thomas Dewey, as well as the unsolved problems of labor and capital with outstanding labor leaders like John L. Lewis and the leading representatives of industry and finance. The group will study the relations of business and government, will seek to make a critical appraisal of the New Deal, of the policies of President Roosevelt, and the prospects for the Presidential election in 1940 in connection with our principal political and economic problems.

Those who can spare an additional five days will study city government in Cincinnati with Charles P. Taft, 2nd, the T. V. A., the share-cropper problem, and the Cooperative Farms in Mississippi. A well-known bishop writes: "If I am accepted, I expect these days will be the greatest days in my life."

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The author has supplied in "The Hidden Lincoln" an interesting and important commentary on the original Herndon letters. In this he touches upon the composition of the Lamon biography, from Herndon's resources. He gives the interesting facts connected with Herndon's "Lincoln" written with the assistance of Weik. He speaks of the lack of comity among certain Lincoln students who were unwilling to share their control of Herndon materials with another distinguished Lincoln biographer. He recalls the acknowledged motives that weakened the Hay and Nicolay Life, and makes known startling testimony in reference to Robert T. Lincoln's destruction of certain private papers revealing a Cabinet officer's infidelity to his illustrious father.

Many Lincoln students will sympathize with Mr. Hertz in his aim to rehabilitate Herndon's position as a Lincoln investigator and author, and his method of mixing "the best with the worst." Every student of history and biography and of human nature knows the god of trivia often leaves unwelcome footprints upon the genealogical paths behind nature's greatest men. But the generations treasure alone the fruits of their genius and their human service.

L. E. ROBINSON

MUSIC

Toscanini Broadcasts

THE late William J. Henderson was the only first-line newspaper music critic one could read with respect in recent years, but there was one subject on which his emotions got the better of his mind. He was irritated by the commotion over Toscanini: the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra and the music of Beethoven and Brahms, he insisted, would remain when Toscanini had gone. He was irritated because the commotion was made by people who could not themselves have distinguished Toscanini from any other conductor, good or bad, and who knew his greatness only from ceaseless public proclamation of the fact. And his irritation led Henderson to contend that it would have been better not to proclaim Toscanini's greatness, and to have a less great conductor at the head of the Philharmonic-Symphony—which was as absurd as to contend that since many people pretend to admire Cézanne only because of what other people have said about him, these others should not have said it, and he should not have painted.

Henderson, we may assume, would have been irritated by the renewed and greater commotion over the recent Toscanini broadcasts. He would have insisted that among the countless listeners only a few really could appreciate what in Toscanini's performances the excitement was about. He would have been aware that N. B. C.'s objective was not to benefit our musical life—not "to enrich musical appreciation," not "to encourage the support of local symphony orchestras"—but to benefit N. B. C. in its competition with Columbia. He would have pointed out that in accomplishing its objective N. B. C. had in fact damaged the orchestras of the country: by scheduling the broadcasts on the night when these orchestras gave their principal series of concerts it diminished their audiences, and this after luring away some of their best players. And he would have proceeded to a conclusion justified to a degree by the damage but not by the false pretensions. For the fact is that we have rarely got the good things in art for good reasons and under good conditions; and it would be folly to reject them when they come for bad reasons and under bad conditions—to reject the performances of a Toscanini, as Henderson and others would have us do, because we owe them to the fact that they serve the ends of N. B. C., of Mr. Sarnoff, of Mr. Chotzinoff, or because they provide an occasion for phony pretensions and other irritating forms of human weakness. What Henderson wanted done the Philharmonic-Symphony Society finally did—with the result that a year later we still had, true enough, the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra and the music of Beethoven and Brahms, but these as conducted by Barbirolli, which Henderson did not like very much (and we had them, incidentally, not for good reasons).

N. B. C. having set out to bring Toscanini's performances to the ears of radio listeners, we do best to ignore motives and consider results; and I would say the undertaking was only partly successful. One hundred per cent transmission would have been defeated in varying degrees by the inadequate reception in many homes; but even one hundred per cent reception would have been defeated by the losses in transmission. The shape that Toscanini gave a work in time was completely transmitted; the correlated shape in tone was often altered by monitoring in the control-room: as Toscanini built up a tonal mass the monitor cut it down; when he reduced it below a certain point the monitor built it up. What, moreover, Toscanini made distant, the monitor brought near; what he veiled, the monitor made clear and bright—which wrought havoc with things like Debussy's "The Sea" and Berlioz's "Queen Mab."

But there were losses even before the loss from monitoring. Privately made records exist which testify to the fact that these broadcast performances originating in the acoustically dead N. B. C. studio lacked the richness of sound of broadcast performances originating in resonant Carnegie Hall. Moreover, to hear the broadcast performance of the Overture to "Semiramide" after the performance of the work recorded by Toscanini with the Philharmonic-Symphony two years ago—to hear the absence in one of the miraculous contours and colorings of the other—was to realize how far the N. B. C. Symphony Orchestra was from being able to produce all that Toscanini could imagine. And for some time the performances gave evidence of lack of inner repose and ease in Toscanini himself—most strikingly in the nervous, tense performance of Mozart's G minor Symphony at the first broadcast, and again at the first Carnegie Hall concert in the tense, hurried, driven performance of Beethoven's Ninth, in which even the strings that are the glory of the N. B. C. Symphony sounded dry and harsh. But at the second Carnegie Hall concert one could infer equilibrium inside Toscanini from the performance of Verdi's Requiem outside—its controlled flow, controlled intensity, controlled power, its plastic perfection, its loveliness of sound (one noted, however, occasional deficiencies in woodwinds and brass). And here, for the first time, what his unique powers created one heard in its entirety.

In this series, as always, one was appalled by Toscanini's waste of these powers on things like Martucci's "Tarantella," Tommasini's "Carnival of Venice," Saint-Saëns's "Danse Macabre," or even Brahms's Serenade in A. That, one comes to realize, is something one must take with Toscanini; other things are the unctuous voices of announcers, their pretentious mouthing of foreign names, the rubbish they are given to speak about the music.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Not the Doctors' Fault

Dear Sirs: In your issue of January 22 you wrote of the "failure of private medicine to meet the health requirements of the American public, etc." You quoted the National Institute of Health's startling discovery that sickness disables the poor to a greater degree than the wealthy and middle classes; and that the latter are able to command a better grade of medical service than the reliefers and those in the less than $1,000 a year bracket. Was it merely an error of omission that you neglected to state that the wealthy and middle classes are also able to command a better grade of homes, automobiles, food, clothing, and leisure? And as a corollary, that the economic system is at fault, and not the type of medicine practiced today?

One does not need to be a close student of Karl Marx to understand that poverty breeds illnesses that do not touch the better economic classes, or at least do not leave such deep physical impairments. I number among my patients people who are on relief, and poor people who are not on relief. In their homes I find antiquated plumbing, carpetless floors, coal or kerosene stoves which heat one room terrifically and allow the other rooms to remain stone cold, larders which are empty, uncleanliness due to lack of bath tubs and to crowding, and unemployment which makes neurotics, hypochondriacs, and criminals. These people are never entirely free of sickness, not because the doctors do not give them Park Avenue service, but because of their poverty. And if you gave them de luxe service with private nurses, they would still be sick more than the "better off" people. It is the economic system which is at fault, not the doctors.

Are you trying to becloud peoples' minds by diverting their attention from basic issues to that of health, a field where you annoy only the doctors, who are known to be poor fighters and poor business men? You have a National Health Institute; try forming an institute for giving free automobiles to the poor. What a howl would come up from the automobile magnates, and how quickly you'd be muzzled! And that goes for other commodities, possession of which would reduce the sickness list much faster than de luxe service to the poor. Give people a better economic life, and they not only will keep well but will be able to afford adequate medical care under private medical practice.

JOSEPH LIBURT, M.D.

Huntington, N. Y., March 15

[We thoroughly agree with Dr. Liburt that a better economic life for the low-income groups would vastly improve their health. But that does not relieve medical officialdom of an obligation to cooperate with the public in working out a better organization of medical services under present conditions. Much could be done to ease the economic burdens of illness for the public if the profession recognized this obligation—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Rights of Women Attacked

Dear Sirs: Mrs. Lea Puymbroeck Miller, an art instructor at the University of Washington, and admittedly an excellent teacher, has been dismissed by the Board of Regents. The sole complaint against Mrs. Miller is that she has married another member of the university faculty; a resolution passed by the Regents forbids the employment of both husband and wife by the university. This resolution, invoked only against the wife, is an attack upon the hard-won rights of women. Such discrimination in Nazi Germany has merely forced women into menial positions, and has not improved economic conditions.

The faculty of the university, through the Instructors' Association, have voted by overwhelming majority in favor of reconsideration of the case and a rescinding of the resolution. We urge the readers of this magazine to join in sending letters of protest to the Board of Regents. Such action may not only secure Mrs. Miller's reinstatement but prevent similar dismissals in the future.

ELTON F. GUTHRIE,
Secretary, University of Washington
Teachers' Union

Seattle, Wash., March 4

Enough Pictures?

Dear Sirs: I would like to report to fellow-readers of *The Nation* a surprising turn in the fortunes of the picture magazines. During the last months the newsstand circulation of an outstanding representative of that group has taken an extremely sharp drop. Newsstands which were formerly sold out completely by Monday are inundating the Western News Company of this city with truckloads of unsold copies.

Whether this drop in circulation has taken place outside Chicago also I don't know. It seems that the supply of picture magazines has just about reached the saturation point. I, for one, am extremely grateful. With the newsstand in our drugstore only six feet long, and every week bringing *Life, Pic, Look, Picture, Click, Foto, Now and Then, Focus, See,* and *Peek,* we were going gaga trying to find space for them. Now, I suppose, most of these will fold up and steal into the night.

SOL. BERNARDS

Chicago, Ill., March 10

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PAUL Y. ANDERSON is a member of the Washington bureau of the St. Louis *Star-Times.*

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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

AS WE GO TO PRESS, THE TVA FEUD IS reaching the point of resolution. Dr. Morgan has refused to back up his charges against his colleagues and has also refused the President's request for his resignation. At the same time the Administration is putting no hurdles in the way of a Congressional inquiry. Dorothy Thompson and others who have been trying to make another Dreyfus Affair of the case are straining the facts considerably. There is no tyranny here, but merely a dispute between the majority and minority in a federal administrative commission. Even the Humphries case, from which Miss Thompson quotes, does not apply, for the only point that case settled was that the President could not dismiss a commissioner because of the views embodied in his decisions. In this instance the President is acting on the assumption that his appointees have certain responsibilities to him as well as to Congress. Mr. Morgan's charges deeply involve the Administration's basic policies; to allow him to make them without backing them up before the President—whatever he may do before Congress later—would be to allow him enormous irresponsibility. The Congressional investigation is also necessary—if only to reassure the country about the health and progress of one of the most important federal projects in its history.

*

THE SENATE IS ENACTING ALL OVER AGAIN the drama exposed by the Black lobby investigation. This time the lobbying boys seem to have been caught in a mass-production effort to bring pressure against the government-reorganization bill, just as last time they were caught manufacturing telegrams by the thousand against the public-utility holding-company bill with plenty of public-utility money. Paul Y. Anderson has scored another scoop by furnishing Senator Minton with information that has convinced him an investigation is in order. The principal target is, *mirabile dictu*, the Committee to Uphold the Constitution, which has been trying to make a holy crusade out of the opposition to the reorganization plan. We have always been suspicious of the motives of this committee with the lofty-sounding name, and we are therefore not at all surprised that Edward A. Rumely, its executive secretary, has refused to produce the committee records for Senator Minton—on the advice of his counsel, Elisha Hanson. One charge in the attack on the reorganization plan is that the Administration is "putting on the heat" to get the measure through. Another, expressed hysterically by Frank Gannett but none the less serious, is that the Minton committee on lobbying is exceeding its constitutional rights in asking his organization to produce its records. This is ultimately a question for the courts; yet it is our belief that a government that does not have this power will be crippled in its attempts to deal with paid pressure groups.

*

SOMETHING LIKE A THOUSAND CITIZENS OF Barcelona were blown to pieces last week by General Franco's Knights of the Air; the officials of that great city were forced to order fire hoses turned on the streets to clear away the bits of human flesh and bone—and Cardinal O'Connell of Boston wonders why decent Americans shudder at the thought of fascism. The Loyalist government, says the Cardinal, is after all "only an unruly mob of atheists and Communists." Even granting that idiotic premise, Father, does it justify the wholesale murder of Barcelona's civilians? The answer to that is simple. "I don't believe it," says the Cardinal. Every major newspaper in the world reports the charnel house which Franco's bombers have made of Barcelona; every newspaper reports that no military objective was attained; but Cardinal O'Connell of Boston doesn't believe it. "Franco would not do a thing like that," he says; "it must have been a military maneuver," although he knows as well as anyone that the bombs that wrecked Barcelona were accompanied by showers of leaflets offering the citizens the alternative: "Surrender or perish." But his veracity is as unimportant as it is dubious. What matters is that a cardinal of the Catholic church excuses the brutality which the conservative New York *Times* asserts has left fascism a "stench in the nostrils of the world." We fully believe that if the Catholic hierarchy does not want to smash its institution on the rocks of social progress it would do well to strip the robes of authority from such traitors to human decency as William Cardinal O'Connell of Boston.

*

G. E. R. GEDYE, CORRESPONDENT IN VIENNA for the New York *Times*, has during the past three weeks recorded the death of a great city in a series of dispatches that are among the finest examples of modern journalism. His day-by-day moving picture of a nation that was doomed and of the steady approach of its destroyer, armed with guns and lies, became at times almost intolerable. At the end, when thousands of Austrians and the spirit of Vienna itself were seeking escape through borders already lined with bayonets, Mr. Gedye, on his precarious island of safety as a foreign correspondent, sent dispatches written in cold anger describing the true nature of the "liberation" in terms that the most fulsome Nazi propaganda will not soon erase from the minds of his readers.

BERLIN IS REPORTED TO BE DISMAYED AT the round-up of Integralists in Brazil and at the crushing of the plot to oust Dictator Vargas. There can be no doubt of Vargas's sincere desire to smash the Nazi-supported Integralists, but anti-fascists would do well to restrain their cheers. For Vargas's action promises not the least relaxation in what is fully as bloody and tyrannical a rule as any that Europe can boast. Vargas is engaged in the dangerous game of playing off Germany against the United States, and right now he needs Washington capital more than he needs the cotton customers of Berlin. The Integralist followers of Plinio Salgado demagogically make capital of the foreign control of Brazil's resources—always a sure-fire appeal in Latin American politics because it is essentially valid—while Vargas, who calls himself a champion of Brazil for the Brazilians, is careful to do nothing that might thin the flow of northern dollars. It is in this light that we must view the statements that poured out of Washington at the time of his coup deploring the attacks on Vargas as a fascist. It may not even be far-fetched to relate the timing of the blow against the Integralists with the recent elevation to the post of Foreign Minister of Oswaldo Aranha, who is on the friendliest terms with Washington. The struggle in Brazil, in short, is between American and German imperialism, and we should not care greatly about the outcome were it not for its effect on Brazil's foreign policy. The Vargas dictatorship is reprehensible and in no way to be trusted, but the success of the Integralists would at one blow remove the Atlantic Ocean as a barrier to the fascist advance on America.

*

THE RAILROADS ARE THE BIGGEST SINGLE factor blocking recovery. That accounts for the Administration's anxiety to break the railroad log-jam. As we go to press, the nation is waiting for a report to the President by a special committee of three ICC commissioners, headed by Chairman Splawn, recommending a definite plan. It is no secret that RFC government money has been going into the railroads as into a bottomless pit; no secret that despite the 6½ per cent rate increase recently granted by the ICC many of them will be unable to make bond-interest payments without more RFC money; no secret that the Baltimore and Ohio has been in trouble for months and that the Southern Pacific is now flying distress signals. The Administration is eager on the one hand to give some confidence to the bond market, and on the other hand to spur the purchase of railway equipment. How it can do both is a little difficult to see. The railroads have gone on a buying strike; many of them are so run down that they live from hand to mouth in operating terms. They will buy equipment only if they can be relieved of the oppressive fixed charges on an inflated bonded indebtedness. But in order to soothe the bond market the Administration is trying to save the junior as well as the senior bonds. This is the snag the President is caught on. A lot of talk is heard about consolidation and the operating economies it would

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effect, and more talk about railroad labor as a stumbling-block in this effort. But the crux of the matter is not so much operating economies—important though they are—as the impossible fixed charges; and those can be dealt with only by scaling down the capitalization. Will the President have the courage?

*

BEHIND THE PENNSYLVANIA DEMOCRATIC split are complicated wheelings and maneuverings in anticipation of 1940 and a perilous trial of labor's independent strength in politics. The Democratic State Committee, boss-ridden in the traditional Pennsylvania style, has nominated a slate of Governor Earle for the Senate and Charles A. Jones for governor, completely ignoring labor. The labor forces under John L. Lewis have joined Senator Guffey, with the benevolent "neutrality" of J. David Stern of the Philadelphia *Record*, and put up Tom Kennedy of the United Mine Workers for governor while supporting Earle for the Senate. Mr. Roosevelt has declared his "neutrality" also; but two days after seeing the President, Governor Earle himself came out for the Jones slate of the regular machine. The result will be an unlovely primary fight in which—whoever wins—the Democratic Party is certain to come out the loser, for the struggle is causing a deep split between the left and right wings of the party. The Jones slate has the regular machine and the state patronage behind it; the Kennedy slate has the federal and WPA patronage and the C. I. O. miners' and steel workers' strength behind it. If the Kennedy-Lewis-Guffey combination wins, labor will gain a commanding position not only in Pennsylvania but in general in the 1938 and 1940 elections; if it loses, the prestige of the tory wing of the Democratic Party will be enormously increased throughout the country.

*

IN THE WANING HOURS OF ITS FINAL session, when the members, one reporter observed, were in a "stupor of fatigue," New York's legislature rushed through a bill barring "advocates of communism" from civil service and teaching jobs. This measure would be dangerous and reprehensible if it were aimed at Communists alone; but as a matter of fact such laws are invariably indiscriminate and far-reaching in their effect, applicable to almost every field of progressive activity. Particularly ironic in connection with this bill is the temper of its advocates. When it appeared likely to die in committee, Jeremiah T. Cross, state commander of the American Legion, predicted the eventual use of "storm troops to recapture our own institutions and government." Charles R. McConnell, Brooklyn assemblyman, announced, "I'm for anything that will kill a Communist." The amazing fact is that most of this tumult has been artificially created, with no foundation in either public danger or popular demand. It is reasonable to anticipate that Governor Lehman will veto this bill as firmly as he rejected demands for Mr. Isaacs's removal. In doing so he can set at rest all rumors of impending *Anschluss* between New York and Jersey City, and forestall the hysteria which such a law's enactment would encourage throughout the nation.

*

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST HAS PRIDED himself on being able to clothe the most tortured reasoning in language as simple as Gospel. Last Monday he reversed his usual literary practice and presented a simple idea in language that must have made little sense to the few readers who waded through its planned turgidity. This was the biggest Hearst story of his career, but it was tucked away on an inside page and it began:

> The discussion of provisions made through voting-trust arrangements for continuity of control and operation of other newspaper groups has brought inquiries regarding whether similar provisions may have been made by Mr. William Randolph Hearst.

Those who had the patience to struggle through this jigsaw puzzle learned that William Randolph Hearst was no longer in command of his own journalistic empire, that an executive committee had been formed to take it over last October, and that Clarence J. Shearn had become voting trustee for ten years in charge of the properties. The news gives some support to rumors that the Chase National Bank has had control of Hearst's papers and other holdings since October. Mr. Shearn is referred to by the Hearst statement as a "friend of many years' standing," but his chief recommendation as trustee seems to be that he broke with Hearst as long ago as 1919. The statement talks of "gradual liquidation." It is clear that Hearst's fate was decided last September when he withdrew an application for a $35,000,000 debenture issue without waiting for the SEC to act upon it; withdrawal of the application, as decided by the Supreme Court in the James case, ended any liability for statements made in it.

*

THE FIRST SPRING DAY BROUGHT US A NEW issue of the *Countryman*, and we can announce without reservation that England is still there. The *Countryman*, in its own words, "comes from the country," and there is no need to ask which country. Within its covers, the color of new grass, the Marquess of Tavistock remembers The Salmon of My Dreams, and Sir Rowland Sperling is concerned with the vital question: Shall We Abolish Rabbits? The Leader of the Opposition in His Garden is the uncompromising title of an article by the Right Honorable C. R. Attlee on his favorite piece of earth, and Sir Philip Pilditch contributes to a group of papers on Badgers We Have Known. In general the *Countryman* has the charm as well as the smugness of that exquisite headline which once appeared in the London *Times* when a storm was raging in the Channel. It read "Continent Isolated." In a world of stress the *Countryman* is a quarterly refuge. But there are signs that it too is disturbed by the affairs of the outside world. This quarter it prints an article headed Other People's Countrysides: Skunks in Ontario. It may yet get round to Nazis in Austria. But we can't help hoping not.

End the Embargo Against Spain!

IF WAR breaks out in Europe, future historians will place a large share of the responsibility upon American foreign policy from 1919 to the present day. The list of particular sins will be long and impressive. It will include American acquiescence in the shameless farce at Versailles and lay special stress upon our iniquitous and suicidal tariff policy from 1921 through 1932, which was primarily responsible for the depression, the rise of autarchy and economic nationalism, and the breakdown of world economic interdependence. Chapters will be written dealing with the failure of the United States to support the League in the critical days of September and October, 1931, when Japan launched what proved to be the first of a series of assaults on international law and equity, as well as with our subsequent failures in the case of Ethiopia, Spain, and China—failures which undoubtedly contributed to the breakdown of the League and collective security during these trying years. Special attention will be paid to our incredible blindness respecting war debts and to Roosevelt's blunder in breaking up the London Economic Conference when wise leadership might have brought forth an agreement calculated to ease already mounting tensions throughout the world.

All this, however, is history. Notwithstanding the very commendable report of the Committee of Experts of the Campaign for World Economic Cooperation, referred to elsewhere in this issue, little can now be done to correct the fundamental errors of the 20's and early 30's. An announcement that the United States was prepared to throw its massive economic strength in the balance against those who are precipitating war might head off chaos. But such an announcement cannot be expected. Secretary Hull, in his address before the National Press Club, indicated that the United States was prepared to make a "reasonable contribution to a firm establishment of a world order based on law." He was not, however, either clear or positive. He gave no indication how far the government was prepared to go in this crisis, the inference being that little could be expected beyond the general trade policies to which we are already committed.

Important though tariff concessions might have been eight years ago, they obviously will not stop war now. The only type of economic action that could prevent war is a definite refusal by the United States and Great Britain to give economic assistance to aggressors and an open policy of support for victims of aggression.

Specifically, this implies an immediate reversal of our "neutrality" policy in Spain. Under existing law the Spanish government is denied the right of purchasing arms to defend itself. Meanwhile the rebels are obtaining huge supplies not only from Germany and Italy but indirectly, through the fascist countries, from the United States. As a result Spain today is in grave peril. For a time last week it looked as if Franco would break through to the Mediterranean and thus separate Valencia and Madrid from Barcelona. Although the rebel offensive has been slowed down, the danger is not past. Louis Fischer's article on another page of this issue shows the extreme odds against which the Loyalists are fighting.

In this crisis the gravest responsibility rests upon France. But French aid has almost stopped because of British pressure and because of French anxiety over the American Neutrality Act. With German airplane factories turning out several times as many planes as French factories, France fears to supply planes in quantity to the Loyalists lest it be unable to replace them by purchases from this country in time of crisis. Prompt action by the United States is necessary if the Spanish government is not to suffer defeat as the result of the unneutral effect of the Neutrality Act.

Fortunately, however, it is not necessary to wait for repeal of the act in order to send help to Spain. In the case of a civil war the act specifically states that whenever in the judgment of the President the civil strife is not "being conducted under such conditions that the export of arms, ammunition, or implements of war . . . would threaten or endanger the peace of the United States," the President shall revoke his previous proclamation and the provisions of the same shall cease to apply. Surely no one would suggest that the shipment of supplies to the Spanish government under present circumstances "endangers the peace of the United States." On the contrary, failure to act so encourages the fascist powers that it constitutes a clear challenge not only to peace but to the philosophy on which all decent international relations must rest. The Neutrality Act should not be confused, however, with the embargo resolution of January 8, 1937, which can only be repealed by Congress.

There is every reason to believe that the Administration would be glad to revoke application of the Neutrality Act, but it will not move without some assurance of

popular support. Every person who recoils at the brutal bombing of Barcelona, who believes that Spain should have a right to decide its own fate, or who feels that France and the other democratic powers should be free to aid Spain and protect themselves from fascist aggression should take two immediate steps. He should wire his Congressman urging immediate revision or repeal of the Neutrality Act and repeal of the embargo, and he should dispatch an equally urgent message to the President asking for revocation of the Neutrality Act as applied to Spain. This should be followed by an effort to get as many other persons, and as influential persons as possible, to do likewise.

Hitler's Cold War

THE searchlight of public attention swung over the European continent during this past anxious week, picking out a new spot of crisis or disaster almost every day: first Austria, then Czechoslovakia, then Spain, then the Polish-Lithuanian border, with momentary halts in London and Paris and Berlin. Let us not forget last week, for in later days it will be recognized as crucial, no matter how many weeks of tension may follow. It ended in a moment's breathing spell, but even the calm is charged with ominous possibilities.

German Nazi officials have begun the job of clearing Austria of active opposition, passive dissent, Jews, Socialists, and civilization. The little country has become a province of the Reich; but it is a conquered province held by an army of occupation. So far its new rulers have met with no trouble: the Austrian army has been absorbed by the German military establishment; Austrian officials have been supplanted by German officials or subordinated to them; even the Austrian Nazi Party has been reorganized by a representative of Hitler and is now no more than a modest branch of the National Socialist Party of the Third Reich. Prominent Jews and former officials have taken their lives in considerable numbers. Several thousand enemies of the new regime are in prison. But the fiction of unanimity is widely proclaimed in the press and on the air, and Hitler, in his public apologia before the Reichstag, based his wanton act exclusively on the sufferings and desires of the suppressed people of the late Austrian republic. Mussolini came to heel with a resounding speech supporting the conquest of Austria as "inevitable," reiterating his faith in the axis and his scorn for the democracies, and in general making the best of what still must look like a poor bargain.

The threat to Czechoslovakia implicit in Hitler's march to Vienna and explicit in his promise to "protect" German minorities everywhere (except, presumably, in the South Tyrol) resulted in a series of swift maneuvers. German troops were reported moving through Austria to the unprotected Czechoslovak frontier. France and Russia repeated and strengthened their pledge of armed help to Czechoslovakia in case of a Nazi invasion, and France and Czechoslovakia tried in vain to get similar assurances of backing from Great Britain. But Chamberlain sat tight on his fence and still sits there, while storms of political opposition whistle around his head.

The French Cabinet, formed after desperate efforts by Léon Blum, was able to agree on its already-pledged support of Czechoslovakia but on little else. It is a shaky affair and unlikely to hold together unless Blum manages to overcome the stubborn hostility of the right which has prevented the formation of a national front to oppose fascist conquest in Central Europe and in Spain. The right politicians frankly prefer Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco to collaboration with even a minority representation of French Communists.

The desperate crisis in Spain makes the attitude of the French Cabinet, with all its troubles, impossible to excuse. The Loyalist government and army are making what may be a last stand against the mechanized forces of Franco. As Louis Fischer's dispatch shows, Spain cannot hold out unless it has substantial material help in its solitary battle against international fascism. Only from France can the Loyalists get equipment in large amounts quickly.

The Polish ultimatum to Lithuania was no detached phenomenon but a logical move in the game of power politics. Poland and Germany are friends, but wary, suspicious friends, the sort the game breeds. Germany's expansion to the south encouraged Polish expansion to the north. Poland moved suddenly to end the unsettled border dispute with Lithuania and reestablish the relations that were broken after Poland's seizure of Vilna in 1920. Hitler backed Poland's demands, much as Mussolini backed Hitler's, not because he liked them but for secondary reasons that were—when added together—conclusive. And Russia, which has every reason to resist Polish expansion, was inhibited from acting by its most fundamental emotion—fear of general war. So Lithuania yielded, growling; Poland officially announced the happy termination of the dispute while mobs shouted for the annexation of Lithuania and took out their feelings in acts of terror against helpless Jews; and Germany extended a hand of blessing over the whole affair. But the shadow of the hand lies across Danzig and Memel.

Today the prospect of actual warfare has faded, and the immediate future offers a new threat. Just as Hitler has shifted his strategy at home from open terror to cold pogrom, so he may now complete the conquest of Central Europe by the process of cold warfare. Already significant hints are trickling out of Prague. The government has yielded to most of the demands of the Sudeten Germans; it has agreed to call off all newspaper attacks on Hitler if the German press will "reciprocate." Most serious of all, it is reported that Hitler is insisting that Czechoslovakia abrogate its Russian alliance as the prerequisite to any negotiations with the Reich; the polite suggestion is that since Germany now practically controls all of Czechoslovakia's trade outlets it is in a position to strangle it to death if it refuses. On the other hand the Reich will be very happy, in the event that Czechoslovakia sells its soul and body, to facilitate an economic *Anschluss* that will give Germany the yield of its neighbor's fields and a highway leading almost to the Ukraine.

Who can complain of such a deal? The other powers accepted the conquest of Austria with no more than a shudder and a futile protest. What can they say if Czechoslovakia "voluntarily" drops its pact with Soviet Russia, "voluntarily" signs a trade agreement with Germany, "voluntarily" yields autonomy to its German minority—to the end of "voluntarily" becoming a vassal of the Nazi state? What can they say if Poland "voluntarily" hands over Danzig to Hitler in return for his benevolent acquiescence in its own expansion, and if Hungary and Rumania accept the German yoke without audible protest? The cold war reaps its victories quietly. It can be countered only by action which pierces through pretensions to purposes and uses whatever means are required to thwart those purposes.

All Soviet Russia could do in the face of fascist advance was to propose an international conference of non-fascist powers to determine on collective measures of resistance. The proposal was useful as a demonstration of Russia's consistent position and as a yardstick by which to measure the statesmanship of other nations. But it was generally ignored, partly because it emanated from the Soviet Union and partly because the suggestion of peaceful collective action has within the last few weeks come to sound unrealistic, even faintly romantic. This is perhaps the most ominous of all the facts we have to record. It is still possible, theoretically, that Germany and Italy could be stopped without war. But the powers that could do it will not openly admit the menace that confronts them or take the risks involved. And neither will they make or threaten war. So fascism marches on, unimpeded.

Revolt Against Oil

ON MARCH 18 the showdown was reached in the stud-poker game between the Mexican government and the foreign oil companies. The oil companies had attempted to call what they fondly imagined was a government bluff by refusing to comply with a decision of the Federal Labor Board, upheld by the Supreme Court on March 1, ordering them to sign a collective contract with their workers. The order increased wage rates and social services by twenty-six million pesos a year above 1936 levels, established a forty-hour week, and granted the workers a certain degree of participation in management. The oil companies protested publicly that these conditions rendered continued operation unprofitable and, indeed, "impossible," but in private they readily enough admitted their ability to pay the increases. What they could not stomach was the loss of prestige they would suffer in Venezuela, Bolivia, and other colonial countries as a result of their trouncing at the hands of a government which they had believed they could always either browbeat or bribe into submission.

It is difficult to make any sense of the position the oil companies took, unless they were relying on their superior economic power and the hope of diplomatic backing from Washington and London. In the face of several statements from President Cárdenas, which made it abundantly clear that the government had no intention of yielding to their insolence, they flatly announced that they would obey Mexican law only if and when it conformed to their interests.

The Mexican government was left with no other course but to expropriate the oil properties as provided by law. In this connection Ambassador Daniels's statement that the United States "had been caught napping" is patently ridiculous. It was generally understood that the National Expropriation Law, passed in 1936, was designed to meet such situations. In taking over the industry the Mexican authorities were fully aware that a grave economic crisis was almost certain to follow. Not only will the oil companies and their allies, native and foreign, redouble the sabotage which they have lately been practicing against the national credit, but the reorganization will necessarily result in costly confusion, not to speak of the immediate reduction in government income. It is no secret that Mexico's general financial position has been very insecure since the first of the year, and genuine sacrifices on the part of the whole population will be required to convert into reality the economic independence that should result from the ending of foreign oil control.

This is precisely the sort of situation the reactionary and fascist groups have been praying would develop. Six months ago, when the official commission which investigated the oil industry brought in its findings, the companies are reported to have remarked that a revolution would cost them less—and they have had wide experience in such affairs. General Cedillo in central Mexico, Governor Yocupicio in northwestern Sonora, arms smugglers on the Guatemalan border, reactionary officials and discontented militarists in other parts of the country, all known to be in connivance with Nazi and Italian agents, are begging for funds to launch their long-heralded coup against the Administration. Such an uprising would have slight prospect of success under normal conditions, but if the economic and political difficulties of the country should multiply and if Washington should finally decide to favor the oil interests by adopting a "neutral" attitude, the conflict might be long, bloody, and costly.

Fortunately, the bulk of the population is solidly behind the government in this dispute. The oil companies have long been a stench in the nostrils even of those conservatives who are ordinarily to be found on the side of foreign capital. Apart from those they buy, the oil interests have no friends in Mexico, and in spite of liberal subsidies to the venal and reactionary daily press, a note of doubt and hostility has crept in even there. The plain truth is that what began eighteen months ago as a simple wage-and-hour dispute between capital and labor has now developed into a national struggle against foreign domination in which the organized workers have taken their rightful place at the head of the Mexican people. After twenty-eight years Mexico is at last in sight of one of the principal goals of the 1910 revolution—a decisive victory over the foreign imperialism which has long dominated its economic and political life. A defeat now would set Mexican progress back a generation.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC Burlingame

Fascism—American Style

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, March 21

"HOW Law and Order Came to Johnstown" or "Elementary Steps in American Fascism"—either would do as a title for the sequence of events narrated last week before the Senate Civil Liberties Committee. If both sound a trifle hard and pedantic, we might call it "The Mayor's Wife and the Mysterious Windfall." Regardless of what anyone calls it, the odor will cling to it still. For it was a dirty piece of business, and we may thank God's mercy and the invincible stupidity of the small-town vigilante mind that it went no farther. However, thanksgiving at this stage would be premature. The thing will be tried again, and the next attempt may be endowed with more imagination and perseverance than inhabit the Johnstown (Pennsylvania) Chamber of Commerce.

It was a sinister coincidence that the headlines from Barcelona and Berlin blanketed the disclosures before Senator La Follette's committee. Between events there and what was shown to have happened here existed an ominous affinity. Indeed, time may demonstrate that Johnstown was a bigger story for us than Vienna. It had all the home ingredients. There was a gaunt, hollow-eyed preacher breathing hell fire and damnation against "red radicals" and using his pulpit to raise the vigilantes. There was a rich, powerful corporation—Bethlehem Steel—bent on breaking a strike and smashing a union at whatever cost. There was a high-pressure publicity man and money-getter, who really sensed the possibilities of the situation. Finally, there was an ex-convict mayor, a former bootlegger, laboring under the urgent necessities of rehabilitating his reputation for law and order and paying his debts. Here were none of the alien, exotic elements which make our bristles rise at the mention of Communists. These were all God-fearin', baby-havin', tater-growin', night-ridin' folks, ready alike to bust a strike or pick up a stray dollar.

The Reverend John H. Stanton, whose membership in the Johnstown Chamber of Commerce is a gift from the Pennsylvania Electric Company ("I thought it was very nice of them, and I took it," he said), became excited and alarmed over the strike at Bethlehem when he discovered the strikers were asking not for higher wages or shorter hours but that the company sign a contract with the union. "I discussed it with members of the Bible class," he testified. "I decided that this was a new thing to me and certainly was very, very wrong. I concluded to call together a large group of citizens with whom I had been associated in my church work and my activities in the Rotary Club and the Chamber of Commerce."

The first person he called was Mayor Daniel J. Shields, who served a jail term once for his activities in connection with a prohibition case. The next was Francis Martin, teacher of the Bible class, president of the Chamber of Commerce, and vice-president of the bank in which Bethlehem kept its pay-roll account. The third to respond to the call was Sidney Evans, an officer in the Reverend Mr. Stanton's church and boss of Bethlehem's celebrated company union. Fourth was C. M. Ellicott himself, general manager of the plant. Thus the Citizens' Committee was launched and the absorbing sequence of events got under way.

Martin and Fulton Connor, city finance director, got a package containing $10,000 in cash from Evans's office and deposited it in the Mayor's safe. Next day Connor made a similar transfer of $15,000. Other payments followed rapidly. The fiction was that Bethlehem was donating this money to the Citizens' Committee to uphold law and order, and that the committee, in furtherance of that high purpose, was making it available to the city authorities. Two payments are in dispute. Ellicott testified that he personally gave the Mayor $4,362. His Honor hotly denies it. There is additional testimony that $6,300 was spent for gas equipment which was turned over to the police. The ex-convict chief magistrate asserts he paid for the equipment with money that he received from the committee.

Shields admitted he got in the neighborhood of $40,000, but when asked to account for it he was embarrassed. In an impetuous moment he had destroyed all records pertaining to these expenditures. Consequently he had to rely on his memory, the condition of which can only be described as deplorable. He thought he had hired between 500 and 700 special policemen (his chief of police told a state trooper the number was 250) and that their pay totaled about $9,000. He thought it cost about $2,500 to feed them, and that hauling them around in taxicabs and rented cars had cost $8,600—or maybe it was $10,600. He put in the item of $6,300 for gas and topped off the list with $6,000 "paid in rewards." His explanation of the final item must not be omitted.

A "loyal" worker was seized, stripped, and released in the streets. Shields offered $6,000 in rewards for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the culprits. Six men were arrested. Four were acquitted. Two remain to be tried. Said the Mayor: "The fellow who brought about the real apprehension got $1,000, and the fellows who made the actual discovery got $5,000."

However, the Mayor had no opportunity to destroy records at the county courthouse, and from these the Senate investigators took a harvest. In the three months following the Bethlehem strike, payments totaling $23,-

485 were made on mortgages and delinquent taxes on property held in the name of the Mayor's wife. His Honor owns no property in his own name for an excellent reason: judgments totaling some $100,000 are outstanding against him, including a $75,000 government lien arising from his connection with an illicit brewery, and the unpaid fees of the lawyers who defended him. It seems that Mrs. Shields had a "windfall," but when asked to describe it the Mayor's memory betrayed him again.

With the strike broken and all the damn agitators in retreat, it was natural for Johnstown's triumphant patriots to think of a "Citizens' National Committee" that would carry the true gospel throughout the nation. However, the real author appears to have been John Price Jones, an astute New York publicity man who supervises the collection of funds for refined seats of learning. Invitations were sent to numerous employer groups throughout the country, a meeting was called at Johnstown, and Jones wrote the resolutions in advance. The affair was not an unqualified success, although $19,000 was collected, which included donations of $1,000 each from Richard K. Mellon, nephew of the sainted Andrew, and Ernie Weir. Most of it went for page advertisements in metropolitan papers urging other cities to emulate Johnstown, and calling on public officials to use the forces at their command to safeguard "the right to work."

It was a promising start, but it suffered from the limitations of the leaders. The Reverend Mr. Stanton was temporary chairman and his successor was never named. Jones, the high-geared go-getter who possessed the imagination, experience, and connections essential for a proper exploitation of the idea, was fired because his fees were too high for Johnstown standards and has so far been unable to collect in full from the local patriots.

But, mark my words, we have not seen the end of this adventure in American fascism. It is too obviously "a natural." It is a very effective way of getting dirty work done, and American industry pays fancy prices for that particular kind of dirty work.

What Can Save Spain?

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Paris, March 21

THIS has been a heartbreaking week for pro-Loyalists, and the repeated barbarous bombings of Barcelona make the cup of woe almost full. The republican army is well supplied with small weapons but has practically no first-line bombers, only one-third as many pursuit planes as the rebels, and too little artillery to conduct a large-scale war. During the past three weeks Germany and Italy have poured in a constant stream of airplanes, cannon, and men. What the Loyalists possess, what they can manufacture, and the limited quantities they can import by devious routes no longer suffice to cope with Franco's augmented armaments. In the first week of March it looked as if the Loyalists could hold out no longer unless they received help from France.

During this crisis Negrín slipped into Paris incognito (it is characteristic of this civilized Spaniard that he was found one day, by an American friend, in Brentano's buying books), but France had no government—and it then got Blum. The two Socialist premiers met, and there is no doubt that Blum, conscious of his invidious role as the father of non-intervention, wanted to atone for the death and destruction in Spain which his policy had caused. "Wanted to," but he hasn't done so yet, and all the rumors regarding vast shipments of French arms to the Loyalists boil down to a few old cannon and a handful of airplanes. Soviet artillery is coming into Catalonia in greater volume, and the French have promised not to hamper the transit of several shiploads of Soviet pursuit bombers. These are the concrete gains of last week. In principle French non-intervention is dead, but actually French aid so far has been infinitesimal.

When every day is marked by serious Loyalist military reverses, Blum's Socialist government has again exposed the Spanish republic to the mercies of Hitler and Mussolini. The resentment against Blum grows in leaps and bounds. But France hasn't yet definitely decided not to act. The pressure on the Cabinet from military, trade-union, and certain bourgeois circles is the major factor in both the internal and the external situation. Temporarily the franc is well-nigh forgotten, and Spain dominates all minds. The rebels' menacing Aragon offensive pointed the moral of Austria and placed the threat to Czechoslovakia in a correct setting. At this conjuncture of unhappy circumstances an increasing number of Frenchmen are convinced that Spain constitutes a vital French problem.

France could no nothing about Austria except to conceal its fright. The only official reaction was the public reiteration of its pledge to Czechoslovakia, but with Germany and Italy in Spain this pledge is practically worthless. The Czechs, Russians, and a handful of astute French publicists have not hesitated to make this devastating estimate of Blum's bravest gesture. Moreover, the general staff is peculiarly sensitive to anything happening in Catalonia, and the fact that the army of German-Italian puppets approached France's vulnerable southeastern boundary at the very moment of the Austrian coup converted the French assets in Central Europe into military liabilities and sowed panic in Paris. France's position from the standpoint of military strategy has become most unenviable.

The reactions to this disastrous development have been varied. Some anti-fascists, a group of generals, and several Radical-Socialist leaders have demanded the immediate occupation of Minorca and Catalonia. There has been talk of investing Spanish Morocco. It is rumored—we've been deluged with rumors—that Paul-Boncour told the British ambassador, Sir Eric Phipps, of these plans, and the Englishman, of course, held up his hands in holy horror. The idea of direct army and navy intervention is already dead or shelved, but its birth reflects how seriously the situation is viewed. The reactionary and perhaps Mussolini-subsidized *Journal* shouted, "We will revolt" if France marches, and pusillanimous government leaders, visibly suffering a terrific nervous strain, saw visions of a civil war in France if they attempted to end the civil war in Spain.

As an alternative it was suggested that heavy war material be sent to the assistance of the Loyalists. Here the French, more than ever a nation of meticulous accountants, checked up on available supplies and said that they had discovered a terrifying deficiency in just what the Loyalists needed—airplanes and artillery. If this is being used as an excuse, it is also at least partially true. Jouhaux, who speaks for five million workingmen, went to Blum and declared the workers in the armament industries would produce more if they knew some arms might go to Spain; the Paris metal workers' union promised one hour of unpaid overtime daily if the weapons produced therein were sold to the Loyalists. The Russians have probably indicated that they would make good to the French in a few weeks anything sent the Loyalists during these crucial days, and unofficial Americans have hinted that the French, like the Italians and Germans, might easily replenish their stocks by purchases in America. But the government chiefs have sighed, wrung their hands, and made pathetic avowals of their love for the Spanish republic.

Conveniently, stories have been circulated—by whom?—about the impending German mobilization, and Paris wished to know whether England would help her should Germany attack while France was temporarily depleting its arsenals to save the Loyalists. If Chamberlain was asked, his reply is not difficult to imagine. Blum is tired, and his fatigue accentuates the intellectual's normal tendency to find additional reasons for doing nothing. A possible successor, Daladier, would do more than Blum can, and Herriot, who is holding himself in reserve, could do more than Daladier would. Flandin, controlling an important bloc of right deputies, vetoes a strong government of national union because it would have enough popular support to venture overt assistance to the Loyalists, whereas the Socialists and Communists will join such a national ministry only if it helps Spain. France is divided and pacifist, and young men basking in the glorious spring sunshine with their girls think how terrible it would be to have to go to the trenches. This attitude makes the governmental policy. A remnant of the bourgeoisie still hopes that after a rebel victory Hitler and Mussolini will give Franco an affectionate farewell kiss and bow in the direction of the French and British, while the majority in the owning classes, better capitalists than Frenchmen, would apparently rather see the Spanish social revolution crushed than see France safe.

All observers agree that most of these difficulties would disappear if an effective anti-Chamberlain rebellion created the possibility of British approval of French action in Spain. Internal political hurdles would be lowered by a smile from London. The next scene in the Spanish drama will be enacted at Westminster. Franco's military time schedule, however, is not fixed in accordance with foreign parliamentary debates or ministerial alignments. The Loyalists' needs are urgent. It is very likely that in two months adjustments in French political life and military affairs would warrant wide assistance to the Loyalists. But should Barcelona lose ground in the interval, even its friends might contend that it was too late to help. And what if, while the French and British waste valuable time, Hitler marches into Czechoslovakia or establishes a *gleichgeschaltet* Hungary? Prophets can be found who predict both these events within the next fortnight. It sounds fantastic, but so was the rape of Austria.

I was in Madrid in November, 1936, when its fall seemed inevitable. The bourgeois Republicans fled first; the Cabinet followed; but the Socialist-Communist junta rescued the capital, and since then its unyielding heroism has become a symbol to the apathetic democratic world. Barcelona also maintains a wonderful spirit under the murderous rain of explosives. The martyred Spanish people may yet be capable of miraculous effort. But in the long run man is powerless against mounting accumulations of modern technical equipment, and Hitler and Mussolini want a quick conclusion of the Spanish war so that they may hunt elsewhere.

Not only international peace but everything treasured by decent human beings everywhere is now at stake in Spain. The Barcelona bombings are a sample of the fascist morality which is sweeping Europe. Yet democratic governments are paralyzed by cowardice, enmeshed in legislation, sacrificing the highest national interests and stacking the cards for war ostensibly because they want to prolong peace a while longer, but actually because they abhor the social progress represented by the Loyalists. And without more foreign aid it will be difficult for Barcelona to continue to offer resistance. Already, in sessions last week which almost exactly paralleled the Brest-Litovsk debates of the Bolshevik Central Committee, the voting in the Loyalist Cabinet revealed a pro-armistice party. Negrín succeeded in overpowering this trend, but if the tide of battle continues strongly against the Loyalists the trend may grow. I have faith, however, in the plain Spanish people, whose capacity to die, to suffer, and to fight I have seen, and I trust them to carry on bravely despite a few wavering politicians. Everything is possible in Spain, in France perhaps, and even in England. Europe is crazy.

Czechoslovakia Holds the Key

BY HENRY B. KRANZ

I SHALL never forget the thin little old cook with whom I boarded for eight months in Budejovice. (In those days this small town in Bohemia was still called Budweis. Since then all the cities have had to exchange their German names for Czech ones.) It was during the first year of the war, and the table which the old lady set was so lavish and varied that I did not see how she could afford it at the low prices she charged for board and lodging. Being an Austrian officer, I had enough money to get along on, and I did not want to accept any presents from the good lady. So one day I asked her, "Why do you give me so much for so little money?" She looked at me very gently, then answered in her broken German, "The poor officer must soon go into the trenches, where he will surely die. I wanted to see him have a good meal first."

She was a Czech. Like her countrymen she was naive yet realistic, industrious and vital, unhindered by too much delicacy of feeling, very upright, sage, and rather cautious. These qualities, combined with a talent for organization, made the Czechs for centuries excellent servants of the Hapsburgs. They were vigilant officials, correct officers, and even wise ministers. Geniality, however, was not one of their qualities.

The Czechs were the first autonomists of the twentieth century. They had a hatred for the empire and resented the Teutonism which was imposed upon them. They began to build up a culture of their own, steeping themselves in the almost forgotten history of their ancient past. They did not want to be Europeans. They wanted to be Czechs. Then the war came. The Czechs achieved their goal. And overnight they turned into the best Europeans. They were still nationalistic, but they refused to persecute others for belonging to a foreign nation, race, or religion. Dr. Benes, the present president of the republic, expressed their attitude simply when he said to a group of students recently, "The moral principle underlying our democracy is the ethical concept that the prime unit of political life is the individual and not a party, class, or nation."

The land of the Czechs is blessed. The countryside is beautiful with lush meadows, broad cultivated fields, and wooded knolls. Bohemia is encircled by magic mountains. It has rich mines of coal, iron ore, and salt. Hot springs in Karlsbad, Franzensbad, and Marienbad attract hundreds of thousands of tourists. The traveler gains the impression that this is a land of "milk and honey" where no one can ever starve.

But are the Czechs really the masters here? They are not. For there are the minorities. Balancing the Czechs are three and a half million Germans, two and a half million Slovaks, three-quarters of a million Hungarians, half a million Ruthenians, and some half-million Poles and other aliens—seven and three-quarter million non-Czechs as against six and a half million Czechs. For ten years after the war these minorities lived side by side in comparative peace, disturbed by no more than a few small causes of friction. During those ten years the young state enjoyed great prosperity and business expansion. Eager to become independent of Germany and Austria, the government encouraged new industries.

Soon the Czechs had the biggest and most modern shoe factory in Europe. It was founded by a little man who, thanks to his American business methods, became a millionaire. His name—Bata—is a household word not only throughout Europe but in Shanghai, Bombay, Rio de Janeiro, and Cape Town. No wonder. A good pair of shoes by Bata costs only two dollars. Czech automobiles, the speedy Tatras, are good as well as cheap. Czech textiles are taken to England to be exported to the world as "Made in England." Czech lace and Czech glassware are world-famous. And exports increased by 100 per cent during 1937. In the same year the revenue from taxes was a billion crowns (thirty million dollars) greater than in 1936.

But Europe is a continent of "awakened" nations. The Slovaks were the first to show signs of discontent. They are a strong, industrious peasant folk. Their speech, while it resembles Czech, is more colorful and less developed. Their gaily colored national costumes, melancholy folk songs, and over-bright paintings bespeak their Slavic origin. Their country was formerly a part of Hungary.

Andreas Hlinka, the leader of the Slovak Nationalist Party, has of late been urgently demanding autonomy. He bases his demands on a report prepared in 1918 by Czechs and Slovaks living in Pittsburgh to convey to the Peace Conference their ideas as to the future Czechoslovakia, specifically so named. Actually this report said not a word about autonomy or about two equal and sovereign states. And a large proportion of the Slovaks continue to support the national government. They point to the fact that in the national convention of 1920 the constitution and the language laws of the young republic were accepted by all parties, including Hlinka's adherents. Minister Hodza, a good Slovak in his own right, attacks Hlinka for sabotaging the state.

Bratislava, the capitol of Slovakia, a charming Danube town, once went by the good German name of Pressburg. The Hungarians called it Pozsony. Today this city with a triple name and nationality, only two hours distant from Vienna, is a favorite resort and also important as a commercial center. Much German is spoken there, less Hungarian, and still less Slovak. The Jewish ghetto is one of the oldest in Europe. The various racial groups get along famously, for the Czechs have met the Slovaks more than halfway. Slovak writers, painters, and musicians are helped by prize money offered by the state. The Slovak national theater is subsidized by the state.

But even in their own part of the country the Slovaks are a minority. The largest group there is German. Some 600 elementary schools and 3 high schools have been erected for 22,000 German children. In the Carpathians are Ruthenians and Hungarians. Laslo Dzurany, editor of the Hungarian newspaper, *Magyar Ujsag,* formerly published in Bratislava, now in Praha, has declared, "We are Magyar with every breath we breathe and every nerve in our bodies."

The German problem is even more involved. For the Germans of Czechoslovakia live not only along the frontier, in the border country adjacent to Germany where there are natural barriers of forest and mountain, but also scattered through the interior of the country. In Mähren they form a strong minority. The capital city of Mähren, Brno (formerly Brünn), has always been a center of German culture. The same is true of Silesia and its capital city, Troppau. The autonomy which Konrad Henlein, the Nazi leader, demands for these Germans would mean the complete collapse of the republic.

The border Germans are intrenched in the richest areas of Czechoslovakia. At Aussig, Dix, and Komotau are the coal resources of the country. In Joachimstal is the largest source of radium in Europe. Teplitz-Schönau has a flourishing glass industry. Machine factories, iron works, and leather-goods factories are in German hands. A person setting foot in one of these cities has the sense of being in Germany. The theaters produce German plays; the newspapers you read are German. (Czechoslovakia has 249 German papers; Austria only 235.) If you ask a stranger on the street for directions in Czech he will answer you in German. The street names have stayed German. And all the German theaters, all the German schools, are supported by the government.

It is not correct to say that all these Germans are for Hitler. In 1935 at the last elections Henlein had only one and a quarter million votes. The German Social Democrats stand firm for the young state. And the 350,000 Jews in Czechoslovakia, who belong to the German cultural group, certainly have no desire to become Hitler's subjects. There are three German ministers in the Cabinet. Dr. Erwin Zajecek, head of the German Christian Socialist National Party, who leads the forces opposing Henlein with cleverness and foresight, believes that he will be able to unite all Germans on a platform of democracy.

All political struggles are brought to a head in Praha. In this two-nation city the contrast between the two peoples is most obvious. The old Prague, baroque, spooky, medieval, with narrow, dark streets, is German. The new Praha, with its modern housing, its concrete buildings, its noise and American bustle, is Czech. On the streets you hear all the languages of the country, and you can buy newspapers in all these tongues. The theater is international, producing not only Czech plays but the best that the contemporary Hungarian, French, English, and American stage has to offer. In no other European city are so many American plays produced. In no other European city are there so many American volumes in the bookstores. In no other city do they speak so enthusiastically of American industrial methods.

The readiness with which Praha takes in strangers who are exiles from their own country is also reminiscent of America. Here most of the German poets, dramatists, painters, and scholars have taken refuge. Heinrich Mann, Thomas Mann's brother, is a Czechoslovak today, as are also Erich Kleiber and Fritz Zweig, the well-known conductors. Thirty thousand German liberals and socialists live in Praha.

Praha is continually being refreshed by young talent from the fertile countryside of which it is the center, by the vigorous youngsters of the Czech villages and towns. There are no border Germans among them. The Germans are making eyes at Berlin. They have little desire to come to Praha, where the Jews and radicals live. So the strong young talents developing there are Czech. The dramatists, Carel Capek, Jaroslav Durych, Tyl, Hilbert, Werner, Frantisek Langer, all write realistic modern plays, full of originality and force. Mrstik, Benes, Pujmanova, Zak, Olbracht, Polachek, Knap, Hostovsky are the most popular novelists. The young Czechs are fond of French and Russian literature and also of the French and Russian cinema, along with the American. They eagerly read Jules Romains, John Gunther, Upton Sinclair, Sinclair Lewis, and Thomas Mann.

How long will Czechoslovakia be able to develop its theater, its art, its industry? Situated in the midst of dictatorships, with a long frontier singularly unprotected by nature on the Hungarian side, made up of five different peoples—can such a nation survive? The history of Switzerland shows that it is possible. Surely France and England will not deliver this young, strong, freedom-loving state into the hands of a barbarous tyrant; will not allow the last haven of democracy and humanism to disappear from the face of Central Europe. Not the fate of Austria but the fate of Czechoslovakia will determine the future of Europe.

Drawing by John Groth

War in the Peace Movement

BY JAMES WECHSLER

II

THE National Peace Conference has grimly endured the Spanish and Far Eastern wars. Its survival has been insured by its gradual refusal to recognize any foreign belligerence. Unable to agree on a policy with respect to European conflicts, the conference threatens to become a local branch of the Non-Intervention Committee.

That the uninterrupted success of fascist aggression menaces everything for which the peace societies have labored is tragically evident. Yet in their joint sessions their leaders speak of fascism as a "political" factor which is too dangerous to receive realistic appraisal. The truth, of course, is that the conference, hopelessly divided on vital issues, has nourished a passion for non-essentials. Shunning any collective—and non-violent—technique of dealing with aggression, the isolationists threaten to withdraw from the conference if such action is indorsed; their opponents seem to have decided to drop the subject.

In recent months two tendencies have been noted in the sessions of the conference. Less and less attention has been given to the wars now going on in Spain and the Far East. And with these conflicts soft-pedaled, the delegates have concentrated their energies on the Campaign for World Economic Cooperation. That campaign is now reaching a climax in Washington, where it is in process of giving birth to an Americanized Van Zeeland report.

The Far Eastern war created a word crisis in the peace movement. The story of the N. P. C.'s attempt to issue a statement expressing its attitude is a case history of indecision and petty bickering. Shortly after Japan's attack the peace societies conducted an informal poll which gave them a preview of their dilemma. This poll disclosed sharp division on American policy, with about a two-to-one vote for enforcement of the Neutrality Act as against collective action, and with a substantial bloc favoring organized indecision. On October 4 Oswald Garrison Villard demanded, according to the conference minutes, that the body "go on record with an emphatic general denunciation of activities in the Far East, stressing the unprovoked attack upon China and the violation of international law." He also urged an immediate protest meeting at Town Hall, a proposal which was judiciously tabled. Thus prodded by Mr. Villard, the conference empowered its director—Walter Van Kirk—to draft an expression of indignation. But just as Dr. Van Kirk undertook this task, President Roosevelt delivered his celebrated Chicago speech, which created panic among the isolationists. Their indignation against Hirohito shifted to Roosevelt overnight. Undaunted, Dr. Van Kirk on October 6 circulated his first draft voicing the conference's "moral indignation" at Japan's aggression.

A draft riot followed. The isolationists rose up against it, fearful lest the words should be interpreted as support for the President's Chicago speech. On October 14 Dr. Van Kirk was still sending around a draft of the statement, "still hopeful that it will be possible for the National Peace Conference to reach substantial agreement regarding a statement of our policy with respect to this matter"—that is, the Far Eastern war. Not until two weeks after Mr. Villard's call to action was accord finally reached, with World Peaceways, Inc., stubbornly dissenting. The first draft, of course, had suffered brutal mutilation. What now emerged was a fragment four paragraphs long and wide enough to placate everyone from New York to Tokyo—except Mrs. Sternberger of World Peaceways.

From a militant rebuke of Japanese aggression the manifesto had been transformed into a plea for "peace by agreement in the Far East." While it approved participation in the then impending Brussels meeting, the statement stressed the necessity of "economic readjustments to improve the standard of living of all peoples." The crisis was not quite over. An innocent New York *Times* reporter committed the fatal error of interpreting the statement as support for non-enforcement of the neutrality law. Everyone reached for his pen. The isolationist signers felt compelled to issue an independent statement explaining their position. Mrs. Sternberger wrote a letter of her own to the President, explaining why her signature had been missing from the manifesto. Dr. Van Kirk swiftly dispatched a special-delivery letter to the editor of the *Times*. He also sent a letter to each member of the conference describing the tragic misunderstanding. By October 27 pens had been laid aside and quiet finally restored on all major fronts. The Far Eastern crisis was virtually at an end for the N. P. C. Not since the war began has the conference summoned its Far Eastern advisory committee into session.

It was easier to relegate the Spanish war to oblivion. Few conference members seem haunted by the suspicion that the war in Spain has any bearing on world peace. While they deplore the spectacle, they don't say much about it, and they wish that others would be less insistent. In the minutes of the conference for the past six months I found literally no mention of the Spanish struggle.

Having so plainly delimited its interest in the Far East, the conference obviously does not enjoy any reference to the Japanese boycott. Its most decisive action on this project was taken on December 6—months after the boycott had flowered into a full-fledged movement under independent auspices. On that day the conference voted to distribute a memorandum to its members listing arguments for and against the boycott. While growing sections of popular opinion throughout the world have turned to it as a means of checking aggression, many of the peace leaders vigorously condemn the boycott as "breeding the war spirit," as a "violent" technique. They contend with equal vehemence that it is "impracticable" and "ineffective." Having reached this verdict, they resume their plea for immediate universal disarmament and international good-will, hoping that George Lansbury will fix things up with Hitler.

Underlying this disdain for the boycott is a more sinister current of despair. It can be detected in almost every major peace leader; it was evident many months ago at a time when the chances were better for halting aggression. Even before Hitler's recent defiant acts the American peace leaders were privately—and publicly—abandoning hope that anything could be done to avert a major European conflict. "When that war breaks out," one peace leader told me more than a month ago, "we may all be united again." He should be cheered by recent developments. Perhaps the retreat from Europe can soon be openly proclaimed.

With the subject of actual war tabled by agreement, the peace leaders still felt that something had to be done—if only to keep up everyone's spirits. The momentous Campaign for World Economic Cooperation, now staging its climactic conference in Washington, served their purpose. It has no immediate bearing upon contemporary conflicts. It is shrouded in generalities of the most amiable sort. It points to a Way Out which everyone can hail and no one is likely to follow. It proves that men, in the darkest hours, can still write long-range programs.

The words "economic cooperation" have a soothing effect on the peace movement. No one can be opposed to the concept. No one can deny the desirability of the Hull trade program. What is ironic is that the best minds of the peace societies are now gathered in Washington to discuss "economic readjustment" while Hitler gets his "appeasement" without any formality. In recognizing the relationship between economics and war the societies are simply ten years too late—a time schedule to which they faithfully adhere.

The campaign has been progressing quietly since last fall, oblivious of any jarring political realities and exhibiting no undue hostility toward the profit system. It has been adopted as the "year-round" program of many of the local peace agencies, thus taking their minds off vexing foreign aggressions. Although the campaign was originally conceived as an effort to probe the economic causes of war, such disturbing realities as economic imperialism, inherent pressures for expansion within the profit system, and the need for reorganizing our domestic economy have been overlooked or soft-pedaled.

A preliminary report which will be presented to the Washington conference by an advisory committee of economists may prove momentarily distressing to the delegates. This report skilfully challenges the economics of isolationism. It debunks the transfer of colonies as an "appeasement" move. It then proceeds to urge such desirable measures as reduction of tariff barriers, trade agreements, and suppression of quota systems. It specifically recommends alteration of the present neutrality law. Discussing the economic proposals, the document wistfully reminds the delegates:

> Recommendations like ours have been made before. . . . Why have such recommendations not been fully carried out? How account for the great divergence between the proposals of experts and the action of statesmen? . . .
>
> We have been asked to plan the strategy for one very important sector of the fight—the direct attack on international economic problems in particular—but we must point out that our recommendations are not guaranteed to give results, in fact can hardly be applied at all unless intelligent and determined action is taken simultaneously on other fronts. . . .
>
> It is almost hopeless to expect practical application even of the immediate program we have suggested so long as statesmen are confronted by a continuous menace of war, with no security except their own military and economic preparedness.

In these gentle words the economists have quietly asked the delegates what they are doing in Washington. Few of them will get the point. Undaunted by reality, they will wrangle and split hairs over an economic program for a dream world. The program that finally emerges from the conference may be either so innocuous as to be meaningless or so gentle in its solicitude for the "have-nots" that Hitler's invasion of Austria will appear an inevitable step toward economic cooperation through a customs union. What will not emerge—except over the prostrate bodies of half the peace leaders—is any program of economic action designed to check aggressors. Neither economic sanctions nor trade embargos will be seriously considered. Whoever mentions the Japanese boycott will receive ugly looks. If by the time the resolutions committee meets it is too late to stop aggressors, discussion will be simplified. Having adjourned, the delegates will be able to file their decisions for reference use after the next war.

That the peace societies have circulated some valuable economic information is beyond dispute. They profess to do much more. They look on themselves as the spokesmen of enlightened opinion, as ministers without portfolio or prejudice. But when they get together, the shades are quietly drawn. The National Peace Conference assembled on the day after Hitler's speech to the Reichstag, which foreshadowed the doom of Austria, on the day after Eden's resignation, which provoked a crisis in Britain. The delegates remained in session for several hours. They planned the Campaign for World Economic Cooperation, listened to a report on developments in Washington, weighed matters of fiscal policy, debated whether admirals should be permitted to speak on civilian affairs. During that solemn meeting there was one parenthetical reference to the events of the week-end. One of the elder stateswomen timidly asked whether Hitler's address and Eden's resignation were likely to alter the European situation. She was assured by one of the conference's experts that any judgment was premature. The delegates then turned their attention to more vital matters.

In these episodes the plight of the peace societies may be sorrowfully discerned. As the European struggle sharpens, the heads of the peace leaders turn from side to side as if they were watching a tennis match. A growing pessimism grips them; they find relief in an occasional excursion into an economic Utopia.

Whether a more realistic and more effective peace movement will eventually emerge depends first of all upon the time factor—upon the interim before war in Europe. It also depends in great measure upon the appearance of an integrated, internationalist peace program in labor's ranks—there are few signs of this today but it may appear tomorrow, if there is a tomorrow. Certainly labor's contribution has vitalized the peace movement in Britain. It depends in largest degree on the outcome of the wars in Spain and China—wars which the orthodox peace societies have tried to forget.

That the peace leaders have been confronted by complex and swift-moving events which have presented them with difficult alternatives is granted. It is, in fact, the enormous import of contemporary crises which so brutally caricatures their deeds. For when the facts are added and weighed, the behavior of the peace societies must appear tragically unreal. The future does not belong to the austere Carnegie Endowment or the spiritualized Fellowship of Reconciliation or the peace-minded W. C. T. U. It may still be protected by an articulate popular opinion which fashions its own instruments of resistance to aggression, which rejects the mirage of isolation and grasps an identity with the aspirations of international labor.

[*Part I of this article appeared last week.*]

The Decline of Dave Beck

BY SELDEN C. MENEFEE

Seattle, March 11

THE Seattle elections of March 8 were hailed by the press of the nation as a swing toward conservatism in a city heretofore dominated by labor and the New Deal. It is true that the conservative councilman Arthur Langlie was elected mayor, and that a bevy of conservatives and reactionaries were swept into office at the same time. But it is also true that in spite of the split in labor's ranks Lieutenant Governor Victor A. Meyers, running on a New Deal platform and indorsed by the C. I. O. and more than twenty progressive A. F. of L. unions, received 48,114 out of a total of 127,111 votes. Moreover, the councilmanic candidates of the Washington Commonwealth Federation, Michael Smith and James Sullivan, who were opposed as "subversive" by the reactionary executive board of the Central Labor Council, polled twice the vote of the federation's candidates in the 1937 primaries, and received more than 43,000 votes in the final election. In another year, given a more united labor movement and a measure of disillusionment with the conservative regime, the progressive forces may well win a majority.

The real significance of the elections, however, was that they were a milestone in the decline of Dave Beck, West Coast teamster czar. Beck's candidate, Mayor John F. Dore, was ingloriously defeated in the primary election of February 21 by Langlie and Meyers. Though Dore had carried on a vicious red-baiting campaign, and a force of 2,000 teamsters checked the voting books and dragged voters to the polls, the returns showed that a considerable proportion of the A. F. of L. membership voted for Meyers.

Dore said upon taking office in 1936 that Beck had been the most important factor in his election and that he was going to pay Beck back if it was the last thing he ever did. At first he tried to straddle the fence, declaring that Dave Beck and Harry Bridges were "the two greatest friends I ever had," but when it came to an issue he was forced to join the A. F. of L. forces. As Beck's tactics became more and more high-handed, it was evident that Dore's choice might well put an end to his political career.

For the past year Dore has been Beck's strong right arm in the political field. Even the Chamber of Commerce was forced to bow before this combination and to play ball with Beck in what is euphemistically called "Seattle's model labor plan." In the strikes of the C. I. O. Newspaper Guild, fur workers, and warehousemen the police were used virtually as pickets for the teamsters. A teamster "goon squad" in a car bearing the license plate of Claude O'Reilly, teamster business agent and president of the Central Labor Council, assaulted a crippled newsboy who opposed the A. F. of L. regime. C. I. O. fuel-truck drivers were beaten, and one fuel yard which dared to deal with them was bombed. A cleaning and dyeing shop which refused to pay 3 per cent of its gross income to the "association" run by Beck's ally William Short was wrecked by a "mysterious" explosion. Yet the police took no action.

These occurrences did not help Dore politically, and in an attempt to regain favor he turned to that last resource of the politician without an issue—red-baiting. The Communist Party had obtained the use of the Civic Auditorium for a mass-meeting on November 10 to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the Russian Revolution. At the last moment Dore ordered the lease canceled. John Caughlan, Secretary of the American Civil Liberties Union, took the case to court without avail. The American Legion had volunteered to use force if necessary to keep the reds out of the auditorium, and Dore told the court that his action was taken to avoid bloodshed. The meeting was not held. But for Dore the incident backfired when the conservative New Order of Cincinnatus condemned him on the ground that they too were a political minority group and feared similar treatment.

As the election approached, Dore's supporters again used the red scare. Harry H. Lewis, former American Legion commander and strike-breaker, charged that "Vic" Meyers was receiving the support of "Communists scheming to seize control of the city government." Lewis said: "It is difficult for Seattle citizens, good Americans, to believe, but it is true that these Communist termites already have bored into some labor unions, into your schools, your churches, and even your homes. Their policy is the sitdown strike, the picketing of hospitals and cemeteries. Do you want to turn the city government over to their ghoulishness, or retain a loyal American, Mayor Dore?" But the ancient red herring had been so overworked that it did Dore little good. The public, knowing his record, could not take him seriously as a crusader for Americanism, and the chief effect of this propaganda was to disgust the average voter with both sides.

In Seattle, as in Detroit, the split in labor encouraged the middle-class voter to say "a plague o' both your houses." With the A. F. of L. leaders labeled "racketeers" and the progressive union forces "Communists," the middle-of-the-roaders bolted into the camp of Langlie, who promised them clean, economical government. Langlie, although backed by the Order of Cincinnatus and the Chamber of Commerce, has at least promised to uphold the Wagner Act and to be impartial in labor disputes. This will represent a distinct gain to the C. I. O. compared with the methods of the Beck-Dore administration.

The defeat of Dore is merely the latest of a series of blows which Dave Beck has received in recent months. The first sign of a breach in his power came last September when his teamsters' union demanded a showdown with the C. I. O. longshoremen and warehousemen in San Francisco. William Green had handed Beck paper jurisdiction over all the inland warehousemen organized by the longshoremen. This led to a series of disputes, which culminated in Beck's order to his teamsters to blockade the waterfront until the warehousemen should be handed over by the longshoremen. The plan broke down when the longshoremen fraternized with the pickets and used loud-speakers to explain to them the silliness of the whole situation. The teamster rank and file then refused to follow Beck's orders and the blockade ceased to function.

The most serious assault upon Beck's rule was the arrest by Oregon police of more than fifty teamster and A. F. of L. "goons" who were using the same tactics that had gone unpunished in Seattle. These thugs admitted that they had plotted to bomb a tugboat hauling C. I. O. logs and had bombed non-union cleaning shops and wrecked trucks driven by members of the brewery workers' union. The most serious charge was brought against Al Rosser, Portland teamster chief, accused of arson in connection with a $130,000 fire at an "unfair" box factory in Salem, Oregon.

Unfortunately the teamsters' methods have laid the entire labor movement open to attack. Charles Martin, Oregon's reactionary governor, with complete lack of logic has drawn the moral that the arrests—of A. F. of L. men—prove that the C. I. O. and the NLRB should be driven out of Oregon. When John L. Lewis recently said that he might come to Portland, Governor Martin remarked that Lewis would get a "warm reception" if he did. "It would be a good idea for him to stay out of the state," said this former army general. The Governor also charged that Lewis and Charles Hope, regional NLRB representative, were conspiring to defeat him in the coming elections. Thus under cover of a drive against the A. F. of L. "goons" a fight against all unions is under way. The struggle is reflected in the federal government's refusal to allow Harold Pritchett, a Canadian who is president of the C. I. O. International Woodworkers' Association, to live in the United States, and in the current agitation to deport Harry Bridges.

Beck suffered another major defeat when he tried to annex the drivers of brewery trucks, who have traditionally belonged to the industrially organized A. F. of L. brewery workers. Beck refused to haul beer made in California or the East, where the brewery workers refused to bow to Beck's rule. His action gave local brewers a monopoly of the Northwest market, and a series of court orders recently forced him to abandon this policy, which was clearly in restraint of trade.

Still another blow came in February when the eight-months-old strike of the Newspaper Guild against the Seattle *Star* ended in a complete victory for the Guild. A boycott supported by a majority of the rank and file of Seattle labor turned the trick, in spite of Beck's active opposition, Dore's police, and the A. F. of L. campaign for *Star* subscriptions. Last December the management was still defiant enough to appeal from a NLRB decision in favor of the Guild, but by February it had to sue for peace. It got peace only by granting over $29,000 in full back wages to the strikers, preferential hiring through the Guild, no "economy firings" for at least six months, the five-day forty-hour week, severance pay up to fifteen weeks' wages, and other concessions.

The final and crushing blow was the defeat of Beck and Dore in the Seattle primaries, with its repercussions within the A. F. of L. After the primaries the fire-fighters and several other conservative unions deserted the teamsters to support Meyers and the Washington Commonwealth Federation slate. A few more such defeats might completely wreck Beck's hold on the local A. F. of L. machine, and then labor might once more be united. The logical conclusion to draw from all this is that public opinion is still an important factor in the field of labor as in politics, and will continue to be as long as we have a democracy. The Becks and the Dores who lose sight of this fact are finding that their days are numbered.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear on all sides the words that we must fight, and fight soon, in Europe, ere it is too late. The gangsters abroad are triumphant. The columnists at home are in a panic. Dorothy Thompson, for whom I have only deep affection and admiration, thinks we must "wake up and live," that the pistol is at our own throats, and that if we and the other democracies do not move *now* it will be the end of everything, the engulfing of the world in a tidal wave of bestial suppression of everything that men have held dear for centuries. The news from Austria has horrified every thinking man and woman, everybody with a conscience. The country has been made over into a hell of hate, prejudice, vicious cruelty, sadism. A famous Vienna correspondent has just said over the transoceanic telephone that all Austria is one horrible prison-house of Jews and anti-Nazis. The number of the wholesale suicides can never even be estimated, and they are only beginning. We may well ask whether a new Dark Age has not actually arrived.

If I could only feel that more war would cure this and save us and civilization I should be willing to say: "Let the struggle come now." Or if I felt, with Dorothy Thompson, that a world war was inevitable I might be tempted to say: "Let's begin it and have it over with and know our fate." But believing as I do that, whether we win or lose, a world war will destroy democracy—the very thing we are proposing to save—my mind rejects this impossible remedy. We might just as well accept the new and horrible ideas and resign ourselves as best we can to the fact that the world for generations to come will be a worse hell than anyone has yet painted. When I say this to friends who want us to fight now—"ere it is too late"—they say that there is no other way out, that we shall have to risk coming out of the struggle fascist or communist. As one put it to me, "Your way we shall drift into war"; to which I replied: "Take your way and we *run* into war and lose our democracy and our institutions, and lose them at the cost of suffering beside which that of the World War will seem like a pleasant picnic."

That we shall lose our democracy admits of no argument whatever. Just read the May bill now before Congress, so strongly urged by the American Legion, and see for yourselves. It subordinates every individual, every business to the President's will; it does *not* conscript wealth or adequately limit profits as it pretends, but it may draft the worker as well as the soldier. It would give to President Roosevelt all those autocratic powers his bitterest enemies charge him with desiring, and if he gets these in war time there is little chance that they will be returned to the Congress and the people when the war is over. But even without the May bill we should still come out of the war a fascist state, for it is of the essence of war that the evils you seek to destroy by it are not destroyed but enter into your own life.

To some that may sound fantastic but it is true. The deluded American people were willing to go to war against Spain in 1898 because they were horrified by the Spanish concentration camps and the tortures to which captured Cubans and Filipinos were subjected. Professor William G. Summer of Yale predicted as we went to war that we should learn to do the very things against which we were protesting. Within two years we were herding the Filipinos into concentration camps where they suffered no end, and more than seventy-five officers and men of our army were tried and punished for administering the frightful water-cure torture to Filipino prisoners! In 1917 we went to war to defeat the German militarists, and all the world has become militaristic to an unheard-of degree. We went to war to oppose dictatorships and autocracies, and now, after less than twenty years, civilization is in danger of perishing at the hands of dictators, and democracy everywhere has its back to the wall. How can anyone question that to defeat communism and Nazism on the field of battle we shall have to adopt every single one of their measures of regimentation?

"Then you would submit?" I am asked. No. Not without every moral protest, not without non-violent resistance—such as boycotts and non-intercourse—and, as a paradox, not without non-resistance. In the face of the greatest piling up of military and naval force the world has ever seen, which has made it unsafe as never before, I still believe that those who take up the sword shall perish by it and that the most powerful influence in the world is still non-resistance. Undoubtedly most people who read these words will say: "He's crazier than ever." Perhaps. But I am surely not much crazier than those who are so certain that if they go to war the democracies will win. Germany came near enough to winning the World War with a military machine which I believe was inferior to that of Hitler. Certainly it was not backed by such adoration as the youth of Germany have for the Nazi government. Who knows what new tactics, what devilish skill, what new weapons, what superior generals this horrible new Germany may not produce? The right always wins? Not on the field of battle. When you go to war you gamble on defeat as well as victory. The one hope for the world is the preservation of our American democracy intact. What right have we to betray the past and the future and risk its existence on the field of battle?

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

SOCRATES DISCUSSES THE SPARTANS*

BY ARNOLD HOELLRIEGEL

[The following imaginary dialogue, set in Athens before the Spartans overwhelmed it, appeared in the Vienna newspaper Der Tag *a few weeks before the Spartan Nazis overran Austria. The author is a prominent German journalist.* Der Tag *has now been suppressed, and Dr. Hoellriegel's arrest has been reported from Vienna.]*

ON THAT day the friends were unable to stroll as usual on the lawns of the Academy or the Lyceum and continue their talks. These pleasant gardens the philosophers loved so well were outside the city walls and had of late been made unsafe by the Spartan patrol.

Luckily the home of Ion, the famous rhapsodist, at the top of the Hill of the Nymphs, had a lovely little garden from which one could look across to the Acropolis and see the ivory and gold statue of Athena Promachos shining in the sun. Here, by a shadowed and meandering pathway adorned with statues, Socrates and his companions sat today, too sad and confused to pay any attention to the beautiful scene.

This was in truth the day of doom for Athens. All was now over. The party in the interior of the country which had for a long time been negotiating secretly with the Lacedaemonians was about to establish a dictatorship and was recalling home those among the emigrants who shared its opinions. It was the end of Athenian liberty, the end of the grandeur and the beauty of the city. The small and defenseless company who had remained loyal found it particularly ominous that Kritias, the renegade disciple of Socrates, had joined the new overlords. They sorely missed Alcibiades, the proud and handsome friend whose statesmanship and energy might have kept Kritias in line. The insensate demogogues of the democratic party had driven Alcibiades into banishment. How they needed him now!

"This is the end!" said Ion, their host. "The walls of Athens will be razed to the ground; its fleet will be burned; they may, who knows, turn the Parthenon into a quarry. Perhaps they will use the theater of Dionysos as a drill ground or, much worse, make it echo to their barbaric war cries and wild songs."

"Please, no," Socrates said to Xenophon, "Put away your writing block; forgo your custom of writing down what we say. The occasion is not suitable. And you too, dear Plato. I beg you not to do it. I am a sculptor. I know how ugly is the face distorted with sadness and anguish. Why preserve such a likeness? Let us rather look upon that which is beautiful." With his hairy hand —for he too was ugly—he pointed at the marble statue of a naked boy which stood in front of him.

"Perhaps we Athenians have looked too much upon what is beautiful," the stocky Xenophon said. He had been a soldier by profession, and though he had opposed the Spartans as valorously as Socrates himself he was unable to suppress a certain admiration for the enemy.

"One cannot vanquish an enemy," observed the young Erixymachos, who, true Athenian that he was, had to scoff even at such a time; "one cannot vanquish an enemy whose food at home consists of black-bean soup and who must force his way into foreign countries with his iron lance because they will not accept his iron money."

Socrates stroked his unattractive beard. "Your observations are unbecoming," he said, "because it is a mistake to scorn an enemy; we must discover a way to overcome him instead and turn his victory to defeat." He turned to the rhapsodist Ion, the owner of the garden. "You, dear Ion, will you not tell me whom these beautiful statues in your laurel walk represent—this young lad who lets his torch sink to the ground and this nude boy with wings?" Socrates, being a sculptor himself, naturally knew that the unhappy lad with the extinguished torch was Thanatos, the god of death, and the naked boy, Eros, the god of love. But everyone was used to Socrates's habit of asking questions, and Ion readily and without surprise gave the answer.

"Now," continued Socrates, "will you perhaps tell me which is mightier, Eros or Thanatos?"

Ion looked down. "Until now we Athenians hoped it was Eros. But it would appear that death is stronger than love. How else could Athens now lie vanquished while Sparta stands over her, victorious!"

"So you believe," Socrates continued, "that the Spartans have made an alliance with the gods of death and we Athenians with the forces which stand for life and love?"

"It is surely so," Ion said with a sigh. "The Spartans do not love life but only death. That is why death is on their side."

"And life on ours," Socrates added.

He lifted his hand lightly. In the direction in which he pointed rose the white columns of the Parthenon. The golden shimmer of the helmet of Athena Promachos was visible between the somber poplars of the Acropolis.

"All that will live because Eros is on its side," Socrates said.

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*Translated by Samuel R. Wachtell.

He turned to the weather-beaten soldier, Xenophon, who, grim visaged, stood near him. "And you, Xenophon, what do you think? Why are we inferior to the Spartans?"

"Because they are tougher than we," he answered grimly. "Because our boys learned how to laugh and to play, but theirs learned how to march and throw the lance; because our youths thought about festive parades and the laughter of girls, while theirs learned how to endure heroically the leader's lash and how to become tougher and more hardened; because Athens produced the most beautiful singers and the Spartans the cruelest judges, the most tireless generals; because we listened to the comedies of Aristophanes, who mocked at our country, and because we joined in his mockery; because Sparta is ruled by ruthless kings who must fear for their lives if victory should elude them, while we hand over our government to the smooth orators on the Agora and to those who promise the populace the lowest taxes and the easiest military service."

"And so," Socrates asked, "in your opinion he always wins who holds life in the greatest contempt? In that case, to be sure, the Spartans must defeat the Athenians; but must not the barbarians, by the same token, vanquish the Spartans? For the latter are, after all, Greeks. They do not feed on raw meat and wear animal pelts for raiment like the barbarians of the North. They also enjoy the warm sun of Hellas; and even if they tomorrow put the flaming torch to the Acropolis, this glorious blue sea will be before their eyes. How could they who are Greeks utterly renounce Eros in favor of Thanatos?"

The companions of Socrates were silent. They could think of no answer to his question. He gazed about him as if looking for someone. His eyes finally came to rest on the sensitive face of young Plato.

"You, Plato, who have thought so deeply on the nature of the state, do you also believe that the state should abandon virtue in favor of efficiency and barter wisdom for success; that in alliance with Thanatos it should wage war upon Eros because the end of all things, the ultimate achievement, is not joy and life but death?"

"That I do not know," Plato answered. He drew a corner of his robe over his face, then continued, "I only know that tomorrow the Spartans, if they be so minded, could flog you and me to death; or they could send us to the lead mines as slaves; or, as rumor already has it, destroy democracy in Athens, not, as I could wish, in order to establish a government by virtuous men and philosophers, but to erect the most wretched form of rule, the tyranny of coarse minds and degraded souls. Forgive me, Socrates, if among the latter I include your pupil Kritias, for what tyrant thinks on a meaner level than a renegade philosopher?"

Plato became silent. At his despairing outburst it seemed for a moment as if the company were about to rebel against the serenity of the master. Agathon thought of Alcibiades, the friend of his youth, now a wandering exile, and wept shamelessly. Perhaps he was already dead.

"He also was a valiant warrior," Agathon sobbed, "but he loved life and freedom and beauty; arm in arm with Eros he battled with death, and so he was doomed to perish!"

"Would you not rather perish like Alcibiades, the Athenian, than live like Lysander, the Spartan?" asked Socrates gently. "And whom will posterity mention oftener do you think—this victor or us, the vanquished, whom he may tomorrow sell into slavery? It is true Thanatos vouchsafes victory to his own, but the laurel wreaths with which he adorns their heads wither at his dreadful touch. Athens may perish, but the ruins of the Acropolis will in the end prevail over the Spartans and over their efficiency and over their strictest drill-masters and over the tyrants they now plan to put over us."

Silence descended upon the company. Unconsciously Ion sounded a few bars on the lyre which lay near him on the stone bench. The friends of Socrates recognized the melody from the chorus of the "Antigone" of Sophocles, who had only recently died: "O Eros, undefeated in battle . . ."

BOOKS

Life of Bakunin

MICHAEL BAKUNIN. By E. H. Carr. The Macmillan Company. $6.50.

THIS is the first English biography of Michael Bakunin, the great European revolutionary of the last century, contemporary and both spiritual friend and enemy of Karl Marx. The author, professor of international politics in the University College of Wales, gives a thorough account of events, but the life of Bakunin is missing, though it would be illuminating for the student of the eighteenth century and its consequences today. The present impasse between economic efficiency and individual liberty was pre-lived and pre-suffered by Bakunin. He found no way out, he contradicted himself, but almost a hundred years ago he posed the all-important problems of today. Of this his biographer gives us little.

Professor Carr's research habit, however, has its merits. He went through all the sources; his knowledge of languages enabled him to study the documents in the original. He follows Bakunin step by step from Russia to Germany, Switzerland, France, through the revolts of 1848, into the Saxon, Austrian, Russian prisons. He flees with him from Siberia. He follows him in his struggle to create the first international labor movement, in the Franco-German War, through the days of the Commune, and in his expulsion from the First International. He watches his tragic retreat from political life, stands at his grave, and reads the police record in which the great anti-bourgeois was entered as "Michel de Bakounine, rentier." Place in this span of time and space a vivid personality with a frustrated sex life, and you will understand why daily reviewers have labeled the book "as exciting as a novel."

The author tries hard to catch up with the quick traveler Bakunin, to make his acquaintance. Unfortunately, he seldom succeeds. He notes everything Bakunin said, taking occasional remarks and exaggerations as seriously as utterances

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well thought through; he reads every line of Bakunin's writings, often judging drafts and finished works alike; he explores his private life, and often defends him against gossip, but he never learns to understand him. After you have swallowed all the facts he spreads before you, you may well feel that Bakunin, one of the outstanding representatives of revolutionary thought, was just another radical fool. The English objectivity of the author leads him to express such a judgment when he adheres to the smug nonsense that "Bakunin is one of the completest embodiments in history of the spirit of liberty—the liberty which excludes neither license nor caprice, which tolerates no human institution, which remains an unrealized and unrealizable ideal, but which is almost universally felt to be an indispensable part of the highest manifestations and aspirations of humanity."

As long as Professor Carr describes the one part of Bakunin's life which he is able to understand, his youth, he does a good piece of historical reporting. The first hundred pages of his work, on Bakunin's first twenty-nine years, make interesting reading. Michael Bakunin, son of an old aristocrat, the owner of five hundred serfs, and a very young mother, was the third of ten children. Two girls, then Michael, then two girls, five boys—note the strategic position! He dominates the sisters by virtue of his sex and the brothers by virtue of seniority. A perfect set-up for a Freudian study, and it is indeed difficult to understand why it has not yet been done. Bakunin's love for his sister Tatiana, his insistence on breaking up the marriage of another sister, his impotency, and many other queer trends of his personality should be a feast for the psychoanalyst. But the historian was out to explore the completest embodiment of the spirit of liberty. He starts well with Bakunin's romantic period, the influence of Fichte, Hegel, Schelling on his thinking, his associations with the "Jung Hegelianer." But his understanding stops when Bakunin decides with Goethe, "Ich bin zu alt um nur zu spielen, zu jung, um ohne Wunsch zu sein," and leaves idealistic philosophy for politics. From this moment on the author does not see the forest for the trees.

The profound necessity which drives the honest Russian aristocrat on his strenuous way from all-embracing, meaningless, but high-sounding idealistic principles to the stern and bitter reality of Marx's class struggle is not understood. Why Bakunin became an enemy of Marx's "state communism," as he called the authoritarian trend which Marx foresaw for the transitional period between capitalism and the classless society, is only superficially explained. It is not shown how Bakunin was more tainted by the exploited watchmakers of the Jura Mountains than they by him. The author does not see Bakunin as the representative of the hearty primitive revolutionism of the poorest. And the able retelling of the thrilling events of Bakunin's life does not compensate for such serious lacks. We look in vain for an explanation of Bakunin's influence, which reaches into the present. Why he became a "legend" even in his lifetime remains a riddle.

Franz Mehring in his biography of Marx says: "History will assure Bakunin, in spite of all his faults and weaknesses, a place of honor among the fighters of the international proletariat, however much this place may be disputed as long as there are philistines on this earth." The historian Carr does not dispute Bakunin his place of honor; he does not know that Bakunin occupies it. His work will serve in many respects as a very useful compilation of material for the still missing Bakunin biography. His attempt is as precise as a time table, and it tells little more about an exceptional and important historic personality than a time table tells about the complexity of a railroad. FRANZ HOELLERING

History of a Spot

A PRAIRIE GROVE. By Donald Culross Peattie. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

FOR telling the story of a few obscure acres in northern Illinois Mr. Peattie has at least one indispensable qualification: he knows that the flat land of the Middle West is interesting, and can say why. Trippers from the East and West who ask what anybody sees in it are rarely answered, even by those who see everything. Mr. Peattie's answer is simple.

> It requires a love of it deeply to read the slight configuration of this land. . . . Only gradually the lingerer grows conscious of fine shadings, of great meanings in slight symbols. At last he can hear the great voice that speaks softly; he can see the swell and fall upon the flank of a statue carved out in a whole continent's marble.

To love a thing is not necessarily to be as articulate about it as Mr. Peattie is about Goodner's Grove, the spot of prairie whose history he has decided to tell. But the attachment must come first, and those who share this with Mr. Peattie will be grateful to him for the words which in his case have come as a matter of course.

His grove, which by the earliest men in Illinois was thought of and spoken of as an island in a sea of grass, an island that tilted and floated on misty days, has to begin with a pre-human history. Mr. Peattie's first effort is to reconstruct the fauna and flora of the place before men were there with arrows or guns or wheels. And nothing from that time interests him more than the grass. It was not timothy or bluegrass, it was nothing European. It was taller than a man on horseback, and it must have believed that it was tough enough, root and stem, to stand forever. Of course it was not.

> The plowshare, resisted, tossed, dulled, lying weary on its side while the man rested, drove on after a long breath, devouring an aboriginal purity. It went shearing through the juicy roots of the prairie clover, and clove the sunflower tubers through the meat. With every yard it gained, it ended grass empire. It turned the old campus of the buffalo under, and evicted the deer mice and the meadow mice, the voles and the spermophiles. They would come back and fatten in the wheat stubble, but every year now they would be turned out again.

That was after the white men, not much more than a century ago, came from New England with the desire burning in them to dry this green land up. They did so, with the result that it helps now to support a nation, and probably does not remember that it once fed a host of wild animals—of which only the rodents survive.

Mr. Peattie is far from saying that the men should not have come, for the human history of his grove is perhaps three-fourths of his subject matter. He takes account of the Indian, who "had found his place in that fauna; he wasted not, neither did he defile." And before the men from New England there were the French explorers, who may or may not deserve credit for leaving the land exactly as they found it; they were political failures who in time, given success, would have converted the prairie into fields. The first half of the book, indeed, is but a preparation for the arrival of Mr. Peattie's own forebears. It lays out in our imagination a limitless grassy and watery world, a luxurious wild kingdom of aboriginal flowers, rose-breasted passenger pigeons, and furry quadrupeds; it makes us at home in a universe which contains no people of the modern kind; then here they come, their wagons creaking, their pots and kettles rattling, their children and fiddles crying, their chickens complaining in their coops, their bacon and coffee perfuming the air, and the voices of their men shouting "Gee there! or "So-o-oh!" to yoked oxen from the East. It is as if a strange race had rushed in from nowhere. Yet they are there still, and they have never been strange. "They have somehow not found their way into romance and sentiment, for they are not a vanished people, or a defeated people." They are simply Midwesterners; and this book will do for their romance.

MARK VAN DOREN

Mr. Scherman's Promises

THE PROMISES MEN LIVE BY: A NEW APPROACH TO ECONOMICS. By Harry Scherman. Random House. $3.

IT IS very difficult to be patient with an author who pumps his readers full of reactionary doctrine under the guise of enlightening them with indisputable truth. And that is precisely what Mr. Scherman does.

For two hundred pages or so Mr. Scherman demonstrates at wearisome length (1) that modern capitalism functions through contractual relationships, (2) that most contracts are not settled at the same time they are entered into ("the promises men live by"), and (3) that in the long run a very high proportion of the debts so contracted are discharged in full. So much, it may be admitted, *is* indisputable.

From this point Mr. Scherman's reasoning runs somewhat as follows. Contracts are settled in money. But what we *use for money* consists in a lot more promises to pay, this time promises by banks (notes and deposits). These in turn he traces back to government promises to pay. Pay what? Why, gold, of course; the law says as much. From this the conclusion is deduced that the whole network of promises on which the functioning of the economy depends rests in the final analysis on the willingness of the government at all times to discharge its promises in gold. "If the government's promise is not fulfilled down to the last grain of gold demanded, disaster befalls!"

Now Mr. Scherman knows that this is nonsense, because he has seen almost all the countries in the world refuse to fulfil promises to pay in gold (that is, go off the gold standard) in the last decade, and he is surely not unaware of the fact that disaster *preceded* these refusals rather than followed them. He therefore is driven to invent the doctrine that these dishonored promises continue to function as money only because people expect that some day governments and central banks will again resume meeting them in gold. "This is the solid core, the real value, back of our newly vaunted modern 'managed currencies.' It is gold, and the expectation of somehow, somewhen, receiving gold."

The full truth of the matter is unfortunately not so simple; but the essential facts can be briefly stated. People use for money—and what they use for money *is* money—anything that is generally acceptable in settlement of contracts; in other words money is *generalized purchasing power.* Its value depends upon its quantity and speed of turnover relative to the relevant variables on the side of production and distribution of goods and services. Under modern conditions bank deposits form by far the largest proportion of money, and their quantity can be controlled within fairly narrow limits by the action of central banks and governments. *Convertibility into gold is one criterion which central banks and governments may use in deciding how much money to create.* Its only justification, however, is historical precedent. We have perhaps not yet reached a state of affairs in which gold can be entirely dispensed with in international transactions, but there is scarcely a reputable economist who would advocate directing internal monetary policy according to a set of strict gold-convertibility rules.

Once Mr. Scherman's view of the nature of money is disposed of, the corollaries which flow from it have to be thrown out as well. If it really were true that a dollar is essentially the promise of the government to pay one thirty-fifth of an ounce of gold, then it would follow that any failure to meet that promise in whole or in part—as, for example, by devaluation—would constitute a flagrant breach of contract, and Mr. Scherman would be at least partially justified in ranting at the dishonesty of governments. But as soon as it is realized that this "promise-to-pay-gold" aspect of modern money is nothing but a legalistic anachronism, Mr. Scherman's rage appears as silly as it in fact is.

The hard-money fallacy is unquestionably the most fertile source of reactionary counsel in Mr. Scherman's book. There are plenty of others, however. For example, taxation is regarded as essentially seizure of property, and an unbalanced budget is both dangerous and reprehensible. But perhaps the most pernicious of all is Mr. Scherman's teaching about the state. The state, he says, is the whole community, and its powers arise from the will of the people. Our rulers (the government), who are uniformly a miserable and dishonest lot, are merely those who "fashion, guide, and take advantage of" the will of the people. From this it follows that the faults of government are essentially the faults of the community, and consequently no improvement can be expected until the community has reached a high level of understanding. The only way to build a better world, therefore, is to educate the people in sound economics—Mr. Scherman's brand, of course. All attempts to proceed along other lines are either futile or dangerous, or both. That this doctrine plays straight into the hands of tory reaction is obvious on the face of it.

Mr. Scherman has given the best popular exposition of the mechanism of the banking system that I have seen anywhere. It is a pity that his very considerable powers of exposition are not being placed in the service of a more worthy cause.

PAUL M. SWEEZY

The Brilliance of E. E. Cummings

COLLECTED POEMS. By E. E. Cummings. A Selection with an Introduction by the Author. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

TULIPS AND CHIMNEYS. By E. E. Cummings. Archetype Edition of the Original MS. Mt. Vernon: Golden Eagle Press. $7.50.

SEVEN POEMS. By E. E. Cummings. Read by the Author. New York: Decca Records. $2.50.

TWO characteristics of the extraordinary poetry of E. E. Cummings solidly set it in the category of the modern. Of the two, the less important is his verse's external similarity to the work of the fauve and cubist painters and sculptors. This similarity is the consequence primarily of its numerous formal and lingual distortions, themselves the result of necessary and frequently successful readjustments, like the fauves' and the cubists', of traditional molds

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GERMANY AND AUSTRIA
REVERT TO THE DARK AGES

—but there is a dramatic and inspiring story about thousands of German men and women who are still willing to suffer and die for their ideals—

Jules Lips and his wife are two of these people—

JULES LIPS was the head of the Cologne Museum, world famous anthropologist, one hundred percent "Aryan," a conservative who had never concerned himself with politics of any sort.

To be an honored and respected citizen under Nazi rule, he and his wife had only to raise their right hands and accept the new philosophy of German rule in silence.

Their friends and family—even high Nazi officials—begged them to conform, if only outwardly, to save their positions and their home. But here were two people who were willing to be driven out of Germany, practically penniless, because they would not betray their ideals.

Professor Lips is now head of the Anthropology department at Howard University. His wife has written, in the story of their exile, one of the most overwhelming indictments yet published of the Nazi regime, and a book that will restore faith in humanity to thousands of readers who have grown even more heartsick over the course of events in Europe in the past four weeks.

SAVAGE
SYMPHONY

By EVA LIPS

Translated from the German by Caroline Newton. With an introduction by Dorothy Thompson.

$3

RANDOM HOUSE IS PROUD TO PUBLISH THIS BOOK UNDER ITS IMPRINT

to a complex experience. Cummings not only agglutinates, telescopes, and dislocates language under the pressure of emotion. A deal of his verse is cast in the forms of Petrarchian and Elizabethan sonnets broken into freely spaced fragments whose rhythmic relations and special emphases represent the impacts and movements of his sensations. To an almost equal degree the poetry's similarity with the painting and sculpture called modern flows from the circumstance of its actual parallelism of the plastic arts. Many of the poet's formal distortions are compositions of the printed page which with arrangements of the typography and organizations of the spaces stress the aural rhythms and the meanings with visual patterns. Advertising art might learn from him! And in certain instances, with varying success, the pages even form typographical pictures somewhat like Guillaume Apollinaire's *calligrammes,* and with their modest means portray, as in the little poems on the moon and the grasshopper, the aspect and movement of the orb and the shape and spring of the insect in the grasses.

The second, more important feature responsible for the poetry's position in the category of the ultra-modern is its living incorporation—to a wider extent than even the somewhat cognate expressions of T. S. Eliot and Marianne Moore—of two great disparate traditions of English verse. They are the baroque tradition of the metaphysical and "witty" poets of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries—certain of whom, Herbert in particular, also composed *calligrammes*—and the romantic tradition of the leading nineteenth-century poets. This does not mean that Cummings's verse combines the highest poetic values of both schools, or that his stature at present equals Donne's or Dryden's, Keats's or Rossetti's. It merely means that this poetry freshly combines an experience and a wit akin to the baroque poets' with an experience and a suggestiveness of language, a musicality, and an emotive tone akin to the romanticists'; and that in Cummings to a degree perhaps greater than in any other contemporary poet, we discern the force of nature, apparently unable to go farther with either the sheerly witty or the lyrical, romantic type of poet, making a third, possibly twentieth-century sort by joining elements of the other two.

What we find in his poetry is original imagery, often romantically rich and decorative, and language with a large aura of suggestivity—in the form of wit. This wit is an original association of ideas through which the essences of the objects contemplated by the poet become intelligible; and Cummings's ideas, unlike the Gongorists', happen to be sensuous and tactile. We read "through the autumn indisputably roaming / death's big rotten particular kiss"; and "the voice of your eyes is deeper than all roses) / nobody, not even the rain, has such small hands." In the eyes of his light-o'-loves he finds "a green egyptian noise." "Spring is a perhaps / Hand in a window / (carefully to / and fro moving New and Old things, while / people stare carefully / moving a perhaps / fraction of flower here placing / an inch of air there) / and / without breaking anything." "Your sex," he says, "squealed like a billiard cue / chalking itself, as not to make an error / with twists spontaneously methodical"; and "slattern of seasons," he cries, "When you sing in your whiskey-voice / the grass rises on the head of the earth / and all the trees are put on edge."

A little of the verse is trivial and some of it involved. The whole of his work diverts and dazzles as frequently as it touches and moves us. The reason seems to be that Cummings's material is composed more regularly of complexes of inordinately sharp and delicate, largely comic sensations

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and whimsical thoughts than of profound, passionate, and tender feelings. If his individual, contemporary, and American experience is erotic and romantically comprehensive of his own personality, to a degree it is cynical like the Restoration wits'. (Here we again glimpse the mixture.) Exquisitely it comprehends the sudden or the gradual emergence of erotic impulse from the unconscious; the mysterious process by which two beings are opened to each other and conjoined; the subtle changes wrought in the aspects of things by the stir of subconscious new life. None the less, it oftentimes exclusively embraces the nether and superficial powers of sensuality. And there is some morbidity in the whole of this experience together with much sweetness and exuberance; and bitterness and misanthropy, and a not quite kindly, humorous comprehension of vulgarity, and ineffectuality.

Still, no contemporary verse is more brilliant. Cummings in his mock-heroic verses marshals a cant vocabulary, images, and ceremonials which scintillantly parody their objects. Indeed, he has a mastery of comic and satiric form not unworthy of Dryden. The element of invention and surprise too is constant in his verse; and the rhythms are irregular, intricate, and dynamic, and the language has a punch. And where, as in certain gorgeous sonnets, his material is the profounder feeling, where he is drunk with beauty, his poetry has magic, ecstasy, and individually penetrating tones of the great romantic lineage. For this reason, we receive with much joy his later swelling poems with their revelation of his powers of continual self-renewal, and the commencement of companionship with sun and star.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Regular Guy

LOVE, HERE IS MY HAT. By William Saroyan. Modern Age Books. 25 cents.

REVIEWERS have made a pastime of deflating William Saroyan, while he retaliated by standing on his head in the letter columns. I don't know whether that particular aptitude helped him to recoup his losses, but my guess is that such amusing exchanges are about over now. This new collection of stories suggests that their author is gradually becoming reconciled to the view of him held by his contemporaries. Not that critical opinion has led him to take humility for his portion. Why assume a miracle when the text at hand prompts a much simpler explanation? Saroyan's *donnée* is still exclusively Saroyan, but having had his fair measure of success he can afford to give up that frantic bustle about his dark ways as a young man of a dark kind which made so many readers laugh when the apparent intention was to make them cry.

The pose of profound suffering and the exhibitionism of the "Flying Trapeze" book had its source, it seems to me, in that pseudo-defiant, hysterical resentment of society to which a lonely and frightened young man trying to "make" literature and thus achieve some kind of status in the world very often succumbs. But that sort of resentment, being superficial and functioning mostly for personal ends, usually evaporates as soon as society's scowl turns into a smile, no matter how fleeting and equivocal. At present Saroyan is discovering that "society isn't really malicious. It doesn't really single anybody out and make a monkey out of him." Why should it be gratuitous, then, to infer that Saroyan recognized is Saroyan mellowed, Saroyan genial, Saroyan with a newly acquired sense of proportion, even Saroyan modest.

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PHILIP RAHV

Shorter Notices

TOMORROW'S BREAD. By Beatrice Bisno. Liveright. $2.50.

The structural details of this book, worn thin by use, will surprise no one. The immigration graphs, particularly those showing the rising tide of Jewish influx, have already provided many a novelist with a chance to loiter tediously behind a family chronicle. Few, however, have revealed the sober discernment or steady perspective with which Miss Bisno fuses personal and national history, at the same time projecting a vivid background of industrial strife. The protagonist of her book is a Jew; stripped of the racial coloration, he emerges as the perpetual idealist common to all nations. At fifteen, Sam Kerensky is a tailor contractor, at nineteen a sweatshop proprietor with visions of wealth and independence. But the Haymarket massacre and a taste of Marx propel him out of commercial influence into union leadership. Throughout his career Sam wrestles with the questions of theory versus human beings, of workers yielding to ambition, and of union men fighting the union. His crusade to improve the needlework trades is believable and frequently touching; his disillusionment is inevitable. Along with Sam's story Miss Bisno presents a clear picture of the trade from the 80's to the boom period. "Tomorrow's Bread" received the Edwin Wolf award of $2,500 for the best novel of Jewish interest, one of the few recent literary prizewinners deserving of such honor.

NATIONAL INCOME AND CAPITAL FORMATION 1919-1935. By Simon Kusnets. National Bureau of Economic Research. $1.50.

In this valuable piece of research Mr. Kusnets defines the product of the nation's economic activity, estimates its volume in the years since the war, indicates the contributions to it of the different parts of the economic system, shows how its monetary equivalent was distributed and how it was utilized. Of especial importance among the facts he has brought to light are those relating to capital formation—that is, the net addition to our stock of capital goods. This, he shows, formed on the average a relatively small share of the net product but one that fluctuated violently over the period. Those who see in the uneven flow of capital a main source of dislocation in the economic system and argue for the necessity of long-term planning will find here useful statistical support. The book calls attention to another kindred cause of instability by making a distinction between gross national product and net national income. The difference between these totals represents the extent to which durable capital goods are used up, or, in accounting terms, depreciation and depletion. Over the period 1919-35 the annual volume of this capital consumption averaged some nine billion dollars, or roughly one-eighth of the gross product. The degree to which financial provision for such depreciation was not translated into physical provision is worth further investigation by diagnosticians of the erratic tempo of our economic machine.

FILMS

Cypress Floors

"JEZEBEL" is being recommended by Warner Brothers because it is the result of "even more than the usual amount of research increasingly necessary in present-day motion-picture production." When someone discovered that Louisiana people in 1852 slept on box springs and looked at their clocks through glass domes, and that the floors they walked on were made of cypress wood against the dampness—also that chairs and tables had feet of brass or glass so that the legs would not rot from said dampness—the brothers Warner set a staff of experts to checking these details and reproducing them, "making the film an authentic picture of life in the gay metropolis just before the Civil War." I am sorry to report that the effort was wasted on me. I didn't lift the covers from a single bed and poke the mattress, I remember no clocks at all, if the floors were cypress they could equally well have been grained concrete, and I was at no time watching a table to see how it set its feet down on glass balls—I didn't even know about the balls until I read my program going home. I was interested in the hero when he lay on a bed dying of yellow fever, and the conversation at dinner was worth listening to; but the bed could have been any bed, and I thought the table rather overloaded with expensive goblets, just as I found the whole of this New Orleans to be a period museum, with actors tiptoeing through it lest they show disrespect for the labor spent upon assembling its contents. Authentic? Who cares? Increasingly necessary research? Who thinks it necessary? Especially when the final effect is of a film glazed out of all resemblance to mankind's original clay. Hollywood has erred in this direction so long that it is depressing to hear of an increasing necessity to magnify the error.

It is a special pity in the present case because "Jezebel" has many virtues of the kind that count. Bette Davis as the spoiled belle (call her Scarlett O'Hara if you will) does some of her best acting to date, and that means good acting; George Brent as the hot-headed gentleman of honor cuts an excellent figure; and the story is permitted to drive toward its bitter conclusion—Miss Davis and Mr. Fonda riding off in a cart to die among the inhabitants of a leper island—with no false stops or starts. The thing to regret is simply that the direction was never free to use the minimum equipment. More than this is always too much, and too much of anything in art is somehow less than we want.

THEATRES

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NEXT WEEK

MARGARET MARSHALL will continue her series on The Columnists with a discussion of MRS. F. D. ROOSEVELT and "My Day."

Two French films of the week are concerned, perhaps not by coincidence, with the doings of children. The better of the two, "Generals Without Buttons" (Filmarte), is announced as a satire on war, and it may be that; but I miss the point. The children of neighboring villages do engage in a kind of war with one another, and their elders play an unedifying part in its conclusion. Nothing seems to be said, however, on the "subject" of war as such. The children, like all French children I have seen on the screen, and perhaps like all French children, seem to be born actors. Yet even they have sometimes the air of being maneuvered—stimulated to behave like children—and the elders are for the most part without enough to do. The same thing is truer still of "Merlusse" (Continental Theater), which tells with almost criminal awkwardness the story of a schoolmaster who manages in a crisis to win the hearts of twenty small devils. The school itself is completely, even painfully, convincing; the boys are good at the incidentals; and Henri Poupon as Merlusse (Codfish) might have repeated the success he once had as Topaze. But the direction has failed; nor does it seem worth while to examine the reasons. MARK VAN DOREN

RECORDS

BEECHAM is one of the great conductors and musicians of our day, and never more evidently and excitingly so than when he conducts Mozart. This would make his set of the G minor Symphony (Columbia: three records, $5) an event if already existing sets offered as superb a performance as well recorded; and it is the greater event for the fact that they do not. Only one thing is regrettable: that Beecham has chosen to give us Mozart's first version of the work, in which there are no clarinet parts, instead of his revised version, in which the original oboe parts are rewritten for oboes and clarinets (Columbia's booklet may be misleading on this point, as it is on others).

Beecham's two-record set ($3.25) of excerpts from "Die Meistersinger"—the choral opening scene of Act 1, the crowd's greeting to Sachs in Act 3, and Walther's Prize Song complete with choral comments—was made from an actual performance in Covent Garden, and betrays that fact in the recording, which is nevertheless very fine on a phonograph with enough power for the tremendous volume. The performance is such as to justify your clamoring for recordings of complete acts of this opera under Beecham's direction (instead of acts of "La Bohème")—and these with a more distinguished tenor than Rolf.

Grieg's Piano Concerto (Columbia: four records, $6) has its enjoyable moments, but I can think of a half-dozen concertos of Mozart that would furnish more consequential employment for Gieseking's beautiful playing. Perhaps Brahms's Gipsy Songs, in a Columbia two-record set ($3.25), have their points too; if so, these are concealed in the unrelievedly opaque tone of Lehman Engel's eighteen Madrigal Singers singing away at music written to be sung by four—and to be sung, I imagine, with lightness and flexibility. Mr. Engel is a composer; and I am therefore surprised by his repeated indifference to this matter of texture.

Columbia's album of Gieseking's performances of works by Debussy (six records, $8) merely assembles a number of previously issued singles, some of which I have already commented on in this column. That leaves only Selmar Meyrowitz's brilliant performance with the Paris Symphony ($1) of Chabrier's "Bourrée Fantasque," a representative work of one of the most individual and fascinating of minor masters.

The Columbia surface continues to be afflicted with the loose residue that makes the first playings a torment; and I think it would be a good thing for the people who have written to me complaining about the surface to write to Columbia (1776 Broadway, New York), which might then believe that there are people besides myself who complain. I must add, however, that one reader has written to say that no records of his acquaintance have been completely free of the nuisance—which is not true of records of my acquaintance: the English Columbia and H.M.V. surfaces were a pleasure, and here the recent Gamut surfaces have been flawless; but Deccas are bad, and recently Victors also have developed the affliction. Another reader concedes that the first playings of Columbias are trying, but does not mind because after that the surface is and remains quiet, and "a record should be judged, not by its first two or three playings, but by its two-hundredth." My answer is that I have known Columbia surfaces to remain noisy, and that it is not necessary for the first playings to be trying in order that the later ones may be quiet. It is not the loose residue that makes Columbia surfaces quiet when they are quiet; this residue, I am told, is only a defect in manufacturing process.

B. H. HAGGIN

[Joseph Wood Krutch's drama criticism, omitted from this and the preceding issue, will appear as usual next week.]

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Letters to the Editors

Two "Positive" Conclusions

Dear Sirs: I read with much interest your editorial, Russian Tragedy, Act III, in your issue of March 12. In striving to be "fair" to both the Stalinites and the Trotskyites, *The Nation* is forced to adopt an attitude of contemplative negation instead of contributing the positive analysis so greatly needed. *The Nation's* contention that all the facts in the case are not available is the apogee of Olympic liberalism. Can we wait until all the facts are in to determine our role in the coming struggle for power? Our decisions about the Moscow trials must determine our position in regard to the popular-front theory, collective security, and almost every contemporary political activity. Hitler and Mussolini will not wait until "history" reveals the truth to us. They are busy making history.

It is my opinion that although the trials were a frame-up, the defendants were guilty of overt anti-Stalinist action. The Stalinist regime has so grossly betrayed revolutionary concepts that these defendants had no other course but to attempt to overthrow the government. The assertions that the defendants were engaged in counter-revolutionary activity as far back as 1919 is of course absurd and represents an effort to discredit them in the eyes of Russian children, whose schoolbooks have been filled with panegyrics of these very men.

This is no time for *The Nation* to straddle the most important questions of the day. By all means, investigate the problem impartially—but emerge from your investigation with a positive conclusion that can be socially and politically implemented.

SYDNEY J. HARRIS

Chicago, March 17

Dear Sirs: After reading your editorial comment and also that of your contributor, Oswald Garrison Villard, on the third trial of traitors to the Soviet Republics, I should like to ask the following questions:

1. After reading the testimony of the trial in detail, does it seem plausible that the conspiratory treachery of the accused, beginning in 1917 and now terminating in 1937, should have occurred, although frustrated in part? I say yes.

2. Does it seem plausible that the governments of Great Britain, Germany, Poland, and Japan, should have attempted to get certain information from the Soviets and have organized a spy system, for which they of course needed persons of authority in Soviet government circles? I say yes.

3. With the history of the world what it is, with lust for power innate in many individuals and the cause of uncountable conspiracies, assassinations, and wars, does it seem plausible that Trotsky, Bukharin, Yagoda, and the others should have acted as they did, according to the testimony adduced during the trial? I say yes.

4. Under the circumstances does it not seem possible that the intellectual planner of all this treacherous opposition to Lenin and Stalin—Leon Trotsky—has been in the pay of enemies of the Soviets? I say yes.

I am not a member of the Communist, Socialist, or any other political party, and I like to be fair; but the evidence adduced by the government against these twenty-one former coworkers of Lenin and Stalin has very few marks of being manufactured. To any fair-minded person it is far superior to that used against the Chicago anarchists, against Tom Mooney, or against Sacco and Vanzetti. AUGUST RUEDY

Cleveland, Ohio, March 16

Foster Parents Wanted

Dear Sirs: The thousands of homeless and orphaned Spanish children concentrated in the refugee depots of Valencia and Barcelona figure daily in the casualty lists, grim reminder of the non-intervention jest. Comparative safety and a reasonably normal life are offered these children in the colonies supported by contributions from the democratic friends of Spain. Removal of the children to these colonies, which are high in the mountains and far from the theater of war, is made possible by the Foster Parent Plan for Children in Spain.

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ERIC G. MUGGERIDGE

New York, March 17

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Educational Director, American Federation of Hosiery Workers

Philadelphia, March 15

Canadian Opinion

Dear Sirs: I suspect that the liberal wing of public opinion is too readily convinced that it constitutes a numerically important as well as an intellectually significant section of the people. Apropos *The Nation's* statement in its issue of March 5 that Canadian opinion is hostile to the foreign policy of the British government I submit the results of an examination of the files of 46 Canadian daily papers, intended to ascertain their editorial reactions to the events which precipitated the resignation of Anthony Eden. They are as follows: favorable to Chamberlain, 31; favorable to Eden, 6; neutral or noncommittal, 5; no comments, 4.

ROBERT BROWNSON

Ottawa, March 11

CONTRIBUTORS

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is on the Washington staff of the St. Louis *Star-Times.*

LOUIS FISCHER, formerly *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent, was in Spain last summer and fall reporting the civil war. He has just returned to Europe after spending the winter in New York.

HENRY B. KRANZ, a Viennese newspaperman, playwright, and novelist, came recently to New York. He has adapted the plays of Robert Sherwood and Elmer Rice for European production.

SELDEN C. MENEFEE, a resident of Seattle, has made a special study of politics in the state of Washington.

FRANZ HOELLERING, born in Vienna, had a distinguished career as a journalist in Berlin, serving as editor of the famous *AIZ*, the *Arbeiter Illustrierte Zeitung*, and on the editorial staff of the Ullstein publications. He is now living in this country.

MARK VAN DOREN, well known as poet and critic, published last winter a new volume of verse, "The Last Look, and Other Poems."

PAUL M. SWEEZY is an instructor in economics at Harvard University and an editor of the *Review of Economic Studies.*

PAUL ROSENFELD, author of "By Way of Art," is a well-known critic of modern painting. He has contributed articles on art to *The Nation*, the *New Republic*, and other periodicals.

PHILIP RAHV is one of the editors of the *Partisan Review.*

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The Fight

in Spain Goes On

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The Shape of Things

THE TROOPS OF THE FASCIST POWERS ARE still plowing ahead toward the sea and Barcelona, meeting no effective resistance; and every correspondent emphasizes the amount and magnificent quality of Franco's German and Italian equipment. The ultimate hope of stopping the fascist drive lies outside the control of the Loyalist forces. On another page Louis Fischer describes the almost unbelievable calm and courage of the people of Barcelona and the army. But he points out that valor alone will not win against tanks and bombs and rainstorms of shrapnel. If outside help is denied Spain, fascist victory cannot be long delayed. The conquest of Spain would make Germany in effect a Mediterranean power and move the German frontier to the Pyrenees. Together Italy and Germany would dominate Gibraltar. But still France and Britain remain immobilized—France through fear of war and internal conflict, Britain through a blind refusal to face the consequences of fascist victory. Just now it seems possible that French labor may forcibly encourage Blum to take a stiffer attitude toward the Senate and the right in general. Some 30,000 metal workers are on strike, and more strikes are threatened to back labor's demand for quick action to help Spain. But Italy notified France, with calm effrontery, that any direct aid to the Loyalists would mean a European war, and Britain has delayed action on the withdrawal of foreign troops until Chamberlain could feel certain that the fascist cause and his conversations with Mussolini would not suffer.

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IF NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN'S DECLARATION of foreign policy was less objectionable than had been anticipated, it was because a vital portion of it was concealed in a typical London fog. The Prime Minister refused to make any commitment on Czechoslovakia, but he was careful to avoid the implication that he would not fight under any circumstances. On the even more crucial issue of Spain his statement was deliberately less ambiguous. In insisting that the non-intervention policy would be maintained despite known violations, he virtually handed a blank check to Mussolini and Hitler. Meanwhile Chamberlain is trying to undermine the growing opposition to his foreign policy by offering substantial concessions to the trade unions in the munitions industries. By appealing directly to the unions he hopes to get increased production in the munitions plants and undercut the Labor Party's growing opposition to his arms program and foreign policy. However, the joint statement of the Labor Party and the Trades Union Congress is an indication that a Chamberlain government cannot count upon labor cooperation. Even the trade-union lines within the Labor Party have lately stiffened. The party unfortunately lacks dramatic parliamentary leadership such as it once had in MacDonald and Snowden. But it has seasoned and realistic minds on its executive council. And considering what happened to the dramatic leaders in 1931, it is conceivable that labor may pay too high a price for political theater.

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ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND TELEGRAMS CAN be wrong. So Father Coughlin and Frank Gannett found this week when, despite the intense effort to kill the goverment-reorganization bill through anti-New Deal literature distributed at enormous expense and through Father Coughlin's broadcasts, the Senate refused to recommit the bill and finally passed it. Although a new fight in the House must be expected, the measure in its present form should meet less opposition than it did in the Senate, especially since the House has already adopted part of the reorganization plan in three measures of its own. We print elsewhere in this section an editorial on the necessity of an effective organization of the executive power. It is significant that with the exception of Senator Wheeler none of the liberals who opposed the court plan were to be found against this bill. The Republicans used the same tactics that worked so well before, of thrusting the Democrats forward and themselves staying in the background, the same tactics of mass pressure through telegrams whose passage to Washington is a long runway well smeared with money. But this time the tactics didn't work. Paul Y. Anderson, in his Washington dispatch in this issue, supplies some concrete details in answer to the usually nebulous question of how the big corporations' lobby money is used. The Minton committee investigation must go on. A democracy must have light on how the democratic procedure of counting noses can be corrupted, and how a financial oligarchy may, if we are not watchful, twist democracy to destroy democracy.

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WHO WON THE COURT FIGHT, ANYWAY? That is the question the tories are now asking themselves. They defeated the President's court-reorganization bill, but in the process the court itself got such a fright that it has become more liberal in its decisions than it has been since the days of Taney and Andrew Jackson. The nation has been waiting for the decision in the Electric Bond and Share case as the most important of the 1937-38 term. As handed down this week it is a complete victory for the government. It holds that the act's registration provisions (sections 4a and 5) are separable from the rest of the act and are valid. It brings to a successful conclusion the first stage of the struggle to get public-utility holding companies under control. It will be remembered that practically every important utility refused to register with the SEC as required under the holding-company act. As it became evident recently that the decision would go against the companies, and that the penalties for failure to register and the other penalties in the bill would be upheld, there was a rush to get under the wire before the decision came down. The only dissenter from the decision was Justice McReynolds, who did not even take the trouble to indicate his reasons. Even Justice Butler voted with the majority. The decision marks the high-water mark of the new wave of court liberalism. Credit for it should go to the brilliant briefs and argument of Robert H. Jackson, Benjamin V. Cohen, and Thomas G. Corcoran. Now that the question of registration is settled, the real fight for simplifying corporate structures can begin.

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IT IS NOT CHARITY THAT MR. HULL AND Mr. Roosevelt are proposing in their appeal for international action to rescue German and Austrian refugees. They are reaffirming dramatically America's traditional role as an asylum for the politically oppressed. Their statements command wholehearted support; we only regret that they do not go farther in seeking to ease a desperate situation. The United States is one of the few countries with the resources to absorb considerable numbers of refugees. Unfortunately, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hull obviously do not intend to open our doors any wider than they are at present. It is true that a substantial increase in immigration from Germany and Austria is possible under the quota restrictions if private organizations can guarantee support for the refugees. But the 27,000 which can be admitted from these countries in a year is insignificant compared to the need. In order to assume a fair share of the burden, the United States would have to admit several times this number. Passage of the bill introduced by Representative Celler granting full right of asylum to political and religious refugees is the necessary first step. The next step—providing money to bring the refugees here and to help them until they become self-supporting in their new home—should be relatively easy. Individuals and organizations will give in ample amounts as soon as a refuge is assured the suffering thousands of Europe.

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SECRETARY HULL'S ASSERTION THAT THE President cannot revoke the Spanish embargo must be taken as a warning that the Administration plans no such action, but it appears to have no legal or moral justification. As Raymond Leslie Buell, president of the Foreign Policy Association, pointed out in reply to Mr. Hull, the Neutrality Act of May 1, 1937, superseded the embargo resolution of January 8, 1937. The President found it necessary to issue a special proclamation reimposing the embargo after the passage of the act. Thus, the immediate basis for the embargo against the Spanish government is a Presidential proclamation which, as we pointed out last week, may be revoked at the discretion of the

President. On moral grounds Mr. Hull's position is no longer defended by even the most ardent advocates of the general Neutrality Act. In a recent address at the New York Town Hall Senator Nye, who more than any one man is responsible for the new "neutrality" policy, agreed that its application to Spain clearly favored the rebels. Failure to extend the embargo to Germany and Italy renders the whole policy farcical. And how does Mr. Hull know that the bombs used at Barcelona could not have been of American origin? An Associated Press story from Philadelphia, dated January 11, quoted Dichman, Wright, and Pugh, Inc., shipping agents, to the effect that a cargo of 200 aerial bombs would be shipped from a New Jersey dock on a German steamship, and "would be reshipped in Germany." On March 8 the United Press reported that the German freighter Kellerwald had sailed for Bremen with a cargo of 20,000 American-made bombs loaded under a State Department permit and consigned to an undisclosed destination. Can Secretary Hull guarantee that a shipment loaded on a German ship will not terminate in Spain?

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BY SUDDENLY SUSPENDING PURCHASES OF Mexican silver the Administration has applied economic coercion to Mexico to make it modify its oil policy or at least to assure a generous compensation. The Treasury's triple threat is to throw the Mexican budget out of balance, force devaluation of the peso, and bring about a consequent economic crisis. Mexico will now be compelled to sell its silver on surfeited world markets, and in anticipation of this the price of silver in the London open market has declined to the lowest point since January 15. The 13 per cent of the government's revenue which comes directly from mining will be curtailed, and if the American mining companies reduce pay rolls, the flow of dollar exchange into the Mexican banking system will decline. Since the peso is tied to silver and a large part of the central bank reserve behind it is silver bullion, the decline in silver prices will pull the peso with it and reduce Mexico's capacity to import accordingly. Naturally the value of the metallic coverage of the currency will also shrink. When in the middle of March the peso was permitted to float, the customary flight from the currency began and the central bank was obliged to pay out 15,000,000 silver pesos in return for paper notes. By forcing exchange control and inflation on Mexico, the Treasury is playing with the fire of a Mexican economic crisis which may have as its aftermath a rebellion of reactionary generals and closer commercial relations with the fascist powers.

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THAT MANY AMERICAN PEACE GROUPS ARE moving toward a collective-security policy was very much in evidence at the Conference on World Economic Cooperation sponsored by the National Peace Conference. The delegates refused to delete the section of the experts' report which emphasized present-day political insecurity and urged revision of the Neutrality Act to distinguish between aggressors and their victims, although the isolationists had leveled their heaviest artillery against those recommendations. But the conference retreated when it came to the problems arising from aggression. Efforts to bring the Spanish crisis before the meeting were frustrated. The success of the consumer boycott in weakening Japanese aggression in China was ignored except for a minority report. An effort by the labor round table to have economic assistance limited to non-aggressor states failed, largely as a result of Frederick J. Libby's determined opposition. Throughout the conference the isolationists opposed forthright statements on pressing issues on the ground that unity in the peace movement is more important than decisions on policy. This tactic has proved all but fatal to the movement. The peace societies remain incapable of agreement on a program of immediate action; they have been sidetracked to a plan of "economic cooperation" wholly unattainable in a world in which the bases of all law are being challenged.

Japan Faces a New China

MILITARY, political, and economic reports from the Far East offer a welcome contrast to recent European news. For there is every indication that the Japanese offensive has become mired in the vastness of China, and that the guerrilla tactics of the Chinese are bearing fruit. Within the past month, the Japanese have launched four great drives in succession, each a little less successful than the previous one. They first attempted to push north from Nanking to Hsüchow. But Chinese flank attacks forced them to retreat after they had come within striking distance of the strategic railway center. They then launched an attack down the Peiping-Hankow railway at Chengchow, only to have the Eighth Route Army cut their line of communications south of Paoting. In an attempt to strike at the base of operations of the former Communist troops, the Japanese drove into southwestern Shansi and even crossed the Yellow River into Shensi. But as suddenly as they had advanced, they retreated—presumably because of constant pressure on their lines of communication.

In the middle of March the Japanese staged their fourth great offensive, an attempt to take Hsüchow by a mass attack from the north. After an exceptionally severe battle, the invaders drove within twenty miles of the railway junction, only to be set back by powerful counterattacks on both flanks. Although the Japanese are within striking distance of Hsüchow, the Chinese have seized the offensive in this area. Farther west the Chinese have tenaciously held their lines along the Yellow River and successfully resisted all attempts of the enemy to gain a foothold on the south bank.

Meanwhile, the Japanese have had their hands more than full with guerrilla attacks behind the lines, in both northern and central China. In Hopei, supposedly conquered by the Japanese last August, it is reported that the Eighth Route Army has assisted in establishing a

Chinese state of seven million inhabitants. Although these stories may be somewhat exaggerated, independent information from neutral sources indicates that Japanese control over this area is most tenuous. Letters from Paoting, 200 miles behind the front line, tell of severe fighting in the shadow of the city walls. A Chinese attack on the Tienstin-Pukow railway has also been reported only a few miles north of Nanking. Guerrilla activity continues even in the Shanghai area.

The contrast between Chinese military efficiency today and the wholesale disorganization which existed in the early months of the war is striking. In the beginning the Chinese were wholly passive on the northern front. Not once did they make use of their superior numbers to strike at the Japanese flanks. Guerrilla tactics were utilized only by the Eighth Route Army, and it was purposely confined to a relatively small area in northern Shansi. Owing to the lack of a general staff almost no coordination existed between the various provincial armies. Factional differences within the government and suspicion of the Communists prevented the sort of cooperation necessary to build up effective resistance. It is now clear that the fall of Nanking marked a turning-point as far as these internal difficulties were concerned. The frightful massacres which occurred at Soochow, Wusih, Hangchow, and Nanking—in which tens of thousands of civilians were killed in cold blood and other thousands mutilated beyond recognition—appear to have ended all thought of surrender and obliterated factional differences.

Few observers believe that the Chinese can cling to their present positions along the Lunghai railway indefinitely. But even a decisive victory on this front will not win the war for Japan. If China can continue its guerrilla tactics, it has an excellent chance of wearing Japan down. Japan is suffering from gradual economic attrition. The most recent *Monthly Bulletin of Statistics,* published by the League of Nations, shows that despite a growing need for war material of all kinds Japan's imports for January were 30 per cent less than in the corresponding month a year ago. Exports were down about 12 per cent, and there was an adverse balance of trade of 37 million yen. Commenting on these figures, the *Japan Chronicle* attributes the drop in exports primarily to the boycott, which it admits is worldwide. No figures have been released since August on Japan's gold reserves, but it is known that Tokyo's gold shipments to the United States alone from March to December totaled some 845 million yen, which is greater than the entire reserves remaining in August. As a further indication of the strain imposed by the war, the volume of notes in circulation has increased, wholesale prices have advanced 9 per cent in the face of a general decline elsewhere, and the cost of living has risen more than 10 per cent in the past year. In contrast to the general inflationary trend, stock-market prices have declined since the start of the war.

If Japan's growing economic difficulties have reduced popular enthusiasm for the war, no such news has passed the censor. It is true that opposition developed to the government's national-mobilization bill, but this opposition melted away when it became clear that strong measures of control were essential to carrying on the war. The economic restraints placed upon Japan by the boycott are not of a sort calculated to create disaffection within Japan. They strike not so much at Japan's internal economy as at its ability to obtain the materials necessary for carrying on the war. Two facts are clear: there has been a sharp decline in Japan's military efficiency in recent weeks; and there has been a drastic reduction in Japan's purchases of strategic raw materials as a result of the boycott. It is only reasonable to believe that there is some connection between the two facts. If this is the case, China may yet win the war—provided that the boycott can be maintained and extended.

Freedom and the Executive

EVER since the court battle Administration and anti-Administration forces have been maneuvering and counter-maneuvering to get into position for another major engagement. Now they seem to have joined battle. The wage-hour bill, the monopoly issue, the anti-lynching fracas, the tax struggle were all obviously preliminaries. Some Administration enemies hoped to make something big out of the government-reorganization bill itself, but as we pointed out several weeks ago it was too impersonal an issue to assume the proportions of a crusade. But the TVA struggle has what it takes. It has drama, it has dynamite, it has the clash of personalities. The nation may look forward for the next few months to some peppery fighting, which will, in turn, be the curtain-raiser to the battle of the Congressional elections.

It is interesting to see how a number of seemingly independent questions are shaping up into one. Issues in Washington have a way of converging, fusing, and exploding. The reorganization fight seemed as good as over until it met the TVA fight, but it was given temporary life and meaning by the supposed example of the President's tyranny toward Chairman Morgan of the TVA. Shall we, ask Senators Byrd and Wheeler, expose the whole executive department to the mercies of the dictator? The old slumbering feud of the Morgan and Lilienthal adherents has now broken out into the open. The quarrel between the public utilities and the Administration, which has been going on underground ever since the Public Utility Holding Company Act was passed, is again intensified. And the old fight about the power of a Congressional investigating committee to ask for records in general—a fight that created considerable heat when Senator Black headed the investigation of public-utility lobbying—is being fought all over again.

The decisive question that all these subsidiary struggles pose is the extent of governmental power in dealing with its basic objectives. Just now the phase of governmental power under attack is that of the executive. Yet we must not see the issue wholly in those terms. The

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persons who are bitterly attacking the President because he is presumably seeking to take from Congress its investigatory power over the TVA are also bitterly attacking Senator Minton, the chairman of the committee investigating the utility lobbies, for exceeding the investigatory powers of a Congressional committee. No doubt the orators in the House and Senate will present the big issue as one between the President and Congress. It is not. There seem to be changing fashions in the fight against New Deal tyranny. Yesterday it was supposed to threaten the judiciary, and therefore minority rights. The day before yesterday, in the "first New Deal," it was supposed to threaten the proper Congressional delegation of power, and therefore majority will. Today, it is supposed to be threatening the administrative commissions, and therefore both administrative independence and Congressional control.

The well-meaning liberals, like Senator Wheeler, Dorothy Thompson, and Walter Lippmann, who have enlisted in this protracted crusade to save the nation from the President, are under the impression that they are fighting in general for minority liberties and against fascist tendencies in government. If we believed that this was the issue we would join them in their crusade. We have no doubt that as theorists for the anti-New Deal forces, they see themselves as defenders of liberty. But those whose actions they rationalize—the public utilities, big industrialists, anti-union employers, banking and brokerage houses, big newspaper publishers—are not fighting for minority rights but only for their own hitherto unchallenged minority economic rule. Nor is it only the President's power they oppose and seek to limit. When the power of Congress to deal with economic issues was truncated by Supreme Court decisions, they did not lift a voice against the court. When the country returned a New Deal President and a Democratic Congress by a huge margin, they cried out against majority rule. When such administrative agencies as the SEC and the TVA and the NLRB sought to enforce Congressional acts, they attacked and sabotaged them at every turn, refusing to register as holding companies with the SEC, tying the TVA up in a tangle of court injunctions, attacking the NLRB for a bias that was fantastically fabricated. They are intent on fighting not only executive power but any and every phase of governmental power, concentrating on whatever phase threatens at the time to be most effective, and playing each off against the others.

We do not wish to defend the extension of executive power as such. We have fought against judicial supremacy and for Congressional power to legislate on national economic problems; we have favored broad investigatory powers for Congressional committees; we have asserted that the democratic future depends upon responsible but effective majority rule; and now we stand with the President in his reorganization fight and with the President and the majority directors in the TVA struggle. What we are insisting upon is effective governmental power, whether through Congress in its legislative and investigatory functions, through the quasi-judicial or wholly administrative commissions, or through the President himself. Without such effective power democracy will have little chance of survival in a period of economic collapse. Those are the real issues in the TVA as in the government-reorganization dispute; the rest are sham battles. The issue Dr. Morgan raised in his refusal to support before Mr. Roosevelt his charges against his fellow-commissioners was one of administrative responsibility, and on that basis the President had the moral right and perhaps the legal power to oust him. Every newspaper editor and columnist has converted himself into an amateur constitutional lawyer, and is quoting Supreme Court precedent against Solicitor General Jackson's opinion on the legal issues involved. Especially is the Humphrey decision cited. But even a casual acquaintance with the judicial process should make it clear that the Humphrey decision was based on the fact that the Federal Trade Commission is a quasi-judicial agency, which the TVA assuredly is not.

We have said that we are interested in the efficient execution of the majority will. We are also interested in the preservation of liberties, both those of the minority and those of the majority. Nothing will be gained by cramping the effectiveness of our government. The threat of ultimate fascism in America is a real one. But if fascism comes, it will not come from the attempt of a duly elected government, whether New Deal or anti-New Deal, to tackle the economic problem. It will come from the collapse of governmental power in the face of an insurmountable economic crisis. We live in a complex society, in which industrial power is highly centralized and in which only an immense administrative and legislative effort can hope to keep us from economic and social chaos. In Italy and Germany it was the paralysis of the parliamentary process and the collapse of the executive power that produced the condition out of which fascism emerged. The same may happen here. Unless we can keep our government flexible enough and powerful enough to carry through the immense tasks of control and socialization of industry that lie ahead, we face the certainty that anti-democratic groups will take those tasks out of our hands. And if that happens, both majority will and minority rights will be crushed by the ruthless minorities of capitalist reaction.

Let it be noted, however, that neither side, in its concentration on the question of freedom and tyranny, is meeting an issue that lies beyond that of governmental power—the issue of an economic program. The anti-New Dealers, whether by accident or design, have turned away from the issue of Mr. Roosevelt's failure to deal adequately with the current depression. And the President himself, no doubt with relief, has allowed the country to be deflected from the economic to the political. We favor whatever will make governmental power in a democracy effective. But that power has no meaning unless it is used to carry out a rational and planned program to increase employment and raise the national income. In government, as elsewhere, one must deal with means and ends together. The Administration will have achieved an empty victory if it forgets the economic and social ends in its concentration on forging and maintaining adequate political means.

Barcelona Holds Out

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Barcelona, March 28

I HAD only to enter the outskirts of Barcelona to become calm and reassured. It was like coming into Madrid in the old days when its fate seemed still to hang in the balance: the moment one saw the faces of the people and the aspect of the streets one knew the capital was safe.

The other evening a well-known American novelist, a staunch friend of the Loyalists, telephoned from Paris to ask whether he should come to Spain immediately so as to be there before the end or whether he could stay abroad another week to do some work. This is the impression one might easily gather on the outside. But such a calculation omits the resistance and the untapped reserves of the Spanish people as well as Franco's shortage of infantry. It is not a matter of days or of a few weeks. This week a bus service to Madrid is being inaugurated. Talented soldiers are matriculating in the officers' training school. The new UGT-CNT alliance is taking steps to speed up armament production. Youths, stirred as never before by the despicable bombings of Barcelona and the Italian-Moorish Aragon offensive, are volunteering in masses for the army. Already there are enough for three divisions. Hundreds of building workers are going out to the front to construct another defense line. It begins to feel like Madrid in November, 1936.

A prominent Catalan said to me recently, "We go from here to the cemetery." The Catalans have been aroused. The first effect of the air raids was panic. Women with children refused for forty-eight hours to leave the subway. A hundred thousand citizens moved into the surrounding hills. Workers failed to report at their benches. But the excitement soon died down. Now nobody looks up into the blue and sunny skies. Resentment, bitterness, and hate are dominant. A fine Spanish woman said to me, "Down at Calle Catalanas, where the bombs fell into two apartment houses, I walked through pools of human blood and had to step warily lest I step on an arm, a torso, or a baby's leg." After such an experience one's outlook on life and one's evaluation of one's own life changes. Under my window at this moment thousands of Barcelonans are leisurely promenading, coatless and hatless, the men with their hands behind their backs, couples laughing, a father and mother wheeling a perambulator. Their demeanor spells confidence.

The vast majority of these folk have in some way taken sides with the government. They or members of their families are fighting at the front, or serving the government, or helping to operate state factories, or are active in the trade unions, peasant cooperatives, political parties, and so on. They know that thousands of their kind will be butchered by Franco when he occupies Loyalist territory. If the rest of the Spanish republic succumbs, there will be no escape. Only a few could get away to France. It is nobler to die fighting than before a firing squad, and the Spaniard cares a great deal about nobility and about style. The idea is not merely to kill the bull. The thrust that kills must be clean and graceful.

Moreover, the true revolutionist and anti-fascist never gives up the struggle. Spain is part of a war against the universal enemy of humanity. (A woman in an apartment across the courtyard has just commenced a voice-culture lesson and she is now disturbing me with her coloratura tra-la-las.) The battle shifts and assumes new forms but it never ends. The purpose is to undermine and harass the foe, to continue the attack, now with guns, now with speeches, boycotts, food collections, or by addressing envelopes. There will be no surrender. At a dire moment, when a few timorous souls weakened in their purpose, Communists and Anarchists, joined spontaneously by armed assault guards and police, paraded in thousands to support Negrin's intransigence. The compromise mood thereupon quickly disappeared.

Nevertheless, the situation remains critical. On some days the republican troops fight like heroes; on others they run like hares. At the worst period, at Alcaniz and Caspe, many officers fled, and the political commissars, because of their recently reduced prerogatives, did not possess sufficient prestige and authority to stem the rout. Trade-union party leaders rushed to the front to reestablish the morale, which on other occasions proved high. Much could be achieved by more efficient organization, greater cohesion within the federal coalition, more and better leaders, and the fullest exploitation of those available and ready to serve. Democratic methods persist to invigorate but often to hamper the prosecution of the war. The nonchalance and poise of the Spaniard in a crisis are an asset not unmixed with injury. He tolerates intolerable obstacles because it is not yet 11:45 by his watch. Life here is too normal. There is too little fever.

Perfect organization and impeccable military guidance, however, could never compensate for the rebels' overwhelming superiority in aircraft and artillery. No troops will stand firm indefinitely when a hundred giant airplanes bomb them without respite and cannon rain shells into their trenches. The Loyalists cannot dispute the fascists' domination of the air or silence their guns. The government air force is outnumbered eight to one. Twelve Loyalist pursuit planes went out two days ago to machine-gun a Moorish cavalry column. They did their work well until 110 enemy planes swooped down on them. Six little Chatos were shot down.

During the last month the Italians and Germans have sent the most modern equipment to Spain. Their planes and cannon smash trenches and fortifications; then the Africans and Italians march in. Franco has 100,000 Italians (60,000 regular-army soldiers and 40,000 Black Shirts), 60,000 Moors, and 50,000 Spaniards on whom he can rely. This is insufficient infantry for a war on the present scale. The government's army is much larger and has plenty of rifles and machine-guns, 30 per cent of which are produced at home. If Barcelona could purchase artillery and two hundred planes abroad, the war could not be lost within another year. It might—depending on international developments—be won. Two hundred planes can make all the difference between a fascist and a democratic Spain, between an encircled and a protected France, between a menaced and a secure position in the western Mediterranean for the British Empire, between a threatened and a safe Czechoslovakia, between an encouraged and a checked international fascism, between a black and a brighter Europe. But in the whole of the democratic world there are not two hundred airplanes for a cash buyer who wishes to safeguard his hearth and home and national territory against invasion! In the case of America it is a stupid law which robs the Spanish government of the wherewithal to defend itself; in the case of England it is blindness; in the case of France it is cowardice. But it is not yet too late to mend the situation. The spirit here has not been broken even though the line has been, in numerous places. Military men tell me that the Italian-German force cannot reach the coast without surmounting tremendous difficulties. Between Fraga, which was yesterday evacuated by harried civilians, and Lerida is flat country where bombings from undisputed skies will give the fascist pilots much pleasure; but Barcelona will still be in no mortal danger even if Franco resumes his air raids after the effect of the loud world protest against this atrocity has worn off. The Spaniards are prepared to submit to further undernourishment, nervous strain, and slaughter on the chance that the foreign countries will wake up and realize that the international war being fought on Spanish soil is as much their concern as it is Spain's. Without foreign help the cause is desperate. The parallel with Madrid is apt but as yet incomplete. Then the International Brigade and material from the Soviet government helped the Spaniards to restore their equilibrium. Much larger quantities of material are required today.

Let Gannett Explain

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, March 28

AS A general rule a man has the right to spend his own money to feed his own vanity, but there is such a thing as abusing the privilege. Frank E. Gannett, who publishes newspapers in New York State and makes speeches wherever two or more persons show a tendency to listen, has become something more than a public nuisance. Realizing that I risk the charge of taking him too seriously, I hasten to point out that a horsefly is capable of causing a runaway unless swatted in time.

In this instance the swatter is in the hands of the Senate Lobby Committee, and the sooner it does its duty with respect to Gannett the more comfortable all of us will be. This might result in depriving the Rochester and Miami Beach luncheon clubs of what may or may not pass as a frequent treat, but the mail-receiving public could be relied on to bear up with Christian fortitude if not complete indifference. The principal sufferer would be Dr. Edward A. Rumely, but he should be inured to suffering.

Gannett is "chairman" of the "National Committee to Uphold Constitutional Government," one of those organizations which originate in the checkbooks of men who crave distinction for something besides their wealth, and Rumely performs his complicated functions as the committee's "executive secretary," earning a salary of $300 a week. Rumely's record is worth recalling. In 1915, it will be recalled, he purchased control of the New York *Evening Mail* under circumstances that were both interesting and mysterious. Subsequently he was convicted of having conspired to defraud the United States by making false statements to the Alien Property Custodian for the purpose of concealing the fact that the money which purchased the *Mail* came from Dr. Heinrich Albert, fiscal agent for the imperial German government. The conviction was upheld on appeal, and Rumely served thirty days before an act of executive clemency freed him.

Several days ago the Senate Lobby Committee, stirred by a tidal wave of propaganda in which the pending government-reorganization bill was described as a devilish plot by Roosevelt to make himself dictator of the United States and its territorial possessions, issued a subpoena requiring Rumely to appear and produce all papers in his possession relating to efforts "to influence or suppress federal legislation." This resulted in the immediate disclosure that Rumely, on behalf of the Gannett "committee," had sent out 800,000 packets of literature urging the recipients to write or wire their Congressmen to oppose the bill and soliciting funds with which to send out more. About $50,000 had been expended in this precious enterprise. More interesting, however, was the additional disclosure that more than $200,000 had been similarly disbursed last year in raising the wind against the court plan, in the course of which Rumely had supervised the dissemination of more than 16,000,000 pieces of literature.

Thus far the Lobby Committee got before the inquiry was halted by Rumely's refusal to produce copies of correspondence between himself and Gannett relating to their efforts to influence Congress. Acting on advice of his counsel, who happened to be Elisha Hanson, counsel for the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, Rumely based his refusal on the contention that the subpoena was too vague. Thereupon Chairman Minton issued another, which was very definite indeed, giving the dates of the letters sought. Again Rumely refused, declaring he would not produce them until the Lobby Committee gave the names of the addressor and the addressee and a description of the contents. Hanson supported him in an argument in which he said, in substance, that his client didn't know which letters the committee was talking about, and besides, the committee wouldn't know Rumely had them if its investigator hadn't peeked. In my opinion Rumely and Gannett know only too well which letters the committee was talking about. But just in case they don't, I make this free suggestion: let them search their files for a letter from Gannett to Rumely, written last May or June, alluding to the manner in which routine newspaper accounts of the court fight were colored in various ways, all calculated to prejudice readers against the bill. Unless I am misinformed, they can easily identify the letter by an allusion to the Associated Press, of which Gannett is a director, and to the effective use which was made of the phrase—"the court-packing scheme." In fairness to the A. P. I hasten to add that I never saw that phrase in any of its dispatches and greatly doubt that it ever appeared under the A. P. date line unless written in by editors of individual newspapers. Of its widespread use, however, every reader can testify. In any case, it seems to be strictly up to Gannett to explain. As for Rumely's refusal to answer, the courts should deal with it. Harry Sinclair and Old Doc Townsend can enlighten him concerning the procedure.

How to Keep Out of War

First Peace-Poll Returns

AT NOON of March 28 a total of 1,328 ballots in *The Nation's* peace poll had been returned. This represents a small fraction indeed of the voters to be heard from, but we report the result to give an advance indication of which way the wind blows. It should be borne in mind, however, that all these ballots come from *Nation* readers and are therefore weighted in favor of the magazine's collective-security policy. With our next issue we shall begin reporting on the vote of the bulk of our readers and on that of the 130,000 non-readers who received ballots.

Of the 1,328 votes recorded, 1,144 favor "a policy of cooperation with other nations in defense of peace" as the "better insurance against war for this country"; 184 vote for isolation. As to the precise kind of collective action, 922 votes go for "economic measures directed against the offending power," 867 for "economic support for the victims of aggression," and 640 for the "threat of collective armed resistance to aggression," many of the voters of course choosing more than one method. Of the isolationists, 108 would go beyond the Neutrality Act and "stop all trade with belligerents, withdraw all aid from American citizens in countries at war, and refuse to consult with other nations on ways to avoid or end further conflict."

The failure of the major democratic powers effectively to oppose international fascist aggression has weakened the belief of 148, now voting in the isolationist camp, in the possibility of collective action, while 27 apparently had no such belief to begin with. Of the collective-security advocates, 315 confess to a weakened belief, while 790 are unshaken. Both isolationists and collective-security voters overwhelmingly favor a voluntary popular boycott on goods from aggressor nations, the vote in the first camp being 133 to 36, and in the latter 1,030 to 79.

In addition to the mass opinion to be gleaned from the ballots, we have asked a number of outstanding liberals for their individual attitudes on American foreign policy. We have particularly invited those whose views on this subject have not been widely publicized, and are pleased to print eight of them herewith. Others will follow next week.—EDITORS THE NATION.

GEORGE W. NORRIS

United States Senator from Nebraska

I am deeply interested in the situation of our nation regarding peace. Indeed, I am deeply interested in the peace of the world because I believe our peace to a great extent depends upon the peace of the rest of the world. Heretofore I have been opposed to the policy of our government in building up a large navy and making other preparations for war. To some extent I have changed my views on that question because of the attitude of some of the great powers. The world is now confronted with the sentiment which obtains in Italy, Germany, and Japan that it is their right to take another country simply because they desire to. The only reason they have not attacked other nations is because many of these other nations have armies and other means of defending themselves.

I would not be in favor of our government's taking a hand as a participant in these wars in Europe and Asia. The sacrifices which would have to be made by us would not, it seems to me, justify us in sending another army across the sea, but I do believe the people of our country would be justified in boycotting every one of these nations. This would

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be action taken not by the government but by the people. No complaint can be made if we, as a people, refuse to buy Japan's goods. I should not be opposed to our government's participating in a conference with other nations that are opposed to such unjustifiable and inhuman conduct as that of Italy, Germany, and Japan, but I would not be in favor of any conference by which we would be bound to engage in war in Europe or in Asia.

As to the question whether our Neutrality Act ought to be amended or repealed, that will depend in my opinion upon conditions which may arise in the future. I can see that a condition of affairs might arise under which I would be in favor of modifying our Neutrality Act. My feeling on this point is influenced by the fact that I do not have absolute confidence in all the nations now struggling to maintain the peace of the world.

We went into the World War under the influence of a propaganda which was false in many particulars and by which our country and our people were deceived. It is too soon after that war, I think, for us to have forgotten those promises and those inducements. I can readily see, however, that if the policies of Hitler or Mussolini or Japan are carried to their logical conclusion, the civilized world will ultimately have to contend against the barbarous conduct they have inaugurated.

If this principle were to be carried out, the aggressor countries, after taking all the unarmed nations of the world, could then undertake the conquest of the nations which are armed, beginning of course with those which are armed the least. I have felt, therefore, that I should modify my position somewhat on the question of a large navy. But I think the plan now proposed in America contemplates an armament unreasonably large and unnecessary. There is another reason, also, why I think we should hesitate to spend too much of the taxpayers' money on building warships. It is a disputed question now whether the battleship is really the great instrument of warfare which it has been heretofore, and the airplane and bombing machine are contending with it for supremacy. We might find ourselves with a large navy which to some extent at least was useless.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Editor of the Emporia Gazette

Last autumn I was an isolationist with reservations. Then I began to feel like cuddling up to some kind of collective security. But recently collective security, with Great Britain tying up with Hitler and polyfoxing with Mussolini about Spain, gives me the shivers.

My considered judgment about the foreign policy of the United States is that it can only be adequately solved by a transcontinental earthquake plus an oceanic inundation. I am sorry I cannot seriously and intelligently answer your letter.

UPTON SINCLAIR

Author of "The Flivver King"

I do not believe that a modern city can exist without a police force to repress crime or without courts to enforce contracts. No more do I believe that the modern world can exist without agencies of order and justice. We have tried and the results are before us. Gangster nations have broken loose and declared their intention to seize what they want.

For America to imagine that it can stand aloof in this crisis is as if Brooklyn should retire behind the East River and refuse to concern itself with anarchy existing in New York. To exactly the extent that Brooklyn kept order and prosperity, it would become the object of the desires of the New York gangsters, and would have to arm to protect itself.

If democracy is to survive this crisis, the democratic nations must organize at once and declare their intention to enforce law and order throughout civilization. Gangster nations planning raids must know not merely that they will be boycotted completely, but that if this does not suffice, an international army and navy will overthrow their dictators, hold a plebiscite, and established a new government by popular consent.

Such plans can be carried out only by the labor and liberal forces of each nation, and it is to the awakening of these forces that our propaganda must now be directed.

In the circumstances existing, this program means a call to all men of good-will to stop fascism. In my opinion it will not mean war. It will mean organization, education, and a firm demand on the gangster states. The people of those states want peace and order as much as the rest of us, and will not fight long against a program of international justice.

THOMAS WOLFE

Author of "Of Time and the River"

Aside from the question whether peace is worth any price that we can pay or that can be demanded of us—a view which was seriously held by many people until a year or two ago—I do not think that peace can ever be won or kept in such a way. I further think that "isolation" is a rhetorical concept, useful to politicians for the purpose of strengthening their majorities at home and of reassuring their constituencies. Beyond this, I do not believe "isolation" has any real meaning, because it has no existence in reality.

Because I believe in individual security, I believe in collective security, and do not think it is possible to have one without the other. And in the light of the events of the past two years it seems manifest that the only way to get security is through collective action. And although I hope, together with most other people, that the necessity for force may be avoided, it cannot be avoided by denying that such a necessity may exist. It becomes increasingly apparent that the only effective way to meet armed aggression may be armed resistance: the wheels of a great war machine, such as that which Germany has today, are not going to be stopped, once they have begun to roll, by a handful of reproving phrases or by a batch of diplomatic protests. If anyone ever furnished the world with a blueprint of his intentions in advance, it was Adolf Hitler. Now, since he has checked his announced objectives off the list one by one with the precision of a riveting machine, it seems reasonable to suppose that he will contine to do so as long as he is unimpeded and as long as he realizes that there is no formidable and united force that will, if necessary, resist him.

I do not know what form that force will take, or what will be the composition and alignment of its elements, because at the present moment it does not exist; but it is evident that if fascism is to be checked, such a force will have to exist. The failure of the major democratic powers thus far effectively to oppose the aggressions of Germany, Italy, and Japan has not weakened my belief in the possibility of collective action and has not destroyed my faith in the power of the major democratic powers to act effectively. Sooner or later, it seems to me, they will have to. They will have to when they decide that democracy is worth fighting for, if need be, by those who believe in it. In the end, I think we may all have to make that decision. For fascism is a creature that thrives but is not appeased by compromise.

R. L. DUFFUS

Staff Writer on the New York Times

I believe that the issue between freedom and slavery must be fought out on a worldwide front. I do not believe that this country is or will be in danger of physical invasion. I do believe that it is in danger of invasion by destructive ideas. If human slavery, under any name, prevails in the rest of the civilized world, it will sooner or later prevail here.

I believe that the American liberal should and must join forces with the liberals of other countries. He must act through voluntary associations, if necessary, but I do not believe he will be effective in the end unless he acts through his own government. He cannot be successful even then unless other governments, specifically those of France and Great Britain, become or remain liberal. I do not believe that he can or should effect a compromise with the present government of Soviet Russia.

I believe that economic pressure against aggressive powers and economic aid to peoples unjustly attacked are weapons we must use, if only because they are preferable to war. The present Neutrality Act certainly needs amending in order to permit greater flexibility in the use of these weapons.

In the last resort I see no escape from armed resistance to aggression. I do not believe that at this stage we are justified in expanding our armaments, either by land or by sea. Our preparedness for the present should consist in the clarification of our objectives as a democracy. If we stress military preparedness now we risk militarism; if we enact dictatorial mobilization laws we shall have fascism at the outbreak of any war, and the battle will be lost before it begins. A war referendum would be a mockery of the democratic process. The time to democratize war is before it begins. If we cannot do that I see no hope for us or for the world.

CARL BECKER

Professor of History at Cornell University

Any clear-cut distinction between a policy of "isolation" and a policy of "cooperation" seems to me illusory, since the words have no precise meaning apart from particular measures. If isolation means only that we should avoid war unless we are obviously attacked by another country, then I am for it. At present, the notion that we are or may be in danger of such attack by any country seems to me preposterous. A larger navy or army is more likely to get us in a war than to keep us out of it.

I do not think there will be, in the near future, a European war involving Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy. If there should be one, the consequences to us would be almost equally disastrous whether we went in or kept out. Nevertheless, I am in favor of keeping out. The place to save democracy is at home. If we can put our people to work, democracy will be safe enough here, and we can't save it in Europe by fighting for it there.

We should cooperate with all other governments, so far as possible, for establishing friendly relations in economic and political life, and for the peacable settlement of disputes. Since at present the democratic countries are more disposed than others to cooperate for the preservation of peace, we should cooperate especially with them, employing all means which have a reasonable chance of success and are not likely to involve us in war. Embargo was employed against Italy without involving the countries employing it in war, but also without achieving the object in view. Employed to compel a government to desist from acts defined as aggressive, embargo is in effect an attempt to exert superior force without fighting. Employed by all countries against one, it might be effective. In any situation I can foresee, it would probably be without effect, or else with the effect of precipitating another war.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS

Professor of Political Economy at Chicago University

The series of aggressive acts by Italy, Germany, and Japan has thus far been successful because there has been no unity among the so-called democratic nations. They have permitted the fascist powers to take the democracies one by one and break them. Czechoslovakia will in all probability be the next. If France and Great Britain will oppose such action by force, I believe we should back them up by (a) withholding supplies from the aggressor nations, and (b) furnishing supplies to the nation attacked (Czechoslovakia) and to those defending it.

There are, of course, risks in any such policy. It might lead us into the collective use of force to maintain peace, with all the danger to civil liberties which that might entail. But in view of the great economic strength of the democracies, I do not see why this is inevitable. Faced by a strong group, the fascists are likely to back down. The dangers of our *not* taking such collective action to protect peace seem to me to be greater. For if we refuse to move, Great Britain is likely to wash her hands of any responsibility, and the fascists will take over all of Central and Eastern Europe and the Mediterranean countries. Then they will extinguish France, as Hitler has threatened in "Mein Kampf." All this will strengthen the fascist groups in our own country and send virtually all of Latin America into the fascist camp.

We cannot afford to let fascism be victorious in any further acts of aggression, and therefore I favor using our economic strength to restrain the aggressors and protect the attacked. We ought not merely to wring our hands while crying that it is none of our business.

CHARLES E. CLARK

Dean of the Yale Law School

As a basis for such immediate decisions as this country may be forced to make, I favor support of the policy of isolation rather than that of collective security. But I am disposed to consider such a choice tentative and provisional at best. I am not at all sanguine that any policy will insure complete and continuous safety for our country, but fear that non-participation in a general European war, should that occur, will be for us at best difficult, and in fact impossible if such a war is at all protracted. Hence my judgment is that decisions must be based on pragmatic considerations of the time of their making, with the objective of feeling our way along so as to avoid disaster just as far and as long as we can.

I do not object to collective security as such. After the World War I had some hope that the League of Nations might prove a workable device toward a measure of world peace. But at present I see no possibility of effective or safe action for us by way of collective security. In following the policy of isolation for the time being, I see no advantage in increasing the army and navy—unless it be to create work for American workmen, an end probably better attainable with less dangerous means. It seems to me the present Neutrality Act if honestly enforced may afford some help to a policy of restraint and non-aggressiveness. It would strike me as unrealistic, however, to go so far as to assert that we will not trade at all with belligerents and will withdraw all aid to American citizens in countries at war. I do not believe in making threats which we are practically sure not to carry out.

Jews and the Fate of Poland

BY WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

THIRTY-ONE years ago, when the Russian Empire seemed to be at the height of its power, the reactionary "Real Russian" Party, known as the Black Hundred, sent a memorandum to the Czar's Prime Minister, M. Stolypin, proposing that the Poles, who were then a national minority in Russia, should be segregated in a Polish ghetto just as the Russian Jews were segregated at that time.

In those days the Polish problem was one of the most troublesome questions of Europe. The partition of Poland hung like a cloud over the liberal nineteenth century. An act which in our fascist era would be considered a matter of practical politics did not let decent people of a more liberal age rest. Every liberal newspaper thundered against the wrong done Poland; every progressive and revolutionary social movement had a plank in its program advocating the restoration of Polish independence. The cumulative effect of democratic public opinion on the question often made the Czar's government uncomfortable. Hence the bright idea of the "Real Russians" to solve the problem somewhat as the problem of the Jews had been "solved," by means of a ghetto. Fortunately even the czarist regime in its decay had enough wit to realize that a new ghetto would not be any better solution than the old one had been for a similar problem, and the proposal was never carried out. It is recalled only as an interesting historical item.

Poland is no longer divided among the nations. As a result of the Great War the wrong of 1790 has been rectified. Poland is no longer politically mutilated and oppressed. It is a great state, with not only its own territory restored but that of other nations added to it, with sovereignty not only over its own people but over ten million people of other nationalities. No other state gained so much from the war as the Poles.

And yet such is the irony of history that this people—which has known nationalistic oppression more than others, which for over a hundred years filled the world with the tale of its woes and with appeals for justice—now that justice has been given to it, has turned into the worst oppressor of the post-war period and is treating its own national minorities with a cruelty greater than that shown by the czarist regime. The ghetto which the "Real Russians" only proposed and the Czar's government did *not* introduce for the Poles, the Polish Nationalists are now demanding for the Jews, and the government has actually started to introduce it.

It is characteristic of the Polish Nationalists that they have chosen to introduce the ghetto first in, of all places, the universities and other higher schools of learning. Their ultimate aim is, of course, to segregate the Jews from the Poles in every walk of social, cultural, and economic life, in railways, theaters, cinemas, concert halls, cafes, and restaurants, in the professions, in business enterprises, and in residence districts. Nor is this a theoretic program only. Already there are hundreds of ghetto markets in Poland where Jewish traders and stallkeepers are separated from the Poles; already in certain cities Jewish coachmen and taxi drivers are segregated in stands and zones of their own; already nationalistic Polish lawyers demand separate benches in the courts for their Jewish colleagues; and nationalistic doctors demand similar segregation for Jewish doctors. In some places even Jewish porters are made to wear special badges announcing that they are not members of that new aristocracy of the human species, the Polish race.

But all this is as yet not legal or official. The government does not discourage this activity "so long as it is not accompanied by acts of violence," but neither does it sanction it. It has remained for the higher schools of learning to take the first step in making this abomination legal and compulsory. With the consent of the Ministry of Education the rectors of the Polish universities have recently officially introduced the ghetto. Jewish students are segregated from their non-Jewish colleagues and obliged to sit on special benches. If they refuse, as they invariably do, to submit to this humiliation and prefer to stand, they are brutally beaten by the Nationalist students and forced to sit on the seats assigned to them, or they are expelled from the schools by the administration.

To the credit of the Polish people it must be said that not all sections of it have approved or even acquiesced in this return to the medieval principle. Polish labor and the democratic Polish intelligentsia have raised protests. And a number of the leading Polish professors and scientists have openly revolted against the official order of the rectors. Like all Slavs, the Poles have a strong moral sense, which is capable, when aroused, of producing marvels of social heroism and courage. Nothing in the social history of the new republic has evoked such a spontaneous revolt and produced so many dramatic acts of true nobility reminiscent of the old revolutionary Poland as has this latest abomination of the Nationalists.

Noteworthy, for instance, is the courageous stand of the doyen of the medical faculty of the University of Warsaw, Professor M. Michalovicz, a veteran of Polish science and a personal friend of the late Marshal Pilsudski, who on the first day of the ghetto system announced that in his lecture-room he would never allow that relic of medievalism to be introduced and that he would never lecture to a class divided into Jews and non-Jews. He has since been attacked by every Nationalist newspaper in Poland; he has been blackmailed and threatened with lynching; but he has remained true to his principle. In his lecture-room there is no ghetto.

Professor Katarbinsky of the philosophy department of the same university has become known as the "standing professor" because he insists on lecturing standing up as long as his Jewish students are not allowed to sit like equals with the others but are obliged to stand. Again and again he has been asked by his students, Jewish and non-Jewish, to give up his unique protest, which is a considerable hardship for him, a man of advanced age, but he continues to lecture standing "for moral reasons," as he puts it.

Professor Czyczevicz, after reading out to his students the rector's order introducing the ghetto, said: "Gentlemen, all this is official, and I was obliged to read it to you. But unofficially I want to tell you that as a scientist and as a Pole I consider the introduction of the ghetto benches a return to medievalism and a shame to Polish culture." When they began to move the belongings of the Jewish students of his class into the new ghetto, Professor Theodore Miller of the Warsaw Commercial College called out that they should move also the crucifix, "for Christ, too, belongs in the ghetto." For this remark Professor Miller, a younger and less prominent man than Professors Michalovicz, Katarbinsky, and Czyczevicz, was immediately dismissed from his position without notice and without a pension.

Nor are the professors alone in making dramatic protests. All the democratic members of the student body have risen spontaneously against the measure. In most of the schools Polish democratic and Socialist students have announced that they will sit with their Jewish colleagues in the ghetto. Many of them stand with the Jews in sympathetic protest, even if this involves them in daily fights with the Nationalist students.

The most hopeful part of this great protest movement is that it is not confined to the academic world. It is long since the Polish liberal press has shown so much courage and revealed so much of its pre-war liberal idealism as it does now. Polish labor, too, has joined the great revolt. During the general strike which the Polish Jews recently called in protest against the introduction of the ghetto, Polish workers everywhere joined their Jewish comrades. Often they go out into the streets to help the Jews fight the hooligans who invade the Jewish quarter to stage a pogrom. A hopeful aspect of the situation is that the relationship between Polish and Jewish workers has not been better for almost a generation. Never before has the Polish Socialist Party (the P. P. S.) worked so harmoniously with the Jewish Labor Party (the Bund) against anti-Semitism. The Polish labor press is no less vigorous and courageous than the liberal press in protesting against the ghetto.

But with all this the government, although not outspokenly Nationalist, unofficially supports the Nationalist Party and does not revoke the ghetto order. Acts are committed daily which make one doubt whether Poland is in Europe. A band of Nationalist students breaks into the operating room of Warsaw University just as an operation on a child is to be performed. The little patient is on the operating table; the anaesthetic has been administered; the surgeon has put on his mask in preparation for the operation. That is the moment the "Endeks" choose to break in and beat up the surgeon, Dr. Altman, a Jewish assistant of Professor Michalovicz, for his chief's stand against the ghetto. A motor car filled with Endeks drives into a crowd of Jewish spectators, mostly women and children, at a labor demonstration. The Endeks open fire, killing a child of five and wounding four others. Incendiary bombs are thrown into crowded Jewish tenements at night when the people are asleep. In one month there were 3 major and 79 minor pogroms against Jews in various parts of Poland. In these, 220 Jews were severely wounded and 280 more were treated in hospitals or as out-patients; hundreds of Jewish enterprises were demolished and their owners ruined. Nor was this an exceptional month. For the last two years the Jews have suffered almost incessant physical assaults and pogroms.

This outburst of anti-Semitic bestiality has no equal in Europe, not even in Nazi Germany, where despite the vicious propaganda of the *Stürmer* and the cruel anti-Jewish decrees of the regime, the people have not degraded themselves by a single anti-Jewish pogrom. One is bewildered by its violence, at a loss to find the source of such cruelty on the part of a people which less than twenty years ago was itself a victim of the worst persecution and humiliation. Poland, it is true, has a difficult and grievous Jewish problem, but it is not the cause of the present outburst. Seventy-six per cent of the Polish population consists of peasants, most of them on the point of starvation; yet the Polish peasantry as a whole is not anti-Jewish. In most of the villages when the Nationalist agitators come to organize pogroms they meet with the resistance of the peasants. The peasants insist on trading with Jews even in the ghetto markets. The Polish workers, the worst-paid in Europe, are not anti-Semitic. Even the Polish intelligentsia and academic youth have no real grievance which could provoke such barbarism. For the number of Jewish students in the universities and the number of Jewish professional men are strictly regulated in Poland by a percentage quota which never exceeds and often is much smaller than the percentage of Jews in the country. The population of Warsaw is more than 30 per cent Jewish, but there are only 2,300 Jewish students in all the universities and colleges to more than 15,000 Poles. In the provincial schools the percentage of Jews is much smaller. Even the conservative press admits that the number of Jewish students in the universities is not an adequate reason for the introduction of the ghetto. In the city of Lublin the college had only three Jewish students, and yet these three were placed in a ghetto. What is behind the desire to inflict such cruel, senseless humiliation? What is the purpose of all this lawlessness and brutality?

One comes to the conclusion that the answer to this question cannot be found within the narrow confines of the Jewish problem, but must be sought in other fields. Since the World War anti-Semitism in Poland, as in other countries, is but a thermometer registering the temperature of society as a whole and not only of the particular groups in relationship with the Jews. The Jew-hatred of the Polish Nationalists, genuine and strong as it is, is nevertheless but a mask under which are hidden other feelings, ambitions, plans, and movements, flowing from other than anti-Jewish sources and going far afield. The forces of extreme nationalism and reaction, always strong in Poland, have grown in power since the death of Marshal Pilsudski. They control the army. The government does their will, though it is not entirely and officially their tool, and though they have not yet succeeded in suppressing every other social force in the country. To do this, and to establish a totalitarian dictatorship without even a pretense of democracy, is the goal toward which they are forging full speed.

For the attainment of this ambition anti-Semitism has been and is their greatest weapon. Poland inherited from czarist Russia its complicated and painful Jewish problem; it has taken over from Nazi Germany an anti-Semitism which is almost morbid in its manifestations among the middle classes. The Nationalists exploit this strong anti-Jewish feeling to attain their larger ambitions. Their campaign of terror, directed ostensibly against the Jews, in reality accomplishes other purposes: it seriously embarrasses the government; it undermines the morale of the people; it creates a mood of anarchy in the country and a feeling that only the strong hand of the Nationalists can bring peace and order. This is a common device of fascism. It was used successfully by the Nazis in Germany, and the Polish Nationalists are brazenly imitating them.

It may sound strange abroad, but in Poland it is a generally accepted truth that the present anti-Jewish drive, with all its terror, barbarism, and revival of medievalism, is directed more against Polish democracy than against the Jews. Polish democrats, liberals, and Socialists are well aware of this. They understand the tactics and the aims of the Nationalists. They know that the introduction of the ghetto is a danger not only to the Jews but to themselves and to their country. That knowledge is behind their present opposition to the Nationalists' campaign. The fate of Poland, as well as of the Polish Jews, depends on their revolt. If it fails, Poland will be heading toward a greater catastrophe than a second partition.

Hollywood Is a Union Town

BY MORTON THOMPSON

Culver City, California, March 14

HOLLYWOOD is a union town. Its actors are union men. Its pickets are union pickets. Its scabs are mobbed with union thoroughness and dispatch. Its stars are as labor conscious as its carpenters. And the stronghold of unionism in Hollywood is the Screen Actors' Guild.

Five years ago a gag about a Hollywood actor being a union man would have been good for a ripple of horror in Hollywood's drawing-rooms and for a derisive laugh along the embattled labor fronts of Eastern and Midwestern America. Stars were artists. Featured players were artists. The least conspicuous extra was an artist. The hem of Hollywood's epicene skirt was lifted gingerly and superciliously as Hollywood walked over the mud puddles of its labor problems.

But Hollywood is a town where the least likely things happen. The incredible has now become commonplace. The Screen Actors' Guild rules the roost. It is probably on its way to becoming the richest and most powerful labor union in America. The stars have stepped down into the ranks to fight for the extras, the bit players, the masses. Their victories have been crushing and complete. What the S. A. G. dictates, the producers do. The result has been a startling betterment of working conditions, somewhat increased pay, and the discovery that the iron heel of the studios is still a heel, but that it is not iron and that it is not, in fact, any more impressive than any other heel.

The Screen Actors' Guild really started in 1929. It started with a strike. Most Hollywood actors belonged to Equity. Equity called a strike. It wanted better working conditions than the producers were willing to grant. Equity wasn't daring enough. It told its Hollywood members who had contracts to refuse to sign new contracts. It told members with pending contracts to refuse to sign. It told members without contracts not to go to work. The brunt of the blow fell, of course, on the little fellow, the chap without a contract. The strike collapsed in twelve weeks without having accomplished much more than keeping a few hundred actors out of work.

In March of 1930 the producers, a little worried by the abortive Equity affair, decided to organize the actors in their own way. The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences was thrust forward as an arbitration board. Actors got a few assurances that conditions would be bettered and a method of lodging complaints, in return for a signed agreement not to strike for five years. Most of the actors signed.

In 1932 the Eastern banks began to send out efficiency experts to stop money wastage at the studios in which they had investments. They couldn't do much about actors with contracts, but they slashed terms for pending contracts, and by one ingenious dodge after another proceeded to snip almost in half the salaries of many a free-lance player. There were other grievances. California state labor laws stipulate that women may not work longer than sixteen hours a day. But it was pretty general knowledge that the major studios were able to control the state labor bureau. Chorus girls were worked twenty-four hours straight. Extras were kept shivering in the rain for endless hours. Stunt men risked their necks; and when they broke them the studios wouldn't pay the repair bills. Actors had no place to go to complain. True, they had the Academy established by the producers. But they were afraid to go there. They were afraid they might become known as trouble-makers and be put on the studios' famous black list. As a matter of fact, almost all who did appeal to the Academy received unfailing courtesy and fair treatment. Nine out of ten of the cases brought before the Academy were decided in favor of the actors. But not many brought cases.

While Hollywood's famous parties raged, little coteries of sober-minded actors conferred furtively. Their deliberations were dangerous. Any hint of them, reaching the ear of a producer, unquestionably would have meant the black list—bad pictures, bad roles, joblessness. The studios had a bland one-for-all and all-for-one policy by which unruly actors were disciplined by universally shut doors. But out of these deliberations was born the S. A. G. The original members deserve mention. They included Alan Mowbray, Ralph Morgan, Kenneth Thomson, Alden Gay, Morgan Wallace, Leon Ames, James and Lucille Gleason, Bradley Page, Claude King, Ivan Simpson, Boris Karloff, Richard Tucker, Reginald Mason, Arthur Vinton, Clay Clement, Charles Starrett, C. Aubrey Smith, Willard Robertson, Tyler Brooke, and Noel Madison. At first they fared rather badly. Many persons asked to join were shocked at the thought of joining a labor movement. Then 1933 came along. That was the year in which the studios, pleading poverty, cut the salaries of every actor in Hollywood squarely in half on the plea that the cut would avert tremendous lay-offs. When the cut was accomplished, the studios proceeded to effect drastic lay-offs anyway. And virtually every studio in Hollywood declared bonuses that same year. This was a little too much even for blithe actors. In June the S. A. G. was quietly incorporated. In July it invited every actor in Hollywood to a big mass-meeting. Only a few turned out. It got sixty members. The big shots wouldn't come in. Most of the stars were still members of the Academy. Then the NRA motion-picture code was adopted, and the Academy promptly assumed the right to represent the actors.

The producers now made a code of their own, which consisted mainly of an agreement not to bid competitively for talent. A $10,000 fine was established as a penalty for competitive bidding. It was this competitive-bidding agreement that smoked out the big names. A meeting was called at Frank Morgan's house. The Marx brothers and Charlie Butterworth spent the entire day calling every actor and actress in Hollywood. The newly founded S. A. G., shaky and pitifully small, was invited along with the rest. One of the big shots made a small speech. The gist of it was that the group gathered at Morgan's should hire someone like Arthur Garfield Hays to go to Washington as their representative. There was a considering silence. Eddie Cantor stood up. "I've apparently come here," he said, "under a misconception. If this organization isn't one that's going to help every man, woman, and child in the industry, I'll say good night!" He didn't have to say good night. Some of them sheepishly, some of them angrily, every star and featured player in the room fell in with Cantor's demand.

The S. A. G. unit was asked to stand up and give its views on the situation. Its proposals, explained by Ralph Morgan, its first president, were so sound and its organization so ready for use that the meeting resolved to join the group, reorganize it, elect new officers, and proceed under the S. A. G. banner. Unionism had invaded Hollywood. The battle had begun. When it became known that the stars were joining the group, the membership jumped in three weeks from 81 to 4,000.

Almost immediately the new union sent its famous two-thousand-word telegram to President Roosevelt, who countered by inviting Eddie Cantor to Warm Springs. As a result, the actors won every point on which they had attacked the producers' code and the suggestions made by the producer-managed Academy for an actors' code.

Next the problem of extras was tackled—the most serious problem before the union today. In 1934 the Senior Guild voted the creation of a Junior Guild, to be composed of extras and bit players, and to give it its own council and governing board. The demands of the Junior Guild are made known to the Senior Guild, which then decides whether to give them its support. Overwhelmingly the Seniors have sustained all demands of the Juniors.

The abuses heaped on bit players, extras, and stunt men had always been great. They were the victims of a stupid and lazy system which originated at Central Casting, a bureau where the name and qualifications of every extra in Hollywood are filed. Rank favoritism still flourishes at Central Casting—the same extras can be seen in picture after picture—but the extras are no longer helpless. They have bargaining power now. In the old days, when a studio called Central Casting and asked for 400 roller skaters, the lazy wretch who took the call refused to go to the trouble of digging 400 roller skaters out of the files. Instead, he drove down to a roller-skating rink, lined up 400 skaters at random, and sent them off to the studio. They were paid a top of $10 a day for their work. And they kept 400 legitimate extras out of work. That wasn't the worst of it, though. Those 400, a studio pay check hot in their hands, began to ask one another: "How long has *this* been going on? Let's be regular extras! Let's get in on some of this gravy!" And they became extras, thousands of them.

Now the studios rarely spend more than two and a half million dollars a year for extras. And the S. A. G. suddenly discovered that there were 23,000 extras in Hollywood. If the work had been spread out evenly, an extra could have earned only $109 a year! Perhaps 5,000 extras could make a living wage—if there were only 5,000 extras. Today by imposing dues the S. A. G. has cut down the Junior Guild population to 6,600, and of that number 500 are dancers and 800 are bit players. If an extra doesn't belong to the S. A. G. he can't get

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work in Hollywood. And he doesn't belong if he can't pay his dues, which are $18 a year in addition to an initiation fee of $25. Two weeks ago the membership books were closed. The Junior Guild asked that dues be high; it asked that its membership list be closed.

In 1934 the S. A. G. affiliated with the A. F. of L. through Equity and the A. A. A. A. From 1935 to 1937 it cemented its relations with labor, mended its fences. In 1937 the producers still wouldn't negotiate with the S. A. G. The Wagner Act was validated. The producers negotiated.

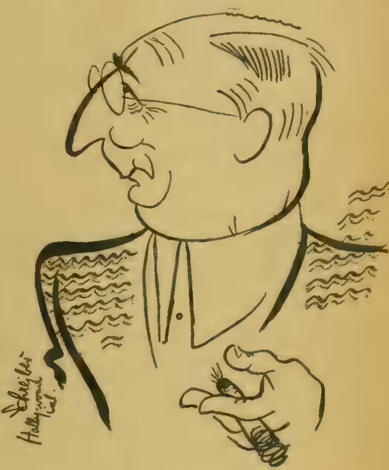
The Painters' Union called a strike. Actors passed through the painters' picket lines and were called scabs. The S. A. G. called a mass-meeting. It was evident that the producers were stalling in negotiations which demanded a guild shop and that the time was ripe for a showdown. The officers informed the meeting that they would bring back a contract signed by the producers in a week or call a strike. Afterward they realized that it was necessary to obtain a 75 per cent vote of the membership before any strike of the Senior Guild could be called. At a meeting held at his house Robert Montgomery opened without preamble: "Ladies and gentlemen, you are here to sign a strike ballot. If you sign, you may be called out on strike. You will strike—if you do strike—on behalf of the extras. We are not asking for any privileges for the Senior Guild." By the end of the week 600 Seniors had voted for the strike and 18 against. The union began to make plans to open coffee houses and restaurants to feed those who would be hard hit. Everyone figured the strike was four days off. The tension was grave.

On Sunday morning Franchot Tone, Kenneth Thomson, Aubrey Blair, and Robert Montgomery went to Louis B. Mayer's house. Joe Schenck was there. The four told Mayer and Schenck flatly that they had to have something in writing to take to the members at a mass-meeting that night or else the strike was on. They interrupted a bridge game. Mayer was a little petulant. Schenck said it was impossible to get all the studio executives together on such short notice. Then he called Harry Cohn, who was playing the races at Agua Caliente. Cohn told him what was good enough for Schenck was good enough for him and got away from the phone in time for the fifth race. Mayer next refused to call in a stenographer. "It's Sunday!" he objected. "I've got 200 guests here!" So Kenneth Thomson wrote the historic surrender in long hand. The terms were guild shop; and Mayer and Schenck signed.

The four went back to Fredric March's house, where the S. A. G. board was waiting. Now that the agreement was signed, they were a little worried about some of the terms. The mass-meeting that night ended their worries. The crowd tore the roof off. In another week the hand-written surrender was reduced to formal legal phraseology and formally signed, sealed, and delivered. Hollywood is a closed-shop town, now. When the Brown Derby's union waiters walked out on strike, actors refused to go through the picket lines.

There is many a Communist in the union, for the S. A. G. doesn't care what a man's politics are so long as he doesn't bring them into the guild. A minority thinks that the Senior Guild "sold out" the extras and disagrees violently with almost everything either the Junior or the Senior Guild proposes. It is a very vocal minority and even a rather welcome one. Its latest proposal, that the Junior Guild be given equal voting powers with the Senior Guild, was voted down by the Juniors, 4,500 to 50.

The guild has obtained almost everything it has asked for. Ninety-nine per cent of all Hollywood actors belong. The battle is now definitely over, though a few minor objectives are still being discussed. Producers are walking the straightest of straight lines. The victories have been victories for the rank and file. For themselves the stars have asked and won next to nothing.



Louis B. Mayer

The important thing is that the highest stars, like the lowest extras, are vigilantly labor conscious. They are anxious to identify themselves with any and all labor movements in behalf of the under-dog. They are lending their names and their talents and their time, with unabating enthusiasm. It would be unfair to single out any individual actor as the greatest contributor. For his personal courage and incisive strategy Robert Montgomery, present president of the S. A. G., has won the respect of the producers and unstinted praise from the union and the public—a public, incidentally, which not so long ago thought of him as a movie playboy. Joan Crawford, second vice-president, has been of invaluable aid in enlisting the support of actresses. Alan Mowbray, when the organization was being planned in secret, financed the embryo S. A. G. with his personal check of $2,500. Kenneth Thomson, executive secretary, has given nearly five years of hard work and health-straining devotion. Ralph Morgan, a member of the board for five years, Chester Morris, third vice-president, Franchot Tone, James Cagney, first vice-president, Boris Karloff, assistant secretary, Noel Madison, treasurer, Murray Kinnell, assistant treasurer, and directors Edward Arnold, Humphrey Bogart, Dudley Digges, Lucille Gleason, Porter Hall, Paul Harvey, Jean Hersholt, Russell Hicks, Frank Morgan, Claude King, Fredric March, Jean Muir, Erin O'Brien-Moore, Irving Pichel, Edward G. Robinson, Edwin Stanley, Gloria Stuart, Warren William, Adolphe Menjou, Robert Young, Dick Powell, Gene Lockhart, and George Murphy are only a partial list of those who might be nominated for a labor Hall of Fame in Hollywood.

Why Schuschnigg Resisted

WHEN Schuschnigg, Austria's last Chancellor, announced, only a few days after his visit to Hitler at Berchtesgaden, that Austria would hold a plebiscite, when he appeared suddenly to oppose *Anschluss* and the surrender of Austria's independence to the Reich, the whole world asked what foreign power was backing little Austria's last government and would fight for Austria's independence. Today it is clear that Schuschnigg had no such foreign support. Why, then, did he resist Hitler up to the very hour of the German army's invasion?

Those in Austria who are best able to answer this question are prisoners of the Nazis. But the tale is told in certain documents and reports, copies of which were smuggled out of Austria during the last days of the Schuschnigg regime. One of these, now in *The Nation's* possession, reveals the kind of pressure and the influences which compelled the Austrian government to make a last stand against the Nazis. It was no foreign government which promised Schuschnigg support against Hitler after Berchtesgaden but Austria's own industrialists, manufacturers, and landowners. Shocked by the prospect of becoming a part of the Nazi war machine, they made a desperate last-minute effort to save their economic existence.

We are publishing below the major part of a memorandum submitted to Schuschnigg shortly after his return to Berchtesgaden by a group which included the most influential members of the Austrian Association of Industry and Trade (Oesterreichisches Gewerbebund). So impressed was Schuschnigg that he made two of the signers members of his government. These were Julius Raab, president of the association, and Ludwig Stepski-Dolive, president of the Salzburg Chamber of Commerce. The document follows:

While the best possible relations should be established with the Reich, we must defend the independence of Austria. The loss of our independence under present conditions in Germany would be disastrous for us. It would mean the extinction of large sections of Austrian industry, commerce, and the tourist trade. We have been able to reduce the restrictions dealing with foreign currency on account of the increase of exports and of income from abroad, especially from tourists. Our industries are largely dependent on exports. The German currency restrictions would endanger our exports. At the same time we could not expect to be privileged in the matter of distribution of raw materials, which are scarce in Germany. Most of our industries do not belong to those armament industries which are privileged.

The only branches of production which would be greatly benefited are the iron mines and forestry. But the increased production of iron ore and timber would not improve the economic situation of other branches. It is true that exports of timber and ores have fallen because the Reich has not sufficient foreign currency. This obstacle would be overcome by an *Anschluss*. But we cannot expect that the Reich government in Berlin will be able and willing to grant us more foreign currency or raw materials or subsidies as compensation for our increased delivery of ores and timber.

We should not forget that many Austrian industrial plants depend on supplies of iron and steel at prices which make competition on the world market possible to the manufacturers. Our country is in possession of iron mines with relatively low cost of production. Iron and steel mills are near those mines, and many industrial plants were established on account of the cheap supply of iron and steel. We were opposed to attempts of the Stahlverein to close iron and steel mills which the Stahlverein controls in our country. We were and still are opposed to being subjected to the control of the German cartels and syndicates in the matter of iron and steel prices. Our machine industries will not be able to compete with German industries if we have to buy iron and steel from the Ruhr mills. The present scarcity of iron and steel has resulted in prosperity for iron and steel works in Austria. But we do not know how long the armaments boom will last and whether under present conditions we shall be supplied with sufficient iron and steel if we are subjected to the decisions of the Reich. Anyway we shall experience an immediate rise of iron and steel prices in the event of an *Anschluss*. We shall have to pay the German internal price, which always is considerably higher than the world market price or the price we have been paying.

Through great sacrifices our country was able to maintain the stability of the schilling and to avoid any inflationary policy. This is best demonstrated by the fact that many German firms and individuals have tried to transfer their capital funds from the Reich to Austria. The international value of the schilling has increased, while the international value of the mark has declined. It has become easier to procure foreign currency in Austria. Restrictions dealing with foreign currency were reduced in Austria, while the Reichsbank had to introduce even severer restrictions.

This is a factor of major importance to us. More than any other country, we are dependent on a free exchange of currencies in order to develop our business with our neighboring countries, especially in Southeastern Europe. The future of the mark is very doubtful. All impartial observers in Germany agree that the Reich has experienced an inflationary increase of state credits during the last five years and that the consequences of that policy will be very serious. It is inevitable that the Reichsbank will have to obtain a still stricter control of foreign currency and to continue the strangulation of imports. We on the other hand have avoided an inflationary increase of credits or of money issues. At the same time the commercial *Debitoren* of our banks have not decreased. In spite of the fact that we have avoided inflation or devaluation, we have been able to increase production, to replace the diminished exports to Germany by increased exports to other countries. . . .

A comparison of the development of the foreign trade of Austria and of the Reich shows that economic conditions are much sounder in our country than in the Reich. From 1933 until 1936 German exports fell 2.1 per cent in spite

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of the rise of world market prices. During the same period Austrian exports increased 20.3 per cent. From 1933 until 1936 the Reich's share in world exports declined 8.3 per cent; Austria's share, however, increased more than 10 per cent. We sincerely hope that we can obtain further concessions for our industrial exports from our neighbor states, especially from Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, but also from Poland and Rumania. We are convinced that current negotiations will result in an improvement of our export position. This would be impossible in case of an *Anschluss*. . . .

Our agriculture will also suffer heavily by a fusion with the present economy of the Reich. Our agrarian producers are largely dependent on imports of fodder in order to produce more agricultural "finished products." About half of our wheat and almost a quarter of our fodder has to be imported from abroad. We know very well what happened to the agricultural producers of southern Germany, who are also largely dependent on buying fodder. Prices for fodder as well as prices for agricultural machines, etc., have risen while the prices for agricultural finished products have been "stabilized" by state decrees. In Germany cheap foreign fodder has been replaced by expensive "home-made" fodder, which greatly improved the position of the agrarian population of eastern Prussia and Pomerania at the expense of southern Germany.

As a part of the Reich we should be compelled to buy industrial goods in Germany. At present we are able to take advantage of international competition. It is well known that in Germany prices for most industrial articles have risen considerably, while the quality has declined. German exporters have to sell their goods at cheaper prices than are obtained in Germany. . . . Loss of independence would mean that we would have to pay 30 to 50 per cent more than before for a German manufactured article of inferior quality, while the Réich would not allow us to raise the prices of products which it would import from our country in greater quantities. This would prove fatal for our foreign trade. Our recent experiences in foreign trade with the Reich should be a warning to us.

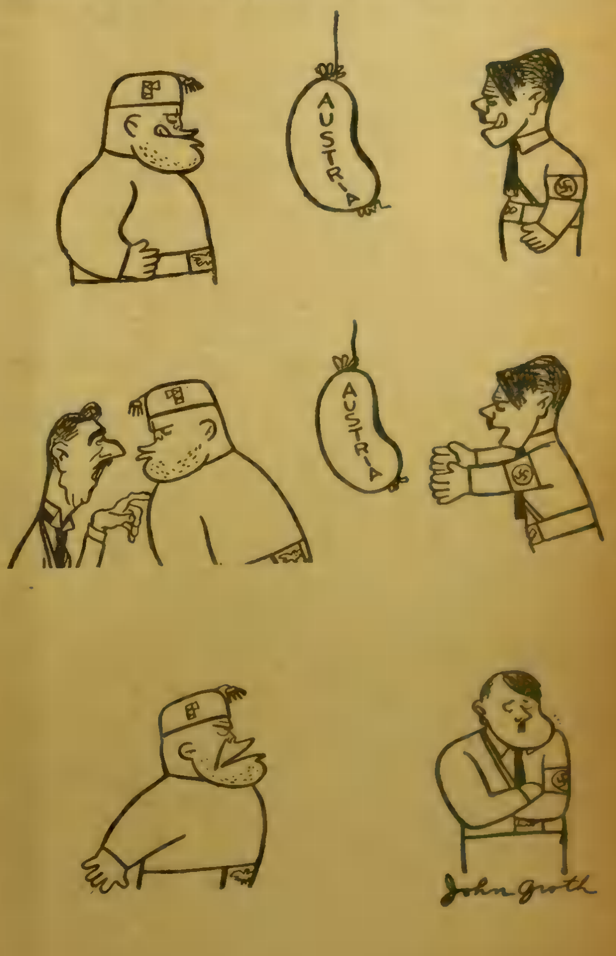
The Reich wants us to sell to Germany, paying us only in marks which we cannot utilize outside Germany. We prefer to sell less and to obtain payment in money the value of which we know. . . . The Reich at present owes us a balance of over 60 million schillings according to the "clearing" system, and we do not know how and when it will pay its debts. We therefore have to reduce our exports to Germany.

Our industry is dependent on an unrestricted supply of foreign raw materials like cotton, wool, copper, etc. These raw materials are very scarce in Germany. According to the Institut für Konjunkturforschung in Berlin the demand for raw materials for German industries in 1937 was 18 per cent greater than in 1928; import of raw materials and semi-manufactured goods (*Halbfertigwaren*), however, was 13 per cent less than in 1929. From 1934 until 1937 the Reich's demand for raw materials rose more than 42 per cent. Imports of raw materials and semi-manufactured goods, however, declined more than 11 per cent during the same period. *Anschluss* would mean an immediate rise of prices for raw materials and greatly inadequate supplies. We should have to utilize expensive *Ersatz* and destroy the basis for our foreign trade. . . .

The Reich cannot continue the financing of armaments without risking a collapse of its internal currency. Under such conditions the future of German industries which cannot obtain state privileges and which are not regarded as especially important in case of war will experience a greater economic strain and eventual decay. When, on the other hand, a new international stabilization of currencies is arranged, we shall be in a better position than the Reich. The Reich will then have to strangle credits and will experience great economic difficulties. We, however, are not compelled to strangle credits, because we did not have an inflationary expansion of credits. We have a much larger gold reserve than the Reich. The prospects for a further increase of exports are good. Only an independent Austria will make possible the survival of our industries and trade if a new international economic crisis occurs.

We do not want to become dependent on the bureaucratic headquarters of numerous state organizations in Berlin (controlling distribution of raw materials, of foreign currency, of state orders, prices, etc.). We do not want to be compelled to send our managers and representatives to Berlin to ask for raw materials and foreign currency which we need. We shall not be able to exert as strong pressure on the Prussian state bureaucracy as can the large trusts of western and central Germany. Under present conditions the Reich has not sufficient legal means to protect our industrial interests.

Most of our industries and handicrafts are doomed to ruin if we lose our independence and become *gleichgeschaltet* [coordinated]. There is not the slightest prospect of improvement of the economic situation of Germany in the near future. On the contrary, greater economic difficulties will compel the Reich government and the Reichsbank to finance the new armament works and those industries which are essential from the standpoint of the army, to the detriment



of all other branches of production. If we do not defend our independence, the Reichsbank will take our gold reserves. The Reich will take our timber and ores. We shall lose the right to bargain with Poland and Czechoslovakia and other countries for commercial treaties which improve our exporting position because we shall no longer have the right to offer them concessions. We shall have to buy only the coal of the Ruhr and lose our customers for our manufactured goods. . . .

The statistical surveys [these accompanied the memorandum] show how fatal a surrender to the Reich would be to our industrial life. We therefore urge the government to continue uncompromisingly the defense of Austria's independence.

Resolutions and letters along similar lines were sent by several other industrialist and handicraft organizations. They furnish the key to Schuschnigg's surprisingly stubborn resistance—and to the necessity of Hitler's using military power to effect the *Anschluss.*

Columnists on Parade

V. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

SINCLAIR LEWIS is reported to have said that he hoped Dorothy Thompson might be elected President so that he could write "My Day." Eleanor Roosevelt doesn't write that kind of diary, but she and her newspaper column could exist only in the land of Main Street. Queen Mary, her nearest counterpart, may chuck babies under the chin and hit battleships over the bow; she does *not* write a column every day relating what goes on in the British White House as if it were the most average household in the empire—and file it at the nearest telegraph office.

Eleanor Roosevelt is the First Lady of Main Street, which runs through New York and Seattle, from Amarillo, Texas, to the very door of the White House. She travels—and how she travels*—the U. S. 1 of middle-class psychology, and she combines in her person all those qualities that please and flatter it most. She writes as she travels, whether it be on a train or in a car in a Presidential procession. She occupies the highest social position in the land. Yet she makes friends on plane or train even as you and I. "Only one passenger came through all the way to Seattle. . . . She is Mrs. Hodges of Council Bluffs. . . . I soon felt she was almost an old friend." And don't think Mrs. Hodges and Council Bluffs are not pleased to be mentioned. Likewise "my country friend Mrs. Hamm, who has a marvelous roadside stand on the Albany post road." She entertains simple unknown people at the White House—between state functions at which foreign diplomats and domestic celebrities pass in review. She does everything that ordinary Americans do—drives her own car, rides horseback, uses a typewriter, knits out of a bag, and hovers over grandchildren who catch colds—and talks about it all as simply and confidentially as Mrs. Jones of South Lincoln Street. "I imagine I might have been quite a good housewife," she wrote on January 24, "and done my work day by day and enjoyed it very much. I might have been a fairly adequate farmer's wife, . . ."

She has speed and energy, independence and adaptability, all dear to the hearts of Americans. One of her innumerable correspondents wrote her that he had named a clock after her because it was always on the go. She thinks nothing of suddenly picking up and leaving her White House duties—the dishes can wait—and crossing the continent by plane and train to spend Christmas with a sick daughter. She comes back saying, "I think I know how Ulysses must have felt when he came back from his journeys." But she marvels less at Ulysses than Ulysses would have marveled at her.

The rich, the famous, or the brilliant who acts and talks like the average person has a sure-fire appeal, and Eleanor Roosevelt has a talent for platitudes, as well as a talent for wholehearted participation in the activities of Main Street. They have contributed not a little to the fortunes of her husband. She has assumed a good part of the baby-kissing function that devolves on any American President, and her perennial accounts of PWA and WPA projects in sixty-two papers (circulation 4,034,552) are not to be overlooked. Jim Farley may call more people in more towns by their first names than anyone else on earth, but Eleanor Roosevelt's ubiquitous and simple appearances at American neighborhood gatherings which she afterwards "writes up" in her column have their own effectiveness, and they lack the touch of sordidness that makes all politicians suspect. When Pippa passes who can criticize?

Some people are annoyed by the platitudes that Pippa passes, but even Westbrook Pegler, who doesn't like the Roosevelt tribe, came out for Eleanor in a recent column which indicated that her only rival for his unreserved admiration is Snow White. I suppose "My Day" might possibly be described as an opiate of the people, and it certainly has a touch of Dale Carnegie.

The Lady is undoubtedly an excellent politician in her own right. But all the darts glance off her unassuming armor, and the inveterate social worker interested in the under-dog shows so clearly through the guises of President's wife and newspaper columnist that the most suspicious is disarmed. Eleanor Roosevelt was a society girl

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*She covered 60,000 miles in two years.

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before she became interested in public affairs, and her interest has that cast. She grew up in New York City's age of innocence, and there remains a touch of naivete which sometimes makes frankness look like boldness. In her book, "This Is My Story," she shows the self-confidence of the socially secure by talking more freely than another might of skeletons in the family closet—although as the confessed "ugly duckling" in a handsome family she had great personal difficulties to overcome. She learned to be a politician's wife only through experience. Her interest in social problems was a matter of voluntary education. But her social conscience is genuine, as a long and vigorous participation in reform has shown. And now, while she conducts her readers through the intimacies of White House life, she gives them little pointed lectures on social problems.

> I came across an article . . . which I wanted to applaud in various places. [The author] points out in a general way that we parents are responsible when our children grow up with racial or religious prejudices.

She has as many causes as a *Nation* editor. Rural arts, housing, country life, WPA libraries, public health, community centers for Negroes, flood control, the eight-hour day for nurses, safety campaigns, white and black cooperation, education. But they are all sugar-coated with accounts of the dinner for the Supreme Court justices and Cabinet receptions which delight the hearts of people who would scorn her social views if they were presented by a solemn social viewer. Still it is a wonder we have not heard more cries of "propaganda" from the guardians of American liberties and more debates about the propriety of the President's wife making money out of Presidential prerogatives.*

One reason is that "My Day" is so ingeniously constructed. Mrs. Roosevelt's good-will is unquestioned, but no one could have that much good-will. Her simplicity is taken for granted, but no one could be quite as simple as the lady who writes "My Day" and not commit blunders. No person of strong opinions could be so permanently unruffled. Yet in the last two months she has shown no single evidence of annoyance except on March 2 when she indulged at length the common man's resentment toward dramatic critics.

> It was the opening night and all the critics were there [she wrote in her inimitable way]. In the *Times* and *Herald Tribune* yesterday morning the critics give credit to the actors for a good performance but . . . they seem to infer that because this play ["Save Me the Waltz"] does not teach a great lesson or pick any particular people to pieces it is worthless as a play. I am not a highbrow . . . I said in Washington this play was neither stirring nor uplifting, and I still think it gives one a pleasant, entertaining evening . . . it is rather rare that you can find out what kind of play you are going to see by reading any of the criticisms.

In the same column she rapped very gently the critics of her husband's recent literary projects.

As column, "My Day" is unique. It is not the expression of a writer to whom material of any kind is a means to an end. It is a window on the actual day-by-day life of a busy and disinterested human being, and there is no obstruction either of style or motive. Because she is the President's wife Mrs. Roosevelt's activities are invested with glamor; because they are the activities of any ordinary woman with a family, a husband, and many outside interests the glamor is shared by the nameless and the unimportant. To the prisoners of newspapers, where the wars are always raging, "My Day" is like a sunny square where children and aunts and grandmothers go about their trivial but absorbing pursuits and security reigns. In the sense of security it generates lies the deepest appeal of "My Day."

A fan in Clarksdale, Mississippi, writes, "My own day is given a bit of color when I see it reflected in the little intimate, homey experiences of the White House. . . ." A humbler one in Ramer, Tennessee, dared to criticize. "If she were a Mrs. Hitler, Musulina, or Stalin, I'd not say a word of criticism. But she's one of us. I think she could make some improvement. She might advise us on housekeeping. How to make the most soap with the least amount of cracklines—how to cure sore-head on our chix and not kill the chix."

In the beginning "My Day" was successful only because it was the diary of a President's wife. But Eleanor Roosevelt's day will not end with 1940. I predict a third term without opposition.

[*Miss Marshall's article on Walter Lippmann will appear in the issue of April 16.*]

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*Mrs. Roosevelt makes as much as or more than the President's salary. It all goes to charitable purposes, and she pays expenses incurred and the income tax on it out of her own funds.

"Here Comes the Milkman"

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

> Milk distributors' profits range from 13 to 27 per cent of their costs, with the prices "dictated" by a small group, Governor Lehman and the state legislature were told yesterday in a report by Attorney General John J. Bennett, Jr., of his investigation of the milk industry in this state.—*New York Times.*

"What are you doing, my pretty man?"
"I'm putting some milk in a giant can."

"What will you do with it then, old fel?"
"I'll take it to market and try to sell."

"Who are your folks? Where do they reside?"
"We're upstate dairymen," he replied.

"And who will purchase your lovely milk?"
"Borden and Sheffield and that there ilk."

"What will they do with the milk so nice?"
"They'll sell it o'mornings at a dandy price."

"What will they charge for the milk so wet?"
"Every penny that they can get."

"Why do they charge so much, d'you think?"
"It's something that children must have to drink."

"But isn't the milk business in the red?"
"Not milking the public, sir," he said.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Retrospect

"WHAT I am opposed to is not the feeling of the pacifists, but their stupidity. My heart is with them, but my mind has a contempt for them. I want peace but I know how to get it, and they do not." Thus spoke Woodrow Wilson to the American Federation of Labor, at Buffalo, on November 12, 1917, six months after the United States had entered the World War. Twenty and one-half years have elapsed since he uttered those words. Let us now examine the record and see how time has dealt with Mr. Wilson's proud boast that he knew both how to accomplish peace and achieve his pacific aims, when the pacifists maintained that war cures nothing, ends no evils but only creates more, and reforms nobody.

The objects of the American entry into the World War were:

1. The destruction of German militarism and autocracy.
2. "The removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace . . ." (Peace Point 3).
3. "Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas . . . alike in peace and in war" (Peace Point 2).
4. National armaments "will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety" (Peace Point 4).
5. "The peoples of Austria-Hungary, whose place among the nations we wish to see safeguarded and assured, should be accorded the freest opportunity for autonomous development" (Peace Point 10).
6. "A general association of nations must be formed . . . for the purpose of affording mutual guaranties of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small states alike" (Peace Point 4).
7. "For the rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and obedience" (Wilson's war message of April 2, 1917).

This was Mr. Wilson's and the war party's program. Now let us look at the world and see precisely how correct Mr. Wilson was in stating that he knew how to achieve his war aims.

1. No permanent destruction of German militarism was obtained, but there is instead today a more dangerous and aggressive German militarism than ever before, menacing the peace of the world as the Kaiser never did.
2. Economic barriers were not only not removed but were raised to undreamed of heights, plus embargos, quotas, exchange restrictions, and outright prohibition of imports in certain cases. Absolute inequality of trade conditions exists among the nations consenting to the peace.
3. No change whatever was effected with respect to the freedom of the seas; navies everywhere, including our own, are determined in the next war to use unrestricted submarine warfare and to sink ships without warning, precisely as the Germans did.
4. National armaments have been increased to heights never before considered possible. Millions more men are under arms than in 1914. The world's armament bill has risen from five billions in 1931 to twelve to thirteen billions in 1938. The United States is building the largest fleet on the globe.
5. The peoples of Austria-Hungary, "whose place among the nations" Mr. Wilson wished safeguarded and assured, have been split up and Austria has been reduced to a German province by brutal and overpowering force.
6. The "general association of nations" which Mr. Wilson helped to form, known as the League, is hopelessly dead as a political entity. During the rape of Austria it was never even mentioned as a possible means of assuring "political independence and territorial integrity" to that small state. It has lost Germany, Italy, Japan, Austria, will probably lose Spain, and has received the resignation of several South American states. It has been deliberately flouted by the British Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain, who refused to consider its services in the existing crisis.
7. The present status of the "rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and obedience" is easily demonstrable. We have only to look at Spain, China, Ethiopia, and Austria. All of them are victims of the "force, force without stint" which Mr. Wilson knew in 1917 was the right method with which to achieve peace and to lick the enemy into a law-abiding, peaceful, cooperative member of the family of nations. Many pacifists whom I know have today not merely contempt for Woodrow Wilson; they also have a profound conviction of his absolute stupidity in 1917 and of his utter ignorance of the forces with which he was dealing, which made a catspaw of him.

The pity of it all is that many persons in Washington, in and out of the government, really believe that we shall have to repeat the stupidity of Woodrow Wilson in the near future. They want us to go to war with Japan to save our face in the Orient. They believe that we shall have to take on Mussolini and Hitler because, as they frankly say, England and France cannot possibly conquer the dictators without our aid. Which is just another proof of the wisdom and farsightedness of Woodrow Wilson and the sound basis of his contempt for the pacifists.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Japanese Crusade

CHILDREN OF THE RISING SUN. By Willard Price. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

THERE is the spice of first-hand experience in this account of Japan and its drive for empire. The style is easy and entertaining. Factual details are skilfully woven into a fascinating story. There is an apparent balance, neutrality, lack of bias. Unsparing condemnation of the methods and results of Japan's empire-building occurs on many pages. Yet everyone who supports China's efforts to defend itself against a ruthless invasion has a right to be troubled by "Children of the Rising Sun." No such powerful and persuasive plea for Japanese imperialism has ever been presented before to the American public.

The seeming artlessness of the writer strengthens the points which he drives home. Overpopulation and lack of space are not so much argued as exemplified in the life of a Japanese farmer. The artistic qualities of architecture, gardening, and other aspects of Japanese culture are refracted through personal experience. Impressionism rather than scientific analysis predominates—and produces a correspondingly strong emotional effect on the mind of the reader. Much of the book consists of sketches published in various magazines during the past year or two. In such sketches the extreme care used in the selection of details enables many embarrassing facts to be passed over. At certain key points the facts themselves are not scrupulously handled. Admissions made by the author, of the type which Japanese lecturers in this country always fail to make, add verisimilitude to the picture. The reader gains the impression of an immensely powerful and unified Japan, spurred by terrific privations to embark on a legitimate crusade which no force can halt.

A thorough effort to correct the details of the picture thus presented would require many pages; only a few outstanding points can be considered in this review. Take the amazingly effective first chapter, which describes a Japanese farmer at home. Emphasis is solely on the limited space of two acres at the disposal of this farmer. No mention is made of rent, usury, or taxes, or of the tribute levied by the monopoly concerns in the case of such products as fertilizers. The whole nexus of this farmer's societal relationships is omitted; he lives in an economic vacuum. He is pictured raising his samurai sword to the household shrine, as he communes with his ancestors concerning the son killed on China's battlefields. Emotionally effective, but do war and conquest add to the two acres? Aggression has so far merely intensified the exploitation of the Japanese farmer by his own rulers. Is it new conquests or a new deal that he really needs?

The same criticism may be directed at the references to economic problems throughout the chapters dealing with Japan. Natural calamities—earthquakes, floods, tidal waves—also occur in other countries. These are purely external villains. So also is the "giant Status Quo." How much territory does Japan need before it is satisfied? With Manchuria, which it had before the present war started, Japan already possessed a colonial area twice the size of France. When a nation's energy is turned mainly to the production of armaments, the demand for raw materials is unlimited. The essential fact is that the grip of monopolists and landlords, which chokes purchasing power and prevents the growth of an adequate home market, forces Japan's ruling classes to appeal to the sword for external expansion. Exactly the same causes motivated the aggressive expansion of czarist Russia, which had plenty of territory, and eventually led to its doom.

Much might also be said of the chapters on Manchoukuo. The author accepts the Japanese term "bandits" for the armed opposition which continues to exist in Manchuria. Never once does he refer to this opposition by any other term. Now the outstanding feature of the Manchurian countryside is its several thousand "protected villages." Into these virtual concentration camps millions of the Chinese farmers have been herded. All farmhouses outside have been razed to the ground. Inside the villages the inhabitants are registered; those who cannot produce their registry card on demand are shot without ceremony. Why have the Japanese found it necessary to adopt such elaborate precautionary measures? For one reason alone—to isolate the ordinary farmers of Manchuria from the so-called "bandits." This is the measure of the scope of resistance to Japanese rule in Manchoukuo. In his extensive travels through Manchuria Mr. Price must have seen many of these "protected villages." He does not mention them.

Mr. Price speaks of the "swiftly expanding education program of Manchoukuo." He offers no figures. Such data as exist tend to indicate a decline both in the number of schools and of pupils, and this is corroborated by the testimony of foreign residents. Mr. Price also declares that the "education budget is very small but growing rapidly." Again he gives no figures. In this case, it is only necessary to cite the Manchoukuo budget. The sum expended for education was 6,114,268 Manchoukuo yuan (one yuan = c. 28.5 cents) in 1934-35, or 3.24 per cent of the total budget, and 5,697,925 yuan, or 2.2 per cent of the total, in 1937. In other words, Manchoukuo's educational expenditure has declined both in absolute terms and relatively to the total budget.

Even more could be written of the author's chapters on China. Since August, 1937, in the face of drastic military reverses, China has maintained an extraordinary degree of political unity. No Chinese political or military leader of any consequence has enrolled under Japan's banner. There is a notable dearth of material for the puppet regimes Japan is attempting to set up in China. What does Mr. Price have to say of this phenomenon? He writes as follows:

> The journalistic tendency to leap to conclusions on the basis of current events led many admirers of China's progress in unity during 1936 to conclude that General Chiang had at last eliminated the war lords and unified the nation. China herself was tempted to the same conclusion; and felt able to try her strength with Japan, which she did in 1937. It was presently discovered that China's unanimity was not so complete as might have been desired. The pure flame of patriotism sputtered in the conflicting breezes of self-interest. The principles of the "New Life Movement" inculcated by General Chiang and his magnificent wife were not equal to bad habits thousands of years old. While some leaders were self-sacrificing, too many began to think of personal advantages for themselves and their families. China's sudden conversion to singleness of purpose had been too sudden to endure.
>
> China does not change so fast.

> Behind the altar of sacrifice upon which China is suffering are old war lords who still think first of themselves and their kin, secondarily, if at all, of their country.
>
> Theirs is government by whim. Their rule is that of Oriental pashas. A word, and a head comes off. A nod, and a dozen tarnished concubines are replaced by fresh ones. A wave of the opium pipe, and looting soldiers ravage a countryside.

Mr. Price has failed to note some of the changes which are occurring in China's political life. True, Wan Fu-lin, Han Fu-chu, and others of their kind have recently been executed. Unfortunately for Mr. Price's thesis, these are some of the reactionary old Chinese war lords. The progressives are doing the executing. In Japan these things are handled better. There the "patriots" assassinate liberal and progressive statesmen, such as Saito, Hamaguchi, and Takahashi.

Exaggeration and hyperbole characterize many of the author's references to Japanese characteristics or attainments. Such patriotism, such unity, such iron discipline and hardihood, such fighting ability, such *bushido* morality (now somewhat tarnished by what occurred at Nanking), and such a grandiose sweep toward empire as breathes through these pages seem a bit overdrawn. Japan's warships are newer and better than those of other powers; its airplanes are manufactured quite capably at home; great numbers of civilian Japanese pilots are being trained; new breeds of marvelous horses and sheep are rapidly populating eastern Inner Mongolia; in ten years China will grow all the cotton Japan needs. It is all too perfect; the world seems to be one big Japanese oyster. Equally engrossing is the panoramic empire of the future, from which China, the Philippines, Siam, the Netherlands Indies, Australia, and India are not excluded. There is only one factor that the author tends to minimize. This is the possibility of effective Chinese resistance.

T. A. BISSON

Poetry as Sound Track

THE RIVER. By Pare Lorentz. Stackpole Sons. $2.

LAND OF THE FREE. By Archibald MacLeish. Harcourt, Brace and Company $3.

"THE RIVER" is a moving picture reproduced as a book of "stills" with an accompanying narrative. The film, which was produced for the Farm Security Administration, portrays the drama of the spoliation of the Mississippi Valley and offers government planning as a means to restore a country and an economy. It is propaganda become art—one of the most beautiful and dramatic "shorts" ever produced in this country. The book suffers by comparison with the film; the lithographs are not very clear, and the movement of the drama (and of the river) is lost. We cannot see the ground eroded inch by inch, the soil blown off the fields, the floods, and the homeless people struggling with conditions they do not understand. Nevertheless, even as a book "The River" is interesting.

Archibald MacLeish's "Land of the Free" is a book of photographs taken for the most part by artists working for the Resettlement Administration. The pictures are beautifully reproduced and speak for themselves. But MacLeish has so selected and arranged them that they portray the drama of an exploited people who have come to realize how little individual freedom can mean. Slowly they are becoming aware that they are actually enslaved and will be until they understand another kind of freedom, to be gained by men acting together. In the foreground of these pictures are human figures with grim and miserable faces; the background is ruined fields and deforested mountains.

MacLeish has written a poem to serve as a "sound track" for the pictures. Both these collections of photographs have, in other words, what may well be called poetic narratives by way of explanation. Lorentz's simple Whitman-like use of the names of our rivers, our towns, our migratory movements is truly poetic. Such lines as these:

> We built a hundred cities and a thousand towns:
> St. Paul and Minneapolis,
> Davenport and Keokuk,
> Moline and Quincy,
> Cincinnati and St. Louis,
> Omaha and Kansas City . . .
> Across to the Rockies and down from Minnesota,
> Twenty-five hundred miles to New Orleans
> We built a new continent

serve their purpose poetically and dramatically, even better perhaps than do the more artful lines of MacLeish:

> Under our feet and our hands the land leaves us and
> We're not telling them:
>   not now,
>   not from the
> Worked out cornfields where the soil has left us
> Silent and secret: coloring little streams:
> Riling in yellow runnels after rainfall:
> Dribbling from furrow down into furrow down into
> Fields fallow with winter and on down
> Falling away to the rivers and on down
> Taking the life with it.

As a poem separated from the pictures, MacLeish's verse might seem stronger than Lorentz's lines. As used here it seems contrived; the pictures alone flash the terrible truth. A simpler narrative might have been a better "sound track" for these photographs. MacLeish's poem springs in part from the pictures (as the poet intended), in part from a poet's desire to be poetic—and this is bad. MacLeish's truest art is to be found in the arrangement he has made of a group of pictures which tell a terrible story about our rich and prosperous land.

EDA LOU WALTON

The United Front in Britain

THE POST-WAR HISTORY OF THE BRITISH WORKING CLASSES. By Allen Hutt. Coward-McCann. $2.75.

WAGES AND INCOME IN THE UNITED KINGDOM SINCE 1860. By A. L. Bowley. Cambridge University Press and the Macmillan Company. $2.50.

AS SEEN by Mr. Hutt, the post-war history of the British working classes is a sad chronicle of a militant rank and file held back by timid, vacillating, and sometimes treacherous leadership. Time and again we are given a picture of an aggressive army of labor brought to defeat or retreat by Fabian tactics born of a belief in "the inevitability of gradualness." It is a picture not without truth but one painted far too much in primary colors: the British masses have not been so uniformly red as the author suggests; nor has leadership been so utterly yellow.

Nevertheless, Mr. Hutt, who is one of the foremost Communist intellectuals, has written an extremely readable book and one which should prove valuable if taken as part of a balanced diet. His main objective is to show the need for a united front in Britain, not only as a defense against fascism but in order to make the labor movement more fully effective. His case is a strong one, but it would have been much stronger if he had stated and answered the arguments on the other side. It is unrealistic to see in the opposition of the majority of the Labor Party to a united front with the Communists nothing but reaction and blind obduracy.

The British Labor Party is not an exclusive body—its membership ranges from pale pink liberals to those claiming to be redder than Moscow (1938 model)—nor does it impose a severe discipline. It does expect, however, that organizations affiliated to it should not owe a superior allegiance to some third party. Moreover, so long as the final authority for Communists resides in Moscow, they are inevitably somewhat embarrassing allies in the defense of democracy. It is difficult to denounce the farce of Hitler's plebiscites when those with whom you are united are extolling the "perfect democracy" of the Russian elections. It is not easy to convince an audience that the Russian conception of justice has no resemblance to the German one. None the less, there is a genuine case for greater working-class unity in Britain and for more aggressive leadership. It will not be promoted either by ignoring the obstacles or by accusing those who call attention to them of "Trotskyism."

Both Mr. Hutt and the right-wing leaders of whom he is so critical could profitably study the new work by A. L. Bowley, the doyen of British statisticians. This book summarizes and brings up to date the author's life-long researches into wages and incomes. He finds that since 1860 there has been a marked improvement in working-class standards of living, but that progress has at no time been rapid, while in some periods there has been stagnation if not retrogression. The rise which has taken place since 1924, he points out, is due to prices falling more rapidly than wages. But wages are only paid to those in work, and as Professor Bowley observes, the picture is spoiled by the hard core of unemployment in certain districts and industries. Certainly there is nothing in the facts he provides to encourage complacency in labor leaders.

On the other hand, it is hardly accurate to suggest, as Mr. Hutt does, that the standards of the whole working class are sliding downhill. Professor Bowley shows rather the subdivision of the proletariat into two sections, with the upper crust tending to merge with the lower middle classes. Communists, owing to their comparative success in organizing the unemployed, are apt to judge working-class psychology exclusively from the viewpoint of the lower crust and hence to visualize the average trade unionist as more revolutionary than he really is. It is another instance of the way in which Communists reduce their effectiveness by self-imposed blinkers—equipment which when worn by the right wing they correctly deplore.

KEITH HUTCHISON

American Diplomat

THE EDUCATION OF A DIPLOMAT. By Hugh Wilson. With an Introduction by Claude Bowers. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

AMBASSADOR WILSON has given us a delightful little volume, one certain to make every reader eager to meet him and to know the attractive personality he reveals. It has great charm, excellent description, much understanding of men and manners, and a great deal of humor. It covers only the period from the author's entry into the diplomatic service to his return to Berne after our entry into the World War had compelled our embassies to be recalled from Berlin and Vienna—he had only a brief month in Vienna. During

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these years his work was the routine of an underling in the permanent diplomatic service, lacking any great or dramatic moments; yet one hates to lay the volume down, for Mr. Wilson gives life, color, and attractiveness to every anecdote and experience which he relates. For example, his stay in Guatemala fascinated him so that after all these years he is able to convey to the reader the spirit and rare setting of that country.

In this book we have the explanation of Mr. Wilson's great popularity with all the diplomats, journalists, and travelers who have come in contact with him, to say nothing of his superiors, who have been happy to promote him steadily on his merits alone. It explains why even the Nazis spoke well of him when his recent appointment to Berlin was announced. He is obviously entirely without "side," simple, unostentatious, and unpretending, but industrious, tactful, and, above all, devoted to his work and conscious of the responsibility resting upon any American career diplomat. If I were Secretary Hull I should see that a copy of this volume was placed in the hands of every newly appointed member of the service. It would not only increase the novice's eagerness for his career; it would give him the best possible guidance in how to make that career a success. It should certainly convince anyone that even in remote posts one may find a rich and rewarding life if one is prepared to work hard to fit oneself for high office, if one has the ability to be a sympathetic friend to all sorts and kinds of human beings, and if one has a saving sense of humor. That magnificent sense of fun of Mr. Wilson's I recur to because it not only makes his book so delightful but also explains many things.

Mr. Wilson is a very loyal American. He thinks that our diplomatic service is now probably better than any other, which is joyous news to this reviewer, who in his boyhood wanderings around the world thought it the worst—as it indubitably was. Mr. Wilson thrilled with American pride when he first saw the Panama Canal, and so do all of us—when we forget how we "stole it," to use Theodore Roosevelt's confession of guilt, and robbed Colombia by a fake revolution. But his patriotism has not made him narrow and insular. To a remarkable degree he is able to get the other man's point of view, and he has the right to be pleased that he was not swept from his moorings by the propaganda of the first two years of the war. His philosophy is that the world is not all black or all white. He submits cheerfully to the limitations of a diplomat, which make him give up any taking of sides in our domestic politics or problems and keep his opinions to himself. That he has wise thoughts appears from the following quotation of the many one would like to reprint. Writing of the period just before the war, he says:

> At that time I was not violent-minded. In the midst of my friends I was not orthodox, though I became so outwardly when we went to war. But my mind never ceased to question, nor did I ever learn to accept *ex parte* statements by one side as the final verity. To my mind the most revolting thing about war is not the suffering and misery, not the sacrifice of treasure and life; it is the propaganda that war brings, it is the prostitution of truth to policy, the debasing of truth from an abstract absolutism to a commodity to be rationed to a people in diluted doses calculated to make them docile in following a policy. We deplore the lack of honesty in present-day government and business, yet what a precedent of dishonesty we all set a score of years ago in propaganda. We have sown the seeds; we are reaping the harvest.

All of which makes one look forward to the continuation of this charming chronicle. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Philosophy and Reality

A PHILOSOPHY FOR A MODERN MAN. By H. Levy. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

LEVY'S book is another contribution to philosophy and the theory of science in a language comprehensible to the general public. It possesses, however, one merit far in advance of the popular works of other British scientists, such as Jeans, Eddington, and Russell. This is its social relevance and responsibility. At a time when poverty and unemployment were widespread in England, and people with a social conscience dreamed of utilizing science to usher in a new and more reasonable society, Levy saw such great scientific leaders as Eddington come forward to explain that all was vanity, that unreason lay at the very basis of reality—in the quanta of action and the behavior of electrons. This was for Levy "a bitter moment; but it constituted a challenge which could not be ignored." From this challenge the present book arose.

First of all Levy is a materialist, and he maintains his position consistently, impervious to the lure of the positivism so fashionable today. Matter, in his opinion, is not out of date. "Science establishes the prior existence of matter to mind, prior in time," and therefore "mind is a quality of matter." A materialist in philosophy, Levy is a realist in politics. In his discussion of the emergence of a classless society he shows that certain objective factors and strategies have always been necessary to social change, that passion for justice and freedom does not suffice, that appropriate organization is requisite for freedom. And the philosophy which discountenances wistful Utopias also sweeps aside as scientifically unverifiable all teleologies, all intruding spooks and divinities, even when they show credentials from eminent scientists.

The book, however, is not at all polemical. It is a straightforward exposition of a point of view, beginning with a section on What Men Demand of a Philosophy and concluding with The Unity of Theory and Practice. What men demand is a philosophy which reveals their connection with the rest of the universe, physical and social, which enables them to see the social conditioning of their thought and to participate in the historical process whereby the world is being transformed. Most contemporary philosophers, it must be admitted, do not go far to satisfy this demand, but they can hardly be blamed for this since they regard philosophy as purely noetic and contemplative and do not think it is called upon to change the world. Indeed, there is some truth in Russell's remark that there are only two kinds of philosophy: abstract philosophy detached from all practical concern or effect, and bad philosophy. The only exception for the present period is, in my opinion, the kind of philosophy represented by Levy's book, which integrates the procedures and results of science with the problems of peace and democracy and with the world movement toward socialism.

The basic term which Levy employs to illuminate key problems of philosophy and theory of science is the "isolate," which may be understood as "any part of the universe that is the subject of examination." Thus a fish detached from the water, an apple off the tree, a molecule of H_2O, and Boyle's laws of gases are all isolates at different levels of abstraction, each with distinctive qualities which enable us to recognize it. "Atomic isolates" are individuals isolated from the rest of nature to facilitate study, by experiment for example, of their qualities as isolates. But "probability emphasizes the fact that the isolation is in reality fictitious. Indeed, it is precisely through the so-called 'theory of errors' of experiment

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that allowance is made for the linkage between the supposed isolate and the rest of nature." The statistical isolate, like the pressure of a gas, the morale of a regiment, or the shape of an ocean wave is a *group* of atomic isolates and can in general be analyzed down into them and the qualities relating them, just as any statistical isolate can be viewed as atomic in relation to a higher statistical group. Here the important thing is that the statistical isolates are just as objective, just as much parts of nature, as are the atomic isolates or individuals, and pessimism about our inability to specify the exact behavior of the molecule of a gas or to predict the precise conduct of the individual electron is unjustified in view of the accuracy and usefulness of our statistical knowledge of groups. For knowledge of probabilities is not inexact knowledge, as is so commonly supposed, but simply the best method of measuring certain types of objectively changing qualities.

Whether people travel on the subway may be a matter of their "free will," but the transport authorities can predict the number of passengers, the group isolate, on a given day just as the scientist can predict the behavior of gases. Nevertheless, there is a difference on the human level. The director of a factory may control the product up to the final stage, though in general he has no control of its social use. A concerted strike of the conscious workers may, however, upset his statistical calculation even of output. When this happens we have the beginning of a new phase of statistics, a new level of planning, not in relation to output only but to consumption. It reaches its most advanced stage, according to Levy, in the Soviet Union.

With this novel and somewhat scandalous approach, Levy deals with many of the time-honored problems of philosophy in a manner so deft and entertaining that the casual reader may imagine that he is not reading philosophy at all, but only a kind of higher common sense. Time, history, and causation, which have been lately so much neglected or disparaged, are reinstated as central concepts of science. "The traffic of the universe," Levy contends, "flows in one direction only," and we are left to conclude that Eddington's fears that the reversibility of physical processes threatens the reality of time were due to his obsession with part-processes of nature and his neglect of the stream of history in which they are immersed. There is likewise a long and illuminating section on the relation of quality and quantity in the structures and method of science which is entirely in the spirit of Engels's dialectic, though the illustrations are often drawn from contemporary science and the language is altogether different. The net result shows definite advantages in this dialectical-materialist approach. Mechanism, which tends to limit knowledge to the atomic isolate, and fails to recognize that it is an isolate, is overcome. Gestaltism, which stresses the importance of patterns but neglects their historical, social, and atomic aspect, is superseded. Pragmatism, drawing false support from the innocent fact that men can, in a measure, make their own laws and predictions come true, is left behind.

The book contains, on the other hand, a few questionable passages and one or two which seem clearly mistaken. For instance, in one place Levy identifies thinking with the activity of the brain, a view which probably no materialist in history has ever maintained consistently. Again, in listing the factors determining the level of wages he neglects to point out that the efficiency of American industry entails trained workers and higher wages than need be paid in a backward country like China. In another place he makes the doubtful assumption that conscious planning within capitalism always delays the transition to socialism.

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But these mistakes, though of some importance in themselves, are completely eclipsed by the immense achievement of Levy's book. In the discussion of the dialectical relation of the atomic and statistical isolates, for example, we have a positive contribution to the theory of probability. At the same time it is a remarkable piece of popularization with many illustrations and even amusing drawings to make things clear. It should be read by philosophers and scientists, and by everyone who desires to get his bearings in the present scene.

V. J. MCGILL

DRAMA

The Forsyte Boys in Canada

I HAVE never read any of the highly successful "Jalna" novels by Mazo de la Roche, but the dramatization of "Whiteoaks" (Hudson Theater) is sufficient to convince me that the literary genealogy of the author is clear enough: John Galsworthy begot Hugh Walpole, and Hugh Walpole thereupon begot Miss De la Roche.

"Whiteoaks" is the story of a ramified family very much aware of the fact that it *is* a family and inclined to gravitate toward the ancestral estate in Canada, where a matriarch of one hundred and one still rules. Its members, like the Forsytes, tend to think a good deal either about having money or about not having it as the case may be, and like the Forsytes again they understand perfectly that however enthusiastically they may quarrel with one another they must stand together against everybody else. Moreover, the similarity is not confined to subject matters and themes, for it extends to method and manner as well. True to the Walpole-Galsworthy tradition, Miss De la Roche builds with a solidity which tends to become ponderous and draws character with an insistent explicitness which makes everything too plain at the same time that it is almost too picturesque. Long before the evening is over even the duller spectators will not have failed to learn that the matriarch has an indomitable will, and that while the men folk of the family tend toward extroversion and horses, the youngest grandson is "sensitive." The plot is concerned largely with the question of the matriarch's will, and when she finally dies she surprises everybody except members of the audience by leaving all her money to the "sensitive" grandson.

Ethel Barrymore, complete with the traditional crone's quaver and walking stick, proves that she loves life by rolling the names of cheeses on her tongue and by discoursing upon the beauty of the gleaming lights in a glass of port. The sensitive grandson adopts a sort of Marchbanks quiver and obviously needs the advice given him in the end by one of his hearty brothers. There seems no good reason why he shouldn't buck up now and get the music lessons he has always wanted.

All this is not to say that "Whiteoaks" is not good enough of its kind or that it may not be very popular with the same kind of audience which the "Jalna" novels found. Presumably the people who liked them very much are the people who want a good old-fashioned story with no nonsense, and who dote on flavorsome, unconventional characters provided only that the flavor be of a thoroughly familiar kind and that the unconventional characters are in a well-established convention of unconventionality. The polite thing to say would be that it is all a matter of taste, but honest people usually admit they do not really believe there is no more than that to be said in favor of their own. My private opinion is that the most ardent admirers of the Galsworthy-Walpole manner even when it is copied at second or third hand are persons of rather sluggish imagination who do not want to be hurried.

"Prologue to Glory" (Maxine Elliott Theater) is the latest of the WPA productions and was rather warmly received by many of the critics, who seem nowadays determined to give the government enterprise the benefit of every doubt. It is a straightforward, careful, and obviously sincere little play about the youth of Lincoln, and it furnishes a pleasant as well as instructive evening. It is not, however, very striking or very original. One can hardly imagine it finding a place in the commercial theater for the simple reason that its positive merits are nowhere very remarkable.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ART

Pen Drawings of Luis Quintanilla

As DID Goya over a hundred years ago, so Luis Quintanilla now crystallizes the tragedy of Spain in a series of pen drawings at the Museum of Modern Art. This work is the result of the artist's first-hand contact with war and its tragic aftermath of human and material destruction. Horror for the sake of horror does not interest Quintanilla; he shows war, not in terms of obvious melodrama, but rather in its relation to the humble folk who, like robots, had no word in bringing it about and who suffer its consequences with the apathy of bewildered animals.

The lack of partisan hate gives the drawings a certain austerity, a quiet that is rather ominous; and it is surprising in a man who for years was one of Spain's most dreaded satirists and an active revolutionary in his personal life. Before the first "bloodless" revolution he gave over his Madrid apartment as a hiding-place for arms. On the night of Alfonso's abdication, before his flight was known, it was Quintanilla who climbed the palace roof and raised the republican flag. Later, during the period of reaction under Lerroux, he was jailed and sentenced to sixteen years' imprisonment. When the last fascist rebellion broke out, he was one of the leaders of the militia band that captured the Montana barracks. Since then he has fought in the Guadarrama Mountains, in the trenches before Madrid, and at Teruel.

The drawings, for all their immediacy, show little evidence of the circumstances under which they were executed and lack completely the rapid spontaneity of the pen-and-ink sketch. Although he had turned recently to painting and at the outbreak of the war was working on murals for the Pablo Iglesias monument, now utterly destroyed, Quintanilla was known primarily as an etcher; in the pen drawings this technique is amazingly approximated, although the velvet blacks and the gradations of color so remarkable in the dry-points have given way to a more lithographic quality. Yet no less than the etchings these drawings have an enormously living force, undiminished, oddly enough, by the meticulous technique. Depth and volume are indicated by an infinity of tiny lines upon which the artist must have expended the same time and care as in the cross-hatching of his zinc plates.

Tragic subjects rendered in such a self-conscious and modernistic technique are slightly bewildering at first glance. Attention is deflected from the portrayed object, as such, to the artist's superb feeling for form and to the dynamic organization of many of the designs. Yet the human element predominates. Technical virtuosities are forgotten in the poignant tragedy that envelops friend and enemy alike. Drawings remembered half at random illustrate Quintanilla's curiously impartial eye. The festering body of a Moor sprawls in the cemetery of San Isidro. On an Andalusian hillside a bewildered peasant woman gapes at a low-diving plane. In the caves of Almeria human beings and animals cower from the shells of bombarding warships. Haggard civil guards, exhausted by hunger, surrender on the tragic Sierra Morena hill; there is madness in the eyes of their women; torpid resignation in the face of a mother sitting with a dead baby in her lap.

Other drawings haunt the imagination by their tranquil

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yet macabre horror. Quintanilla's rendering of dead bodies is like something seen in nightmare. In The Retreat of the Moors a swollen-bellied corpse lies in the foreground; behind, like a collapsed wine-skin, another dead man dangles across the branch of a tree. Sometimes even the living seem like specters—moving corpses of what once were children and women and men.

Occasionally, in spite of the absence of Quintanilla's former satire, certain drawings have a note of half-puckish humor. A tough Madrileño postures against the parapet of his trench, with a touch of swaggering chic. A swarthy gipsy fingers his rifle, a flower tucked behind his ear. In a prison camp two Germans, carrying an iron pot between them, march with the military precision of the goose step. There are flashes of the Spanish countryside as well—the barren hills, the whitewashed walls topped by twisted cactus. One feels the sweep of wide-flung valleys and the bleak grandeur of the Castilian plains.

Once again Spain has produced an artist whose interpretations of his people and country shadowed by war can never be forgotten. RUTH PIELKOVA

RECORDS

ROY HARRIS is everything a significant American composer should be: he was born in America, he loves America, he writes music to express the qualities and spirit of America as these appear to him, and in the present instance he wrote "Symphony for Voices" (Victor: two-record set, $4.50) to texts by Walt Whitman. His only deficiency is that he cannot write the music a significant American composer would write. As a result there is always a wide discrepancy between what he sets out to do and what he actually achieves: a work reads like a great deal in the program notes, but sounds like very little when it is heard. And never has the discrepancy been greater than between the contents of the Victor booklet—Whitman's verses, Harris's comment on them, which may be taken as explaining what he wants to express with his music, and Victor's statement of what the music does express—and on the other hand the portentous tosh sung by the Westminster Choir.

Most of the songs in Lotte Lehmann's second album (Victor: six ten-inch records, $9) are good, and a few—Schubert's "Gretchen am Spinnrade" and "Wiegenlied," Brahms's "Botschaft," Wolf's "Du denkst mit einem Fädchen"—are masterpieces. To these she brings the warmth, the intensity, the imagination, the loveliness of voice that characterize her singing of *Lieder,* and only rarely the faults that are also characteristic: the constriction in high notes, the tendency to get too excited and dramatic. Again Victor does not give the texts that are essential to complete appreciation of the songs; this time there are verbal interpretations by Mme Lehmann of which the less read the better.

To its existing set of Mozart's Piano Concerto K.466 played by Edwin Fischer, Victor adds a new set made by Bruno Walter (four records, $6.50), who conducts and plays the piano with the Vienna Philharmonic. I am all for having as many recordings of a great work as there are great performances; and I believe, for example, that although Victor has recordings of Stokowski's performances of Debussy's "Nuages" and "Fêtes" and "Après-midi d'un faune" it should also record the performances of Toscanini, and above all those of Koussevitzky, which offer the most complete realization of these marvelous works. My objection in the present instance is that Walter's performance has not greatness but only his great name to compel recording (so, for that matter, had Fischer's); and Victor offers a second version of this concerto of Mozart when it has not issued even one version of another and far greater, even if less frequently played, work—the Piano Concerto K.467 recently recorded for H.M.V. by Schnabel, which has a slow movement that is unique even among the extraordinary musical utterances accomplished by Mozart.

On a Victor single ($1.50) is Marian Anderson's extraordinary delivery of Schubert's "Der Tod und das Mädchen," with "Die Forelle" on the reverse side. On another ($2) is Haydn's beautiful Theme and Variations in F minor in a murkily recorded performance that is no better coming from Paderewski than it would be coming from a less illustrious pianist. And on still another ($1.50) Stokowski shows that he can make as awful a hash of a Chopin Mazurka as of a Moussorgsky opera. B. H. HAGGIN

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The Shape of Things

THE EXTENT TO WHICH CHINA HAS BEEN unified by the Japanese invasion was graphically illustrated in the National Congress of the Kuomintang, which has just closed its sessions at Hankow. For the first time in many years there was no resolution denouncing the Communists. Chiang Kai-shek, who has come to be regarded as the symbol of the "united front," was granted the title of Tsung Tsai, second only to that held by Sun Yat-sen. Wang Ching-wei, leader of a right-wing clique previously regarded as pro-Japanese, was named Fu Tsung Tsai, a position ranking next to Chiang's in prestige. As a safeguard against excesses resulting from the concentration of power in the hands of Chiang, the congress yielded to the Communists' demand for the establishment of a People's Council with representatives from a broad section of the population. A decree was also issued guaranteeing free speech and assembly—privileges hitherto unknown in China. As a reflection of the growing cooperation of all groups, the Chinese army continues to give a good account of itself on the Hsüchow front in unusually heavy fighting. Although the Japanese made small gains at Taierchwang and Yihsien, they have nowhere succeeded in weakening the Chinese defenses. For the Japanese it has become a race against collapse. Far behind the lines, in Yunnan, Szechuan, Kansu, and Kwangsi, a new army and and air force are being created which, given time, will excel any that China has yet thrown into the battle.

* * *

A SERIOUS CRISIS OVER THE MEXICAN OIL properties appears to have been averted as a result of Secretary Hull's wisdom in accepting at their face value President Cárdenas's assurances of payment. If the American government had chosen to apply diplomatic as well as economic pressure, it might have forced Mexico ultimately to restore the oil wells to their former owners. But in so doing it would have destroyed the progress which the Good Neighbor policy has brought about in recent years. For it is evident to the millions who live south of the Rio Grande that the Mexican government had no alternative under its laws but to seize the wells when the foreign companies refused to comply with court orders on basic labor policy. While newspapers in this country may use the term "confiscation" to describe the legal taking over of the properties, the Latin American press does not neglect to point out that the Mexican government has never deviated from its intent to pay in full. Whether a practical means of payment can be devised is another question, the answer to which obviously depends on our willingness to accept compensation in the two products which Mexico is prepared to export—oil and silver. The fact that the American oil companies have always been content to take their profits from their Mexican holdings in the form of oil should make it difficult for them to refuse payment in this commodity.

*

THE PRELIMINARY REPORT ON THE AMERICAN Telegraph and Telephone Company, prepared under the direction of Paul A. Walker of the Federal Communications Commission, is surprisingly mild in its charges against America's No. 1 monopoly. The relatively high rates of the Bell system are attributed chiefly to excessive charges for depreciation, generous pensions for executives, and exorbitant payments to the Western Electric Company for equipment. Profits averaging about $10 a share are also shown to be far beyond those of enterprises not enjoying monopoly privileges. But it is not suggested that the A. T. and T. has indulged in practices that would be regarded as "unethical" by usual business standards. In contrast to the electric and gas utilities, there is no evidence here of fraud or financial chicanery in corporate financing. Nevertheless, a monopoly exists which, according to the report, is charging American consumers at least 25 per cent more than is reasonable for its telephone service. State regulation is shown to have been largely ineffective in preventing or restricting monopoly practices, and an appeal is made for detailed and rigid federal control by the FCC itself. Presumably a final report will ultimately be made. Meanwhile we are driven to a conclusion which is no more final than the report—namely, that an undue amount of time and money seems to have been spent in discovering little that was not already known about the A. T. and T.

*

WHILE PUBLIC ATTENTION WAS CENTERED on the verdict in the Electric Bond and Share case, the Supreme Court handed down another decision vigorously affirming one of our major liberties. In holding unconstitutional a local Georgia statute requiring a license for leaflet distribution the court took away a favorite weapon of reactionary officials. The decision has immediate bearing on such cities as Jersey City and Dearborn, Michigan, where licensing laws have been equivalent to outright suppression of progressive leaflets. When the court's action became known, Mayor Hague was still innocently sporting on a Florida beach; so the police of Jersey City faltered in a fog of indecision for nearly two days. They halted a new attempt to distribute leaflets with the explanation that they were "enforcing the Jersey City ordinance, not the Constitution." But this nice point must have seemed a little frail even to Mayor Hague; his corporation counsel finally conceded that the Constitution applied even to the autonomous republic of Jersey City. We may anticipate the same capitulation in Dearborn, where the police have frequently mistaken Henry Ford for the government. The court maintained that leaflets merit the same protection as newspapers, and cited the inflammatory writings of Tom Paine as an illustration of valuable non-newspaper crusading. Where is all this going to end? Will tory cartoonists soon be found depicting Chief Justice Hughes poring over his *Daily Worker* while John W. Davis vainly pleads for justice?

*

IN EXPLAINING HIS VETO OF THE McNABOE bill Governor Lehman delivered an eloquent sermon on democracy to those who would transform New York—and the nation—into a Nazi prison camp. What he said was not new: his most frequent references were to the writings of the late Justice Holmes; his most militant insistence was upon what Mr. Holmes called "freedom for the thought we hate." But these things, however familiar, need affirmation in an hour when contempt for democratic procedure is international and the idea of democracy is allegedly losing vitality. By provoking Governor Lehman into this statement, our political drugstore cowboys may have inadvertently performed a lasting service. They have lost most of their prestige and all vestige of dignity. Mr. McNaboe has now exposed a "Communist plot" to murder New York's police force "at a given signal." He insists that his bill could have "nipped the conspiracy." When word of the plot was transmitted to the police commissioner's office, an unofficial statement was released, to wit: "Nuts."

*

IT IS POSSIBLE THAT A WIDE SPLIT IS IN the making in the higher regions of the Catholic church. First Cardinal Innitzer of Austria heils Hitler and gives the signal to the faithful to vote *Ja* on plebiscite day. Then an amazing editorial appears in the Vatican organ, *Osservatore Romano,* disavowing official responsibility for Innitzer's action, and this is followed with a special German broadcast from the Vatican in which "shepherds" are denounced for failing to "recognize the wolf in sheep's clothing" and for believing "the promises of people against whom the sad experience of others and even the word of the highest shepherd should have warned them." On the following day this broadcast also is described in the Vatican press as "unofficial." But much more likely than a divided Vatican is the chance that the Holy See wanted merely to get in a few well-chosen and well-timed words against *Anschluss* without having to bear diplomatic responsibility. However fascist-minded the hierarchy may be, it can hardly relish the prospect of having its extensive Austrian holdings washed away in the Nazi tide. It may even be that a suspicion is beginning to dawn on the Vatican that in choosing to beat Marxism with fascism it has clambered astride a bucking bronco and is in a fair way to be kicked by both horses.

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR HAS just cut off another piece of its own nose to spite the C. I. O.'s face. It has advised its officials and members to withdraw all support from Labor's Non-Partisan League and to set up new non-partisan political committees to work in the coming elections for candidates who are friendly to the A. F. of L. This latest move would be more alarming if it were not the petulant enunciation of a negative policy by a politically impotent group. It creates no new division; it merely reveals the depths of an already existing one. It will of course further confuse an already confused picture. It may even contribute to repetitions of the Seattle mayoralty election, in which the disunity of labor resulted in the victory of the conservative candidate; but it will do so only in those exceptional situations where an A. F. of L. boss wields political power. And in Seattle Dave Beck's defeat was much worse than that of his C. I. O. opponents. In New York the federation's action may give certain labor leaders an excuse for sticking to Tammany, in addition to reactionary reasons that were already decisive. On the other hand it should advertise to working voters the continuing political bankruptcy of the A. F. of L. In general, the federation's threat to Labor's Non-Partisan League should prove every bit as effective as its threat to drive the C. I. O. out of business. It makes good copy for conservative newspapers; it is extremely unlikely to have much effect on the election returns.

*

AL CAPONE, IT IS SAID, ONCE GAVE CHICAGO twenty-four hours to get out, but Chicago's civic conscience hardly flickered. With primaries impending, there are hopeful evidences that Chicago is no longer so immune to political reform. Labor's Non-Partisan League is emerging as an articulate factor in the city's politics. In next week's balloting a small but aggressive group of league-supported candidates for United States senator, congressman-at-large, state senator, and several other posts will test the power of the Kelly-Nash machine and the vitality of Chicago's electorate. One of the new voices becoming audible in Chicago is that of Wayne McMillen, Chicago University professor and crusader for decent relief conditions, who is the progressive nominee for state senator. The outcome of these primaries may indicate whether Chicago can ultimately duplicate New York's labor victory. That the obstacles to such a triumph in municipal politics are formidable has once more been illustrated in Kansas City, where the Pendergast machine managed to maintain its grip in last week's election despite an impressive reform opposition. That opposition, however, not only made appreciable inroads into Pendergast's traditional strength but also precipitated an exposure of wholesale registration frauds and blocked the gangsters' field day which normally takes place at election time in Kansas City. Perhaps the most significant aspect of these municipal reform movements is the growing fusion between the forces of economic democracy and political decency. The two have not always been inseparable; reform has often meant the veiling of brass knuckles with silk gloves. Labor's political statesmanship can prevent such hypocrisy and give real meaning to the war against local bosses.

*

LORD LONDONDERRY, ONE OF THE LEADING British Naziphiles, tells all in a book just published in England under the title "Ourselves and Germany." This remarkable volume contains, among other nuggets, accounts of Londonderry's conversations with Hitler, Göring, and others during the past two years, and it would be funny if it didn't make your hair stand on end. His most recent talk with Göring was in September, 1937, when Göring complained bitterly to the gentleman from London. "He contended," writes Lord Londonderry, "that wherever Germany sought to make progress Britain invariably stood in the way. . . . The interests of the two countries did not clash in any way yet we [the British] were unwilling while claiming naval preponderance throughout the world to grant Germany's position of military superiority on the Continent." That was all Hitler wanted, but Londonderry was not disheartened. His book pleads for Anglo-German friendship, and except on the colonial issue he is eager for Britain to be sympathetic to all Germany's claims, though he thinks Czechoslovakia is for some reason a different matter. His motive is crystal clear. The Nazis' hatred for communism strikes a deep responsive chord. He can even understand their attitude toward the Jews, though Julius Streicher's utterances, he says, "offend our more refined feelings in this country." He describes a conversation with the head Nazi in which Hitler disavowed any designs on Russia, meanwhile building up a picture of Soviet strength and impregnability that must have scared the wits out of Londonderry. In general, one gets a picture of Colonel Blimp hypnotized by the necromancers of the Third Reich into believing that a strong Nazi Germany is all that can save Old England from communism and then scurrying home to work up propaganda for an Anglo-German deal. As we have indicated, it would all be very funny, except that Colonel Blimp has been, and is, running the British government.

The President Must Act!

TWO weeks have passed since Secretary Hull announced that the President would not act to lift the Spanish embargo, and Chairman McReynolds of the House Foreign Affairs Committee suddenly called off hearings on the proposed amendments to the Neutrality Act. They have been bitter weeks for Spain. Thousands of men have given their lives in a desperate and courageous attempt to stop an enemy that has been reinforced with the very latest German and Italian military equipment. As we go to press, the Loyalists are again in retreat on the Aragon front and the fascist forces have reached the sea. There is a limit to the extent to which flesh and blood can withstand steel and lead; and it is evident that this limit has very nearly been reached in Spain. Spanish democracy—and all that it means to the world—can only be preserved if the other democracies render assistance comparable to that which the fascists have given Franco.

At the moment the struggle between dictatorship and democracy is being fought on two main fronts—Catalonia and Washington. The final outcome of the unequal struggle in Spain may be decided within a desperately short time by the verdict of one man in Washington—President Roosevelt. If the President exercises his power under the Neutrality Act to lift the discriminatory embargo on Spain, the Loyalist cause may yet be saved. France is known to be willing to send in the needed planes, artillery, and other equipment if it can be assured that American isolationism will be tempered by a sense of justice.

Mr. Hull's statement that the President has no power to revoke the embargo is at best a legal quibble. In making special provision for civil war in the Neutrality Act of May 1, 1937, Congress clearly intended to supersede the temporary resolution of January 7, which, it will be recalled, was rushed through both Houses of Congress without debate as an emergency measure. The President's action in issuing a special proclamation in May reimposing the embargo under the Neutrality Act definitely supports this point of view. Thus the legal basis for the existing embargo is a proclamation imposed at the discretion of the President which, according to Section 1-g of the act, should be lifted if the President finds that the civil war does not "endanger the peace of the United States."

The State Department's emphasis on a technicality is particularly unimpressive in view of the very liberal interpretation which it has chosen to give the Neutrality Act in the Far Eastern conflict. We agree wholeheartedly with that interpretation. Invocation of the Neutrality Act in the Sino-Japanese conflict would penalize China and aid Japan in its aggression. But we fail to see how the State Department can logically refuse to recognize the present struggle in the Far East as a "war" and at the same time insist, on purely technical grounds, on the maintenance of the Spanish embargo. Spain is resisting a foreign invasion just as surely as is China, yet Spain is the one country in the world which cannot legally purchase munitions from the United States.

We do not lay the full blame for what has happened on either Secretary Hull or President Roosevelt. There is excellent reason to believe that both of them were prepared to take action a few weeks ago to end the sham of the neutrality policy. It is safe to say that the powerful editorials which appeared in the New York *Times* a fortnight ago calling for a repeal of the act were not written without the knowledge and at least tacit approval of the Administration. We do not presume to know exactly what caused the sudden abandonment of this drive; since it is hardly likely that Hull and Roosevelt have suddenly become disciples of Hitler and Franco, it may be assumed that friends of Franco within the State Department have overridden their chiefs by means of dubious legal opinions.

Whether this is a correct diagnosis or not, there is but one sure way of bringing a reversal of the President's stand—a convincing demonstration that the great majority of the American people are against the Spanish embargo. During the past few weeks thousands of telegrams and letters have poured into Washington urging that the embargo be rescinded. Doubtless these have had an effect. But they have not been sufficiently concentrated on the President, who alone has the power to act immediately. Nor have the appeals come in sufficient volume from states other than New York—leaving the unfair impression that New York alone is interested in the preservation of democracy in Spain. In this crisis a citizen has not discharged his duty with one or two telegrams to the President. It is necessary to enlist one's friends in the campaign, by letter, by word of mouth, or, best of all, by urgent wires. Pressure must be maintained until the President acts.

Shadow Boxing in a Crisis

WE HOPE that by the time this appears in print the fight over the reorganization bill will have ended with a victory for the President. The willingness of Administration forces in the House to accept an amendment giving Congress power by majority vote to override executive reorganization orders seems to have assured passage. The measure itself is of secondary consequence. "In striving together to make our government more efficient," Mr. Roosevelt said in his reorganization message last year, "you and I are taking up in our generation the battle to preserve that freedom of self-government which our forefathers fought to establish and hand down to us. They struggled against tyranny, against non-representative controls, against government by birth, wealth, or class, against sectionalism. Our struggle is against confusion, against ineffectiveness, against waste, against inefficiency."

Mr. Roosevelt's eloquence ran away with him. His attempt to bring greater economy and efficiency into the bureaucratic maze of the federal government is commendable. But the preservation of self-government in our generation does not depend on our having 35 instead of 135 bureaus at Washington. It rests on the capacity and willingness of Congress to control a self-perpetuating economic oligarchy whose power has continued to grow despite two generations of intermittent reform by New Nationalism, New Freedom, and New Deal. The fight over reorganization has served chiefly to reveal the unreality of much contemporary political controversy, the lengths to which their domination of the press enables our economic overlords to carry their mendacity, and the hysteria to which they can drive ordinarily intelligent people.

In the midst of a growing economic crisis the impact of democratic processes is diverted to an issue that bears no relation whatever to the failure of our system of production and distribution to feed, clothe, and employ our

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people despite the richness of our natural resources and the wealth of capital and industrial plant at our disposal. The decline in business since September, 1937, has been precipitous. In the first six months of the 1929-30 crisis national income fell 6 per cent, manufacturing activity 15 per cent, factory employment 10 per cent, factory pay rolls 12 per cent. In the six months ending with March 1 of this year national income fell 11 per cent, manufacturing activity 35 per cent, factory employment 20 per cent, factory pay rolls almost 30 per cent. The National Industrial Conference Board estimates that 4,300,000 persons have lost their jobs since September and that the total of unemployed in January was the highest it has been since May, 1935. Common-stock prices have fallen about 45 per cent during the "recession." In the past six weeks business seems to have scraped bottom, as the optimists so often phrased it in 1929-33, and even to have turned upward a little. But no one knows whether this is mere pause or real turning-point. Neither the New Deal nor its opponents seem interested enough to find out.

A survey of editorial opinion casts doubt on the sincerity of the present attack on the bill. Newspapers now distinguishing themselves for hysteria took a calm and not unfavorable view of the bill when it was introduced last year, though it was far more drastic then than it is now. A reader of the New York *World-Telegram* who recalled the enthusiastic editorial, To Vitalize Democracy, printed on January 13, 1937, the day after the President's reorganization message, must have been astonished when his paper a year later began to accuse the President of totalitarian ambitions and compare him to Hitler for sponsoring the bill. The New York *Herald Tribune*, bellwether of the Old Guard papers, declared in June that the bill would have "widespread approval" if Mr. Roosevelt would leave the independent commissions and the Comptroller General's office untouched. The Hearst press, the day before the President's message, applauded a similar plan put forward in an interview by Senator Byrd. The sudden concern of the conservative press for the independence of the various federal regulatory commissions was amusing when one remembered the enthusiasm with which they had supported a bill sponsored by Senator Smoot of Utah in 1925 to bring these agencies under political control. A coalition of Democrats and progressive Republicans blocked the measure at that time. That the President's proposal should provoke a storm from the right would have been surprising a few years ago. The campaign of calumny began in December, and two of the figures behind it provide a clue to its character and motivations. One is Edward A. Rumely, whose qualifications for the task of running a National Committee to Uphold Constitutional Government were described in last week's issue by Paul Y. Anderson. If Frank E. Gannett finds the odor of the Berlin-Rome axis pervading his committee, he can trace the scent to Mr. Rumely. Another significant figure in the lobby fighting the bill is Charles G. Dunwoody, employed by the California Chamber of Commerce and active in behalf of West Coast lumber interests, which fear any change in the existing method of government supervision over the nation's forests; their concern is one of the bill's best recommendations.

That the opposition to Mr. Roosevelt should have chosen so hollow an issue on which to fight him is an indication of its intellectual bankruptcy, an admission of its failure to formulate a plan of its own to stem a slump it seems as anxious as the Administration to ignore. Unfortunately, the fury of the attack, coming as it did on top of the alarming decline in business, seems to have shaken the President. His letter denying dictatorial purposes was as necessary as a disclaimer from Hitler that the coming plebiscite on Austria is an opening wedge for the restoration of democracy. The charges made against Mr. Roosevelt did not merit a reply, but the lack of scruple and the capacity for organized propaganda of the forces active in the crusade against him deserve the closest attention. It is the duty of Congress to throw light into all the dark corners of this campaign. It is the duty of the President by forceful action, above all by a new spending program, to fight the depression on which a movement of this kind may feed. It is time Mr. Roosevelt put his hand to the wheel again.

Ominous Lull

DURING the past few weeks the world has become so accustomed to the overturn of governments, to secret pacts, ultimatums, and invasions that there is a tendency to greet the present lull in European affairs with a sigh of relief. The fact that we have passed through a series of crises without a break-up is taken as a sign that perhaps we are not as close to war as alarmists have supposed. Unfortunately, such optimism seems to us badly misplaced. Realistic observers of the present world situation may differ sharply in their recommendations as to what should be done, but few would deny that the situation is serious and is growing steadily worse. Hitler's seizure of Austria provoked horror and resentment among the peoples of all the democratic countries, but it brought no fundamental change in direction in any country. Indeed, it appears to have encouraged the suicidal policies of surrender to the dictators which have proved their futility throughout the last seven years.

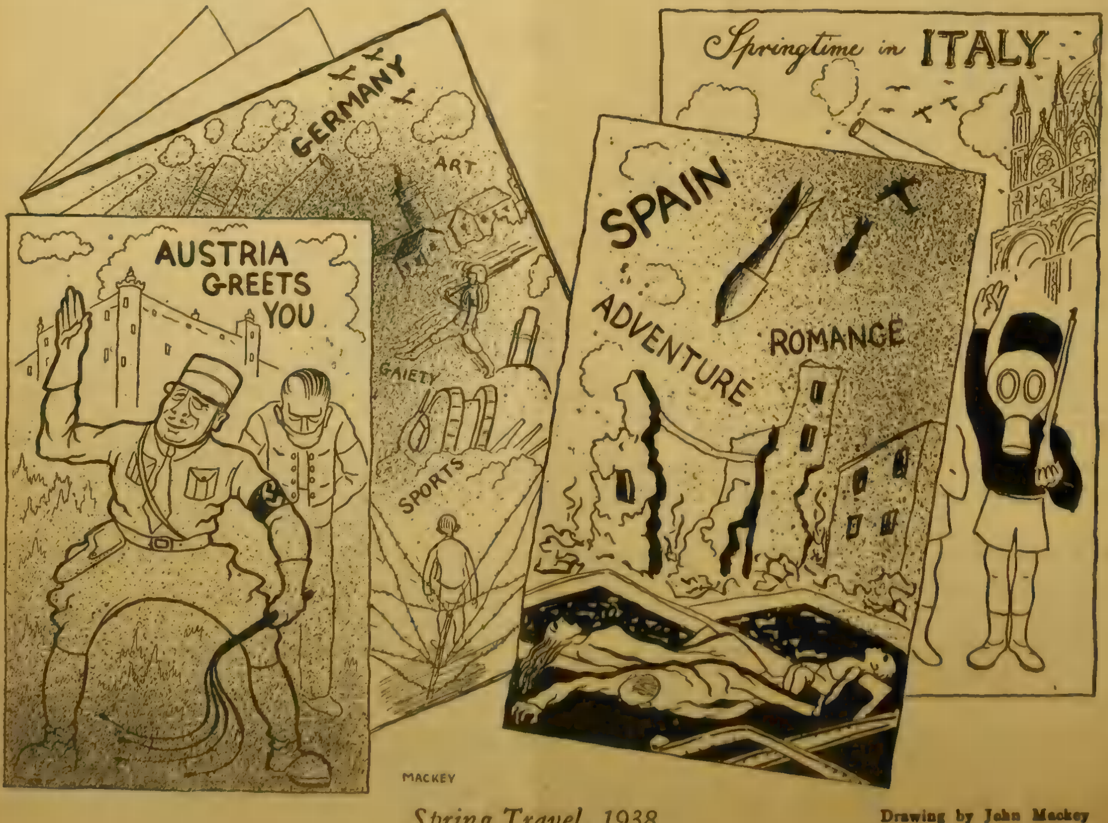
Despite the immediate threat to French security arising from Franco's advance into Catalonia, the new French Foreign Minister, Paul-Boncour, has done no more than his predecessor to break away from bondage to England. Lloyd George is known to have visited Blum and Paul-Boncour recently with an urgent plea that France act independently in Spain and subsequently inform the British government of its action. His plea was rejected. On March 15 the French government actually did decide to occupy Minorca and Spanish Morocco, provided the British would give their consent. But the proposal was dropped because of Chamberlain's opposition. Part of Blum's weakness may be accounted for by the difficulties which his financial program is encountering in the Senate. The record of French foreign policy in the past two years suggests, however, that the primary source of weakness lies much deeper.

Meanwhile, the main outlines of Chamberlain's policy have become a little clearer. For the moment, all plans for conciliating Hitler are held in abeyance. The agreement with Italy is reported definitely to have been concluded on terms satisfactory to Mussolini. Mr. Chamberlain's strategy in concluding this treaty apparently rests on the hope that by weakening the Rome-Berlin axis he can force Germany to seek an agreement on terms Britain can accept. If worst comes to worst, there is still the possibility that in the event of war a friendly Italy might, as in 1914, be persuaded to side against Germany. This same hope undoubtedly motivated Britain's negotiations with Mussolini last year and the year before, but in each case the agreement was no sooner made than it was violated by Italy. And it would be difficult to find anything either in Italy's activities in Spain or in its relations with Germany today which suggests that the latest pact will have any more weight than those which have gone before.

Any prospect that existed for an early overthrow of the Chamberlain government a few weeks ago now seems to have disappeared. Both Labor and the Liberals have launched vigorous campaigns demanding new elections. But barring factional strife within the Conservative Party, there is no way by which the opposition can force a dissolution of Parliament. Differences of opinion on Chamberlain's foreign policy undoubtedly exist within the Conservative ranks, but it is to be noted that the Eden and Churchill factions have consistently voted with the government. About all that can be expected in the near future is some shift in the Cabinet to make room for Churchill, and possibly Eden. If such a shake-up occurred, the direction of British foreign policy might be modified, but no vital change can be hoped for without a change in government.

Does this mean that the world has no other choice than to resign itself to an inevitable conflict? Fortunately, this is not yet the case. A general war is only likely to break out between two groups of countries approximately equal in strength. Such equality does not yet exist. Neither Hitler nor Mussolini would be rash enough to risk war against Great Britain, France, Czechoslovakia, and the Soviet Union. Still less would there be a chance of conflict if the United States clearly aligned itself with the peace-respecting countries. A change in leadership in Britain might achieve such a grouping. Neither France nor the Soviet Union would hesitate at the step.

Such a line-up is still possible today, but tomorrow it will be too late. A victory for Franco in Spain will seriously impair France's military power; the destruction of Czechoslovakia will open the whole of Central Europe to Hitler; Poland may align itself with the growing fascist international; a Japanese victory in China would endanger both the United States and the Soviet Union. Under such circumstances an alliance of the democratic powers would be met by an alliance of fascist powers of equal or superior strength. When that moment arrives, nothing can prevent a world war.



Spring Travel, 1938

Drawing by John Mackey

A Foreign Policy for America

Partial Returns Run Five-to-One for Collective Action

THE first sizable returns in *The Nation's* poll to determine what foreign policy liberals think the United States should pursue to keep this country out of war show a greater than five-to-one ratio in favor of some form of collective action as opposed to outright isolation. The meager returns printed last week, totaling 1,328 ballots, divided 1,144 to 184 for collective action, or about 6.2 to 1, but allowance was made in estimating their significance for the fact that they were exclusively from *Nation* readers and therefore presumably in a large measure favorable to the magazine's collective-security policy. This week's count, partially tabulated below, is on the basis of 4,457 votes, of which only 1,614 were cast by *Nation* readers, but the percentage in favor of collective action has decreased only from 86.1 to 83.7. Among the magazine's readers themselves 86.5 per cent favor collective security, while among non-readers who replied the percentage is 82.

A particularly striking aspect of the poll so far is the fact that while the total collective-security vote is 3,732, fully 2,751 voters record themselves as directing their hopes for collective action to non-official groups such as labor, liberal, and pacifist elements. Some of these votes may conceivably be from those who also voted for isolation to begin with, but inasmuch as the total isolationist vote was only 725, it is still obvious that well over 50 per cent of the collective-security sentiment places its reliance on popular, non-official forces.

While figures for the most important questions will be given each week, there are other items on the ballot which will be included in the tabulation only when the complete returns are in. It is worth noting in passing, however, that of the methods suggested for government action toward reducing the economic causes of international friction, reciprocal trade agreements lead with 3,924 votes; next best is stabilization of currencies, with 3,096 votes. Individual opinions of outstanding liberals will be found on succeeding pages, with more to come in our next issue. The vote on the principal questions to date is as follows:

In the long run, which offers the better insurance against war for this country—		
1. Isolation?	725	
2. A policy of cooperation with other nations in defense of peace?	3,732	
ISOLATION		
Do you believe that a policy of isolation—		
1. Should be backed by a large increase in the army and navy?	210	
2. Or should we depend chiefly on measures of economic non-intercourse to protect us from war?	471	
COLLECTIVE SECURITY		
What sort of collective action do you advocate to check aggression—		
1. Economic measures directed against the offending power?	3,104	
2. Economic support for the victims of aggression?	2,959	
3. The threat of collective armed resistance to aggression?	2,286	
The present Neutrality Act prevents economic cooperation with other nations to prevent or resist aggression. Would you favor—		
1. Repealing the act outright?	1,447	
2. Or amending it to permit economic aid to the victims of aggression?	2,111	
IN EITHER CASE		
Has the failure of the major democratic powers effectively to oppose the aggressions of Germany, Italy, and Japan weakened your belief in the possibility of collective action?	Yes 1,632	No 2,673
Has it caused you to direct your hopes for such action to non-official groups in all countries—particularly to labor and liberal and pacifist elements in the populations and the parliaments?	Yes 2,751	No 1,364
Do you favor the application of voluntary popular boycotts to goods coming from nations engaged in aggressive warfare?	Yes 3,496	No 725
Do you believe in a referendum on the question of a declaration of war by the United States?	Yes 1,833	No 2,206

WILLIAM E. DODD

Former Ambassador to Germany

I am absolutely convinced the United States must cooperate seriously with other democracies if we are to save our system. Hitler and Mussolini hope we may remain isolated. If we do, they can annex about all they wish and rule Europe. Germans frequently say, "We would have ruled Europe but for Woodrow Wilson."

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

An Editor of Fortune

To begin with, let me say that I don't believe that either collective security or isolation offers any sure guaranty of peace. There is going to be war in Europe—either small wars or a large war—no matter what the United States does or does not do; the Treaty of Versailles made such a future inevitable. As a high German official told Henry C. Wolfe, "If Germany wins the next war, she wins; if she loses, everybody loses." You can't stop that sort of person or nation by all the collective-security pacts in the world.

Since I think there is going to be war in Europe and Asia anyway, I should like to keep the United States at peace to work out its own democratic future. "Collective action" automatically compels us to war and the acceptance of a domestic dictatorship. Isolation *may* result in war, but there is at least a small chance that it will not. And even though it may prove impossible to stay out of the next war, I should rather enter late than early. If we are in the next war at the beginning we shall have no power to influence the peace. But if we can hold off and make our entry conditional, we might succeed where Woodrow Wilson failed and bargain for a decent peace. I admit that isolation automatically creates a war party at home, financed by those who want to trade with belligerents. But that is a hazard we have to run. I should prefer to die fighting that war party than to die fighting in a war.

STEPHEN DUGGAN

Director of the Institute of International Education

The people of the United States and, I believe, its government also are devoted to two political principles, peace and freedom. During most of our history these principles have been maintained in harmony, but there have been a few times when they clashed. In 1776 the American people sacrificed peace to freedom and won their independence. In 1861 they did so again, maintained their unity, and made freedom universal within their borders. It is everywhere and at all times possible that the only way to secure or maintain freedom is to fight for it.

Within little more than a century there have been two world wars—the struggle with Napoleon, which for that day was comparable to the World War in extent and influence, and the latter struggle itself. In both cases the United States tried hard to remain neutral. In neither case was it successful. With a world narrowing daily as the result of scientific discovery and invention, it is questionable that it could remain neutral in the event of another conflagration similar to that of 1914-18. It has prepared itself to maintain a state of neutrality through the passage by Congress of the Neutrality Act of 1935.

The Neutrality Act makes no distinction between an aggressor state and its victim. To make such a distinction means, of course, to incur the ill-will of the nation designated as aggressor and war against the United States if that nation considers itself strong enough to go to war. On the other hand, the tenor of the Neutrality Act gives the impression that we are not going to fight under any circumstances. To give an aggressor nation the impression that we are "too proud to fight" is not helpful for the cause of peace, especially if we decide later to fight anyhow.

There is no reason why, because we are passing through an insane period in human affairs, we should deviate from the sound principle that our foreign policy should be determined primarily by our national interests. If to protect our interests we need an increase in our navy, let us have such an increase. And we can console ourselves with the reflection that, though armies have repeatedly destroyed freedom, navies have seldom, if ever, done so. If to pursue a policy dictated by our national interests means that we are pursuing a policy "parallel" to that of any other country, certainly we ought to be glad to find another nation adopting a policy in which we have faith ourselves. Nor does such a policy mean pure selfishness. The Hull pacts are a case in point. Such tariff treaties as those with Cuba, Canada, and other states have proved beneficial to the other participants as well as to ourselves and they have helped to stimulate recovery in world commercial relations.

JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES, II

Staff Writer on the Birmingham News and Age-Herald

I believe in collective action. But it must go farther than any mere pact with other countries or "parallel" of policy, and it must appease the so-called aggressor nations as well as oppose them. It must express a passion of the whole people of America and have a program of realism and self-consistency. That is why *The Nation's* attempt to discover the attitude of so-called liberals is important. The great first thing is to know whether any large unanimity of thought and feeling is available on which to base a foreign policy at all.

For effective part in collective action America must undertake what increases of armament the increases of other nations make necessary in military opinion. It must repeal or amend the Neutrality Act so that it will not be limited in considering cases on their merits or bound to policies neutral in act but not in effect. And it must reject every Ludlow amendment that ties its hands at home.

To make collective action worth while, America must carry it beyond peace-preserving to the contriving of a prosperity in which peace will not be threatened. It must back Secretary Hull's efforts to make trade free. It must forgive or radically reduce the war debts. And it must be willing to insist upon collective examination of conditions which make Italy, Germany, and Japan feel in need of a greater share of the world's markets, lands, and raw materials.

Finally, if the dictator nations are to be halted in their present resorts to force and theft, America and the other democracies must develop for their collective action something of the passion, the drama, the determination, and the unanimity of those dictator nations.

GEORGE P. WEST

Editorial Writer on the San Francisco News

I'm for isolation until the people of the United States control the United States, including its State Department and its foreign policy. We have plenty to do here at home before that goal is reached.

I think we should support Roosevelt on domestic policies because we are in a fight, and Roosevelt is the best President

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we have had since the issue was joined. And Secretary Hull's reciprocal trade policy is good enough in its way. But Mr. Roosevelt's Democratic Party with its large Catholic following, plus the snobs of the State Department, has put us on the wrong side in Spain and hopelessly compromised us in anything we might say or do in international affairs. That is why I say we should favor staying out—we liberals—until we can control our own country.

Democracy in England and the United States is a hope, a dream still to be attained. In the meantime foreign policy will continue to be ambiguous where it is not reactionary. And the less we let the Chamberlains and the Kennedys and the rest of them do, the better. Class interest controls foreign policy or paralyzes it in France, England, and the United States. Let's concentrate on getting control of our own government. That means primarily strengthening the labor movement.

LUCIUS R. EASTMAN

President of Hills Brothers Company and of Survey Associates

However attractive the idea may be, I do not believe it possible today for any nation to live in isolation. Therefore if for no other reason than that it doesn't face reality, the present Neutrality Act should be repealed.

As after 1776 the pressing problem for the people of the separate colonies was to learn to live together as the United States, so in a much larger way and under more difficult conditions today the nations of the world must learn to live together in peace.

My experience in serving on the Economic Committee of the League of Nations convinced me that there was a definite place in the world for an organization that could carry on studies in the fields of economics, labor, trade relations, and so on which would result in recommendations making for peace and progress. I doubt whether now is the time to advocate a closer relation of the United States to the League. I believe we might better raise the question of setting up an organization in the Western Hemisphere primarily interested in the affairs of the Americas, not as a rival to the League but as an independent yet cooperating organization.

I do believe, however, that we should stand ready to collaborate with other major powers in efforts to maintain peace. I am convinced that we must be prepared, if necessary, to use the threat of armed resistance with all that that implies in our efforts to maintain peace. We have no right to ask England or any other nation to undertake the task of policing the world for our benefit. The very strength of the United States carries with it responsibilities which we cannot shirk.

CARL DREHER

Radio Engineer

In foreign affairs I subscribe to the policy set forth in the President's Chicago speech. There is no such thing as security, individual or national, but there are degrees of insecurity, and to my mind the prompt and resolute quarantining of aggressors entails the least hazard for our country and the other non-fascist powers. Conversely, our greatest danger resides in our hesitancy to put the Chicago policy into practice.

I favor the immediate passage of the O'Connell resolution, which would permit laying an embargo on export of war materials to Germany, Italy, and Japan, and any other states which run amuck, while allowing shipments, in foreign bottoms, to the victims of totalitarian attack. I favor supplementing this legislation with private boycott of manufactures from the proscribed states, cost what it may.

Would these measures involve us in war? I doubt it. Behind its delirium of threat and propaganda fascism knows its military and economic limitations. Unflinching collective resistance offers the best, probably the only, hope of preventing the world war which is in the making. But the time for action is short, and the acceleration of events such that the last chance may be gone while we are making up our minds.

AGNES LEACH

Former President, New York State League of Women Voters

I cannot see that isolation of the United States is going to get us very far, and I am convinced that if followed through consistently, it will ultimately lead to war. I have always been in favor of the United States joining the League of Nations, but realize that at the present time this is such a remote possibility that we must consider other means of collective action. I am in favor of repealing the Neutrality Act and cooperating as far as possible with other nations in the support of international treaties and in an effort to explore all possible avenues for peace. It is my profound belief that the hope of such action lies with the liberal and labor groups in all countries, especially in those where the channels of public opinion are still open.

KARL N. LLEWELLYN

Professor of Law at Columbia Law School

Starting with a conviction that the chances that a new major war impends are so great as to force safeguard, I am in favor of a heavy armament program; this despite its obvious, known, and evil concomitants. Collective governmental efforts to postpone or wholly avert a major war, or to reduce the area within which inertia and desire for peace are indecently exploited, seem to me desirable. They seem to me, also, improbable of occurrence.

But certainly in the present situation, in which interests lack sharp demarcation both among and within states, and in which such terms as "aggressor" or "victim" or "nation" give no accurate or predictable indication of who will be held to fall within the terms, I feel that case-by-case judgment and action are the only conceivable effective mode of operation. Any immediate attempt to devise a general solving machinery is foredoomed. Our present Neutrality Act, for instance, lacks the very flexibility which the shifting flux of power, motive, event, and personnel make utterly necessary to intelligent action.

The totalitarian mobilization of the power of certain states brings home to a democracy three facts: (1) special jobs need specialized people—this cannot be ducked; (2) leeway to go right is also, and must be, leeway to go wrong—this cannot be ducked; (3) machinery for controlling officials stymies, and must stymie, needed action in any emergency—this cannot be ducked. To me, this means, indeed, some inevitable impingement of dictatorships on a democracy—if a democracy is to cope with the dictatorships—as ganged crooks inevitably impinge on police if police are to cope with ganged crooks.

In sum: for our own polity to survive, its movement must be toward *fighting power* (with the outrageous necessary costs and wastes); and, in international relations, the movement must be toward executive discretion (with the outrageous necessary costs and wastes).

But Mere People had better—and they can—gather themselves together speedily, and squeeze, and squeeze skilfully, and squeeze hard, to get the needed power and discretion *used*—and used *sensibly*.

Reorganization and Bunk

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, April 4

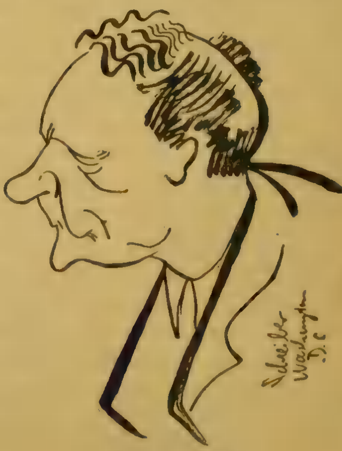
IT IS no wonder that ordinary sensible people have been startled and bewildered by the commotion over the government-reorganization bill. Here is a measure devised solely to improve the mechanics of the administrative end of the government. It involves no change of policy and few changes of function. The talk of dictatorship is sheer impudent bunk, and known to be such by those who indulge in it, provided they are not totally ignorant on the subject. The purpose of the bill is to bring a semblance of order and conformity to the patternless crazy-quilt which now represents a large area of the administrative branch. Every President since and including Taft has sought to accomplish it. Hoover asked and was given the power. He was prevented from exercising it only because a Democratic Congress decided to reserve it for a Democratic President. What, then, is all the shooting about?

The elements which comprise the opposition form a conglomeration which, suitably enough, is quite as crazy as the system they strive to perpetuate, and it is a pity they can't all be tossed into the same pen and permitted to claw one another into silence. It is impossible to classify them with entire precision, but by and large they fall into these main groups: (1) government bureaucrats and employees who are fearful of what might happen to them in a shake-up; (2) private interests which have established convenient pipe-lines into existing agencies and have their own reasons for not wishing them disturbed; (3) members of Congress and other politicians who stand to lose considerable patronage by the extension of the merit system; and (4) everyone who wishes to do anything that might annoy, irritate, hamper, impede, distress, or damage Roosevelt. There are some mavericks, but the foregoing embraces the flower and bulk of the herd.

The first three groups require no further explanation or analysis, but we might spend a little time on the fourth. It includes a substantial number of Democratic Senators and Representatives. Most of them are personal reactionaries who have always hated Roosevelt and now believe they are safe in admitting it. In addition some of them represent powerful interests like the textile, banking, and shipping industries, and they are seizing every opportunity and gambling on every chance to discredit or defame the New Deal to insure the nomination of a reactionary Democrat at the next national convention. Naturally, that includes "stopping Roosevelt" where any possibility of a third term is concerned. Such men as Bailey, Copeland, Gerry, and George in the Senate, and O'Connor and Cox in the House, thus classify themselves as personal or professional tories.

However, the anti-New Deal Democrats include a very special group, to wit, those who themselves are candidates for the Presidential nomination in 1940. The trio whose hopes are most clearly revealed by their conduct are Wheeler of Montana, Byrd of Virginia, and Burke of Nebraska. George of Georgia hopes just as hard but less obviously. Here it is that individuality of aim, conflict of purpose, and hearty mutual distrust reach their ultimate perfect flower. The aspirants soap and grease one another lavishly in public, but nobody is deceived. They are in haste to finish Roosevelt so that they may start on each other. Of two who were leaders and brothers-in-arms in the fight against the court plan, one recently confided that he regarded the other as "the most reactionary man in the United States Senate." He was pretty near right, too.

Byrd is a calculating, selfish, skinflint type of politician who has been a Presidential candidate since before 1932. His chief claim for preference is based on the fact that as Governor of Virginia he put through a reorganization bill closely resembling the one he is now opposing in the Senate. Burke is essentially a comic figure, and it hardly seems possible that his "boom" can spread beyond the confines of his immediate family, although history has warned us. His short, broad-beamed figure, his ponderous strut, his sonorous platitudes, his heavy jocosities are all typical. A sensitive man would have shunned public attention after such an experience as befell Burke's attack on the Labor Board, but men of his type possess an armor-plate complacency which is proof against ridicule. As for Wheeler — poor Burt! Let us close our eyes and ears and think only of his valiant fight against the Ohio Gang, his championship of many progressive measures, and his indefatigable labors to expose the plundering of the railroads by financial buccaneers. Let us continue to pray for him. For his own part he will speed our prayers by showing that he is old enough politically to know that tory interests never trust their fate to a disgruntled progressive.



Senator Byrd

Senator Wagner

Senator Wagner, author of the most important piece of humanitarian legislation of this decade, has now offered a bill which is the logical companion-piece to the Labor Relations Act. It would provide that all persons, firms, corporations, and public authorities receiving loans, grants, *and contracts* from the federal government shall comply with the principles and policies of collective bargaining laid down in the Labor Relations Act. It is fortunate that the bill is before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, because it was Senator Elbert D. Thomas, the wise and enlightened chairman of that committee, who pointed out some time ago that the Wagner Act had become the fundamental labor policy of the United States, and that sensible employers would stop bawling and comply with it.

Unfortunately, that brand of sense is the last attribute to be found in some employers, and hence it is necessary, after giving them three hints and a crack with a baseball bat, to hit them where they have both sense and feeling—in the profit account. Among those who need a severe application of this treatment are the big shipbuilders who will be on the job with outstretched bowls when the new navy program begins to rain gravy. The "Big Three" in this group consists of the Bethlehem, Newport News, and New York Shipbuilding companies. Pressing them in the value of government contracts is the Electric Boat Company, builder of submarines. Omit Henry Ford and Tom Girdler, and you could sift the dregs of American industry without finding four worse labor records. That of Bethlehem was beautifully exemplified in the tactics of its parent company at Johnstown. Almost identical methods were employed by the Newport News Company in the town of the same name. The labor-hating and strike-breaking policies of the other two are differentiated only by their employment of less spectacular forms of mayhem.

In dealing with these congenital labor-haters no reliance can be placed on the Navy Department. It always favors the contractor against his employees, and to his routine brutalities adds the singularly harsh and opprobrious charge that men striking for their rights are "hamstringing the national defense." As a matter of fact, it gave Electric Boat an important contract while a strike was in progress, and then granted an extension of time to relieve the company of damages for failure to complete the contract on time. The brass hats and the profiteers need no protection from each other, but the men who build the ships should be protected against both.

America's Gift to Aggressors

BY H. C. ENGELBRECHT

WHEN protest was made in the British House of Commons about the war trade with Japan, Lord Cranbourne replied that "to grant no further licenses for export of arms to Japan would involve difficulty with the Anglo-Japanese commercial treaty." When Commander Fletcher later tried to discover what export licenses for war materials to Japan were actually being issued, he received the reply, "His Majesty's government consider that it is contrary to the public interest to publish particulars of licenses issued for the export of arms and ammunition to particular destinations."

The same view apparently dominates American officials. Hardly had the press reported that American scrap-iron exports to Japan had almost tripled in a single year ($14,177,000 in 1936; $39,278,000 in 1937), when E. W. Pehrson of the United States Bureau of Mines declared before the Secondary Metal Institute that an export embargo on scrap iron would mean the abandonment of a "valuable strategic position now occupied by the United States." Countries like Japan and Italy, he continued, are dependent on American exports of scrap iron, and the United States could cripple the steel production of both countries by suddenly cutting off the supply of scrap. An embargo at this time, however, would only result in making these foreign industries permanently independent of the United States.

This tender feeling for the fascists extends beyond the war-materials trade. In Britain the popular boycott of fascist goods ran into difficulties because the Merchandise Marks Act of 1926 permits the merchant to mark imported articles either simply "foreign" or with the country of origin. Members of the House attempted to have Japanese goods labeled "Made in Japan," but the officials in charge declared that "the provisions of the existing act were best."

Everywhere one hears the same story. True, the Waterside Workers' Federation of Australia voted not to load ships with war supplies for Japan; the Irish Seamen's and Port Workers' Union decided to boycott all Japanese goods entering Dublin; the American National Maritime Union protested against the shipment of scrap iron to Japan in the government-owned freighter City of Rayville, a shipment which the Maritime Commission

Drawing by Eva Herrmann

Secretary Hull

defended; the Tax Research Institute of America discovered in a survey of its 6,000 members that 39 per cent of its membership favored a strict embargo on selling to Japan. But such protests make no impression on governments or on the war traffickers.

France, for example, in spite of its fear of Nazi Germany, enormously increased its sales of iron ore to Germany after Hitler's accession. The figures speak for themselves: 7,116,599 cwt. in 1932; 11,566,202 cwt. in 1933; 17,060,916 cwt. in 1934; 58,616,111 cwt. in 1935. Sweden followed suit. Not only does it export more than 75 per cent of its excellent iron ore to Germany, but through Bofors it supplies the Nazis with one of the most effective anti-aircraft guns in the world. Last year Germany got 42 per cent of its iron ore from Sweden and 33 per cent from France.

Others have been aiding the Nazis in the same generous manner. The Pratt and Whitney Aircraft Company signalized the rise of Hitler to power by licensing its excellent aircraft engines to a German firm. Soviet Russia in a recent year supplied 52 per cent of Germany's ferromanganese, an essential for armament. Some German planes today use the British Rolls-Royce engine.

The Nye committee records are filled with stories of American aid to Japan's war industry and war preparations. But the British probably surpass us in Japanese tie-ups, and the French Renault Company only last year established a branch factory in Japan, transferring to it all its patents and agreeing to turn over to it all further inventions and improvements. The Canadians, too, are finding the Japanese invasion of China a good business stimulus. The International Nickel Company of Canada earned $3,500,000 more in six months of 1937 than in the entire year of 1929.

That is the general picture: the democracies are arming the fascists by direct sales of munitions and aircraft and raw materials, by licensing to them their latest inventions, and by establishing branch factories in their countries. The Spanish and Far Eastern wars, however, deserve more attention, particularly the angle of American aid. In the Spanish war the State Department used the Mar Cantabrico incident to extend the Neutrality Act to the Spanish Loyalists. Civil wars were not included in this legislation, but the uproar raised by the department over a shipment of second-hand aircraft resulted in rush measures against the legal government in Spain. This would seem to place an obligation on the State Department to play rigorously fair with both sides. What happened? Germany and Italy intervened openly with armies and every kind of war material on the side of the rebels, but though they were obviously belligerents, the embargo was not extended to those countries.

Moreover, there is definite evidence that American war materials are reaching the rebels in Spain. An Associated Press dispatch of January 11, 1938, originating in Philadelphia, told of a cargo of aerial bombs being shipped from a New Jersey dock on the German steamer Crefeld. It was clearly indicated that the bombs would be reshipped, though the destination was not given. The inference is obvious that they were going to the Spanish fascists. On January 28, 1938, Dennis Jordan, a veteran of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, reported in a letter to the New York *Post* that "some of us have seen thousands of cartridges marked with the name of a prominent [American] munitions concern which were captured from the fascists at Belchite. We have also seen an exhibit in Valencia of aerial-bomb fragments, and prominently displayed among the German- and Italian-marked bomb casings were some which were made here in America."

In the Far Eastern war the State Department decided to ignore the Neutrality Act on the technicality that since war was not declared, war did not exist. Sympathizers with China hoped that China would benefit more from this policy than Japan. That hope becomes more and more baseless. China is apparently drawing its war materials chiefly from Soviet Russia, England, and Germany. It did buy millions of dollars' worth of aircraft and other munitions of war here, but it is handicapped by lack of ships. Japan, of course, has its own munitions factories and had made extensive preparations for war, but its purchases of American arms, particularly aircraft, are constantly increasing. The record for the last five months is as follows: in October, 1937, $85,378.09; in November, $528,433.33; in December, $250,282.63; in January, 1938, $538,243.40; in February, $1,184,950.70.

What happened was approximately as follows. Japan had prepared for war by storing raw materials and other supplies. For eighteen months it accumulated an unprecedented supply of scrap iron, largely from this country. Foreign oil companies which sold to Japan were ordered to store 50 per cent of their annual sales in that country. Their refusal to build their own storage facilities for such huge quantities almost caused an international incident, but Mitsubishi solved the problem by providing the needed tanks. At the same time Japan followed the lead of Germany and Italy in striving for national self-sufficiency. Plants were established for the liquefaction of coal into petroleum, an expensive process but a definite aid in supplying oil from internal sources. A syndicate was organized for the manufacture of the machine tools essential in armament production. Japan felt ready for war in China, which, it was confident, would not last long.

But that was a bad miscalculation. The war did last long, and the end is not yet in sight. The reserves so carefully stored proved inadequate, and new supplies had to be obtained. The story is told in detail by Eliot Janeway in his monthly column in *Asia* and in his Federated Press releases.

Oil was apparently the first item that ran short, and after two months of war the Japanese were in the market for 25,000,000 gallons of aviation fuel. They bought this from Standard Oil of California and from the Texas Corporation. In order to transport it thirty-two tankers were chartered and put into service. (Meanwhile the Navy Department is worried over the lack of tankers for the navy, and subsidies have been paid by the millions to the oil companies to provide more and faster ships.) This initial order was followed by another for 105,000,000 gallons of crude oil. Other purchases followed in rapid succession, until the sales of American oil to Japan during September and October amounted to 337,000,000 gallons. This was deemed sufficient for the war, and no further orders were placed during November and December. But in January inquiries were resumed.

Next came the demand for additional chemical plants. The Japanese chemical industry has made phenomenal progress. In 1936 Japan ranked fourth in world production of chemicals, surpassed only by Germany, the United States, and the U. S. S. R. It was believed that in heavy chemicals the actual demand would be met by domestic production in 1937. But the war made enormous new demands on the industry. New equipment was urgently needed; and where could this be more readily obtained than in the United States? Completely equipped plants were bought from American chemical manufacturers. The Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation licensed its Solvay patents to Japan; the Union Carbide and Carbon Company exported a gas-making factory; the Monsanto Chemical Company sold a sulphuric-acid plant; a Dubbs oil-cracking plant was acquired by the Mitsubishi Petroleum Company. Coal-tar products useful in making aviation blends and for explosives are finding an eager market, and the ammonium-sulphate makers are beginning to get Japanese orders.

Then the machine-tool syndicate broke down and was unable to furnish the lathes and precision instruments for making aircraft engines and various kinds of armament. The estimated need was 4,000 tons of these essentials, of which Japan could produce but 90 tons. Frantic efforts were made to supply the deficiency by purchases in this country. About 500 high-speed tools and lathes for aircraft work were sought in Cincinnati, but only three were obtained. The "recession" had not yet arrived.

Meanwhile the supply of scrap iron was running low. Japanese ships returning from China were frequently loaded with scrap—the remnants of Chinese machinery demolished by artillery or aerial bombs. Mars needed more. By January, 1938, the Japanese were back again in the American scrap market, and today reports from Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, and other cities frequently mention American scrap-iron shipments to Japan.

Iron and steel orders also arrived. Of these, too, there had been reserves. In four months of 1937 more pig iron was shipped to Japan from the United States than in the previous six years. Likewise 844,000 tons of steel products went to Nippon, again a record. But the end is not yet in sight, and Japan is back buying steel. The Bethlehem Steel Company and two independents recently split an order for 14,000 tons of steel for tanks. Various other raw materials have been ferried across the Pacific, notably copper and hides for shoes (50,000 in September from Swift and Armour, and 1,000,000 more to go in 1938).

All of this has cost money, much money. Formerly Japan was able to balance accounts somewhat by its exports of raw silk, cotton goods, and other manufactured products. These have now declined. The boycott, plus the depression, hit silk exports, and Japan's restrictions on some 500 items of import struck a blow at cotton-cloth manufacture. Military supplies take precedence over everything else. Hence the 750,000 bales of cotton which Japan bought here in four months of 1936 declined to 101,650 bales in the same period of 1937. This decline in exports caused by lack of raw materials was accelerated by other things. Italy cut into the Egyptian market; India began to develop its own textile industries; Great Britain is winning back shipping and freight routes in India which had been surrendered to Japan. A dangerous downward spiral is now in full swing in Japan's economy fewer imports of raw materials, fewer exports of finished goods, and so on down to economic collapse if the war lasts long enough. The acquisition of coal and iron mines in China may stay the collapse, but the situation is undoubtedly serious.

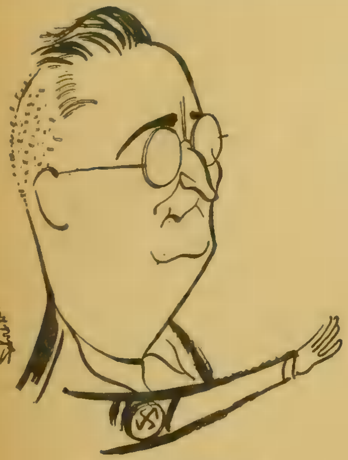
Declining exports mean that more and more of the war-material imports must be paid for in gold. About $250,000,000 in gold has already been shipped to this country to cover purchases, and more will be needed.

Meanwhile a great change has come over American industry with respect to Japanese war business. "When recovery ran high," says Eliot Janeway, "exports to Japan were drops in the bucket. Today they have become substantial factors maintaining activity in the steel, oil, machinery, and other industries." At first American business asked for prepayment in full before accepting orders, but when the depression deepened, the "cash with the order" policy was modified. Orders were accepted on the basis of 40 per cent down and the rest on delivery. Now there is talk of a $50,000,000 credit to Japan for purchases here. Meanwhile Japan's war orders, which have brought a measure of prosperity to the war traders, have resulted in a great decline in cotton sales, evening out the score for business as a whole. Of one thing there can be no doubt, however, and that is that the United States is an important factor in keeping the Japanese war juggernaut rolling.

The Rise of Konrad Henlein

BY LUDWIG LORE

IN OCTOBER of 1933 chance took me to the little town of Trautenau in Czechoslovakia close to the German border, a few hours by train from the German Silesian city of Breslau. The only hotel in the place was an ancient stone structure looking over a small market square where about fifty Czech peasant women were displaying their wares to the German housewives of the Sudeten German community. At supper time, as I sat in the handsome parlor of the inn, I heard a sudden outburst of loud cheering from the German burghers who had drifted in to spend the evening. The innkeeper himself hastened over to my table to tell me the news. "Germany has withdrawn from the League of Nations," he announced with shining eyes. "We have just received the news over the long-distance telephone from Breslau."


Konrad Henlein

"Would the American gentleman take a seat at the Bürgermeister's table?" I spent the next hour as a cautious spectator of what was practically a National Socialist celebration. These people were consciously or unconsciously part of a movement that was in all respects a replica of German Nazism in its less lawless phases, displaying the same intense nationalism, the same bitter hatred of the Jew, the same aggressiveness toward other nationalities, the same imbedded sense of frustration.

Not long afterward I read in a Prague newspaper that a certain Konrad Henlein, head of the German Gymnastic Federation (*Turnverband*) of Bohemia, had issued a proclamation calling on all Sudeten Germans to unite. I inquired about the man. Nobody seemed to know him, but everybody seemed to feel that his appeal had struck a responsive chord in the German minority along the border. "Our Germans," I was told, "will go with Henlein because one must go with one's own people."

To understand the instinctive response of Czechoslovakia's Germans to Henlein's appeal one must know their past. The Sudeten region was never part of the German Empire, though the people are of German stock. Their forefathers came to the country in the eighth and ninth centuries as settlers at the invitation of the Bohemian kings, who valued them as a progressive ferment among the stolid, earth-bound Czechs. With their political, lingual, and cultural privileges and their natural energy, adaptability, and efficiency they soon outdistanced their Czech neighbors in developing prosperous industrial communities.

Under the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy these Germans were a people set apart. If they knew the Czech language at all, it was through intercourse with their servants and their tradesmen. Socially they had no intercourse with their non-German countrymen. Promised increased political power in Europe as their share in the victory of the Central Powers, they were bitterly humiliated by the repression to which they were subjected after the defeat, for the Czech government made cruel and foolish mistakes in the first years after Versailles. Moreover, this once prosperous border area has suffered almost uninterrupted economic depression since it became part of Czechoslovakia. Impoverished by German inflation in 1922 and by overcapitalization in the succeeding boom period, Sudeten German business never regained its pre-war prosperity, and it wilted and died when Germany closed its borders to imports. For the Sudeten German worker the last twenty years have been a period of almost continuous unemployment and privation.

Germans and Czechs have the same claim to unemployment relief. German and Czech schoolchildren receive the same school lunch, for which the government pays out three million kronen annually. By maintaining scrupulous supervision over all welfare activities—the distribution of food to the needy, medical care for the sick, camps for unemployed youth, public works, and recreational centers—the government insures a fair distribution among the various racial groups. Compared with similar measures in Germany, these social services make a respectable showing. But in the last analysis the economic problem of the Sudeten Germans, like that of the Welsh miners and our own Southern share-croppers, is too fundamental to be solved by panaceas.

It is not generally known that National Socialism originated in Bohemia. The pan-German, Carl von Schönerer, who first propounded the National Socialist theory and organized his nationalist *Arbeiter Vereine* to offset the influence of the growing Socialist movement in Austria came from the Sudeten region. In 1918 the German Labor Party changed its name to National Socialist Party and under Jung and Krebs became the expression of the movement for German autonomy. Its "voluntary" dissolution in October, 1933, first brought Henlein into prominence, for his *Heimatsfront* was just what the National Socialists needed—a legal organization in which they could continue to function and a following that would be receptive to their idea.

Five years ago Henlein's name was unknown outside of *Turnverband* circles. He is an unimpressive person, slight of build, of average height, youthful in appearance, with an air of good nature and sincerity, and of not too great intelligence. He strikes one as an unimaginative, plodding sort of fellow, the type to do a good organizing job and leave the serious work of thinking to his masters. In the World War he fought in the Austrian army on the Italian front, was severely wounded and taken prisoner. Returning home he took a bank clerk's job in Gablonz but found the work too confining and gladly accepted an appointment as gymnastic instructor in the Reichenberg *Turnverein*. In the course of events he became the head of the association of German gymnastic societies.

In pre-war Bohemia there had always been sharp rivalry between the German *Turnvereine* and the so-called *Sokols* of the Czechs. Both organizations devoted themselves as much to cultural and national as to physical aims, and the *Turnvereine* became hotbeds of German nationalist sentiment. Anti-Semitic the Sudeten Germans had always been.

For years Henlein offered lip-service to democracy and the unity of the Czechoslovakian state. He found this easy since he had the secret and open support of the Czech reactionaries, to whom his implacable opposition to Marxism was not the least of his attractions. When he terrorized the Sudeten Germans into giving his party a substantial majority in the 1935 local and national elections, they closed both eyes. They ignored the treasonable propaganda of his papers. They made no protest when his followers took possession by force of the German student home in Prague and drove out the Jews from this ancient center of German culture. They welcomed his attacks on Russia and the democratic Czech government and its treaty with the U. S. S. R. At the same time their unfair treatment of the German population was just what Henlein needed to inflame the German-speaking population against the government and make it receptive to his propaganda for authoritarian rule.

The recent history of the Henlein movement is quickly told. In the national election of May, 1935, the *Heimatsfront* took the name Sudeten German Party and won two-thirds of the German vote, while the German Social Democratic Party (of Czechoslovakia) lost 50 per cent and the German Agrarian Party 60 per cent of its votes and mandates. The campaign was carried on in true Nazi revivalist style. Every known chicanery was practiced. Henlein himself refused to run for parliament, but every deputy elected by the Sudeten German Party was required to acknowledge his personal leadership, thus establishing an extra-parliamentary allegiance which must of necessity undermine democratic rule. The party's work in the national parliament has been consistently negative. It spurned Hodza's efforts to bring about an understanding between the government and the German minority. It blocked the strikes of workers for better conditions.

During all this time Henlein kept up the fiction of allegiance to the Czechoslovakian state and indignantly denied any connection with the National Socialist Party of Germany or the Hitler government. That bubble was finally exploded when he accepted the invitation of the German government to attend the winter Olympics in Garmisch-Partenkirchen in February, 1936, as the honored guest of the Third Reich. The immediate result of Henlein's new orientation was a split in the Sudeten German Party. The purely nationalist elements discovered what everybody else had known for years—that their party was being run by the suppressed National Socialists and was taking orders from their masters in the Reich.

These elements also objected to Henlein's too close alliance with the Czech reactionaries. The conference of officials in which these questions were thrashed out met in a stormy session. Henlein pointed out that the party must support those elements which promoted German interests against the government with its Russo-French alliance. In the end Henlein was sustained by 3,506 votes; only three persons cast votes against him, and one abstained from voting. The opposition leaders were expelled from the now frankly authoritarian party. Henlein's position was clear at last.

That was the situation before Hitler's coup in Austria. What is it now? Henlein and his followers declare that they wish to remain in Czechoslovakia but insist on autonomy for the German districts. Prague has made generous concessions—more than it can afford for its own security—but Henlein is not satisfied. Under the proposed agreement the German cities and townships would have absolute self-government in all local matters. They would have equal representation with the Czechs in all provincial and national commissions dealing with Sudeten German affairs. The Sudeten German Party would enjoy all the rights and privileges of other political parties. A year ago when Premier Hodza concluded an agreement with the anti-Nazi "Activists," who comprise one-third of the Sudeten German population, the central government leaned over backward to meet the just demands of German citizens. German schools were opened in localities where there were only five or six German schoolchildren.

Though Henlein denies it, the ultimate goal of his party is clearly the transference of Bohemia to the Third Reich. Ethnographically that would solve no problems, for there are German communities in every part of the republic. Geographically it would establish artificial boundaries that could not endure because what would be left of Czechoslovakia would be entirely unprotected.

For the present Henlein's party insists on district autonomy with the leadership principle, that is, the introduction of the Swiss cantonal system on a National Socialist foundation. Negotiations between Premier Hodza and Konrad Henlein through his parliamentary lieutenant Dr. Frank have been broken off. The Czech government would have been willing to introduce the cantonal system for its important minorities, but Henlein and Frank insisted on totalitarian autonomy with self-rule on all racial, economic, and cultural problems. Berlin insisted on a plebiscite, which Prague refused because the Germans demanded that the four choices to be voted on should include secession and authoritarian rule under a cantonal system.

The situation has been complicated in the past week by the action of other minorities in the republic. Poles, Hungarians, Slovaks, and two small German parties have formed a common front with the Sudenten Germans and are demanding self-rule. They are backed by Göring's Dortmund newspaper, which suggests partition of Czechoslovakia among Germany, Poland, and Hungary, and by the official Warsaw press. Premier Hodza's decision for a new general election will not settle matters.

It is not likely that Prague will go farther to placate the Reich. Czechoslovak statesmen quote Bismarck, who once said of their country, "He who holds Bohemia controls Europe." France and England, they say, will have to help. If they refuse and Czechoslovakia falls, it will mean war, a war in which neither France nor Britain could remain neutral, for Germany's victory would mean the final overthrow of the balance-of-power system, and the Rome-Berlin axis would then dominate Europe.

What British Labor Demands

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

THE abyss between the British Labor Party and Mr. Chamberlain's policy deepens as the days go by. Now that he has taken his stand upon a policy which involves the abandonment of Central and Southeastern Europe to the dictators, the differences which have been gathering ever since the abandonment of sanctions over Abyssinia come ever more rapidly to a head. They depend upon ultimate conceptions between which there is no real possibility of reconciliation. Mr. Chamberlain, openly, has thrown over the League and collective security. He is interested only in the traditional game of power politics in its most naked form. Austria, Spain, Czechoslovakia—he is prepared to abandon all these to their fate on the ground that their future is not directly a concern of Great Britain. He has no interest in the maintenance of the eastern frontier of the Soviet Union. So long as the British Empire and its direct lines of communication are not immediately threatened, there is no price he will not pay for peace.

This is, in effect, a revolution in British foreign policy. It is a denial of the principles for which the Labor Party has stood ever since the close of the war. More, it is a denial even of the principles for which Lord Baldwin asked support when he won the general election of 1935. It is a return to the traditional outlook of the pre-war epoch—the attitude which made war certain in 1914. It is based, I think, on two motives: (1) it seeks to avoid war as in itself a catastrophe; and (2) it calculates that if war comes it will be a threat, possibly a fatal threat, to the existing economic interests of the empire. It assumes that the triumph of the dictators is a matter of indifference to Great Britain as long as the empire itself is unaffected by their triumph. It implies, without conscious formulation, that the residuary legatee of their defeat would be the Bolshevists. Since it judges that this is incompatible with the maintenance of the existing economic order, Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues prefer to stand aside from the issues raised by the dictators. They rearm lest the consequences threaten Great Britain. But they assume that the "ideological conflict" in Western Europe is one in which they have no concern. That their inertia in the face of that conflict is, in objective fact, a direct assistance to the dictators they refuse to admit to themselves.

There was a moment in 1935 when support for the British government from the Labor Party seemed possible. Mr. Baldwin spoke of collective security as the axis of its policy. Sir Samuel Hoare spoke brave words to the same effect at Geneva in September of that year. It was not until after the general election that the mask was thrown off. Since then it has become grimly clear that Mr. Chamberlain and the Labor Party do not dwell in the same world. For Labor, the root of the present situation is the inability of capitalism in decay to make terms with democracy. In its imperialist phase capitalism is bound to fight for markets, colonies, and spheres of economic interests. Rival imperialist states clash because in our society the relations of production are entirely at variance with the forces of production. Fundamental economic change is therefore the clue to international peace. Within the framework of the existing economic order a decaying capitalism cannot maintain the peace. The problem it confronts is only that of when the war will come. It becomes necessary both to rearm for it and to stand aside from any conflict in which the immediate interest of a given capitalist state is not involved.

For Labor, peace is indivisible. The growth of fascism is a threat both to Labor's existing defenses and its further development. Where fascism is victorious, the free trade unions disappear, the cooperative movement is destroyed, the Socialist Party is suppressed. The masses are left helpless before the ability of the owning class to extract profit at any cost; and the need for profit involves, necessarily, that "spirited" foreign policy which means rearmament, and consequently insecurity and war. For British Labor, therefore, the frontiers are in Spain, in China, in Czechoslovakia, wherever, in short, a victory for fascism threatens. The safeguard against its advance is collective security—the alliance, that is, of those powers which are prepared to unite against aggressive action by the fascist states. Labor, therefore, as in its declarations of policy after the resignation of Mr. Eden and the rape of Austria, takes its stand upon collective security. It demands, internally, a general election in order that the country may decide between Chamberlainism and its alternative. It demands, externally, an alliance of France, the Soviet Union, and Great Britain to act collectively against the policy represented by Hitler and Mussolini.

This is not merely a negative policy. Labor is prepared for the internationalization of the British crown colonies. It is prepared for the lowering of economic barriers—the great network of tariffs, quotas, currency restrictions, and so on which hamper the revival of international trade. But the conditions of this attitude are (1) the revival of the League by the reentrance of Germany and Italy, and (2) disarmament. Labor takes the view that Mr. Chamberlain is in fact preparing for an imperialist war on the old model and that in such a war the masses which it represents can have no interest. Labor would not be able to support a war which had no other object than the consolidation of the British Empire against its rivals. That consolidation would not, in its judgment, solve any of the vital problems before Europe at the present time. In its behalf Mr. Chamberlain rearms on a level which, as he himself has said, postpones the possibility of any major social reform for a generation. To it, further, are sacrificed the remaining areas of political and social freedom in Europe, with no realization that the greater their shrinkage the less hope there is of stemming the tide of fascism, whose appetite grows by what it feeds on, or of maintaining the democratic political structure of Great Britain itself. For Labor, in short, the "ideological conflict" is one in which Great Britain must choose. It cannot hope to remain an oasis of capitalist democracy in a world of expanding fascism. For capitalist democracy is not static. To continue to be democratic, it must readjust the relations between ownership and the forces of production. That readjustment is the essential adventure. It is also the adventure upon which Mr. Chamberlain refuses to embark. The game he is playing is the time-honored division of his enemies abroad, the playing for time so that when he feels that pressure may be exerted he can strike with the maximum effect. The Labor Party denies that this policy will solve any of the vital problems. On the contrary, the evidence is clear that its result is daily to make fascism stronger. Its ultimate consequence is to leave the masses helpless before the power of capitalism. It means an attack on the Soviet Union and, quite certainly, a world war, by which time all the minor powers will have been drawn into the orbit of fascist influence.

The strategy that Labor has to follow is of extraordinary complexity. (1) It has to run the risk of being denounced as a war-mongering party. That Mr. Chamberlain has already done. The truth is that neither he nor the Labor Party considers peace the highest good. But there is a world of difference between them as to the objectives of peace, the ends for which the use of force would be justified. (2) It has to fight for a general election at a time when all the interests of Mr. Chamberlain are against seeking a popular verdict. He has lost prestige through Mr. Eden's resignation. He has lost prestige through the patent refusal of Hitler and Mussolini to refrain from further aggression since he began negotiations with them. He has lost prestige by the fact that internal improvements have necessarily to be sacrified to his policy of rearmament. A general election could only be forced by a series of spectacular Labor successes at by-elections or by the internal break-up of the Cabinet. There is some prospect that either or both of these may occur. But it is clear that Mr. Chamberlain will do everything he can to avoid a popular verdict. (3) It has to find allies who are prepared to stand with it for a reversal of the present trends. There are such allies—Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Cecil, perhaps Mr. Churchill. Alliance with them is difficult because of the narrowness of the area Labor occupies with them. All of them stand for the present economic order. It is doubtful whether any would be willing to pay the price of Socialist measures for a foreign policy they would approve. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill, notably, are simply British imperialists whose anti-fascism is much more a recognition that the dictators are a threat to the British Empire than a recognition of the bankruptcy of capitalism. (4) It is useless to conceal the fact that the Russian trials have had a serious effect upon British opinion, even within the Labor Party itself, and made Anglo-Soviet understanding far more difficult than it was two or three years ago. Yet it is clear that the defense of the Soviet Union must be a pivotal principle of Socialist policy. (5) Connected with this is the necessity for a united front. It would be highly dangerous for the Labor Party to enter into relations with those who see the dangers of Mr. Chamberlain's policy if the working-class forces in Great Britain remain, as now, divided. To any sort of Popular Front against fascism the united front of working-class parties is a necessary prelude.

We are playing a game against time. The situation daily deteriorates. The British government is confused and fumbling. Its habits aid, consciously or unconsciously, the policy of the dictators at every turn. The duty of the Labor Party is immediate clarification of its own mind as the basis of a great popular movement to drive Mr. Chamberlain out. Unless it can do this in the next few months, it will be too late to save the situation. I believe it is still possible to call the bluff of fascism. It may not be possible to do so six months from now.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

AMERICAN history will never record a more extraordinary career than that of the late Colonel Edward M. House. Here was a man from Texas, wholly without experience in international affairs, who through his adoration of President Wilson and the President's admiration for him came to play a most important role in the destiny of the American people—without his ever holding any office. The two men had not met before the Presidential campaign, but as H. N. Brailsford has put it, "House had a way of impressing his personality with some unconscious magic on those with whom he talked. He seemed curiously modest. He talked very simply. One felt . . . his courtesy and sincerity." Yet he could be absolutely insincere and constantly was. He made the militarists feel he was with them and the pacifists believe he was on their side, but he gloated in his diary that when a group of pacifists came to see him he stirred up a controversy between them and that this "as usual . . . delights me." He was both for and against America's going into the war, but finally the former point of view prevailed and he made an agreement in 1916 to put this country into war on the side of the Allies. He, a plain, unofficial citizen, promised the British statesmen that if the Allies could make no headway in the war, Mr. Wilson would demand a peace conference, and that if the Germans then refused the terms House had outlined, the United States would enter the war. He had no authority from the President to do this and none from the Congress, which alone according to the Constitution has the war-making power. He held no office, and yet he actually pledged what came to pass—America's entry into the war! There is no parallel to it in all our history. He was more powerful than the Cabinet; he constantly molded the President's policies and frequently shaped his speeches.

With all that, he was a man of extraordinary naivete. Often the foreign statesmen were appalled by his simplicity and inexperience in world events. It seems incredible but it is a fact that in 1913, a year before the war, he offered to the Kaiser an alliance with the United States! Said he: "I spoke of the community of interest between England, Germany, and the United States, and thought if they stood together the peace of the world could be maintained." On January 11, 1916, he told Balfour and Gray that Wilson would enter into agreements with the European nations on such matters as navalism, militarism, and the like. A month later he told Briand and Cambon that "the lower the fortunes of the Allies ebbed, the closer the United States would stand by them." Yet he was constantly fooled by the British diplomats; he had never heard of the secret treaties until I published them in the New York *Evening Post* in January, 1917, and Lincoln Colcord sent him some copies of the reprints. The utter confusion of his mind is well illustrated by a sentence he wrote on June 23, 1916: "It is not the people who speak, but their masters, and some day, I pray, the voice of the people may have direct expression in international affairs as they are beginning to have it in national affairs." He saw no inconsistency in the fact that he was plotting all the time, with Wilson's consent and approval, to put the American people into the war without asking their consent or even giving their representatives in Congress a chance to speak or to know what was going on behind the scenes.

Had his mind been clear and logical he would have suffered greatly when he lived to see the complete collapse of the victory over which he and Mr. Wilson had so exulted. But on being asked what he had to say when Hitler finally tore up the Treaty of Versailles, he properly begged off because of his advanced age. He knew that the Treaty of Versailles was bad, yet he advised Mr. Wilson to sign it. Indeed, he assured him that the victory made him on Armistice Day the greatest figure in the history of the world—he held his friendship with Mr. Wilson intact as long as he did because of his constant adulation. It is, however, pleasant to record that on his seventy-fourth birthday he admitted that the President's almost unlimited power to put the country into war constituted a grave national peril. Finally this "strangest of friendships" came to an end.

In these times the moral of Colonel House's career should be kept constantly before the American people. Strong forces in and out of the government are at work to put this country into war with Japan as a prelude to our going to the rescue of the democracies in Europe, which by their faults of omission and commission have put themselves in a position where they are powerless to stay the advance of the dictators. The American people to the last man and woman ought to be told again how Colonel House's activities helped to bring on war in 1917 and how the fate of their children may still be settled by two or three men in and out of office. Mr. Wilson was probably not aware of all the things Colonel House was doing in Europe. How else can one explain his allowing a private citizen to offer a treaty of alliance to the Kaiser? Surely had he been conscious of what this implied he would have at least consulted the two committees of the Congress charged with supervising our foreign affairs. We now know the result of the Wilson and House conduct of our foreign policy. The greatest question before the American people today is whether history shall repeat itself and we go to war again.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE BAPTISM OF ARISTOTLE AND MARX

BY SIDNEY HOOK

OF LATE many signs point to a militant reassertion of Catholic philosophy in American culture. Whether this movement is directly connected with the growing interest—and role—of the church in the political scene is difficult to say. But it throws a revealing light upon the character of the appeal which neo-Thomism makes to restless minds in search of a center. It also indicates something of the ideological strategy which devotees of the perennial philosophy may pursue in adapting themselves to the leftward swirling currents of American life. To Professor Mortimer J. Adler belongs the distinction of having dusted off the scholastic philosophy and in a series of provocative books, the latest of which is "What Man Has Made of Man,"* sent it into the arena of doctrinal controversy to do combat against modern heresies in education, politics, law, morals, psychology, art, and science. Basing himself upon the work of Jacques Maritain, whom he hails as the possible Aquinas of our age, he challenges all comers. Nor have his challenges been devoid of influence. His writings have probably irritated more people than they have convinced, but the argumentative skill of Professor Adler, together with his strategic educational position at the University of Chicago, whose president has urged the reform of higher education in accordance with the spirit of Adler's thought, makes it necessary to give his position more critical attention than until now it has received.

Professor Adler's work is best calculated to impress those practicing scientists and professional men who are untouched by any methodological sophistication. Avowing that they hold no philosophy of science or the naive one of just following the facts, it turns out that they are almost always talking bad philosophy. It is not difficult to shock them into a realization of its inadequacy. To this debating skill Adler adds an ability to translate the positions held by those whom he criticizes into scholastic terminology. And he very persuasively offers a fair field for the scientist to pursue his "surface investigations," provided he leaves the real, the good, and the intelligible to the metaphysician and theologian. The scientist is given a promise of autonomy the exact lines of which are laid down in advance and for all time by the metaphysician, whose truths are absolute, universal, and necessary. On some subjects, such as the specific nature of God, freedom, and immortality, the metaphysician must bow to sacred theology—Catholic theology.

It is a strange but eloquent fact that although Mr. Adler has made short shrift, and with justice, of many vague and pretentious scientific ideologies, he has nowhere attempted to come to grips with the thought of critical empirical philosophers. He has only marginal comments to make on outstanding empirical philosophers who have long since abandoned the Aristotelianism he has so recently embraced, dragged its hidden assumptions into the light, and submitted them to devastating critiques. It is easy, for example, to convict scientists of discussing values without knowing that it is values they are discussing; or of handling problems which involve values as if they could be solved with the same techniques that are used in ascertaining simple matters of fact. It is an entirely different matter to meet the empirical theory of value on its own ground and to defend one's own authoritarian spiritualism against the criticisms of naturalist philosophers. Since all matters of policy, whether of personal conduct or social action, involve assertions of value, any sharp divorce of the realm of values from scientific inquiry into their causes and consequences leads abruptly to obscurantism in morality and politics. Relieved of the checks and controls of scientific method, skilful apologists can foist upon the unwary a reactionary ideology under the banner of the sovereignty of philosophy.

In the present work, devoted to the errors of Platonism and positivism in psychology, Mr. Adler offers the outline of a comprehensive argument for the true position in almost every discipline ranging from ontology to psychoanalysis. He makes bold claims for philosophy. From handmaiden to the sciences it is raised to be their queen. It is represented as a body of knowledge whose content and validity are completely independent of the results of scientific inquiry. The latter is concerned with phenomenal correlations; the former with essential causes. Since what is true for all of experience cannot be contravened by any science which reports on some special mode of experience, philosophy rules the sciences. Like the pope, philosophy is infallible but not impeccable—infallible about the relations of the sciences to one another and about the legitimacy of the "interpretations" of their findings, not impeccable about specific matters of fact. The fundamental principles and concepts of "general physics" as well as the principles of inference employed in all the special sciences are supplied by metaphysics. And psychology as the study of man's knowledge of himself is a philosophical discipline. "Philosophy, answering the basic questions, necessarily subordinates as well as interprets and regulates scientific research."

There is an ill-concealed arrogance in Mr. Adler's references to contemporary science and modern philosophy which indicates that he has imbibed the dogmatism of Catholic philosophy but not its wisdom. Contemporary science, in so far as it is a quest for causes, illustrates little more to him than the fallacy of affirming the consequent, and modern philosophy "is an attenuation of the ancient and modern tradition, confounded by the repetition of old errors." Yet there is a whole cluster of assumptions that are coolly begged in the face of a small library of critical literature which deals with them: for example, that there are self-evident, axiomatic truths of reason and immediate, absolutely known truths of perception; that a science whose conclusions are not entailed by these first truths can only give pseudo-knowledge or opinion; that statements which cannot possibly be tested by experience (for example, on Transcendentals, God, Substance, etc.) are significant; that adequate premises for a rational study of nature must express the essential natures of things. According to Adler man is essentially a rational animal. According to modern science neither man nor anything else is *essentially* this or that. "Essential" is a teleological term, delimiting a problem, a context, and a purposeful inquiry of some sort. Adler's "essential" premises, forms, insights are disguised definitions. As definitions they are either adequate or inadequate to the purposes at hand. They are neither true nor false. The history of experimental science is to a large extent the history of its struggles to liberate itself from the Aristotelian conception of fixed essential kinds and natures. Although nominally Adler declares that science is independent of any philosophy, he insists that no science whose fundamental categories are not Aristotelian can be intelligible. One merely asks: intelligible to whom?

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*"What Man Has Made of Man. A Study of the Consequences of Platonism and Positivism in Psychology." By Mortimer J. Adler. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

Mr. Adler, however, is not only an Aristotelian. Just as he is compelled to perform major operations upon the logic of science to force it into an Aristotelian mold, he must also cut Aristotle to the pattern of Catholic purpose. This appears very clearly in his psychological discussion, particularly in his silent suppression of the revisions which Aquinas makes in Aristotle to reconcile him with the demands of religious faith. Adler almost always couples Aristotle and Aquinas together as if there were no important differences between the two either in metaphysics or psychology. Yet modern critical behaviorists could with as good, if not better, warrant construe their theory of mind out of the writings of Aristotle as Adler the Thomistic view of the soul. He writes *both* as an Aristotelian and a Thomist but blandly ignores the difficulty of showing how the Thomistic doctrines of Transcendentals, Analogy, Exemplarism, Creation, personal immortality, Providence—to mention only a few—can be squared with the principles of Aristotle's first philosophy. Platonism and positivism are castigated as twin enemies of the true philosophy of Aquinas. Yet he can hardly be unaware of the fact that in the interest of religious dogma, Aquinas was compelled to Platonize Aristotle, to make the existence of man and his soul, for example, depend upon God and not upon the essence of man, and therewith convert the logical distinction which Aristotle makes between essence and existence into a real separation. Like most people who revive an archaic doctrine for a contemporary purpose, Adler serves up an unhistorical version of Aristotle which few Aristotelian scholars who do not have to be mindful of the doctrinal necessities of sacred theology are likely to accept. Even the best among modern Thomists, like Gilson, are careful to point out that Aquinas, for all his indebtedness to Aristotle, was preeminently a Christian philosopher.

The baptism of Aristotle is an old story, and Adler is here following along a path which was beaten centuries before. Not so, however, with his attempt to baptize Marx or to turn Aquinas into a Marxist. How his frocked brethren will gasp when they read, "I have often been tempted to use the name 'dialectical materialism' for the traditional metaphysics of Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas; for if the Marxists fully understood their own doctrine they would be hylomorphists or formal materialists." Now if Marxism represents any philosophical tendency it is that of scientific materialism; it has no place for traditional metaphysics, which presumably arrives at truths not confirmable by the sciences. Marxism also affirms that knowledge, or theory, makes a difference in history. This leads Adler to the non-sequitur that Marxists believe that "in human history reason is an independent cause," and that only the philosophy of Aristotle and Aquinas is compatible with this belief. What Adler fails to realize is that, in the Marxist view, knowledge can make a difference precisely because it is a form of behavior. It may not be completely dependent upon physico-chemical forces but dependent in some sense it must be if it is to have practical effect. The Marxist theories of mind, knowledge, and history are completely antithetical to Thomism. None the less he writes: "The Marxian can take the second [Thomist] position without altering his view of the shifting struggle of classes, without yielding in his justifiable moral condemnations of capitalism. In fact, he is strengthened in the latter if he become a Thomist." The context leaves unclear whether "the latter" refers to the whole of Marxism or only to its moral condemnation of capitalism. It is certainly a unique idea. One can be a good Marxist only if one is a good Thomist. Adler will admit that a good Marxist must accept the class struggle, and its consequences—the Marxian theory of the state and revolution. What happens then to good Thomism? It looks as if Adler were already improving the Pope on points of doctrine. But what will the Archbishop of Chicago say?

It "can be simply shown," says Adler, that Marxian materialism is the formal materialism of Aquinas. And it is the veriest child's play for a virtuoso of Mr. Adler's order to show that the same is true for psychoanalysis. Addressing an audience of psychoanalysts, before whom these lectures were delivered, he claims that "psychoanalysts do not understand their places in this tradition, and as a result they do not understand their own doctrine." Freud like Marx is to be corrected not by scientific psychology, sociology, and history but by Thomist metaphysics. It is simply impossible to understand oneself unless one is a Thomist. But this last is only a necessary but not sufficient condition, for if Adler is right it seems as if most Thomists, too, have failed to understand themselves, particularly their close kinship to Marxism.

It would not be unfair to say that Mr. Adler fails to give even a remotely adequate account of the logic of scientific inquiry. The fruitfulness of science, or, better, opinion, appears miraculous on his definition of knowledge. The scientists, according to Adler, may explain the world in a descriptive sense, but they cannot understand it. Yet nowhere does he explain clearly the difference between explaining the world and understanding it. Further, it is obvious that Adler is not a genuine Aristotelian, for no Catholic philosopher can be. It is also obvious that he is not a Marxist except by the most arbitrary kind of definition. Nor a psychoanalyst of any known variety. But clearest of all is the fact that in making the Thomists clear to themselves his own Thomism emerges as a wild heresy. It is doubtful whether it would ever have received the ***nihil obstat.*** I must confess to a constitutional sympathy for all varieties of heresy. But the Adlerian heresy, in blurring what should be carefully distinguished, strikes me as more dangerous than the clear-featured conservatism of orthodox Catholic philosophy. While other Catholic philosophers attack Marx, Dewey, and other naturalists to prevent inroads upon the flock of the faithful, Adler indicates the way in which the "sound" aspects of their doctrine can be absorbed in the Thomist tradition. His techniques make possible the claim that whatever is or will be true is already part of that tradition. In this way doctrines that cannot be refuted or suppressed can be corrupted by adoption.

BOOKS

"Great Hatred, Little Room"

A PURSE OF COPPERS. By Sean O'Faolain. The Viking Press. $2.50.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN'S new collection of stories is more realistic than any of his previous work. He has learned to control the passages of poetic prose which, in Irish writing, can be tiresome as often as they are enchanting. The modern generation of Irish writers is not much tempted toward atmosphere blown forward from the early and dreamy days of the Celtic renaissance. The Irishman who writes prose now realizes the rich field for straight observation his country offers him: a terrain populated by distinct, contradictory characters, elsewhere more or less absorbed into the colorless stream of modern life, but in Ireland preserved, by bitter circumstance, intact, as under glass. In the twenty years since Joyce first treated the Irish middle class to a merciless cold flood of satire, the Irish have been relearning how congenial to their temperament the ironic, unvarnished account of things actually is. The bards did not spend much time brooding over beauty. They told the truth, and in consequence, it is said, raised blisters on listeners' cheeks and made the tails drop off rats.

Yeats has ascribed the rebirth of Irish realism to several causes. The habit of fierce resentment, for centuries turned against the English, finally, that target becoming of less importance, began to be expended upon Ireland itself, in factionalism and otherwise.

> Out of Ireland have we come.
> Great hatred, little room,
> Maimed us at the start . . .

Yeats wrote in 1931. Then, too, the old audience of sentimental, half-cultivated Anglo-Irish landowners, merchants, and officials that "preferred frieze-coated humorists, daredevils upon horseback, to ordinary men and women, . . . that welcomed the vivid imaginations of Lover, Lever, and Somerville and Ross," had disappeared. At present, the new audience, although long trained to satire and peasant comedy, has not completely found itself. And the present regime in Ireland has set a number of hurdles, including a semi-religious censorship, which hamper the free run of Irish talent. But the fact that this talent continues to correct its romantic side—even though that side received refreshment during the Troubles—is a healthy sign. While O'Flaherty, Frank O'Connor, and O'Faolain continue their dissection of Ireland past and present, there is little chance that the standard romantic Irishman will be reassembled from the component parts into which he has been broken down.

O'Faolain is particularly good at presenting the self-deceived, half-talented Irish type, the artist *manqué*, defeated partly by poverty and partly by the division in his own nature. He shows us clearly, too, the peasant crossed with the townsman, a combination which brings out the worst qualities of both. And that disconcerting and most neglected Irish type, the humorless Irishman with a passion for abstract thinking, stands out, in one story, Admiring the Scenery, in bleak relief against the imaginative tenderness of a companion. A Purse of Coppers accents the Irish tendency to play to the hilt a chosen role in life even though, to a disinterested observer, it seems to be the wrong one. And Irish provincialism and Irish Catholicism—so peculiar to the country that they resemble only faintly provincialism and Catholicism elsewhere—are scrutinized by O'Faolain with a not entirely untender precision. O'Faolain is not out after pure eccentricity. He is not holding Joyce's hate-sharpened scalpel in his hand. Nor is he pointing up his people into burlesque figures that can be recognized with howls of laughter. He and the rest of his generation are beginning to strike a steady mean between the two methods, while behind them, fortunately, the Irish Twilight dwindles to negligible dimensions.

LOUISE BOGAN

Soviet Medicine

SOCIALIZED MEDICINE IN THE SOVIET UNION. By Henry E. Sigerist. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.50.

THE medical care supplied the people of a state is an accurate index of the social development of that state. A consideration of medical practice in Russia therefore should be of great value in an appraisal of the Soviet Union's progress toward its expressed aims of social justice and economic security. A study of socialized medicine actually in operation should also be of particular interest to the student of American medicine, since even the most conservative admit that the solution of its problems and maladjustments will require some form of socialization.

Dr. Sigerist, who is professor of the history of medicine at the Johns Hopkins University, offers a careful and scholarly study of the subject. He not only describes in detail the operation of Soviet medicine but indicates its place in the development of medical practice throughout the world and its relation to the social philosophy of the Soviet Union. The book contains a wealth of detailed information: moneys expended, beds available, hospitals built, students enrolled, and so on and on. Fourteen elaborate appendices describe the organization of health services, laws relating to health, the curricula in colleges, the organization of research, and other similar matters.

Certain broad questions come up repeatedly in all discussions of Soviet medicine: (1) What does socialized medicine in the Soviet Union propose to do? (2) What has it actually accomplished? (3) How does it function? How is it administered and financed? (4) How is research organized?

In answering the first, Dr. Sigerist writes:

> The general idea is to supervise the human being medically, in a discreet and unobtrusive way, from the moment of conception to the moment of death. Medical workers and medical institutions are placed wherever anyone, in the course of his life, is exposed to dangers. Medical supervision begins with the pregnant woman and the woman in childbirth, proceeds to the infant, the pre-school and school child, the adolescent, and finally the man and woman at work. This is an entirely new medical attitude.

He considers the following four points the most characteristic features of the Soviet health system:

> (1) Medical service is free and therefore available to all. (2) The prevention of disease is in the foreground of all health activities. (3) All health activities are directed by central bodies, the People's Commissariats of Health, with the result that (4) health can be planned on a large scale.

The crucial question of what Soviet medicine has accomplished Dr. Sigerist considers at length in two chapters entitled The Protection of Groups and The Protection of the Individual. Statistically the record of Soviet medicine is a brilliant one, in pace with other technical and industrial advances under the various five-year plans. The data collected in this book show that hospital bed capacity has almost doubled in five years, that the incidence of smallpox has been reduced from epidemic proportions to the point where in 1936 only 400 cases were reported in the entire Soviet Union, that the facilities for convalescent care are of a sort not even approached by other countries, that infant mortality rates have been strikingly reduced; and give many other evidences of gigantic accomplishment.

How does Soviet medicine function? The Soviet states have faced a severe problem in building up an adequate medical personnel. They have set the goal of one physician for every thousand persons. In 1936 there were 90,000 physicians, and the estimated number for 1937 is 107,000. At least 50,000 more are needed.

The medical student is chosen by competitive examinations. Once enrolled, he receives a stipend throughout the course of study. After graduating, he is sent for three years to practice in a rural district. Then he is allowed to choose his permanent career, whether it is to be hospital work, research, or preventive medicine. The pay of physicians is considered adequate for a decent living standard; salaries vary in accordance with experience and responsibility.

The emphasis on preventive medicine is so great that many forms of social activity not considered medical in character in other countries are in the Soviet Union an intimate part of medicine. In this category are included the extensive nursery, kindergarten, and school systems by means of which the child is kept under constant medical supervision. The youth movements, the summer camps, housing, food distribution, and sanitation are parts of the medical program.

Actual service to the ill is supplied through a system of health centers which are connected with hospitals, industrial plants, the army and navy, or are determined by geographical factors. Numerous secondary agencies exist to meet the needs of special groups, all planned to place medical service where it will be easily available and efficiently administered.

The question of the personal relationship of physician and patient is considered by Dr. Sigerist. His opinion is that this relationship under the Soviet regime is a satisfactory and desirable one, owing perhaps to the elimination of a medical fee. The quality of medical services he describes as good, with constant attention being directed toward its improvement.

The funds for medical needs come from various sources: about half from social-insurance funds and the rest from state and local-government funds. Small amounts are also obtained from voluntary-aid funds, which exist especially among peasants on collective farms. The health budget for 1936 totaled 6,214,500,000 rubles.

Research is a part of the whole plan on which Soviet society is built. The question at once arises whether this does not stifle individual initiative and independent activity. Dr. Sigerist is emphatic on this point. He says:

> The planning of a national economy raises problems the solution of which is imperative. Definite research institutes are called upon to attack these problems. But there is plenty of room for individual initiative. If a scientist has a promising project of his own, he is encouraged to carry it out and the state finances it. It becomes a part of the general plan. It is obvious that there is scarcely a project that cannot be fitted into a program of such magnitude.

The work of Soviet scientists, which has received recognition throughout the world, testifies to the correctness of this attitude.

The evidence brought together by Dr. Sigerist seems to justify the conclusion that socialized medicine in the Soviet Union has measured up to the standards it has set for itself and that its further development promises even more striking accomplishments. DAVID BERES

Poet-Reporter

JOURNEYS BETWEEN WARS. By John dos Passos. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

WITH eyes impressionable as those of carnival John dos Passos watches the world. Too human to be a political doctrinaire, avid for the meaning in man's gesture and woman's posture, he is a poet-reporter, full of a fine awareness. In him one can be thankful for the radical neither misanthrope nor dialectician. That terrible immature double stripe of interchangeable tenderness and brutality, merely political and nothing more, is only faintly marked in him.

This is not an autobiographical book; the Dos Passos autobiography is in the Camera Eye of the "U. S. A." trilogy. An assemblage of travel sketches testifying to his precise observation over the past twenty years, "Journeys Between Wars" opens with the lost Spain of "Rosinante to the Road Again," passes through the Levant and Russia, and returns to the Spain of the present. There are side excursions and pauses; he stops at Constantinople, Trebizond, Georgia and the Caucasus, Armenia, Bagdad, Damascus, Morocco, Copenhagen, Helsingfors, Leningrad, Moscow, pays honor to Zapata in Mexico, and teases Blum and Colonel de la Rocque

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and, less fairly, a French minister without portfolio saddled with the fundamentally impossible task of protecting the democratic rights of revolutionary parties. The final passage, a sketch of the communication by telephone of an editorial in the syndicalist paper of Barcelona to another on the far side of the rebel lines, at doomed Gijon, has a poignancy that can be realized only by one who knows how slender are the lines that hold ideas together among the red-eyed, underpaid journalists in the poor little towns of the Mediterranean world.

"Oh, never-to-be-finished Baghdad Bahn that was to have joined the Sultan Shah Mulay Wilhelm Khan Pasha to his eastern dominions, bogy of queasy-livered colonels in the Indian service, Moloch well-fattened with young men's lives, phantom on lurid wheels that ran mad expresses through the eighteen nineties up the steep years of the new century, only to smash up once and for all in the great bloody derailment of the war"—it is all as fine as that, and some even better. Dos Passos refuses to deal in mendacious political abstracts. On leaving Moscow, despite all the hospitality, he somehow gets away without taking the pledge to defend the Soviet Union; he feels it necessary to feel out the future rather than to assert it, and though he does not appear to honor his own Americanism, he always ducks a repudiation of it.

Because the book is artificially put together and the matter of the sketches is momentary, the final effect is not unified. Journalism, no matter how observant and sensitive, cannot give that sense of resolution for which the Western world now hungers. Dos Passos cannot see, any more than we can, how it is all going to turn out; knowing at least as much as the foreign correspondents and having more time than any of them to think it over, he refuses a guess even in terms of the spirit. He has a fine sense of humbleness and a characteristically American clinical approach to ignorance in himself, and perhaps that ought to be enough.

At the unimportant risk of being wrong, however, one can hazard that Dos Passos, who here dares show the first pity for the innocent non-Marxist victims of the revolution that has appeared in an important writer of the left, may in his future chronicles of this sorry time, black as it now appears, include in his understanding all who suffer innocently, whatever side they are on. Should totalitarianism in any form be victorious, his hatred, like ours, will be unremitting. It is for the man of feeling to work for the liberation of spirit, not to administrate it, as some believe, but to spend it all again in terms of mercy. This may seem a counsel of perfection during a retreat like this. But who will guard the counsels of perfection if we do not? GEORGE WELLER

Is Writing Spinach Too?

FASHION IS SPINACH. By Elizabeth Hawes. Random House. $2.75.

MISS HAWES is a genius who makes dresses for rich women, sometimes brilliantly beautiful, sometimes merely eccentric. Her prices run from $150 to $400. As a child Miss Hawes dressed dolls passionately. She dresses living dolls passionately today. She has written here a passionate little-girl book, telling the "news behind the news" about clothes. It is a big story to tell about an important industry, but it's not a big book because there is little of the industry and too much of "I, Elizabeth Hawes" and "an American girl named Hawes."

Her ideas are all sound. She wants the woman who pays

AND SO TO WAR

By HUBERT HERRING

Here is a thorough and convincing argument showing how we of the United States can avoid war. The author states the case not for isolation but for *neutrality* because that, in the long run and in the short run, too, is more likely to help this country and the peace of the world than any more wars to end wars. He pleads for the United States keeping out of European and Asiatic wars where it has no essential interests, and for keeping out of the European system of alliances which has no higher motive than to preserve the status quo for the countries that have what they want.

$2.00

The Best Seller Everyone is Discussing

THE Folklore OF Capitalism

By THURMAN W. ARNOLD

This is the book by the newly appointed Assistant Attorney General that Senators have been reading aloud on the floor of Congress. "Certainly one of the most penetrating and exciting political studies since Veblen's THEORY OF THE LEISURE CLASS."—Ralph Thompson in *The New York Times.* $3.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
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$15 for a dress to have one that is better fitting and better looking. She thinks the $15 dress should be made so it lasts a few years instead of a few months. Fine. Her mistake is in thinking that the American woman wants a dress to last a few years. No amount of French, department-store, and manufacturers' propaganda could make women buy new clothes every six months if the change didn't feed some deep need in their personalities. The average woman wants her clothes to wear out. She wants new ones twice a year if she can possibly afford it. She would rather have them of poorer quality, but fresh and new.

And how about the catastrophe to labor in the garment industry if women should wear their clothes five years? But Miss Hawes's labor point of view is kind-hearted and muddle-headed, so that she is able to pity out-of-town exploited workers while a few pages away she says that she allowed a runaway New York manufacturer to open a factory in her name in Connecticut. When they proposed using her name to get rid of their labor contract, she says, "I laughed. My courses in labor problems at Vassar went through my head. I said, Go ahead." In the next chapter she is full of sorrow about the overworked people in the New York garment trades.

A trimming put on a ready-made dress to hide its bad lines is called "spinach." The thesis of the book is that all fashion is spinach, but that style is important. "Style doesn't change every month or every year. It only changes as often as there is a real change in the point of view and lives of the people for whom it is produced. Style doesn't care about the color of your clothes or whether your bag matches your shoes." Fashion's fundamental idea is, first, that all beautiful clothes are designed in France and all women want them, and, second, that beautiful clothes change regularly every six months.

Unfortunately for her thesis about fashion and style, this book is written not with style but with fashion—an imitation *New Yorker* magazine fashion. Still if you wear clothes, you'd better read it. It is packed full of good stories and facts that you ought to know. And that applies to men as well as to women. The best chapter in the book is the one about men's clothes. HELEN WOODWARD

Not Interested

THE SUMMING UP. By W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

POOR Maugham! Is he not a warning and a dreadful object lesson—this author who forsook his art for artistry? Or so at least we might open our review of "The Summing Up." Sadly we might look back upon "Of Human Bondage," discuss the temptations of literary success, point stonily to Maugham's lack of social conscience, agree at the last that Maugham was certainly a competent entertainer, studding our compassion with lines from Mallarmé. The true case is, however, somewhat different. For Maugham's "literary will," if it does not alter very much our judgment of his work, does add to our appreciation of his mind. Not that it is an unusually penetrating one. Very little that he says has not been said before; much of it has been more strikingly expressed by Samuel Butler, to whom Maugham in his general philosophic views bears a strong resemblance. No, the merit of Maugham lies in his harmony and humility, his lack of extravagance and narrowness alike, his reasonable lucidity. "Anything is better than not to write clearly." It lies in his firm hold on ordinary life in all its aspects; it lies in his own self-knowledge. "I have more character than brains, and more brains than specific gifts." It lies perhaps in his very lack of extreme intellectual distinction—this theoretical brilliance which has, I suppose, led men astray as often as not.

"The Summing Up" is an intelligent and civilized book, an amusing one (there is a nice episode in which Maugham's severe young secretary corrects his grammar, and another in which Maugham dutifully follows all of Bertrand Russell's philosophic peregrinations), in many respects an illuminating book. There are fine discussions of the theater, literature, young people today, happiness, and worldly conduct in general. That "The Summing Up" is also a disappointing book in some respects is due partly to the author's intention. Too much of it is specialized or repetitious. It is rather as if Maugham had decided at last to free himself from the weary burden of entertaining which has rested so heavily upon his shoulders, once to please himself and not the reader. He chooses, again, to omit some of the details of his personal history which might have given his book a humanity and warmth it sometimes lacks. But in a larger sense we are disappointed not with what he has omitted from his book but with what he has omitted from his life. There is something curiously unsubstantial about Maugham's career. He writes, he travels, he writes. During all of this, it is true, he makes a continual and earnest effort to grasp experience in its vulgarity as well as its delicacy. An artist, he knows, needs force, go, bluntness, guts and beef. And Maugham as artist and as person remains detached, diffident, the spectator who wants very much to participate, seeking experience indeed but never quite sharing in it. The artist, Maugham says in a fine statement, is the only free man. But perhaps Maugham's bondage lay in freedom.

Maugham may sound a little too respectable. He has his surprises. While he is both shrewd and generous in his views on human life today, there is remarkably little in "The Summing Up" concerning the social system under which this life is lived, perhaps no more than three or four pages. On one of them, however, is this: "We live now on the eve of great revolutions. I cannot doubt that the proletariat, increasingly conscious of its rights, will eventually seize power in one country after the other, and I never cease to marvel that the governing classes of today, rather than continue a vain struggle against these overwhelming forces, do not use every effort to train the masses for their future tasks so that when they are dispossessed their fate may be less cruel than that which befell them in Russia." It is not that Maugham has not considered the issue of social justice. He has considered it, calmly and intelligently, and having arrived at the logical answer, he moves on to his next novel. He is not interested.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

Novel-with-a-Purpose

THE BROTHERS. By H. G. Wells. Viking Press. $1.50.

WELLS'S playful fancy, which once jumped blithely through the hoops of time, space, and human invention, has long since dwindled to the point where readers must cudgel their brains to supply the story. Number three of his new series of short novels-with-a-purpose uses the war in Spain as a rather smudgy, hastily sketched backdrop for a semi-allegory on the political nature of man. Brother B leads the right, Brother R the left. To achieve their brave

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new world, stripped of the "defensive hate systems" of communism and the corporate state, the two determine to end hostilities and pool their common ideals. Fate splits the tale's core of coincidence and probability long enough to kill off the two men in a surprise attack from the left. This concession to political fashion will be approved by some of the militant young, who may object to the author's strictures on the faults of both sides and not easily accept his renewed drumbeating for "the coming scientifically organized state," which remains in a highly nebulous form.

Older readers, however, will recognize in the two brothers Mr. Wells's customary mouthpieces dressed up in fresh newspaper headlines. All through the book story is pretty much sacrificed to preachment—154 pages of amiably insistent monologue and dialogue as deliberately charted as the sex appeal represented by the sole woman character.

GOULD CASSAL

FILMS

Parade of Stars

"LIFE DANCES ON" (Belmont Theater) is not so much one film as seven. "Un Carnet de Bal," to call it by its French name, pretends to be telling a single story, but no one will believe either the pretense or the story. A lady whose husband has recently died discovers among his papers her first dance program, surviving from her first ball at sixteen. Realizing that she has never been happy, and being very rich, she commences a search for all the men whose names speak to her from the program, or at any rate for those seven who swore to her when she was sixteen that they would love her forever. She finds them, or finds their families; appearing each time in a new gown and fur piece, but smiling always the same sad, sweet smile as she peers into the eyes of the now much-changed lover. In the end there is nothing to learn from the visitations beyond the lesson that time changes everything, and there is nothing for Christine (Marie Bell) to do but take under her protection the young son of one Gerard and bring him up as best she can now that his father is dead.

It is a foolish fable, and one would weary of it if it were the reason for the film. Clearly it is but a device whereby seven French stars can be exhibited in a row, each of them in the orbit of his familiar style. The stars as such are brilliant, for they are the best French actors, and they have been presented with an appropriate variety by their director, Julien Duvivier. Françoise Rosay, the burgomaster's wife of "Carnival in Flanders," plays here the mother of George, who killed himself twenty years ago when Christine married another. The madness in her which is the result of that suicide is made slowly but surely apparent by a series of gestures and exclamations so expert as to inspire in the audience resentment against any machinery that will end the episode and bring the next one on. It in itself is good, with Louis Jouvet, the padre of "Carnival in Flanders," playing a corrupted nightclub owner. We leave him for a monastery where Harry Baur has been endeavoring all these years to forget Christine, and in his way succeeding. Then we fly to the highest Alps and ski with Pierre-Richard Willm, who has taken to snowy nature since he could not have Christine. After that there is the Midi, where Raimu, who once confided his vast political

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ambitions to our heroine, must be content as mayor of a little town and as the husband of his fat cook; this old lover is very funny for a change, and it was wise to introduce him here, particularly since the sixth one, Pierre Blanchard (the Raskolnikov of "Crime et Châtiment"), is a run-down epileptic doctor with a questionable practice in Marseilles, and in the bargain is about to murder his unspeakable slattern of a mistress. The seventh lover, Fernandel, is pure clown: a hair-dresser who still believes himself adept at card tricks and who puts on for all occasions a most amusing monkey face. They are without exception brilliant, these stars, and the fragments of sky which they adorn are among the things most worth going to any theater and seeing. It is perhaps obvious, however, that an integrated firmament would have been still better. M. Duvivier may wish to try it again; in which case I hope he can persuade his seven headliners to collaborate in the telling of a single credible tale, even though one of them has to be a butler and another a policeman—or two of them, quite possibly, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

"Storm in a Teacup," an English film at the Little Carnegie, is diverting somewhat after the fashion of "Mr. Deeds," and also is worth seeing; though at the end it justifies its title so well as to descend into rather desperate silliness.

MARK VAN DOREN

DRAMA

"The Sea Gull"

PERHAPS the Moscow Art Theater and its famous method, reaching across time and space, are responsible for the fact that even the Lunts do not turn Chekhov's "The Sea Gull" into a starring vehicle for themselves. In any event they certainly do subordinate their roles to that whole which the author was so anxious to make all important, and that is one of the many reasons why the production which the Theater Guild is sponsoring at the Shubert Theater seems to me as satisfactory a re-creation of a standard play as it has ever been my privilege to see. Neither Miss Fontanne in the rather flamboyant role of the aging actress nor Mr. Lunt in the less spectacular role of the weary novelist is any more prominent or, for that matter, any better than Richard Whorf as the tortured Constantine or Sydney Greenstreet as the retired official who believes that his failure ever to do anything he wanted to do should make his reluctance to die more legitimate as well as more interesting than the reluctance of anyone else.

It is, of course, conventional to say that "The Sea Gull" is a study of a dying society whose members devote themselves exclusively to futile self-analysis for the simple reason that there is nothing else on earth which they could do. That judgment is indubitably correct as far as it goes, but a criticism which rested content with establishing nothing more would be a criticism which completely overlooked the fact that the characters are not merely futile but, what is more important, also interesting and pathetic and absurd in some curiously endearing way. It would be a criticism which achieves nothing except a cliché while engaged in the consideration of a work of art which is remarkable for the fact that it contains not one single cliché either of thought or incident except those which are deliberately introduced for the purpose of gentle ridicule. There may be nothing to be said about the futility of these people except that it is sufficiently accounted for by the society in which they lived. But that does not account for the fact that they are also subtle, sensitive, and utterly charming. Perhaps any dying society inevitably produces futile people, but it is not clear that it must with equal infallibility produce sensitive or charming ones, and the play is at least as much a play about sensitivity and charm as it is a play about inevitable futility.

It is also, I think, about a fact which even the personages, for all their self-analysis, are not aware of—the fact that they are all in a dilemma which is both funnier and more hopeless than any of the individual dilemmas they are so busy examining. Each is anxious to explain his problems and his misfortunes to each of the others; each wants the peculiar urgency of his needs, the peculiar bitterness of his situation, to be understood by everyone else and to be savored by all as he savors it himself. But unfortunately, where everyone wants to explain no one is particularly interested in understanding.

These prisoners of their egotism meet only other prisoners confined within the walls of other egotisms. The play is full of talkers but it has no listeners. Everyone is too interesting to be interested, too charming to be charmed. If there were not an audience to overhear, it would all be wasted. For though so able a group of self-analyzers was never gathered together anywhere else—except perhaps in one of Chekhov's other plays—it all ends with no member knowing the other any better than he would have known the dumbest and the most inarticulate of human creatures. Each holds a mirror up to his own soul, but no one except himself ever looks into it.

So far as I can judge from a single hearing, Stark Young's new translation is remarkably successful not only in achieving beauty of language but also in maintaining that elegiac tone which unifies the whole. "The Sea Gull" is not a mixture of comedy and tragedy, though the temptation to make it that—or rather the difficulty of keeping it from seeming that—must be great. Neither the spirit of tragedy nor the spirit of comedy could include all the variety of incident and character which the play presents. They can only be included within some mood less downright than that of tragedy or comedy, and one of Chekhov's originalities was just his success in creating such a mood. Mr. Young, I think, is singularly successful in finding words and rhythms and tones which preserve it.

"All the Living" (Fulton Theater) is based on a recent book about the insane, and in spite of the almost too obvious attempts of the author as well as of the producer to make it instructive I found myself reminded of the fact that amusement seekers in the eighteenth century used to pay admission to Bedlam in order to observe the captive lunatics there confined. The play is quite remarkably successful in creating the atmosphere of the asylum and also in extracting both horror and a kind of grisly humor from the case histories exhibited, but those responsible evidently felt that they needed both a plot and a message and proceeded rather mechanically to devise both. The trouble with the plot is that it is a perfunctory love story, and the trouble with the message is that no one seems quite sure what it is. Several characters start at various times to make speeches, but it is still not clear to me just what is wrong with the treatment of the insane or just what the authors think we ought to do about it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Letters to the Editors

Of Time and the Flivver

Dear Sirs: I appreciate Margaret Marshall's cordial review of "The Flivver King," and I hope she won't think me fussy if I discuss one point with her very briefly.

I had something to say that I thought was important—a story to tell; and I told it with the utmost simplicity, so that a child could read it. Now Miss Marshall compares it with "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and says that the latter is art, while "The Flivver King" isn't. This interests me greatly, because all my life I have heard "Uncle Tom's Cabin" cited as the perfect example of propaganda that couldn't possibly be art.

When I was a small boy we all read "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn"; we were thrilled, but I doubt if any critic of those days would have called it art. We also read "Gulliver's Travels" and "Robinson Crusoe," and the critics would have told us those were art, but we didn't know any critics.

You see, Miss Marshall, it is a question of the passage of time. May you live fifty years more, and see the day when some writer is defending an unpopular cause with a simple and human story, and the critics tell him that his work is effective for the moment, but of course it isn't art like "The Flivver King"—and "The Jungle" and "Oil" and "Boston."

UPTON SINCLAIR

Pasadena, Cal., March 22

Spain Needs Ambulances

Dear Sirs: A number of our ambulances in Spain have been blown to bits by fascist bombardment; one of our ambulance drivers was killed, and two American nurses were wounded.

On March 15 my committee received an anguished appeal from Spain calling for funds with which to purchase 140 ambulances, now available in Paris, for immediate dispatch to the Aragon front. Hundreds of wounded Loyalist soldiers were reported left to die on the battlefield for lack of ambulances to save them. By nation-wide telegraphic and local telephonic appeals to sympathetic individuals and organizations, we succeeded within forty hours in raising funds for the purchase of ten ambulances.

I appeal to the readers of *The Nation* to contribute what they can to meet this desperate need. Men are dying in Spain for our common cause. There is little that we can do to match their sacrifice. Whatever we can do must be done.

HERMAN F. REISSIG,
Executive Secretary, Medical
Bureau and North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy

New York, March 31

Vive la France!

Dear Sirs: On the question of the relative responsibility of France or Britain for the triumph of "Hitlerism" in Central Europe the contention of Professor Albert Guérard has received irrefutable confirmation in the march of events, and ample, though probably unconscious, vindication from Robert Dell himself in his article on Chamberlain's Treason.

Neville Chamberlain's aim, we read there, "is an understanding with Germany and Italy into which he hopes to *drag* France." The italics are mine; the little verb is a spotlight on the whole course of British policy since the war. That policy has been dictated by exclusively "British interests," as those interests are understood by the old guard of landed, industrial, and financial magnates who are the "front benchers" of whatever government sits at Westminster.

Nor can one miss the psychological-political significance of the contrast between the sobriety and moderation of Professor Guérard's statement of the case for France and the animus of Mr. Dell. One recalls that it was Britain that held a khaki election to the Lloyd George slogans of "Hang the Kaiser" and "We'll squeeze 'em till the pips squeak." The latter promise was kept when Clemenceau was induced to agree to the inclusion of war pensions in the Wilsonian "reparations," a distortion of their legitimate object that increased the British and lowered the French percentage while it burdened Germany with an "astronomical" indemnity.

What Mr. Dell dignifies with the name of a popular "revolt" against Hoare in 1935 was merely a clamor over persons that swiftly subsided into acquiescence in a foreign policy persistent in its perfidy to democracy, whether democracy is fighting for its life in Spain or seeking its social realization in France.

Toronto, March 15 F. V. KEYS

Best Made Is Union Made

Dear Sirs: In supplying you with the list of union manufacturers of lisle stockings—printed in your issue of March 26—I inadvertently omitted the name of the Best Made Silk Hosiery Company, which manufactures a union-made lisle stocking. The Best Made stocking is one of the few which carries the union label.

LAWRENCE ROGIN

Philadelphia, March 28

CONTRIBUTORS

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is on the Washington staff of the St. Louis *Star-Times*.

H. C. ENGELBRECHT is the author of "Revolt Against War."

LUDWIG LORE interprets the European news regularly in the New York *Post*, in a column entitled "Behind the Cables."

HAROLD J. LASKI, professor of political science at the London School of Economics and long an influential member of the British Labor Party, is now visiting the United States.

SIDNEY HOOK, chairman of the Department of Philosophy of New York University, is the author of "Toward an Understanding of Karl Marx" and "From Hegel to Marx."

LOUISE BOGAN, poetry critic of the *New Yorker*, is the author of "The Sleeping Fury."

DAVID BERES is a practicing physician.

GEORGE WELLER is the author of "Not to Eat, Not for Love."

HELEN WOODWARD is writing a book on the advertising business entitled "O Paradise."

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The Shape of Things

CHAMBERLAIN'S HAND CAN BE SEEN ALL too glaringly in the new French Cabinet headed by Edouard Daladier. The Foreign Minister, Georges Bonnet, is known to be an opponent of collective action and an advocate of the Chamberlain policy of concessions to the dictators. One of the first acts of the Cabinet, according to reliable reports, will be the appointment of a special envoy to seek a settlement with Mussolini. Daladier himself is believed to favor an agreement with Hitler in preference to a policy of resisting aggression. The hope of direct aid to Loyalist Spain is extremely faint. In domestic affairs the new government promises to be no better. Socialists and Communists have been excluded from the Cabinet and are unlikely to have any influence on policy. The presence of three ex-Finance Ministers—Marchandeau, Bonnet, and Reynaud, all of them conservative in economic outlook—indicates that the proposed solution of France's financial problems will be at the expense of the working class. Such a program will, of course, involve prompt suppression of the sit-in strikes which have developed in the metal industries in Paris. Whether such measures can be forced through a Chamber in which the Socialists and Communists control very nearly half the total number of votes remains to be seen. Certainly, no recent government in France has had such insecure backing, and none has so deserved a short life.

*

CHINA'S RECAPTURE OF TAIERCHWANG AND the subsequent advance on Yihsien were minor triumphs compared with many of Japan's victories earlier in the war, but they stand as proof that the Japanese can be defeated. Even more significant is the fact that Japan has been held at a standstill in China for more than a month at a season of the year when weather conditions were especially favorable for military operations. Spring rains and floods are likely to prove a formidable obstacle during the coming weeks. Although detailed reports are lacking, the causes of Japan's collapse are not difficult to find. Tens of thousands of Chinese troops operating as guerrilla bands are at work behind the Japanese lines. The most effective but by no means the most numerous of these are united with the former Chinese Red Army. Regular soldiers are aided by armed and organized peasants and even by bandits, who constitute a not inconsiderable force in this section. The

Japanese have found the railways virtually useless as a result of Chinese sorties. Wrecked bridges, tank traps, and ambuscades have made overland transportation equally difficult, and Japan seems to be increasingly handicapped by lack of supplies. These recent Chinese victories do not mean an early end of the war. But at least there are substantial grounds to hope that a continuance of guerrilla tactics and a strengthening of the boycott may bring a break sooner than anyone had dared to hope.

*

WHILE A SUBSTANTIAL NUMBER OF THE 99.75 per cent of the Austrian voters who were recorded as favoring *Anschluss* were doubtless motivated more by fear than by enthusiasm for Hitler, there can be little doubt that an overwhelming majority would have voted favorably even had they felt that their choice would be inviolably secret. Voters were given little chance to consider the possibility of a negative vote. Every conceivable device of publicity was utilized to break down the individual's critical judgment. The radio was monopolized by political speeches thundering the demand for a *Ja* vote. Billboards and electric signs blazed forth the same appeal. All the newspapers ran sample ballots appropriately marked. Parades and great public meetings aroused emotions to fever pitch. Gilded promises were made to every group in the electorate. Large sums of money were appropriated for immediate relief of the destitute. New housing projects to replace those destroyed by Dollfuss were promised to the workers. Former Socialists were granted an amnesty and restored, temporarily at least, to full citizenship. The vote was an unanswerable demonstration of the power of propaganda over mind.

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THE INLAND STEEL AND REPUBLIC STEEL decisions of the National Labor Relations Board are landmarks in our growing body of administrative law. In the Inland Steel case the board held unanimously that an employer's refusal to embody in writing an agreement reached through collective bargaining was in effect a refusal to bargain collectively and a violation of the Wagner Act. In the Republic Steel case, the board had the courage to order Tom Girdler to reinstate 5,000 men who were locked out after their strike was smashed, and to disband his company union. The real meaning of the decisions emerges best in the context of recent industrial and political history. The now epic Little Steel strike of 1937 was fought essentially over the issue of the union's demand for the right to organize and have written agreements, and the blood spilled in the Memorial Day massacre in Chicago was the answer of the steel companies to this demand. Now the Labor Board, despite all the bluster of Girdler and Weir and despite the espionage and tear gas and cold steel of the steel companies, is meeting their resistance with due process of law. Even the conservative anti-Wagner Act press agrees that the Inland Steel decision represents a reasonable interpretation of the law. And the only thing that Girdler might have relied on to escape from the application of the Wagner Act was the sheer brazenness and enormity of his defiance of it. One result of the present decisions should be to intensify the drive to complete the unionization of Little Steel and bring that empire back once more within the boundaries of American law.

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THE REPORT ON THE RAILROADS BY A three-man committee of experts proves a dud. The railroads have too much debt and too little business. The experts, Chairman Splawn and Commissioners Eastman and Mahaffie of the ICC, propose that we increase the debt and give the railroads more equipment with which to handle a declining volume of traffic. One can hardly term this a satisfactory solution. The President, in passing it on to Congress, did so with resignation rather than hope. The experts suggest establishing a $300,000,000 fund from which the roads can borrow to buy equipment; of 1,500,000 existing freight cars the railroads are now using less than 900,000. They ask that for twelve months the RFC be permitted to make loans without certification by the ICC. At present the RFC can make loans for equipment or maintenance without ICC permission. For other purposes—the chief being the payment of interest—the RFC can lend only if the ICC certifies that the road is not in need of reorganization. Of $400,000,000 due the RFC from the railroads, about $175,000,000 is due from railroads in reorganization or receivership. This recommendation would make it possible to throw more federal funds down a bottomless pit, to pile more debt on overburdened railroads, and to stave off the major financial operations many of our roads require. Their basic problem, like the basic problem of industry as a whole, lies in the shrunken volume of business. Vigorous spending by the federal government seems the only solution—that, plus a severe reducing program in the bankruptcy courts for overweight roads.

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HAROLD ICKES HAS BEEN CARRYING ON A one-man fight against Nazi aggression by means of an economic sanction that reminds us a little of the time the legislature of Montana recognized the independence of Ireland. After the Hindenburg disaster Congress passed a law permitting the sale of helium to Germany. The understanding was that the gas should not be put to military uses. In November the Secretary of State, the Munitions Control Board, and the Secretary of the Interior approved the sale to Germany of 19,800,000 cubic feet of helium, in which the United States has a virtual monopoly. Then Mr. Ickes, who has the last word in releasing the shipment, changed his mind. A Zeppelin requires only 6,000,000 cubic feet of helium; the Germans' assurance that they wanted the rest for experimentation sounded as hollow as a Hitler plebiscite. The fact that Germany is due to receive 40,000,000 cubic feet of helium within the next two years and the anxiety of the Nazis to get the gas delivered immediately were also suspicious. A Nazi ship has been anchored at Houston, Texas, waiting to load the gas; a German lobbyist in the Mayflower Hotel in Washington is very insistent; and Hermann Göring has been pressing for action. But Mr. Ickes refuses to release the shipment, thereby annoying both the Nazis and the State Department, which is said to be annoyed anyway by Mr. Ickes's personal foreign policy, especially his insistence on trouncing the fascists in public. So far, however, Mr. Ickes has stood firm, and unless the President intervenes we suspect that he will continue to stand firm—though Hull freezes over.

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THE SENTENCING OF RICHARD WHITNEY to a penitentiary term of five to ten years was inevitable. The revealed details of his criminal larcenies, frauds, and misrepresentations were so naked as to preclude the leniency which our legal processes have often meted out to criminals when they were also financiers. About Whitney himself nothing further need be said. His career is over, and the Dewey report is a terrifying epitaph on it. Everyone interested in the ways of finance should read that report; in a cold, matter-of-fact way it shows the amazing adventures of a reckless will in the empire of Wall Street. But it is more than the story of one man. Whitney found that in order to get in on the big money he would have to go along devious paths and dirty alleys; yet his spirit was the spirit of bigger and more honest men than himself. Never in his testimony did he deviate from the belief that—regardless of larceny and fraud—his firm was solvent so long as his credit was good. It will be remembered that the elder Morgan, in his testimony a quarter-century ago before the Pujo committee, once defined the essence of business as the ability to get credit. The case of Richard Whitney is the logical conclusion to which high finance is carried by its essential separation from social ends and the processes of production. The Stock Exchange is now putting "liberals" in command; but even liberals cannot give social responsibility to a gambling casino.

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THE BLUSTERING TONE WHICH BRITAIN HAS adopted toward Mexico's expropriation of foreign oil companies need not be taken too seriously. How much stock the British themselves place in their demand for restoration may be gleaned from the fact that they have already disbanded the Mexican Eagle Company, parent of all British oil holdings in Mexico. On the surface London's apparent intransigence may be explained as the unwillingness of an imperialist nation to allow so dangerous a precedent to be set with impunity and also as plain horse-trading sense. But there would seem to be a deeper motivation than these. In matters affecting Mexico, Britain has always allowed the United States to take the lead. At a time when it is bending every effort to effect Anglo-American solidarity it is strange that it should break this tradition; yet while Washington recognizes "the right of Mexico to expropriate the oil industry," London formally brands the seizure as a "denial of justice." It is by no means unlikely that the English are obligingly passing along the spanking which Secretary Hull thinks Mexico needs but which he fears to administer himself. As Hubert Herring points out elsewhere in this issue, Washington has too much at stake in Latin America to risk a serious breach of Good Neighborliness at this time. But Mexico is not as easily fooled as all that. In Mexican labor circles there is indignation that formal recognition of Mexico's sovereign rights has been accompanied by obvious reprisals, and the *Mexican Labor News* offers this ominous comment: "President Cárdenas has engaged the country's honor not to sell oil to the fascist and aggressor countries, but that does not mean that Mexico must commit economic suicide if the democratic countries . . . give their support to the boycott of Mexican oil."

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LIFE WAS CENSORED LAST WEEK IN MANY sections of the country because it reprinted a sequence of photographs from the excellent film "The Birth of a Baby," which has so far been released only in Minneapolis. (It is still barred in New York.) To the medical profession and to innumerable respectable men and women concerned with the moral and physical health of parents and children, the film is an important and illuminating document, presented in perfect taste—and what could possibly be more respectable than the American Committee on Maternal Welfare which produced and owns it? But *Life's* photographs have aroused the birds-and-flowers school of sex education, and to Samuel J. Foley, family man and district attorney of the Bronx—where babies are born in great numbers and presumably in the usual way—they are in the same category as dirty postcards. "I think," said he, "it is an outrageous affront to decency," etc., etc. An examination of the photographs suggests the real reason why the Foleys are shocked. There is nothing remotely pornographic about them; but the impact of life itself is so powerfully conveyed in their simple exposure of the primary fact of existence that it must naturally be upsetting to the smug, the evil-minded, and the timid. The magazine won its first test case in New Haven, Connecticut. Other test cases are coming up. We feel sure *Life* will win out in the end, but a few well-placed protests in its favor will help.

Victory for Hysteria

NOW that the reorganization bill has been defeated in the House, certain congratulations are in order. First, to Frank Gannett, Edward Rumely, and the Committee to Uphold Constitutional Government, all of whom used their enormous funds effectively. Then to Father Coughlin, for having risen from the slime of fascist reaction to a comradeship with Dorothy Thompson and Senator Byrd, and for having stormed the Olympus of respectability by piling several hundred thousand telegrams one on top of another. Then to the American press, led by the Hearst, Block, and Scripps-Howard chains, which has found that its old power of drumming up hysteria is not lost, and which does not deem its integrity too high a price to pay for victory. Then to the hired men in Washington, who lobbied effectively with their Congressional friends, and, finally, to the tory coalition of Republicans and Democrats in Washington, the holding-company wizards, and the barons of the bags throughout the nation, who have learned that the way to smash the New Deal program is to smear the President with the charge of dictatorship.

But we have no congratulations either for the American people or for their Congress. We say this without any desire to overestimate the importance of the reorganization bill itself. It is far less important than the wage-hour bill, the TVA, the issue of government spending, or the work of the Labor Board. We supported it because we want America to escape the combination of ineffectual government power and economic collapse that has elsewhere led toward fascism. The defeat of the bill, when taken as part of a larger campaign, means that once more a democratic state that tries seriously to subject its financial oligarchy to government control is to have its power fragmentized at every crucial point.

That is, however, a long-run matter. The government will not collapse tomorrow because the House defeated the reorganization bill. The tragic thing is that even the progressive and labor forces of the country have not yet learned the lesson of the past eighteen months. They have not learned how deliberate and calculated have been the tactics of the forces fighting for reaction under the banners of freedom, how persistently the rebel Democrats and the few straggling liberals are pushed out in front while the janissaries of the utilities remain behind, how hollow and fantastic are the cries of "dictator" uttered by groups who have never shown their devotion to any freedom but that of exploitation, how easy it has become to confuse public opinion and stampede Congress by an unscrupulous use of press, wires, and radio. The progressives who held the balance of power between the President's supporters and the coalition against him finally voted to recommit the bill. They were responding probably to pressure from home, and they did not think the bill was worth the candle. But tomorrow it may be the TVA or the Labor Board, and the day after tomorrow the very existence of a free labor movement.

The victory of last week was not, as Congress has been unctuously told, a victory for Congressional independence. It was a victory for a fabricated hysteria. One may gather that Western Union has become a fourth branch of the American government. There are many who were impressed by the avalanche of telegrams that descended on Washington. The telegraph companies' figures are 333,000. But there were sixteen million Republicans who voted against Roosevelt in 1936. And that sixteen million, getting most of the national income, can afford to send telegrams. One interesting item sheds light on the sincerity of their cries of "dictator." The May bill, which has been reported favorably by the House Military Affairs Committee, would, under the guise of taking the profits out of war, impose a complete dictatorship over labor. Yet none of the professional telegram-senders have lifted a finger against this real and imminent dictatorship.

About Mr. Roosevelt's personal plight we are not greatly disturbed. The importance of the bitter and vindictive attack on him is that it seeks to smash the New Deal program by splitting the Democratic Party and tearing Congress loose from the executive. The latest fruits of this campaign are the reorganization bill's defeat and the passage by the Senate of a tax bill that would have graced the days when Andy Mellon ran the Treasury as an outpost of big business. We agree with Paul Y. Anderson's thesis in this issue that a split in the Democratic Party is inevitable. The important question is whether the progressive group will retain the body of the party or the rump. And Mr. Roosevelt would do well to use his undoubted talents of political astuteness and courage and persuasion to better ends than he has done thus far. Let him give the progressive forces something real to rally around.

The great political battles of the coming two years will have to be fought out on economic issues. The new spending program is a good start, but only a start. The Administration must throw itself with energy into fighting the depression, and use every resource at its command. The battle is by no means lost; even in the Southern states the best reports indicate that the New Deal Democrats will outstrip their opponents in the primaries. But progressives everywhere will face disheartening odds in the Congressional elections unless they can talk to the people about their livelihood and security. The country wants action and action now.

Spend or Starve?

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S proposal that the government lend $1,500,000,000 to distressed businesses and local communities and reports that he will ask for an additional $2,000,000,000 for public works and relief are the first sign that he is prepared to fight the "recession" with the methods used so effectively in 1933. Unable to choose between contradictory counsels, he has been repeating the fatal errors made by Hoover in 1930 and 1931. He has neither accepted the advice of the deflationists, who would restore stability by a curtailment of costs and a balanced budget, nor yet that of the expansionists, who would achieve the same end at less human cost by government spending.

Meanwhile conditions have deteriorated much more rapidly than they did in 1929-30. Manufacturing activity was about the same in August, 1937, as it had been in the peak month of September, 1929, but it dropped 35 per cent in the six months ending March 1, 1938, as compared with only 15 per cent in the first six months of the earlier depression. Factory employment has declined nearly twice as rapidly in the first half-year of the Roosevelt "recession" as in the same period of the

Hoover depression. And so on down the line. If we take wholesale prices, the indices of common stocks, bonds, national income, or freight-car loadings, we find in each case that the drop is sharper in the present crisis than in the Great Depression that began in 1929.

Only in its psychological effects was the impact of the 1929 Wall Street crash more severe. Until recently the "recession" has not monopolized popular attention to anything like the extent that the 1929 crisis did. This may be due to absorption in the international situation or to other factors, but in any case it seems to minimize the role of "psychology" as a business factor. In human terms there can be little doubt that the present crisis has been far more disastrous than the early days of the Hoover panic. Relief needs are approaching those of the darkest days of 1933, and in some areas, such as Cleveland and Detroit, may actually be greater. Thirteen million is a conservative estimate of the number of unemployed, at least four times as many as there were in the spring of 1930. Relief standards, on the other hand, owing to the new emphasis on local responsibility, are little, if any, better than in 1932—if we except the WPA.

There are those who say that the strategy which succeeded in 1933 cannot again be successful. They say that after a certain point a spending policy is bound to fail because uneasiness over continued borrowing offsets the effect of the newly created purchasing power. It is one thing, they say, to spend when the government debt is 19 billion and quite another when it has reached the impressive total of 37 billion. This argument is unqualifiedly false as applied to the present situation. Business activity invariably revives at the prospect of higher prices and increased buying power. Large-scale spending cannot fail to have this effect. It will help to correct the fundamental dislocation in our economic system by taking money from the well-to-do, who will not spend it, and giving it to those individuals, or businesses, most likely to utilize it immediately.

It is true that there is a limit to the extent to which the government can borrow without imposing an overwhelming strain on the national economy for interest and service charges on the federal debt. No reputable economist would maintain, however, that this limit has been reached. The national debt of the United States is still no greater than that of England, with one-third the population. For years *The Nation* has been urging that increased public spending be financed by progressive taxation rather than by borrowing. We still feel that this is the only sound policy for achieving permanent prosperity. But in a crisis such as this the country can not afford to await the formulation of a sound tax policy. The government must spend, and spend heavily, and as a temporary policy it matters little whether the money is borrowed or obtained through sound taxation.

From a thoroughly realistic point of view, the danger at the moment is not that the government will be bankrupted by excessive spending but that it will not spend enough to stem the relentless tide of deflation. It will be recalled that the Hoover Administration spent heavily during its last two years, but its expenditures were only a drop in the bucket as compared with the deflation of private industry. There is nothing mysterious about our economic system. It works at full efficiency only when capital construction equals or exceeds the rate of savings of the population. Business will engage in large-scale capital construction only in periods of expanding demand. In theory, it could achieve this expanding demand through an adjustment of its price structure, but all experience indicates that it will not do so until too late. Since business will not act to save itself, the government has no alternative but to undertake the capital construction which private enterprise spurns. The expression "spending our way to prosperity" has the same paradoxical ring that it had in 1933. But given the pressures which exist within the capitalist system against any other program—reduction in prices, large-scale government enterprise, or even bold private schemes—it remains the only known means of checking economic disintegration.

Spain Is Not Lost

TO MOST observers outside Spain the fate of the Loyalist cause seemed sealed by the success of Franco's great Aragon offensive. Huge losses were suffered by the government's crack troops which went in to stem the tide. For a time even the International Brigade seemed to have been destroyed as an effective fighting force. In capturing Lerida and Tremp Franco advanced to a point from which an attack on Barcelona itself could be launched.

But the rebels, despite their overwhelming preponderance in mechanized equipment, did not march into Tortosa as was reported in the world press last week. As we write these lines the road between Barcelona and Valencia is still open and in service. The rebels may break through any day, but they have not destroyed the morale or the fighting ability of the government armies. As good a testimony to this fact as any is the story of the International Brigade. Caught in the full fury of the rebel offensive at Belchite and again at Villalba, the brigade was cut to pieces and the survivors were trapped behind the enemy lines. Yet individually and in small groups they managed to find their way back to the Loyalist lines and are now once more participating in the defense. Morale has been further strengthened by the appearance of dozens of new planes, said to have been sent by the Soviet Union.

Additional grounds for hope may be found in the reorganization of the national government. In the new Cabinet Premier Negrín, who has emerged as by far the most capable administrator in Loyalist Spain, has taken direct charge of the army. Julio Alvarez del Vayo, a powerful figure in the Caballero government, has come back as Foreign Minister, and Ramón Peña, famed leader of the Asturian miners, has been taken into the Cabinet as a representative of the U. G. T. The government is the most widely representative of any in Spain's history; in addition to four Socialists and one Communist, it includes three Left Republicans, one Union Republican, one member of the Catalan Esquerra Party, one Basque Nationalist, and a representative of the Anarcho-Syndicalist C. N. T.

The new government had scarcely assumed office when the Loyalist troops in the Talavera area launched one of their most successful drives in the entire civil war. Attacking on a twenty-five-mile front, the government forces advanced more than five miles and captured several important towns. Although intended chiefly as a diversion to impel Franco to withdraw troops from Catalonia, the maneuver has developed into a major offensive. If the Loyalists could break through in this area, they might be able to cut the lines of communication between northern and southern Spain. A more favorable point for a major offensive could scarcely have been found, since the region is one in which the peasantry is overwhelmingly pro-Loyalist. Division of rebel Spain might prove far more serious for Franco than a similar separation of government territory. Direct communication between Barcelona and Valencia could be maintained by sea, but if rebel territory were split, supplies and troops would have to be transported around the whole of Portugal.

Recent events, however, have made it clearer than ever that the outcome of the Spanish civil war will not be determined in Spain. The Loyalists can still win if they are permitted to buy war materials abroad; they cannot win as long as the other non-fascist powers refuse to furnish aid comparable to that which the rebels have been obtaining from Germany and Italy. The Chamberlain government in Britain cannot be counted on under any circumstances, and early indications of the foreign policy projected by Daladier offer little reason to hope that the new French government will prove more independent of Britain than those which have preceded it. The self-assurance of the Chamberlain government received a jolt with the surprising labor victory in the by-election at West Fulham, but one by-election will not compel it to change its course. In any case, France will do nothing without assurance that the United States will revise its neutrality policy—and that responsibility rests directly upon the shoulders of President Roosevelt.

Let There Be Light

MERLIN H. AYLESWORTH has just been named publisher of the New York *World-Telegram,* most important, most influential, and, as far as such shadings can be detected, least liberal link in a now rusty chain. His appointment is a measure of the decline of what was once a distinguished, fearless enterprise, a decline that has been rapidly accelerating since Aylesworth joined the Scripps-Howard general management a year ago. In introducing him to its readers, the *World-Telegram* vividly described his active boyhood but hurdled the most illuminating years of his life with this ambiguous sentence: "Thereafter he was prominently associated with the electrical industry, before coming to New York at the request of Mr. [Owen D.] Young to organize the N. B. C."

By "electrical industry" is meant the National Electric Light Association, notorious propaganda agency of the utilities in their more flamboyant days. What Mr. Aylesworth—he says, "Just call me 'Deac' "—did in those carefree years as the N. E. L. A.'s managing director would have barred him from the post of assistant office boy in the regime of the elder Scripps. The Federal Trade Commission's probe of utility propaganda brought him into the limelight. In its report he was quoted as advising the N. E. L. A. to spare no effort to purchase public sympathy for the utilities: "Don't be afraid of the expense; the public pays," he said. He told a conference of the Midwestern utilities just how college professors could be bought at ridiculously low rates. He reported that newspaper space could be had at no cost at all. Exploding the notion that newspapers are made to print news, he candidly described how the N. E. L. A. made the news: "Thirty-two states are now functioning. . . . They are getting thousands and thousands of columns of news without cost, and getting the kind of news they want."

Having helped to bring the utilities to the level of disrepute they finally attained, Mr. Aylesworth moved to the National Broadcasting Company. But he never forgot his favorite under-dogs—the abused utilities and the impoverished college professors. A Senate committee disclosed in 1933 that at Aylesworth's suggestion Halsey Stuart and Company, underwriters of Insull securities, had retained Professor Nelson of the University of Chicago to act as their radio mouthpiece at $50 a week. He did not have to write his script.

Aylesworth is now in a position to destroy the last vestiges of Scripps-Howard liberalism. For New York is where Scripps-Howard policy is made, and the *World-Telegram* has already moved farther to the right than other Scripps-Howard papers. Recently Raymond Clapper wrote a sympathetic Washington column on Roosevelt and the reorganization bill, insisting that reaction had magnified it "out of proportion to the contents of the measure" and lamenting the "cruel" barrage being directed against the President. In the Scripps-Howard Washington *News* it was a defense of the President; in the New York *World-Telegram,* after zealous deleting, it was a cynical portrait of a harassed, blundering Executive. The next day Clapper again disparaged the furor over reorganization; his piece—Why All the Shouting?—was not printed in the *World-Telegram.* Meanwhile, that paper has been waging a campaign against Borough President Stanley M. Isaacs for appointing and refusing to dismiss a Communist aide, a campaign in which its closest allies are the Hearst press, the Catholic church, and the American Legion. In the same pages President Roosevelt has been linked with Hitler because of his reorganization plan.

The Scripps-Howard chain, as the masthead proclaims, still promises to give light so that the people may find their own way. This is doubtless all right with "Deac" as long as they don't get the keys to the powerhouse.

Roosevelt Must Fight!

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, April 11

THE vote on the reorganization bill removes the last vestige of doubt that Roosevelt must either fight as he has never fought before or let everything slide. There is no other logical choice, and if he starts figuring "angles" he will only waste time and muff an opportunity. Since it is not his nature to let everything slide he had better decide quickly to fight for something worth the effort. His present position is impossible and its essence is political. At least a third of the Democrats in Congress are violently hostile to him and to most of his permanent and more enlightened objectives. They are, in fact, a fatal handicap. In such circumstances there is but one thing for a determined man to do—liquidate them or go bust trying. A third of the Senate and the full House must face the voters this year. The fact that most of the Democrats will be seeking renomination in the party primaries presents Roosevelt with his opportunity.

If he elects to pursue the bold course his immediate strategy would seem fairly obvious. Beyond temporary relief measures he will get from the present Congress nothing worth having. Therefore if the sheep and the goats are to be separated, it is extremely desirable that the separation be as wide and final as it can be made. For this purpose nothing could be more admirably suited than a fight over wages-and-hours legislation. That issue would not fail to produce a sharp cleavage, and is, moreover, an excellent one on which to go to the voters. A Gallup poll taken only three months ago showed 78 per cent of Democratic voters favoring such legislation. The result of the poll was eloquently vindicated in the senatorial primary in Alabama, where the only issue was Lister Hill's support of the wages-and-hours bill. The C. I. O. unions, the A. F. of L. locals, and the railroad brotherhoods lined up for Hill, and the Southern pine barons, the owners of the turpentine camps, the managers of the steel and rubber mills, and the local Liberty Leaguers took their rightful places behind Tom Heflin. Hill won by a landslide. That was the handwriting on the wall in Alabama, and this is a good time for Mr. Roosevelt to memorize it if he hasn't done so.

As for the reorganization bill itself, even the New York *Times* recognizes that it merely served as a stick with which to beat the President. I heard or read most of the debate, and I have yet to learn of a single sensible argument against the measure. Most of the clamor against it was utterly irrelevant if not idiotic. The state of mind which made it possible was perfectly epitomized after the bill's defeat in the following editorial comment in the Columbus (Ohio) *Dispatch:* "The New Deal's . . . duty is to accept the verdict given in the House vote, redesignate its goals, and set about now to establish some kind of order from the confusion it has created so that everyone may again know whether business is an ethical calling, earning profits is a legitimate enterprise, and exercising individual genius, energy, and judgment is to be once more a peculiar and prideful American trait."

The best news is the Administration's decision to resume spending for relief and recovery. It should have been resumed at least six months ago. Some observers think the President failed to recognize the need, but I am skeptical. I suspect not only that he knew what would follow when he seemed to swallow the bankers' superstition that salvation lies in a budget balanced at the expense of relief, but that he permitted contraction to reach its present stage partly because he wished to prove what fools the bankers are—as if everyone didn't know already! If that is correct, he was playing a dangerous game. Harry Hopkins stated the case with characteristic bluntness and realism when he told the Senate Committee on Unemployment that three million persons have been added to the number of jobless since last fall and that the number of persons receiving public assistance has risen to approximately eighteen million. Further justifying his reputation for courage and honesty, Hopkins emphasized that the business lapse responsible for the rise in unemployment is a direct result of the improper distribution of consumer purchasing power during the period when production increased. Wages failed to keep pace with dividends and prices; indeed, as he pointed out, monopoly-controlled prices were maintained at more rigid levels than during the period immediately following the World War. The inevitable consequence was tremendously overstocked inventories (such as that of General Motors), followed by wholesale lay-offs. The brokers' jargon means exactly nothing and should be permitted to escape down the rainspout along with the shrill maledictions of my old chum General Ironpants Johnson. This "recession" occurred simply and unmysteriously because the workers and farmers were not enabled to consume what they produced. Lest we forget, that is what caused the "depression."

It is a comfort to know that Hopkins recognizes the cause of the suffering he is expected to relieve. It is even more comforting to know that it is recognized by another member of the Administration—Solicitor General Robert H. Jackson. Artificial control of prices certainly is one of the most vicious factors in the starvation of consumer buying power, and Jackson is in a position to do something about it. I have excellent reasons for believing he will do something very positive, and that soon.

If he does, the political dopesters may find an answer to the puzzle which now vexes them so dreadfully—who will the Democrats nominate in 1940? Jackson would not be the first New York Democrat to win the nomination over Tammany's opposition, and Tammany is not the tiger it was in Cleveland's day.

The decision of the Labor Relations Board will not restore the lives of thirteen men murdered in cold blood by the police of Chicago and Massillon last summer, but it does place the responsibility for those horrible atrocities squarely where it belongs—on the shoulders of Tom Girdler and his straw bosses in the Republic Steel Corporation. In a country which set less store on legal niceties and more on human life, such responsibility would incur penalties more drastic than the Labor Board has power to impose. However, Girdler is not likely to escape with mere moral censure and public abhorrence. If the board's order is upheld by the Circuit Court of Appeals, as on the strength of the record seems a foregone conclusion, he will have to pay out more than a million dollars to compensate the strikers and locked-out workers for loss of time. Equally painful, perhaps—depending on whether pride or avarice is uppermost in a man of his kidney—will be the compulsion to negotiate with representatives of the men who were driven from the gates of his mills with gas and bullets. And if the board is upheld in its other decision, that an employer who reaches an understanding with his employees must put it in writing, the czar of Republic may even find himself signing a contract with John Lewis and Phil Murray. It is a privilege he doesn't deserve.

How Industry Hides Its Profits

BY ELIOT JANEWAY

REFORM of the profit system for the good of the profit system has been close to President Roosevelt's heart ever since his initial dedication of his Administration to the cause of recovery, relief, and reform. Like everyone else, however, the Administration economists have taken the profit system for granted. Only when recovery vanished into thin air did a realistic group of the President's advisers begin to investigate one of the most obvious problems of the desired reform. What, this group has begun at last to ask, are profits?

But doesn't everybody know what profits are? The profit of a given company is the difference between the price at which it sells its product and the amount it has to spend for raw materials, labor, overhead, taxes, and so on. There is only one catch. The public can find out with perfect ease what a company takes in; it cannot find out at present what any company's costs are. Therefore it cannot know what any company's profit really is.

Take the steel industry. During the first three months of 1937 the costs of the labor, materials, taxes, and so forth of the leading nineteen companies all rose compared with the same period in 1936. But the companies' own 20 per cent price increase, made to offset rising costs, did not go into effect in time to show up in the March, 1937, statements. Measuring the old way, by rule of thumb, one would conclude that their profits must have fallen. But they didn't. They increased 458 per cent, according to the companies' own reports. What happened was very simple: the rate of production of these companies rose 55½ per cent.

From this beautiful demonstration of why America is a great country it is clear that one cannot measure a company's costs without taking account of the rate at which it is working, and particularly of that special level of production, called the break-even point, where operations crawl out of the red and into the black. This point is the measure of the efficiency of a corporation and is usually the most closely guarded of all company secrets. We know, however, that some efficient companies can pass this point when operating at only 20 per cent of capacity. It should also be noted that profits increased over eight and one-quarter times faster than production. The reason for this phenomenon, too, is simple. Once the break-even point is achieved, one portion of costs remains stable, the part called fixed capital—plant, machinery, and the like. And as the break-even point recedes under increased production, every dollar of income is left freer to go into profit, since only a part of costs—raw materials, labor, and the like—continues to increase also.

Without knowledge of a company's break-even point and rate of profit increase, both labor and the public suffer. Labor suffers because it lacks scientific weapons with which to fight unjustified demands for wage cuts or refusals of wage increases. It does not know how much money its employers are making when they are using, let us say, only half of their capacity; many companies can make substantial profits when operating at this rate. The public suffers through the government's inability to discover proper taxable resources which will provide the needed revenue. Only when there is full public knowledge of actual profits will it be possible to realize the American ideal of making mass production, with the enormous increases in efficiency that it brings, pay dividends to our 130,000,000 people.

If mass production did not lower the cost of every article turned out, we should have no alternative but to accept industry's protestations that every 10 per cent wage increase makes necessary a corresponding increase in the price of its finished product, and that every penny the government takes in taxes must be shaken out of the pocket of the public by further price rises. Certain circles in the Administration believe this theory of a static economy. Their view apparently prevailed when the President recently made an appeal for higher prices before his campaign to lower prices had been brought to a successful conclusion. But industry frequently contradicts its own spokesmen, and if what business says, and conservative Administration advisers believe, is true, we shall have to send Henry Ford back to his bicycle shop, and ask E. T. Weir to have his steel rolled by hand.

The American automobile industry is quite rightly regarded as the greatest example of the achievements of mass production, and Fordism has become a cliché for a new way of life as well as of manufacturing. Yet, true to the nineteenth-century economics which business parades in public, the automobile industry rigidly invokes a static system of cost accounting when taking its customers into its "confidence." William S. Knudsen, president of General Motors, appeared before the Senate Unemployment and Relief Committee in January, 1938, to explain why his company had found it necessary to lay off 30,000 men during the preceding month. Don't you think, he was asked in substance by the committee, that the action of the industry in raising its prices from $60 to $100 a car may have had something to do with the severe drop in demand which cut sales in half in December? "Senator," Mr. Knudsen testified, "I don't think anybody in God's world could have told me that the outlook was going to drop 50 per cent in two or three weeks." He continued, in justification of the price increase, "During 1937 the over-all increase in car costs [was] 13½ per cent, but car prices were not increased until August to October, 1937, and then only 8½ per cent." Mr. Knudsen was undoubtedly giving the Senators facts, but he was giving them facts according to the old accounting system. And he was not giving them all the facts that an honest application of that system would require. The price increases came to approximately $60 to $100 a car. Did the cost of making automobiles also rise $60 to $100 a car?

Take first the rise in raw-material costs. *Automotive Industries*, the leading trade paper in the industry, compiled a very interesting index of fluctuations in material costs, covering the very period cited by Mr. Knudsen to justify the increase in selling price. Taking 1929 costs at 100, the index placed October, 1936, costs at 79.5. By April 1, 1937, the figure had risen to 94. This October-April period, when the automobile boom was at its peak, saw the sharpest price inflation, but at that time the industry had no complaint to make of rising costs. By November 4, 1937, when the new higher-priced 1938 models were coming on the market, the index of costs had fallen to 85.8, losing 3/5 of the rise it had experienced since October, 1936. Thus prices, be it noted, did not rise till raw-material costs had lost 60 per cent of their increase. The principal raw material which by maintaining its price was preventing the index from dropping back all the way to its unobjectionable 1936 level was steel. And how far did steel drive up automobile-manufacturing costs? During 1936 the average amount paid for the steel used in each automobile was $78.87. In 1937 the nominal cost was $91.30. Actually it was less because a good deal of the steel used in 1937 had been contracted for before the steel price rose early in 1937. The difference on the basis of this nominal (much too high) price is $12.43 a car.

Wages of course had risen in 1937. In March the *Wall Street Journal* computed that the labor cost per automobile had risen from $138 to $150. On the basis, therefore, of an increase in material and labor costs of about $25 a car ($12.43 for materials and $12 for labor) automobile prices were raised $60 to $100. The increase in the cost of materials other than steel which occurred in the spring of 1937 can be disregarded because by the autumn, when the car price increases went into effect, these costs were falling and falling fast. On their account, therefore, the price increase was unnecessary.

Using the old static balance-sheet method of reckoning costs, we find that prices increased three or four times as much as costs. But we have not yet taken into account the extent to which mass production cuts the cost of each car. We still do not know whether these rises in costs were not actually transformed, by increased productive efficiency, into declines in cost. The answer lies in the rate of production. Over the six months' period in which the *Automotive Industries* index of costs rose from 79.5 to 94, production also rose—from 230,049 cars in October, 1936, to 553,415 in April, 1937. Moreover, an unusually large part of the increased production was in the higher-priced categories, especially in the Buick price class. The significance of this is that profit margins on this class of car are about three times as great as on the Ford-Chevrolet type. If real profits are to be unearthed, they must be computed first with an eye to production rates and efficiency methods and then in terms of the profit margins earned on each unit.

What did this increase in production, and especially in the production of higher-priced cars, do to profits? If our thesis is correct, the increase should have been sufficient to absorb even sharply rising material costs and wage increases. A first glance at the report of Mr. Knudsen's company for the first six months of 1937 seems to put us distinctly in the wrong. For General Motors' profits during that period were $30,000,000 less than in the corresponding period of 1936. True, sitdown strikes had tied up production and stopped assembly lines, but even so a drop of $30,000,000 in profits seems to uphold Mr. Knudsen.

But a corrective exists which the company did not make public, a typical example of real profits concealed under another name. Among a company's assets must be included, obviously, the raw materials it has on hand—in the case of the automobile industry steel, parts, and so on. General Motors had $29,893,012 less of such material in July, 1936, than it had in the previous January. This was a healthy drop, showing that the raw materials pouring through its factories were not keeping pace with production. But in 1937 the inventories showed an *increase* of $19,426,670 from January to July. Despite an extremely high rate of production the stock of goods on hand had risen faster than it was being handled. If General Motors had been content to follow the pattern of a normal recovery year like 1936, it would have spent $49,000,000 less on materials, and its profits would then have showed, as actually its concealed profits do show, an increase of $19,000,000 over the year before instead of a decline of $30,000,000. General Motors' surplus, meanwhile, was running $28,000,000 ahead of the figure for 1936; this is evidence enough that the money for the expanded inventories came from current profits, not from the corporation's savings. During the third quarter of the year, moreover, when the scramble to accumulate inventories had stopped, but still before the price increases could show in profits, even profits rose higher than in 1936. Chrysler's figures tell the same tale. In the case of both the companies income from sales, flowing into the profits columns, was hustled out of it, unknown to stockholders, government, and general public, and back into the business as raw-material inventories. It is clear therefore that increased production was more than sufficient to compensate for rising costs, that it converted higher over-all costs into lower unit costs.

Now there is more to this homily than the simple fact that profits were concealed. The concealment was not so much an aim as a by-product, and the important thing to note is where the profits went. They disappeared into inventory. Why? Because the general managers and board chairmen in the automobile industry believed as firmly as the rest of business that 1937 was finally going to see recovery turn into prosperity, that 1938 was going to top 1929, and that prices were going to rise, and rise, and rise. So that it would be exceedingly profitable to order stocks of materials in the first part of 1937 to be converted into cars in 1937-38 when prices were up.

All business was planning for a boom in the first half of 1937. Up and down the line, from steel to handkerchiefs, companies were filling warehouses with goods. Inventories, indeed, topped the 1929 level early in the year, although production, of course, never equaled predepression peaks. And then it all stopped. The wage increases came. They were followed by price increases three times as great. Every company, having managed to beat the price increases of its suppliers, faced the future confidently, its warehouses bulging with raw materials. And in December Mr. Knudsen found himself laying off 30,000 workers because no one could buy his cars. What had happened? Everyone had ordered so much before prices went up that no one needed much of anything afterward. The steel industry, for example, worked at high speed through the summer filling old orders. In September, when it had cleaned up its backlog and needed new orders desperately, it discovered that the automobile companies had on hand enough steel to build nearly two million cars without buying another pound. The rubber manufacturers, the metal companies, the auto-parts makers, the machinery firms, and the rest found themselves in the same boat, unable to sell their normal autumn output to the already sadly overstocked car manufacturers.

Said Mr. Knudsen to the Senate committee, "The only thing I know is that sales have gone down." But with his industry accounting for the activity of so many others, employing hundreds of thousands of workers, it should have been possible for him to guess that his retail sales would decline as his purchasing agents put fewer dollars into circulation. At any rate he should have known that once pay rolls in steel, rubber, and other lines began to shrink, the working-class market for automobiles would be unable to absorb the autumn price increases. The next time Mr. Knudsen simultaneously stops buying for his company and raises prices to his customers, he should repeat to himself, "More than half of the automobile-owning families in this country have incomes of less than $30 a week."

What Mr. Knudsen and every other business executive did, then, was to outsmart his suppliers so successfully that he outsmarted himself. Everyone was so successful in buying cheap that no one could subsequently sell dear; the boom in production while prices were on the way up simply camouflaged this huge and thorough miscalculation.

And yet there can be no business activity at all without planning and buying months in advance. Steel, machinery, and other durable goods are made to fit precise specifications, and they must accordingly be ordered ahead of time; and, similarly, makers of steel and machinery must order their own carefully specified raw materials well beforehand. But this kind of planning is sheer speculation unless every company ordering its raw materials for delivery six months hence has a good idea of how many customers it will have, say, nine months hence, when these raw materials have become finished products ready for sale. Of course if the automobile industry expects to have four million customers, it produces at a rate that will turn out four million cars that year. And each company, if no one else, knows what its profit will be at that rate of production. Normal, healthy inventory accumulation must proceed on this basis. It is distorted into suicidal speculation by the fear of rising prices. Yet price rises, and the fear they provoke, will dog the steps of every wage increase so long as the fiction persists that wage increases cannot be absorbed by greater volume production.

If the government really means to regulate business and to assure higher general purchasing power, this is the problem it must tackle. It must ascertain how much money each industry can make at every rate of production. When it knows that the industry is comfortably in the black, it must have the power to prevent price increases based on wage increases, thus removing what has been the most potent cause of price and inventory speculation. If it can do this, it can eliminate the fatal speculative factor from legitimate forward buying. Unless it does this, it can never hope to prevent such ruinous fluctuations in business activity as we have experienced in the past year, and labor must live under the threat of either a rising cost of living or mass unemployment. A sweeping federal investigation into profit margins must be the basis of any serious attempt at government regulation of business.

A Foreign Policy for America

Collective Action Retains 83 Per Cent of Vote in Poll

[*On the next page appears a partial tabulation of votes in* The Nation's *poll to determine liberal sentiment on ways and means of keeping the United States out of war. In two weeks the total vote and final analysis will appear. Herewith is a cross-section of liberal opinion on this vital problem.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

B. B. KENDRICK

Professor of History and Political Science at the Women's College of the University of North Carolina

For the present and immediate future isolation is forced upon the United States, because no country in the world is willing to cooperate with us in the service of democratic objectives. England, France, and Russia may offer us cooperation, but it requires little perspicacity to discern that their motives will be the same as in 1917-18—that is, to obtain our aid in pulling their chestnuts from the fire. If we undertake cooperation with them now, we shall not merely risk but actually incur war. It is naive to believe that we can possibly benefit ourselves by going to war to save the British and French empires, or the holy Russian experiment.

Granted that the imperial rule of the so-called democratic powers is less brutal than that of the fascist countries, why should we fight that a lesser evil may prevail over a greater? And when we add the certain evil which will come to us from participation in any war to the lesser evil of "democratic" imperialism, the sum of the two will exceed the evil of fascist imperialism—assuming a Rome-Berlin-Tokyo victory if we remain neutral.

No, John Bull and Marianne do not come into court with clean hands. Until they do, let their Uncle Sam adopt the not-very-noble *sauve qui peut* as his motto. He may not save himself by hoeing his own weedy garden; he certainly will not by trying to help the natural parents of the *böser Bube* spank their unruly offspring. As a hoe-hand in his own *garden,* he can do more for the delicate flower, democracy, than as disciplinarian in a *Kindergarten* for bastards.

ROBERT A. BRADY

Department of Economics, University of California

Fascism and allied black reactions are on the march against the peace and security of the world. Their sworn enemies include democracy and all the institutions and value systems native to its outlook on culture, life, and living. The reaction within domestic frontiers is of a piece with that rampant abroad.

Formulas for the defense of democracy are the same in the international and domestic fields. In the face of an attack delivered with the avowed intention of destroying all democratic sanctions root and branch, friends of democracy have no rational choice but to combine for its defense. It makes no difference what united action is called—united front, peoples' front, popular front. Abroad the program must obviously be the same, term it collective security or what you will.

Isolationists fail to understand that fascist aggression, in order to maintain its controls, must continue on the move. It is inherently and necessarily expansionist abroad as it is tyrannical and exploitative at home. Unless stopped by united action on the part of democratic nations it will conquer them one by one. Everyone who has been following closely the paths of the totalitarian empires knows that they have designs on South America, the Soviet Union, the British Empire.

Cannot neutrality exponents see that declaration of neutrality in the face of aggression such as that in Spain and in China is not neutrality at all but abandonment of it? The Neutrality Act might better be called An Act for Abandoning One's Allies upon Definite Proof of Their Being Set Upon with the Intent of Murderous Assault.

Then, while we are wrapped in our own "security," our own domestic reaction—taking heart at successes of its kind abroad—can find its way to power and put the isolationists in concentration camps along with all other presumptive friends of democracy. To me this type of neutrality is plain treachery. Combined with isolation it does not promote peace but encourages aggression and war and betrays democratic institutions both within and without our own troubled land.

SAMUEL UNTERMYER

Member of the New York Bar

The best assurance of peace for our rich country is unquestionably that we be armed to the teeth against aggression.

I do not subscribe to the view that the so-called reciprocal trade agreements which our amiable, idealistic, free-trade-minded Secretary of State is negotiating for this country tend materially to promote world peace. On the whole I consider them contrary to the protective policy on which the prosperity of this country has been founded, and having no more logical relation to peace than chalk has to cheese.

I think the policy of the United States should be one of isolation as against collaboration if by collaboration is meant that our country shall assume any obligation whatever for the action of our associates in the direction of war or peace. I do not agree that isolation necessarily implies a drastic policy of non-intercourse. It should, however, imply refusal to make any commitments whatever to aid the victims of aggression, even where the violation of existing treaty obligations with us is involved, for it is evident that the treaty obligations of some of the aggressors are meaningless, and unenforceable except by war.

There is, however, one important concrete thing we can do in the furtherance of our own interests and of the interests of mankind, and that is to promote and spread the principle of "Buy American." We now have free trade with the forty-eight states of our Union and with our colonies, and are the one well-nigh self-supporting nation of the world. I do not recommend that we erect a Chinese wall around our country and exclude all foreign goods, but we can come nearer to doing that than any other nation.

Deep as are our sympathies for the nations and peoples that are being crucified and oppressed, we must not repeat the mistake we once made in precipitating our country into war. The present is, after all, a passing phase in world history, and we can only add to the terrible condition by injecting ourselves into the conflict. We can best serve humanity by trying to prevent the carnage, and if it must come, by preserving our strength to be of help when it is over.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

Professor of Literature at Stanford University

The obvious cause of our present chaos is nationalism—not patriotism, not good citizenship, but fanatical tribal fetishism. Our choice is: "My country, right or wrong," or, with William Lloyd Garrison: "My country is the world, my countrymen are all mankind."

Internationalism implies world federation, with a world court, a world police, a neutral world language. Collective security, the free cooperation of independent states, is the indispensable transition between unlimited nationalism and world federation.

A citizen refusing to support the police, on the plea that "policemen are but licensed murderers," is in league with the criminals. A nation refusing to cooperate against aggressors is morally responsible for wholesale slaughter, in China, in Abyssinia, in Spain. To deny the police the possibility of using force as a last resort in defense of the law is to allow the believers in violence a free field. Absolute non-resistance on religious grounds (Christian anarchism) is defensible only if it is practiced at home and in private life, as well as in international affairs.

In spite of all pettifogging, there are definite tests to determine the aggressor: (a) refusal to arbitrate; (b) crossing the frontier in arms.

Reshifting frontiers is hopeless and futile. The goal is to minimize the frontier through a liberal policy, so that it may become as innocuous as the state line between Connecticut and New York. The redistribution of colonies would be a retrograde step, an injustice to the countries which were denied a chance to colonize, like Poland. The goal is to suppress colonies altogether by (a) training partly civilized countries for dominion status and ultimate independence; (b) placing all primitive countries (tropical Africa, New Guinea, etc.) under a bona fide collective mandate.

What we need most is a saner view of recent history. Foolish propaganda ruined the cause of Wilsonism, which was that of organized peace. It has been followed by two decades of virulent counter-propaganda. We were on the right road in 1917; even Hitler admits the validity of Wilson's Fourteen Points. We put ourselves in the wrong in 1920, when we allowed a composite and vociferous minority to kill the Covenant.

Commitments are not entanglements. Unless we commit ourselves to some definite principle and to some definite course of action, there will be no law and no peace.

Summary of Balloting Through April 6*

In the long run, which offers the better insurance against war for this country—

1. Isolation?	1,278	(16.7%)
2. A policy of cooperation with other nations in defense of peace?	6,361	(83.3%)

ISOLATION

Do you believe that a policy of isolation—

1. Should be backed by a large increase in the army and navy?	435	(35 %)
2. Or should we depend chiefly on measures of economic non-intercourse to protect us from war?	843	(65 %)

COLLECTIVE SECURITY

What sort of collective action do you advocate to check aggression—

1. Economic measures directed against the offending power?	5,221
2. Economic support for the victims of aggression?	4,883
3. The threat of collective armed resistance to aggression?	3,836

(Many voted for two or all three of these measures)

The present Neutrality Act prevents economic cooperation with other nations to prevent or resist aggression. Would you favor—

1. Repealing the act outright?	2,390	(39.6%)
2. Or amending it to permit economic aid to the victims of aggression?	3,646	(60.4%)

IN EITHER CASE

Has the failure of the major democratic powers effectively to oppose the aggressions of Germany, Italy, and Japan weakened your belief in the possibility of collective action?	Yes	2,936	(40 %)	No	4,498	(60 %)
Has it caused you to direct your hopes for such action to non-official groups in all countries—particularly to labor and liberal and pacifist elements in the populations and the parliaments?	Yes	4,585	(66 %)	No	2,363	(34 %)
Do you favor the application of voluntary popular boycotts to goods coming from nations engaged in aggressive warfare?	Yes	5,885	(79.6%)	No	1,503	(20.4%)
Do you believe in a referendum on the question of a declaration of war by the United States?	Yes	3,121	(47.7%)	No	3,638	(52.3%)

*Percentages based on the total of those voting on the individual questions.

How Sound Is German Economy?

The Internal Picture*

BY A. VIDAKOVIC

ON the fifth anniversary of their rule the Nazis made a proud claim of economic achievement. Unemployment, they said, has disappeared; employment has risen from 12,580,000 to 18,960,000; the gross value of production from 40,000 million Reichsmarks to between 75,000 and 80,000 million; the production of steel from 5,650,000 to 20,000,000 tons; the average number of houses erected annually from 131,000 to 300,000; national income from 45,200 to 68,500 million Rm.; and income from Reich taxation from 6,560 to 14,000 million Rm. It is an impressive claim, even though the official figures do not in every instance agree and even though the chief advance has been achieved in armament production and not in consumption. Certainly it is no picture of collapse such as might have been expected from the continued stories of German economic difficulties.

But this very record of accomplishment makes it the more necessary to discover—by examining incontestable facts provided chiefly by Germany itself—how such progress has been achieved in the face of overwhelming odds, how the means have been found, how great the strain has been, and what is the margin of reserve for future advance? These are difficult questions to answer. Budgets are no longer published, gold inflow and outflow are not registered, government statements of debt are incomplete. The American Exchange and Security Commission complained, after its visit to Germany, that the Reich debt reports were incorrect, and that it was impossible to obtain any information about the secret, unrecorded debt, which is estimated variously at between 1,000 and 2,000 million Rm.

But, even so, we have sufficient official data to enable us to infer how the Reich meets its financial needs. First of all, it resorts to direct borrowing, which in the course of 1937 yielded 2,350 million Rm.; this, with the 1,000 million borrowed in January, 1938, brings the officially admitted debt to 18,600 million, which is nearly double the amount of debt inherited. This statement does not include the secret debt, bills for armament and made work, or tax certificates. Second, it uses taxation; the sum thus obtained has doubled since 1933, although national income has increased only 50 per cent. Thus, while the German nation in 1929, with an income of 76,000 million Rm., had to contribute to the state 18.8 per cent in taxes, and during the first Nazi year 22.6 per cent, during 1937 the tax burden rose to no less than 26.5 per cent. In addition, extra marks can be squeezed out in many minor ways, such as the emigration tax on Jews, the impounding of foreign securities—this yielded 280 million Rm. in 1936—and the limitation of dividends. This last, although it has yielded only a negligible sum—under 100 million Rm.—is interesting as a characteristic device for raising money. According to law, all dividends exceeding 8 per cent, and in certain cases 6 per cent, must be handed over to the state, which issues in return an equivalent in tax-credit certificates. This in reality amounts to a forced loan, since the certificates are non-interest bearing, and valid only after 1946. True, they can be sold, but only at a loss of about 20 per cent, which explains why German business men prefer to declare small dividends and put the money into undistributed profits. The state, however, not to be outwitted, is practically forcing industry to provide capital out of income for the execution of the Four-Year Plan.

Since any increase in the national income may be pumped into the state treasury in the form of increased taxes, since the system of forced loans is infinite, especially in a country in which currency is divorced from gold and much capital consists in bills, and since the arrangement of loans maturing after 1951 and the issue of tax certificates maturing after 1946 throw no great burden at present on the government, we are forced to conclude that, unorthodox as are its methods of financing, Germany is far from having exhausted all its resources, and much less all its devices.

The position of industry, however, is not so favorable by far. Industry suffers in two ways. First, it is in dire need of money for renovating its plant and for expansion, since throughout 1937 the veto on appeals to the free market by industrial undertakings was maintained. The total sum allowed in 1937 for this purpose was between 15 and 16 million Rm., a sum which ordinarily would have been sufficient if most of the money had not been allotted to a small number of favored industries, and if wear and tear had not accumulated during four years. The great need for new equipment may be seen from one typical instance. Since 1933 railroad traffic has increased by 70 per cent, while the number of trucks and coaches has fallen by 10 per cent. The replacement of rails in 1937 was 40 per cent short; capital estimates for 1938 are further reduced. This condition is typical of many industries and is one of the reasons why the quality of production in many branches is rapidly deteriorating.

Deterioration in quality is intensified by the severe rationing of private industry in the matter of raw materials, most of which are taken by the state for its needs. This rationing is particularly strict in metals, for while Germany is rich in coal and lignite, and is becoming self-sufficient in zinc, aluminum, and metallic magnesium, it is very short of non-ferrous metals and ferro-alloys. The shortage is particularly marked in iron ore, cupriferous pyrites, mercury, lead, manganese, tin, and tungsten. Germany is therefore obliged to import three-quarters of its iron ore and copper, and one-half of its lead requirements. Attempts to produce more iron ore in Germany have hitherto, according to the confessions of the German press, proved economically unsound. As a complement to rationing, substitutes have been introduced. The formation of new enterprises using steel is prohibited, and substitutes are being used even in building and machine construction. For houses reinforced concrete is taking the place of steel frames, and rubber and plastics are taking the place of metals in machinery. Aluminum is increasingly replacing tin; zinc is replacing brass and bronze, and copper, to a lesser extent, lead. Synthetic resin is used to save lubricants. New alloys are daily coming on the market, such as the N. B. metal for machine bearings, elektron for aircraft and incendiary bombs, Z. L. 2, a new zinc alloy, and Zamac, an alloy of zinc and aluminum. Rationing is even stricter for retail consumption. There the use of copper, nickel, lead, tin, mercury, chromium, or cobalt is prohibited except in unavoidable cases. Nor do rationing and substitutes end with metals. Cellulose textiles, such as *Zellwolle,* are favored over wool and cotton. Fish skins are made into imitation leather, potato peel into linoleum and corks.

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*The figures in this article are for Germany proper and do not include Austria.

As a result of this deterioration in the quality of manufactured goods, many complaints have been registered at home and exports have been retarded. In 1937 exports improved, it is true, to 5,468 million Rm., as against 4,748 million in 1936, but they are still far below the maximum of 14,000 million in 1929, and below the relative share of Germany in world trade in the days before Nazi rule.

Agriculture is in an even worse situation. In spite of all Nazi efforts to make Germany self-sufficient, the present cultivated area of 28,631,000 hectares does not compare too favorably with the pre-war area of 29,730,000 hectares, even with allowances made for the land that has passed under foreign rule. Nor have crops increased. In 1937, although production of potatoes, sugar beets, roots, and vegetables was better, cereal production was below that of 1933. The rye crop was 6,760,000 as against 8,700,000 metric tons in 1933; wheat 4,490,000 as against 5,600,000; and barley and oats together 9,700,000 as against 10,500,000. This deficiency was not made up by increased imports. Food imports last year were valued at 1,757 million marks as against 5,579 million in 1928-29. Even when we express the 1937 amount in 1928-29 prices, it amounts to only 4,000 million marks. The reduction of food is therefore considerable, considering the increase in population in nine years. At the present moment the average food consumption per capita in Germany is 50.4 kilograms of meat, 30.7 kilograms of fish, 26 kilograms of sugar, 8.6 kilograms of butter, 8.4 kilograms of margarine, 132 eggs, and 121 liters of milk a year. To improve food consumption without increasing German dependence on foreign markets, it would be necessary, according to the German Ministry of Agriculture, to extend cultivation by a further 1,200,000 hectares. But there German agriculture meets the special difficulty of diminishing returns. It must also contend against the unfavorable working of the "scissors," food prices having risen last year from 103.4 to 104.6 against a rise of manufactured consumers' goods from 130.5 to 135.8, in spite of much price regulation. These figures bear out Dr. Schacht's contention that Germany cannot achieve independence of food imports within calculable time. Nor can it cut down food imports, as too great restriction of consumption might have a bad psychological reaction. It is not within the scope of this article to dwell on the lowered standard of living resulting from stationary wage rates in conjunction with a rise of the index of the cost of living from 117.4 to 124.8.

Several facts emerge from this survey. First, Germany's economic progress is undeniable. This, however, is no proof of the superiority of Nazi methods, as a comparative study of conditions in Great Britain since 1929, the last peak year, shows that the German index of production has risen no more than the British, that is, by 24 as against 26. Second, the sharp rise in industrial production together with a more or less stable consumption makes it clear that all gain has been devoted to armaments and state needs and has afforded little benefit to the individual. In fact, the capitalist has contributed his dividends, the worker his diminished real wages, the farmer his increased production costs, and the unborn child his share in the national debt. Third, such advance as has been made has been achieved by means of ravages into both capital and industrial plant, leaving a greatly reduced margin of reserve.

These facts pose the question: If Germany has achieved only an advance comparable to that of others, and at a sacrifice much exceeding theirs, what will be its chances of weathering the next world crisis unless it abandons its present armament policy? When the whole world has to live on the margin accumulated during the fat years, will Germany, already strained to the utmost, be able to carry through without collapse?

Anschluss and the Future

BY I. G. ROGIN

AS THE smoke of the Austrian explosion clears away and Europe is seen to be so much nearer the precipice, the military-economic experts are busy taking inventory of the new situation. Austria is said to be a military asset and an economic liability to Germany. It is also a headland jutting out to the east from which Hitler can cast his net into many waters. In "Mein Kampf" Hitler laid claim for Germany to the whole heritage of the "lost lands" of the Hapsburgs. These, be it remembered, include not only Austria and Czechoslovakia, but also Hungary and lands now held by Italy, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Poland. Never before has the Balkan balance been so threatened by the military might, economic control, and grim purpose of a Western European power.

Austria's natural resources can supply Hitler with some high-grade iron ore—not nearly as much as he needs—and some lumber. But Austria itself requires raw material and semi-manufactured goods worth about $46,000,000 more than the value of what it exports, and it pays for these by the export of manufactured goods. It imports about $60,000,000 worth more of foodstuffs and live stock than it exports, this sum being the total annual amount of its unfavorable balance of trade. Thus with the mark worth about two schillings in world trade, Austria wipes out more than a quarter of Germany's painfully achieved favorable trade balance. In addition, Germany now has the task of preserving markets for Austrian iron products, paper, electrical and other machinery, motor vehicles, and metal goods. These are all products which Germany has itself found difficult to export. Furthermore, Austria's exports of cotton goods and woolen yarn can continue only if it can import the raw materials. Austria has developed a small export of dairy products to Germany, but for the coming season it is estimated that it will have to import 2.2 million quintals of wheat and 2.5 million quintals of rye. Although over 37 per cent of the land is covered with forests, high taxes have caused the timber to be felled five times faster than it can be replaced by normal growth. German absorption will probably speed this consumption.

Should the Germans absorb Czechoslovakia politically or economically, they would obtain control of a region which in 1937 showed a small favorable trade balance of about $1,750,000. But Czechoslovakia imports each year on balance about $17,500,000 worth of foodstuffs and about $87,500,000 worth of raw materials and partly manufactured goods more than it exports, and about $122,000,000 worth of manufactured goods on balance. In 1936 Czechoslovakia sold 14.5 per cent of its exports to Germany and nearly 9 per cent to Austria, taking in return 17.5 per cent of its imports from Germany and 4.4 per cent from Austria. While its purchases made up 7.5 per cent of Austria's exports, they formed only 2.9 per cent of Germany's total exports. Besides cotton yarns and cotton, wool, and silk textiles—all of which require raw materials from abroad—Czechoslovakia's principal exports are machinery, steel products, electrical goods, pottery products, glassware, and leather goods. Only its timber, hops, and barley would be useful to Germany; its manufactures would again pose for Germany the problem of foreign markets. Its absorption would greatly increase Germany's industrial output but intensify Germany's competition with the world outside for the markets and raw materials the region requires.

South and east of Austria the Balkans now offer Germany its best opportunity to practice its ideas of regional economy, or *Grossraumwirtschaft*. Before the World War Germany did a large business with the Balkans, and by 1929 it had regained most of it. The depression hit this area with especial severity, and in 1932, because of the scarcity of Balkan, not of German, foreign exchange, clearing agreements were entered into which were to become the machinery for the Nazi drive for control. By these agreements importers in each country pay for goods in their own currency, the money being placed in a clearing account in the central bank of the country. Exporters in the country are paid out of this account. Accounts stay in the country, and an excess of exports to Germany, for example, piles up a balance which can only be collected when imports are taken from Germany and payment is made into the clearing account.

A brief survey of the trade relations of the nations of Southeastern Europe reveals some interesting facts. Yugoslavia exports materials which Germany must obtain abroad: timber, copper, maize, swine (many still remember the Austro-Serb "pig war"), meat and meat products, tobacco, hemp, hops, eggs, skins. It also produces small quantities of lead, zinc, chrome, gold, bauxite, iron ore, antimony, and magnesite. From Germany it has been taking increasing quantities of cotton yarn, woolen yarn (offered in 1936 at 30 to 40 per cent below British prices), and coal (offered at prices lower than the poorer product of the native mines). Machinery and apparatus for all branches of industry and electric machinery and goods are supplied principally by Germany. Yugoslavia's commercial debt of 100 million dinars to Germany in 1934 was changed by 1936 to a German trade debt to Yugoslavia of 470 million dinars; and exporters were offering their holdings of blocked marks at 20 per cent, thus further lowering the price of German imports.

No other Balkan country sells so large a share of its products to Germany as Bulgaria—tobacco, eggs, poultry, meat and meat products including lard, and fruit and vegetables. Germany in turn supplied Bulgaria with 63 per cent of its imports in 1936; these consisted of industrial machinery, automobiles, steel and iron, hides, aniline dyes, cotton goods, and raw cotton and wool, which Germany got from abroad. More interesting is the fact that Bulgaria is rich in coal, has oil-bearing shale, is beginning to produce chrome, and has begun to mine high-grade iron ore (magnetite) on a small scale. Manganese is also present, and Bulgaria would seem to be on the eve of a mining boom.

By means of favorable tariff and clearing arrangements Germany has purchased an increasing quantity of Hungary's farm products, in 1935 taking 37 per cent of its exports in this line. Germany is encouraging the culture of flaxseed and taking the entire output. Though agriculture has benefited, manufactures have suffered both from German competition and from the fact that manufacturers had relied on agricultural exports to purchase abroad the raw materials they needed. They have therefore been bringing pressure to bear on the government. With Germany now a next-door neighbor, their chances of altering government policy in their favor are greatly diminished.

Rumania, however, of all the Balkan countries, has the largest population, the most strategic position bordering on Russia, and the greatest attraction for Germany. It produces twice as much oil as Germany consumes, being fourth among world producers. Although the oil industry is partly in English hands, Germany has long been Rumania's leading customer for this and other goods, such as cereals, timber, and live stock and meat.

Rumania has likewise been Germany's largest Balkan customer, taking manufactured goods, machinery, and textiles. In Rumania as in Yugoslavia Germany has undertaken to foster the cultivation of the soy bean.

Nowhere is it easier to arouse national hostilities than in the Balkans. We have only to mention Greece's dreams in Asia Minor, Yugoslavia's desire for Salonika, Rumania's Hungarian and German minorities, and Bulgaria's desire for Macedonia. Germany thus may easily become mistress of the Balkan household. This, however, will not give it self-sufficiency. In 1929 the six states of Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Greece, and Turkey took 4.9 of its exports and provided 4.4 per cent of its imports. In 1936 the figures were 9.4 and 10.3 per cent. Carefully exploited, the region could supply Germany fully with tobacco, wood, iron pyrites, petroleum, bauxite, and some vegetable oils, though it could provide only a small part of the Reich's needs in cotton, wool, silk, copper, manganese, and mercury. Germany would still need to go abroad for coffee, cocoa, tea, rubber, tin, tungsten, vanadium, molybdenum, platinum, phosphates, jute, hemp, sisal, palm oil, and copra. Nevertheless, by moving into Austria Hitler has placed Germany in a position to make tremendous gains.

Beyond the Balkans lies the Ukraine, Hitler's promised land. Several roads lead to it, for Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Yugoslavia all touch Austria at one end and Rumania at the other, and access to the Black Sea may be gained by way of Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. Still another land route is available—that through eastern Czechoslovakia and southeastern Poland. Both these regions are inhabited by Ruthenians, brothers of the Ukrainians. When the world begins again to hear of the wrongs of the Ukrainian people, we shall know what to expect.

Difficult as the situation is to analyze, certain facts force themselves upon the observer. The absorption even of Austria will require a period of adjustment and economic digestion. The ingestion of Czechoslovakia, should that occur peacefully with or without annexation, would be an even more painful process, since Czechoslovakia, while more self-sufficient in food, absorbs about as much in the way of raw materials as Austria and requires greater markets. With or without Czechoslovakia, however, Germany can exercise a preponderant influence in Europe through its domination of the Balkans. If it continues to turn to the east, it will be the more difficult for France and England to find reasons for fighting. Europe may gain a brief respite by tossing the Balkans to the wolves. But the Balkans end at Constantinople, and beyond lies the road to world empire.

Mexico Claims Its Own

BY HUBERT HERRING

THE conviction that buried wealth belongs to the nation persists obstinately in Mexico. The people have written it into every constitution. One of their chief indictments of Porfirio Díaz was his disregard of this basic principle of national sub-soil ownership. The revolution of 1910 proposed recapture of Mexico's alienated birthright. Article 27 of the 1917 constitution was explicit on this point: "In the nation is vested direct ownership of all minerals . . . petroleums and hydrocarbons . . . the ownership of the nation is inalienable." This provision was reinforced by the law of 1925 and by President Calles, whose efforts to carry out the law strained relations with the United States almost to the breaking-point. Under Dwight Morrow's persuasions the law was amended, concessions made prior to 1917 were confirmed without time limit, and peace was restored. This oil peace was maintained from 1927 to 1934. Mexico under Calles turned to the right, abandoned its land program, and did not touch the oil operators. In June, 1934, Cárdenas broke with Calles, made himself the actual as well as the nominal President of Mexico, and put fear in the hearts of the land-holders and oil operators. In three years he gave back some 25,000,000 acres to the people. And then he turned to oil. He has moved quickly. On March 18 he issued the decree of expropriation by which Mexico seized the holdings of British and American oil companies, their fields, their refineries, pipe-lines, and tools.

This act, say the Mexicans, was in accordance with the clear intention of the writers of the constitution of 1917 as well as of all preceding Mexican constitutions. Further, it was based upon the expropriation law of 1936. Prior to the passage of that law the Mexican Supreme Court had repeatedly ruled that tools and machinery could not be expropriated. Sugar lands could be taken, but not sugar mills or silos or farm implements. By the law of 1936 the Mexican Congress broadened the powers of the executive. He could now seize all property required for *utilidad social*—social usefulness. There was further provision that all expropriated property should be paid for upon the basis of assessed valuation and within a term of ten years.

The successive steps taken by Cárdenas have, Mexicans aver, fallen faithfully within the limits of Mexican law. A strike of the oil workers in May, 1937, was duly recognized as legal by the government. This strike was temporarily settled early in June, and the men went back to work, calling for an "economic investigation" by the Federal Commission on Arbitration and Conciliation. This was a legal step, within the rights of the workers. Under Mexican law a "just" wage is not determined by comparison with other wages but by the ability of the

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employer to pay. The books of the companies were then examined by the commission, and hearings were held to determine the ability of the companies to meet the workers' demands. The commission's report, made public in December, 1937, declared that the demands of the workers would add 26,332,000 pesos to the costs of production, but that the companies' books showed they could pay this amount. The companies, however, protested vigorously, declaring that the increased wages, the provisions for medical care, the allowance for leaves and vacations which were demanded would cost an additional 41,000,000 pesos. They had already agreed to increases which aggregated 21,000,000 pesos, and affirmed that they could go no farther without facing bankruptcy. Cárdenas replied that the government would give effective assurance that the increase would not go beyond 27,000,000 pesos. This left a gap of some 6,000,000 pesos between the companies' offer and government's decision. Prompted probably in part by the conviction that the government would capitulate and in part by the fear that concession would invite greater demands, the companies announced that they would not yield.

The government having won the test cases brought by the companies in the District Courts and the Supreme Court, President Cárdenas issued his ultimatum on March 10. He gave the oil companies ten days in which to obey the decisions of the commission. The companies stood pat. On the last day of the ultimatum period Cárdenas called a secret meeting of his Cabinet. It lasted three hours. While it was in session, the oil companies decided to yield, but they did not notify the President. In the meantime Cárdenas had written the expropriation decree.

In the background are many circumstances which have increased the irritation. Mexico claims that the companies have persistently ignored the laws. Mexican law decrees that 80 per cent of all workers in an enterprise shall be Mexicans, but in 1936, 37 per cent of all employees of oil companies were foreigners. The companies had been guilty of financing the Pelaez revolt against Obregón, and were suspected of having been behind other revolts. Mexicans resent the treatment dealt the local markets in oil products. Mexico, they affirm, gets the leavings—the poorer grades of gasoline and of all petroleum by-products. The capital has been forced to accept the poorest asphalt for its streets. Gasoline today costs more than twice as much in Mexico City as in New York. Furthermore, it is asserted that the oil companies have made a consistent effort to break down respect for the Mexican Commission for Arbitration and Conciliation by publishing full-page advertisements in newspapers, spreading false rumors among the workers, and threatening "social chaos." In other words, the situation is comparable to that in the United States, where the NLRB is subject to similar sabotage—but here the sabotage comes from our own industrialists, while in Mexico it comes from alien operators.

Approximately 60 per cent of the oil production in Mexico is controlled by British companies, approximately 39 per cent by American companies, with trifling fractions accounted for by other foreign and Mexican firms. The companies fall into four main groups: the Royal Dutch, which is British, with eleven subsidiaries; the Standard group with thirty-seven subsidiaries, including the Huasteca group formerly belonging to the Doheny interests; the Sinclair group with twelve subsidiaries; the Doherty group with ten subsidiaries. Production reached a peak of 193,000,000 barrels in 1921, and in 1936 stood at about 43,000,000 barrels. It is this business which has now been expropriated. What is it worth?

President Cárdenas

There are two sets of guesses. The current official figures, seemingly inspired by the oil companies, add up to $450,000,000, of which American companies have an interest of from $175,000,000 to $200,000,000. However, the assessed valuation in 1935 of all the holdings of the oil companies, including fields, refineries, and pipelines, was 360,000,000 pesos, which at the rate of exchange then current comes to $100,000,000. That figure appears in the Mexican national industrial census of 1935, with the notation that the figure includes "water" and "many items improperly included." In other words, the American oil investment in Mexico (about 39 per cent of the total) today stands at some figure between $40,000,000 and $200,000,000, and no one really knows the fair figure. Probably not even the oil companies. Certainly not the Mexican government. The final valuation required under the expropriation law will be determined not by the realities of the case but by the relative strength of the contending parties.

After valuation has been set, the law of 1936 provides that payment must be made within ten years. Cárdenas has assured Washington that Mexico will pay, and Cárdenas is honorable. But Cárdenas will be out of office in 1939. Mexico might go farther to the left, or it might swing to some form of fascist dictatorship. And *can* Mexico pay? Let us say that the valuation is set at a total of $300,000,000. Divide that by ten. Thirty million dollars must be paid each year, 120,000,000 pesos if the exchange is set at a new level of four pesos to the dollar. Mexico's income, set at 450,000,000 pesos, is running dangerously behind that. The government will be lucky, perhaps, to have 350,000,000. Can it pay 120,000,000 pesos out of 350,000,000? No. Can it pay in petroleum products? Perhaps, but will the American oil companies permit it? Recent figures indicate that our own oil reserves are too high—in California they are 15 per cent above those of last year. Our wells are being choked down. It cannot pay in oil if our oil companies write the answer.

Mexico proposes to set aside 20 per cent of the receipts from petroleum to be applied in payment. This might yield substantial "token" payments, provided the administration of the oil industry is efficient and an adequate market is secured. If Mexico makes substantial payments, they will be at the expense of internal improvements, schools, and the land program. Such a course would encounter stiff opposition and might provoke revolt.

Mexico's record in paying for expropriated lands is not encouraging. It has been estimated that between 660,000,000 and 950,000,000 pesos' worth of lands had been expropriated up to June, 1933, against which less than 25,000,000 pesos of bonds were issued, bonds which are quoted at about 10 per cent of their face value. In other words, up to June, 1933, about $700,000 had been effectively paid on an agrarian debt of $200,000,000—more or less.

Now that Mexico has taken over the oil industry, the question is, can it run it? No assured answer can be given on this point. Mexico has trained technicians who have given evidence of their capacity and skill. The government today runs almost all the railroads, and fairly well. Many Mexicans hold positions in the oil industry, but not the chief positions. If Mexicans can run the industry, can they sell the oil? There is the real rub. They can develop their own national market; but that will not help greatly. They can sell in the world market, to Italy, Germany, and Japan; but Cárdenas has said—and those close to him are sure that he means it—that he does not want to sell to the fascist nations. If the national economy depends on it, however, he must sell to whoever will buy. If necessary he will sell at cut rates, and American oil companies will suffer accordingly.

The United States has cooperated with the Cárdenas administration in supporting the peso at the rate of 3.60 pesos to the American dollar. We have aided chiefly by buying silver. We paid $22,506,000 for Mexican silver in 1934, $63,685,000 in 1935, and $30,447,000 in 1936. We paid a fancy price, which encouraged the opening of many closed mines, furnished employment, and left a substantial margin in the Bank of Mexico. Of course American citizens got a sizable portion of that money, as over half of Mexican silver comes from mines owned by Americans. The silver policy was designed primarily to please the esoteric circle of silver Senators, but nevertheless it has protected the peso. In January, 1938, we made a new agreement by which we were to take more than 35,000,000 ounces of silver from Mexico, and to continue buying at the rate of 5,000,000 ounces per month.

Keeping the peso steady has indisputable advantages both for the United States and for Mexico. A depreciated peso would make the payment of interest on industrial bonds in Mexico more difficult, discourage foreign trade, and complicate the workings of the railroads, especially in international operations. A steady currency makes for political stability. But on March 27 Washington announced that purchases of Mexican silver would be stopped. The peso promptly dropped to a figure between four and five to the dollar. The move was generally regarded as retaliatory, an answer to the high-tariff, land, and oil policy of the Mexican government. Though it is possible that Washington used this opportunity to take one step toward abandoning a highly questionable silver policy, one has a suspicion that Secretary Hull, despite his loyalty to the Good Neighbor doctrine, is not averse to some chastisement of the erring Mexican. Hull is a born moralist. All deeds, personal or corporate, are either right or wrong. In a capitalistic world Mexico's action is wrong. It is taking other people's property. The proposal to punish Mexico for its own and our good is consonant with Hull's character. The decision to stop buying silver was probably his.

But the matter cannot be settled thus simply. If Washington whips Mexico, a full chorus of Latin American voices will raise the refrain about the imperialism of the United States, and when the delegates get to Lima next December for the Pan-American Conference, they will look at Mr. Hull with glassy eyes, just as they did at Mr. Hughes in Havana in 1928. So no matter what the inherent justice of the oil question may be, Mexico might be tempted to stand off and ask the United States, So what? Let it be said for the good sense and the courtesy of President Cárdenas that he is doing nothing of the sort.

Before he cracks down on Mexico, Secretary Hull should reflect on certain facts. First, Mexico has a strong labor movement captained by Vicente Lombardo Toledano, who is much more radical than Cárdenas. If the United States discredits Cárdenas in any way, and thereby helps to unseat him, Toledano stands as a likely successor. If Toledano came to power, American interests would have small chance of survival in Mexico. Second, a quasi-fascist movement is in the making below the Rio Grande. It is not serious at the moment, but it would thrive on disorder. Any move which embarrasses Cárdenas will make for disorder. Third, Japan covets a foothold in the Americas. It can greatly increase its trade with Mexico by buying Mexican oil (and for every dollar of increased Japanese trade part of a dollar will be lost to our traders). Increased trade might lead to Japanese concessions in Mexico. This is unlikely under Cárdenas, but if the United States by coercive measures should unseat Cárdenas, it would be well to remember Japan.

Washington should come to terms with Mexico on the oil problem without delay. The seizure of the oil properties is a *fait accompli*. Having taken the step, Cárdenas cannot retreat without losing prestige with his own people. This being the case, and the United States having everything to gain by a continuance of the Cárdenas regime, Washington should seek a formula under which the economic equilibrium of Mexico may be maintained. If such a formula offers some relief to the corporations which have lost their investment, well and good. The question of the formula to be chosen can be left to the lawyers; it might involve definite American cooperation in financing, temporary furnishing of technical and managerial advisers, and aid in marketing the product. The situation calls for some fresh type of partnership with Mexico in this oil business, with a free admission that Mexico has the properties and will hold them.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

NOTHING impresses upon me more clearly that I am a journalistic back number than certain modern manifestations of our daily journalism. Initiated into the newspaper profession as I was in the days of small circulations and of great editors like Godkin, Watterson, Pulitzer, Dana, Raymond, and many others, I was taught that newspapers were rated and sold, first, on their editorial ability and secondly on their news worth. I have now learned better. The great discovery of modern publishers is that it is the exploitation of the human personality, and especially of the female face and figure, which is the great highway to success, the real road to prosperity and power.

We have all seen this development in the popular magazines, notably on their covers. They early sensed that one picture—of the young girl—makes the whole world kin, and boosts the sales no end. And for years they have featured sex confessions, true romances, true detective stories, and all sorts of "veritable" self-revelations—by second-floor-rear journalists in great need of funds. By this means they have found the road to the hearts of the people, while *Harper's*, the *Atlantic*, and the *Forum* languish in the homes of a few liberals and highbrows. Latterly there has been a great awakening in the dailies, much aided by the coming of the one-piece bathing suit, the illustrated advertisements of women's underwear, and the photographic advance in the picturing of the female model.

The finest example of this tendency that I have seen is a recent Saturday issue of the New York *World-Telegram*, one of the leaders of our metropolitan journalism. Never have I beheld a clearer presentation of what the present world crisis calls for in the way of escape—to offset the dreary chronicle of the horrors in Spain, in China, in Austria. On the first page, it is true, there is some reference to unhappy European conditions: we have the announcement that "Expectant Mother Flees to U. S. as Nazis Ban Marriage." But when we turn to the second page our happiness begins, and we learn that "Baby Rose Marie, a Winsome Young Lady Now, Trains for Second Chance, Eyeing Stage"—illustrated by pictures of Rose Marie in 1930 and today. Next on the same page is a stunning two-column photograph of the most beautiful American model. On page three we have a four-column head telling us that Christie Gillespie and her mother disagree on combining stage and marital careers, with a three-column picture of the two ladies.

The great story on page four is that Miss Marian Willard "fashions art from junk gleaned on the beaches," with four illustrations, leaving hardly room for a top-of-column report that a Brooklyn college professor declares that persons of low ego are less promiscuous sexually than their more conceited brothers and sisters. The fifth page by some oversight has no woman's picture, only a story that women lead in protesting Roosevelt's reorganization recommendations. Page six is given up to war horrors and the week's news, but on page seven we come into our own again with a nearly full-page picture of Susan Hayward and her perfect physical dimensions—in a one-piece bathing suit. "Stage, Screen, and Broadway"—this explains the page. Four actresses adorn page eight, with Ginger Johnson and Vee Lawnhurst of the night clubs enlivening page nine. Irene Dunne, Cecilia Parker, Lynn Bari, and Sigrid Gurie cover page ten—quite fully. Next we come to the radio page with three of radio's women stars portrayed, while on page twelve we have two of the great sopranos in all their youthful charm. On page thirteen we have bad luck—only one female reproduction. But the society page redeems this—there are five society huntresses—and so does the next page of weddings and engagements with no less than six subdebs in gorgeous array. Page sixteen has pictures of nine women to two men, page seventeen nine women to one man, and finally the last page shows us five charmingly dressed young women illustrating the latest in tweed suits and coats. It gives us, however, the sad news by Ruth Millet that "Sweet Young Things Slip Up on Glamor." She explains that it is not identical with clamor and that men expect to find gentleness in women. We end on the sad note that "Offices Bar Women, Forty." That I submit is a rich and stimulating menu. If it did not send the *World-Telegram's* circulation up by 20,000 that night I should be surprised indeed.

Now plainly this is what the people want, and they shall have it. Give the people what they seek and the coppers will roll in. They do not want to read about chain gangs and child labor and churches and reform. Birth control bores them to tears; economics puts them to sleep; politics—well politics are so terrible that, as from the crisis, we have got to get away from them. So do we not all owe a vote of thanks to the Scripps-Howard newspapers, which offer us so easy a way out? We cannot all take to ivory towers, or to West Indian cruises, or wander to South America, or even follow the novelists to Vermont farms. But here is the land of glamor close at hand. For three cents you can see Roy Howard in the footsteps of Flo Ziegfeld, glorifying the American girl. Franco has reached the sea? What do we care? Thirty-four thousand persons are in prison in Austria? Well, it is their own fault; they got caught. As for the crisis, why F. D. R. will see us through somehow. So let us live happily and revel in the female form.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

French Family Chronicle

THE PASQUIER CHRONICLES. By Georges Duhamel. Translated by Beatrice de Holthoir. Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

IN FRANCE one of the surest signs that one is getting middle-aged is the election to the Académie Française of those writers, elders or contemporaries, who excited one's youth by the evidence they gave of the possession of fresh sensibilities and influenced it by the revelation they afforded of the world in which the youthful reader was growing up. Duhamel cannot be said to be one of these writers, precisely. He was never an "influence," and although he was for a time a member of the Unanimist group (with Jules Romains and the late Henry-J. Levet and Georges Chennevières), he was in no sense a path-breaker. But he displayed a decidedly original nature, which sufficed to mark him off from the commonplace writers of his generation and to win for him readers they never had. His recent accession to the Academy, therefore, induced a little of the feeling one might have if the impossible occurred and the seventy-year-old Gide, say, or the fifty-year-old Cocteau donned the green uniform. (Cocteau, probably, will be elected one of these days; Gide will not demean himself to stand for election.) Except for his two war books, Duhamel's writing was never thoroughly cathartic. There was something in it at once peevish and sentimentally mystic-mongering that just did not come off. His exploration of the soul of the humble city-dweller seemed to be carried out with the dimmest of lamps, the most defective of compasses, and the vaguest of aims. Personally, I could never stomach Salavin: there was a whine in that series that was indecorous.

In the present volume (848 pages made up of five instalments separately published in France between 1933 and 1937) a bit of that slobber remains, for it seems to be an inescapable concomitant of any tale of hypersensitive French youth. But it is of no consequence here. This is on the whole a masterly work of a sort which proves that Duhamel had hitherto been groping and has now found himself in a more or less academic *Bildungsroman.* "The Pasquier Chronicles" is an entirely straightforward narrative of the life of a lower-middle-class family in Paris for a period of about twenty-five years beginning toward 1880. Except in one of the five books—and that for no discernible reason—the narrator throughout is the third of the five children of the family, writing in his maturity; so that the work has necessarily an autobiographical cast. There is to be more of this Chronicle, but thus far, even into the narrator's university years, the hero of the tale is not the narrator but his father.

What is so specifically nineteenth century about the father is his irreligion and his profound respect for education. Berthelot, Claude Bernard, Renan—all the materialist-idealists of the second half of the past century—are the proximate cause of the miseries in which the narrator and his brothers and sisters grew up. All the family believe in education as in a god. By education their father, a petty clerk, will raise himself and them upward into the light. The whole family is sacrificed to the autodidactic "studies" of this glossy, self-centered, skirt-chasing, rhetorical, and infinitely plausible Micawber. His character is so consistently extravagant, his selfishness so complete, his impudence so grandiose, his aplomb when caught out is so attractive, even endearing—whether in a matter of women or of malversion of the children's small inheritances, whether when flirting with a prospective daughter-in-law or secretly making a ruinous investment—that the family can only smile or burst into tears of tender exasperation. Madame Pasquier is as much a nineteenth-century character as her husband, but only in the sense that she is a creation to be dated "before Freud." There are thousands of her in the literature of the novel, because there are millions of her at the economic lower levels. Her life is too crowded with reality to allow her the luxury of false pride; she is too loving to have bad judgment about deeply consequent things. When, having caught his father red-handed with a mistress in the rue de Fleurus—the first of an infinite series—the narrator begs his mother to leave the rascal, her reply is sublime.

> "Be quiet," she said quickly. "I tell you I know everything. I don't know what you're referring to, but you are probably mistaken, and in any case it's better not to say anything. But to go away, Laurent! What a childish notion! Where do you suppose we would go? All my life is here, near him, near you others. What should we do alone? Oh, I don't mean about money, we can always work; but work is not everything. What should I do with myself? . . . He couldn't live without us, either. That's what a family means. He's fond of us in his own fashion, and as a matter of fact we are the only people he really cares for; the others are mere whims, distractions. . . . If I were not always at hand ready to rub him with a flannel and *baume de Fioraventi* . . . he might die any day with his bronchitis. He could no more do without me . . . and here you talk about leaving him, and for such absurd trivialities. After all, they will disappear with age. Such things don't go on forever."

And when the child, still miserable, says, "If at least he respected you," his mother is outraged. "Your father has always respected me, always treated me with kindness."

None of the other members of the family, or their friends, come alive in the same way as the father and mother. Joseph the money-grubber and Ferdinand the inept are two caricatures fixed once for always when first presented. Their sister Cécile, the piano prodigy, is a wraith, and her teacher and admirer, one Valdemar, is the sorriest kind of grotesque. Even the narrator's desperately unhappy Jewish friend, Justin Weill, whose portrait is built up with so many true touches, never comes squarely into focus. It is difficult to seize the significance of the Chronicle. On the one hand, even including Pasquier *père,* there is no character about whom these five books can be said to tell us anything we had not learned before, from other fictions, about humble people. On the other hand, we see no march of events, no movement in the lives of these men and women, that hints at impending crises born of conflict with the world outside the family. We have here, then, another example of French realism, wise, tender, spiced with a sort of Dickensian grotesquerie, absorbing by the art with which it is told, an honorable work concerning which there is no impelling reason to demand a sequel.

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The translation reads like a rough draft, as if it had been torn by the publisher from a translator's reluctant hands. Apart from many French idioms literally carried over into English, it offers the interesting peculiarity of leaving in French at least fifty epithets and idioms, for example, *chef de file,* about which one wonders what the American reader will make of them. LEWIS GALANTIÈRE

Stresemann and Weimar

GUSTAV STRESEMANN. HIS DIARIES, LETTERS, AND PAPERS. Edited and Translated by Eric Sutton. The Macmillan Company. Volume II. $6.50.

EUROPE is today full of excitement and war cry, the roots of which are in Nazi Germany. Therefore every contribution to a real understanding of the present German situation must be welcome. In any case, Stresemann's memoirs are among the most important documents of post-war Europe.

The second volume of the English edition covers the years 1925 and 1926, the years of the Locarno treaty and of Germany's entry into the League of Nations. Like the first it is a loose collection of Stresemann's letters, speeches, and diaries within the frame of a short commenting text. As a rule, one must be cautious in using personal memoirs as a historical source, because the author often does not give the facts as they happened but as he sees them from a distance, with the outlook darkened by subjective tendency and inaccurate memory. Stresemann's book does not belong to this doubtful category. It contains the real sources of history.

We see Stresemann from day to day, thinking, fighting, advancing, retreating, judging his own time rightly or wrongly. During the years when he was a minister of the German Republic, he, almost alone, represented the idea of middle-class democracy in Germany. For the German workers did not want a capitalist state and the upper and middle classes wanted not a democracy but a nationalist dictatorship. By his skill and courage Stresemann gave the German middle-class republic some appearance of stability.

On August 11, 1925, Stresemann made the following entry in his diary: "Constitution Day in the Reichstag was a standard example of an official celebration without the smallest inner enthusiasm: an extremely long speech, gloomy music, and a gloomy atmosphere. If it had been the funeral of the constitution, the ceremony could not have been otherwise." But how shall a constitution survive for which nobody feels the smallest ounce of enthusiasm?

The present book reveals how Stresemann's clear and penetrating understanding of the political facts was coupled with an inability to forecast how the masses of the German people would react to the same facts. When, after the death of Ebert, Hindenburg was pushed forward by the nationalists as a candidate for the presidency, Stresemann at once understood the enormous danger for the German Republic which could arise from this quarter. But at the same time he did not see that Hindenburg's election was nearly inevitable as soon as the "hero of Tannenberg" should be proclaimed as a nationalist candidate. Stresemann did not know that millions of formerly indifferent voters, given the mental outlook of the German people, would flock again to the standards of their field marshal.

When we compare the foreign politics of Stresemann with the Nazi politics of today, we must confess that Stresemann's national aspirations were not more modest than Hitler's. Stresemann also wanted the return of the Saar basin, of Danzig, Memel, Upper Silesia, and the Polish Corridor, and *Anschluss* with Austria. But Stresemann's methods for reaching these ends were much more adequate and considered. Stresemann was able to combine his friendship for the Western powers with the preservation of good relations with Soviet Russia. In 1926 he signed the famous Berlin treaty with Russia, which protected Germany's rear against any disagreeable surprise. The Russian ambassador with whom Stresemann signed this treaty was the efficient and influential Soviet diplomat Krestinsky, the same man who was shot a few weeks ago as a so-called traitor to his country. It is the weakest link in Hitler's foreign policy that he is always compelled to reckon Russia among his enemies.

German armaments are today many times stronger than twelve years ago. But nevertheless Stresemann defended, during an excited public discussion with Mussolini, German rights in South Tyrol. The chapter of the memoirs which deals with German-Italian relations is perhaps the one with the greatest bearing on events today. If Stresemann's weak Germany of 1926 could not be restrained from looking over the Brenner and discovering there a German irredenta, how shall Nazi Germany today be hindered from looking in the same direction?

It is interesting that this big and comprehensive book contains only two short references to Hitler and that in both cases Hitler is mentioned in connection with his abortive putsch of 1923 and not as an important political factor. Hitler's influence on German politics was extremely weak in 1925-26, only four years before his enormous electoral victory of 1930. It had been clear since 1919 that after a breakdown of German democracy there would follow a nationalist and militarist dictatorship. But it is more or less a historical accident that Adolf Hitler of Braunau became the dictator of Germany. ARTHUR ROSENBERG

Neighborhood House

NEIGHBORHOOD. MY STORY OF GREENWICH HOUSE. By Mary Simkhovitch. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

NO ONE has a better right to tell the story of Greenwich House than Mrs. Simkhovitch. She was one of its founders and since 1902 has directed its destinies. In telling its story she inevitably tells her own, and—in essence—that of many serious-minded young people of her generation who, becoming deeply conscious of social wrongs, thronged into the settlements and built them up as organic centers of neighborhood life. Greenwich House, unlike some of the older houses, was planned not as a charity but as a catalytic agent for the latent possibilities in a given section, a stimulus to neighborhood self-analysis, solidarity, and organization for improved conditions and opportunities of work and play, for better food, health, housing, education, creative activities, a securer and larger life. It aimed to make the neighborhood conscious not only of its needs, traditions, and resources, but also of its relation to city and state. Most of all it sought to develop the power to change with changing conditions. The history of Greenwich House is part of the social history of Greenwich Village and of the old Ninth Ward, its earlier name, and of New York itself. It has seen great changes for better and worse, but on the whole, Mrs. Simkhovitch feels, for better. The days of innocence are over. The new day presents more complex problems but provides greater knowledge, experience, and equipment with which to meet them.

And whatever changes occur, the neighborhood house will always have a function to perform. This, I think, is substantially the author's view of the settlement. In this retrospect one is impressed by the number of social attitudes and movements for social welfare now considered essential that, developing in this period, were strongly supported by the settlements and often initiated by them.

Mrs. Simkhovitch tells first the story of her youth in Boston, her education at Radcliffe, Berlin, and Columbia, the men and movements that influenced her, her European student life with Bertrand Russell, Emily Balch, and Peter Struve as fellow-students, the last great international Socialist trade-union congress in London, at which she saw Jaurès, Keir Hardie, Shaw, the Avelings, the Webbs. Throughout the book we run across names that characterize the tendencies, hopes, and struggles of a period that is past. Then she describes the College Settlement on the East Side of New York forty years ago, the muckraking and good-government campaigns, suffrage and trade-union work, the Social Reform Club founded by Edmund Kelley, where Socialists, single taxers, Tolstoyans, and labor leaders held forth. Expanding interests, insights, and contacts bring us to the first Greenwich House in Jones Street and finally to the present imposing building in Barrow Street, where the intimate life of the house and its interactions with the neighborhood unfold.

How Greenwich House met the war, the post-war years, the depression; how real estate, labor conditions, experimental theaters, and racial groups affected the situation; the arduous campaigns for milk stations, playgrounds, tenement-house laws, social centers in school buildings; the growth of the well-known music school, craft workshops, and community festivals, which gave expression to many talents that might otherwise never have found it; glimpses of people associated in different ways with these activities—all are aspects of these vividly yea-saying reminiscences. Mrs. Simkhovitch brought to the creation of her life work enthusiasm, practical ability, flexibility, endurance, and tact. Obviously she knew how to harmonize disparate elements and command cooperation from diverse groups and individuals. If Greenwich House has in innumerable ways enriched the life of its community, she believes it did as much for those who came to work there—clarifying and humanizing social problems, creating understanding by close and continuous contacts. In this portrait of the house and its neighborhood through many changing years, there is the sense of something lived and experienced which, it is the author's conviction, is the necessary prelude to understanding and effective social service.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

Case of Captain Asgill

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S DILEMMA. By Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MISS MAYO'S latest work shows the Father of Our Country in a sort of mess. It all took place in 1782, that is to say, it was after the surrender of Cornwallis. The Revolutionary War was not formally at an end, however, though everybody of intelligence knew that the fighting was over, and there was nothing left to do except await the peace negotiations.

The book is concerned with the almost forgotten episode of Captain Charles Asgill, a British officer who was held as a prisoner by the American army. Asgill, it appears, was a

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charming, pleasant-mannered young man under twenty years of age. He was supposed to be protected against reprisals—meaning the wreaking of vengeance on his person by irate Americans—under the terms of Cornwallis's capitulation.

But as fate would have it, a band of American Tories in the service of the British took an American captain, a prisoner in New York, out of his prison and hanged him. It was just plain murder. Washington demanded of the British that they turn over the chief perpetrator of this deed to the American army to be hanged. Sir Henry Clinton declined to do that, and replied that the leader of the Tory band was being tried by court martial.

Thereupon Washington called a meeting of his generals, and they decided that some British officer then held as a prisoner of war must be executed in place of the Tory leader. Captain Asgill was selected by lot. Of course, he was a wholly innocent person; moreover, he was under the protection of the Yorktown capitulation, which had been signed by both the Americans and the French.

All this created a tremendous stir, and Miss Mayo's book deals with Washington's difficult position in the matter. While an extensive correspondence between the American and British commanders was going on, Captain Asgill was held as a prisoner under sentence of death. In the midst of all this angry discussion the British court martial found the murderous Tory leader not guilty. At that moment the outlook for poor Captain Asgill was gloomy indeed. He was finally released by Washington through the intervention of our French allies.

It is a readable book, and an interesting one. The only fault I find in it is that the author seems to insinuate that Washington was a bloodthirsty person who wanted to put Captain Asgill to death. The context of the correspondence does not sustain that point of view. On the contrary it appears—to my mind, at any rate—that Washington used every pretext and device for delay. W. E. WOODWARD

From the Inside

UNCLE TOM'S CHILDREN. By Richard Wright. Harper and Brothers, in Association with Story Magazine, Inc. $2.50.

THE distinction of Mr. Wright's prose was apparent in his contributions to the "New Caravan" in 1936 and to "American Stuff." His "Uncle Tom's Children," the winner of the prize awarded by *Story Magazine* for the best manuscript submitted by anyone connected with the Federal Writers' Project, fulfils the earlier promise. The four long stories which make up the book have power and originality, revealing a people whose struggles and essential dignity have too long been unexpressed.

Big Boy Leaves Home tells of one of the many twentieth-century fugitives from the South. Caught in a forbidden swimming hole, Big Boy's gang, certainly one of the best in fiction, run for their clothes; a white woman's scream brings a white man with a gun; two boys and the white man are killed in the fracas. The mob lays waste the Negro section, but after long, terrible hours in a kiln Big Boy gets away. Down by the Riverside effectively records a tragedy during a Mississippi flood. Mann makes use of a stolen boat to get his wife, in childbirth, to a hospital. Discovered in the stolen boat he shoots it out with the stranded owner, and it is the white man who topples into the high waters. Ironically, Mann is doomed by his heroic flood labors, for he saves the family of the man he has killed. In Long Black Song a young Negro farmer kills a white salesman who has attacked his wife, and is killed by the mob. Fire and Cloud deals with the dilemma of a Negro preacher who, unable to make up his mind in a depression crisis, has it made up for him by a gang of thugs who defend law and order by horsewhipping. The lashing strips away his faith that as the compromising trusty he can gain any important favors for his convicted people. He joins the protest march of poor whites and Negroes, believing that "freedom belongs to the strong."

"Uncle Tom's Children" has its full share of violence and brutality; violent deaths occur in three stories and the mob goes to work in all four. Violence has long been an important element in fiction about Negroes, just as it is in their life. But where Julia Peterkin in her pastorals and Roark Bradford in his levee farces show violence to be the reaction of primitives unadjusted to modern civilization, Richard Wright shows it as the way in which civilization keeps the Negro in his place. And he knows what he is writing about.

Some of the tragedies may seem too coincidentally contrived, may seem to concentrate too much upon the victims, but the book has its great importance in spite of this. The essential quality of certain phases of Negro life in the South is handled here vigorously, authentically, and with flashes of genuine poetry. Here are characters seen from the inside: Big Boy, alert, full of animal spirits, suddenly turned into a hounded fugitive; the perplexed preacher with a stake in keeping quiet and orderly, and a bitter knowledge of what his people suffer; the farmer who has labored for a home that a white man casually disrupts. In these little shacks, overburdened with poverty, the first mention of trouble with the white folks brings paralyzed fear and a conniving that is pitifully feeble. The people show a wisdom brewed of suffering, not the artless philosophy endeared to Southern mythologists. And finally there are those who are not only aware of what is being done to them but determined to do something about it, resolutely muttering: "Ah'll go ef the nex' one goes!" and "Ah ain' got but *one* time t' die." The South that Mr. Wright renders so vividly is recognizable and true, and it has not often been within the covers of a book.

STERLING A. BROWN

Allegory of Swift

I LIVE UNDER A BLACK SUN. By Edith Sitwell. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

"TO THINK of him is like thinking of the ruin of a great empire," said Thackeray of Swift. And Miss Sitwell has recalled these words. She writes of Swift's life as one in which hatred won over love. She intends the story to be a myth—symbolic and timeless. Opposed to the main plot there is another plot concerned with an English girl who marries the German who killed her fiancé in the World War. These lovers—who oppose hatred—become servants in Stella's household. Here, in other words, are two plots interwoven and intended as allegories. But this brings up a question: When does a true life-story become a myth symbolic of a race of people? Not, I'm sure, in two hundred years of print and of reading. Had Miss Sitwell been able to find another biography which symbolically opposed the tragedy of Swift's pride and hatred, she might have succeeded in bringing into conflict the ideals of hatred and of love. As it is, Swift's biography dominates the book, the details of his love for two women and of his destruction of them and of himself remaining fascinating material. The silly little story of the two lovers might as well never have been introduced.

Miss Sitwell has a fine sense of background. The furniture of the book, all the little details of the eighteenth-century life, are admirably sketched in. Swift's character and Stella's and Vanessa's are all cleverly interpreted. No other biography, perhaps, has quite the dramatic horror of Swift's, and Miss Sitwell has made good use of all possible materials.

Now and then, however, passages are overwritten. Where Miss Sitwell stresses her allegory through symbols, in those chapters in which, imitating Virginia Woolf, she attempts to convey a sense of personality entirely through images, she writes like a bad poet, not like a good prose writer. The straight narrative passages are excellent. The reader hurries over the artificially poeticized scenes which point the old myth of the struggle between light and darkness, and on to the dramatic reality. The artificial symbol of the mice quarreling unto death over the bread dropped from Swift's dying hand is a silly contrivance to point a moral when that moral is already quite clearly before us.

In general, Miss Sitwell conveys a sense of horror, of the world's doom, through her clever use of Swift's prophetic writings and through her equally clever dramatizations of the scenes of horror in the lives of Swift himself, of Stella, and even of the poor, witless Vanessa. The book is certainly worth the reading; it does not, I think, succeed in being anything more than another unusual fictionized biography.

EDA LOU WALTON

Nutrition and Public Health

NUTRITION. FINAL REPORT OF THE MIXED COMMITTEE OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS ON THE RELATION OF NUTRITION TO HEALTH, AGRICULTURE, AND ECONOMY POLICY. Columbia University Press. $2.

A REVIEW can in no way convey the full significance of this important document; along with the three similar reports prepared under League auspices it demonstrates that the committee method of getting at fundamental facts is workable in the hands of competent people. These reports place factual dynamite at the disposal of every public-health department in every country where Western civilization more or less flourishes. "Nutrition," like its forerunner, "Workers' Nutrition and Social Policy," should form a part of the educational program of any forward-looking labor party.

The fight against disease must henceforth be waged in two separate fields: one, the field of medicine, which combats disease after it has been contracted; the other, the field of public health, which raises and maintains the natural resistance of the population to disease. Nutrition is no longer exclusively a physiological problem, because it is so intimately tied to the cause and spread of disease that it has at last been recognized as a public-health problem. In the past hundred years it has played an all-important part in lowering the incidence of disease and death, but the recognition of its role is of very recent date. For instance, in Germany during the World War the death rate from tuberculosis rose 65 per cent in Berlin, while in agricultural Bavaria, where food was better both in quality and quantity, it rose only 23 per cent. The general mortality rate in a depressed area, such as Merthyr Tydfil in South Wales, exceeds that of well-to-do Epsom, England, by 166 per cent. An important result of good nutrition in a community is the lowering of the num-

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ber of people carrying disease germs. I make this point because I have observed that well-nourished citizens usually feel that the problem does not affect them personally. Not until it is pointed out that good community nutrition decreases the probability of stray germs reaching them from casual contacts do they become interested.

Totally separate from the medical aspect is the relation of food to the general physique of a nation. Here the committee had at its disposal a report entitled "The Physiological Basis of Nutrition," drawn up by a commission of scientists of international repute. Their studies have shown that in Sweden between 1840 and 1936 the average stature increased three inches. In Denmark between 1840 and 1913 a similar increase was noted; in Norway between 1800 and 1900, four inches; in the Netherlands between 1850 and 1907, five inches. Similar phenomena have been noted in entrance groups in American universities. The commission attributed the change to improvement in the quality and variety of food. The reverse picture—that is, defective growth resulting from poor food—shows clearly in the following figures. In Berlin in 1925 children leaving school between the ages of thirteen and fourteen were two and one-half to three and one-quarter inches shorter than a similar group leaving school in 1933. The first group had done most of their growing through the war years, when there were acute deficiencies both in the quantity and quality of food.

There is an immense amount of work to be done in acquainting the public with the qualitative as well as the quantitative aspects of food. Only a few years ago food was thought of mostly in terms of calories—that is, the amount of energy it would provide. Since then certain types of protein have been found to be essential to the maintenance of health; and more recently yet the discovery of the vitamins has introduced us to a new class of foodstuffs, required in very small quantities, yet absolutely indispensable. The list of dietary deficiency diseases grows. There is no question that others will be added to the following imposing list: rickets, scurvy, pellagra, beri-beri, night-blindness, dental caries, some forms of anemia. It was not until polished rice was sold to India, as an improvement over the brown variety, that beriberi became prevalent. With every good intention to simplify the preparation, and in some cases to improve the flavor or appearance, new processed foods are placed on the market without the slightest knowledge of their nutritive value. The League committee has taken a large step forward in setting up a scientific investigation of the effects of the processing of cereals, which is common in the preparation of breakfast foods. Its results should be awaited eagerly by consumers.

The committee presents a new attitude toward the publication of health data which should be most salutary. That an international body with the knowledge of present political ineptitude should boldly call for governmental recognition of nutritional problems shows the caliber of the men who prepared this report. I have it on good authority that when the first questionnaires on malnutrition were returned to the League committee, only two countries admitted undernourishment of some of their population—China and the United States. On the few occasions that I have had to deal with them, public-health officials, far from wishing to acquaint the public with prevailing conditions, have suppressed all information. Chicago, with the World's Fair in progress, did not let the rest of the United States know that it had a flourishing epidemic of amoebic dysentery. Not until Governor Lehman, Texas Guinan, and other people of prominence were taken seriously ill did the information leak out. Try to find the mortality figures for various parts of New York City, and you will encounter a splendid screen set up by the Department of Health. Minor public-health officials, therefore, should read this report as a tonic to their courage. The present weak public-health departments in our universities should take note that they have a new field ahead of them, both in the matter of mass education and in checking on local public-health authorities.

Strangely enough, this report is likely to be heeded in many quarters. If one looks through the recent files of *Nature,* an English scientific weekly, one will notice a preoccupation with national health that was entirely missing two years ago. In the midst of its rearmament program Britain has suddenly realized that its man-power also is in serious need of reconditioning. The irony of it is that whereas nations will spend no money on general health in times of peace, in preparation for war or in time of war, when human life is cheapest, they will give it considerable attention. The population is thus placed by its leaders in the same position as the prize turkey for the Thanksgiving feast.

As the burden of undernourishment falls heaviest on the working classes, and as the selection of food within restricted budgets assumes great importance, I suggest to labor groups that this report be condensed to a small cheap pamphlet, to be widely circularized among labor unions.

HUGH H. DARBY

DANCE

Popular Style in American Dancing

PROBABLY most people in America acquainted with dancing entirely through films have no preconceived notion of what a dancer should be like. In Europe, however, and in those American capitals where Continental theatrical habits have been imposed, there is a specialized public which expects a certain type of theatrical dancer. Many ballet audiences eagerly expect the stereotype imposed by the Russians of twenty years ago and their present imitators, and any variation of the pattern is rejected as inadmissible not merely in the general line of ballet but in the category of dancing at all. The international-Russian type clothes itself with alien glamor, an atmosphere of charming magnificence, a sex appeal that is consciously formulated and has something to do with the idea that these dancers are more than human, that they have gifts bordering on the divine, and that the audience is privileged to see them at all. That they are incomparable is accepted without question, and the accidental fact of their Slav birth or association brings forgiveness for all their faults, which are frequently serious.

This has had various sad effects. Many talented young American students have consecrated themselves to imitating the inimitable Pavlova and Nijinsky, whom most of them have never seen. When the failure of the imitation has become too apparent for further self-delusion, they have subsided into a patient imitation of third-rate Russian corps de ballet. Worse than this, audiences which have been drugged into believing there is only one pattern, the Slav, have distrusted any variant, and hence made it practically impossible for an earnest American to develop with any integrity in a serious form of the art.

A serious form of the dance is one in which the dancer is presented as of the first importance. You don't get this in movies. What you do get in movies is the presence of a considerable body of American dancers who perform in their unique, indigenous, and creative style. Each one of them has a different and specific quality, yet one can generalize from the group. Instead of setting a stereotype of remoteness, spectral grandeur, and visionary brilliance, the Americans are volatile, intimate, frank, and they have an added theatrical flavor of close proximity to their public. The most important thing about American dancers is the retention of their amateur status and their nearness to the audience. No Russian dancers were ever supposed to be amateurs. We all have heard how their professional life started at the age of nine. In America our national academy has been the dancing-school recital, gymnasiums decorated for proms, night-club floors, and vaudeville stages. The frontier spirit of spontaneous collective entertainment where everybody got up and danced as they could still persists. But with a difference. Our dancing artists have selected and amplified all that is most useful in the amateur spirit to make of it a conscious and brilliant frame for their individual theatrical projection.

Even now it seems as if Fred Astaire had not been out of college very long, and Hal Le Roy is still cutting up at Sigma Chi dances. Eleanor Powell is a triumph of the girl-scout ideal. The college angle cuts across the ballroom slant in Ginger Rogers. Paul Draper's elegance and musicality stem from the tradition of Vernon Castle and the Crystal Room at the Ritz. None of them seem in any way alien or strange to us. Buddy Ebsen is the incarnation of the foot-loose hick or the dancing sailor, a variation on Buster West's neater, more stylized, but less dramatic work of some years ago. Ray Bolger reverses Walt Disney's formula by being a dancer for whom there must first have been a drawing like Dopey or Donald Duck, with his kindly, insane personality and accomplished eccentricity. There are many others.

The time will come when their strong technique and intense charm will be used in other than a fragmentary, incidental, or merely diverting way. But it is up to the audience to recognize it for what it is worth, to make the just comparisons with other dancers in other forms, and to take the Russians side by side with our own artists for what they are worth. The Americans will not suffer by it.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

RECORDS

COLUMBIA has done a fine thing in re-pressing the first volume of the English Music Society, which contains a number of works by Purcell: ten Fantasias for strings, the so-called Golden Sonata for two violins and figured bass, three songs, and two vocal canons or catches (three ten-inch and five twelve-inch records, $14.50). To listen to the slow sections of the Fantasias is to follow a mind that moves in strange ways with bold and superbly self-justifying confidence, taking one's breath away with some of the daring progressions of his musical thought, and occasionally with things as richly and poignantly expressive as the Fantasia in Five Parts on One Note. The writer of the accompanying booklet thinks the Golden Sonata "only silver-gilt compared with the gold of the examples in D minor, E minor, and G major"; it remains a lovely work even if one of the others

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would have been lovelier. I would question the inclusion of the song "Aspiration"; but that is very little to question in such a volume. The various performances—by the International String Quartet, by Isolde Menges and William Primrose, by Keith Falkner, among others—and the recording are as fine as the music calls for.

Two new sets of Beethoven's First Symphony are at hand: one from Columbia made by Weingartner with the Vienna Philharmonic (three records, $5), the other from Victor made by Ormandy with the Philadelphia Orchestra (four records, $8). In the Victor set one hears a superior orchestra at work, but with results that betray the direction of a less sensitive and understanding musician. Things like Weingartner's ragged attacks in the opening chords of the first movement are disturbing but count for little in a performance that makes the work buoyant and vital; while Ormandy's efficiency counts for as little in a performance that makes the work heavy and dull. For once, moreover, Weingartner's performance is well recorded.

The playing of Szigeti—joined to that of Carl Flesch in Columbia's two-record set ($3.25) of Bach's D minor Concerto for two violins—should give this new version of the work great importance. Whether it does or not I cannot say, for the recording and the records are bad—and this in both sets that I have tried.

You may have a friend with a pleasant voice who can sit down at the piano and sing through Schubert's song-cycle "Die schöne Müllerin." If not, Ernst Wolff will do it for you (Columbia: three ten-inch and five twelve-inch records, $10.50). But he will do no more than that: there is in his singing none of the imaginative insight and evocative power that there would be in the singing of a great artist.

Jungle effects aside, Count Basie's Orchestra does some superb playing in "Blues in the Dark" (Decca). So do various groups that support Mildred Bailey in "Lover, Come Back to Me" and "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water" (Vocalion), Billie Holiday in "On the Sentimental Side" (Vocalion), and Lionel Hampton in "You're My Ideal" and "The Sun Will Shine Tonight" (Victor). Jess Stacey is one of the last group; and his piano playing is worth listening to throughout an otherwise poor record of "You Took Advantage of Me" and "Three's No Crowd" made by the Bud Freeman Trio (Commodore Music Shop).

In reply to continuing questions about needles: the best—all things considered—is the Universal non-metallic needle, which reproduces almost as well as steel, and which should play eight records in succession if the needle-track alignment of the pickup is correct (with the ordinary straight-arm pickup aligned as faultily as it is usually the needle lasts only one or two sides). The Universal can therefore be a good semi-permanent substitute for the chromium needle; the chromium is, however, almost indispensable for new Columbia records. It should not be used for more than five sides of such records; when they have been cleaned out it can be used for as many as twelve; but when they have been cleaned out one should use not chromium but either the Universal or steel. Columbia's is the best chromium needle; Victor's half-tone shadowgraphed the best steel; and a fresh steel needle should be used with each side.

B. H. HAGGIN

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The Shape of Things

HOPE OF LIFTING THE EMBARGO ON ARMS to Loyalist Spain has died down again momentarily after a State Department sequence in which pro-Catholic, pro-fascist influences seem to have had things their own way again. According to the Washington Merry-Go-Round, Secretary Hull and the President had become pretty well convinced of the unfairness and stupidity of the embargo which has played so nicely into the hands of Hitler and Mussolini. Secretary Hull was on the point of having a conversation with the President—which seemed to offer hope that the embargo would be lifted—when it was discovered that Hull had just written a letter to Raymond Leslie Buell outlining the reasons why it could *not* be lifted. On being asked for an explanation, Mr. Hull is reported to have said that that was just a letter one of his experts had given him to sign. In response to more pressure from outside, he suggested that he be given overwhelming evidence that the Spanish situation had changed in such a way that the embargo should be lifted. The Spanish Ambassador supplied the proof, but twenty-four hours afterward the Secretary had not even seen it. A few days later he turned down another plea on the ground that it was too late. The newest effort to help Spain has failed, but the Congressional resolution calling upon the President to provide a list of nations that have violated treaties to which the United States is signatory may revive the issue. Meanwhile, according to Pearson and Allen, the entire Spanish question is to be thrashed out in a Cabinet meeting. It would seem even more desirable to thrash out the fascist influences in the State Department and hire a few guaranteed democratic experts for Secretary Hull.

* * *

WHAT THE JAPANESE SETBACK IN SHANTUNG may mean is reflected in the Cabinet crisis at Tokyo. Neither the setback nor the crisis seems particularly serious when judged by objective standards, but both are grave when the question of Oriental face is taken into account. The Japanese losses at Taierhchwang, conservatively estimated at between forty and fifty thousand, are almost insignificant compared with those suffered by the Chinese at Shanghai or Nanking, but the defeat effectively dislodges the foundation-stone of Japan's continental policy. No longer will it be possible to persuade the Japanese people that the present conflict is merely police action and in no sense to be looked upon as a real war. The immediate victim of this development is the Premier, Prince Konoye. When the national-mobilization bill was debated some weeks ago, Konoye staked his political reputation on a definite promise that the emergency measures provided by the bill would not be called into effect in the China "incident." The military clique is now demanding that the measures be enforced, and the question before the Emperor at present seems to be whether it would be better to ask Konoye to stay, in spite of his loss of personal prestige, or force a Cabinet reorganization at the risk of betraying Japan's internal weakness. In any case, there can be no doubt that Japan will throw all its resources into an effort to avenge Taierhchwang.

*

THE DECISION OF THE C. I. O. UNIONS TO hold a convention which will form a permanent organization is a wise one. Pending an eventual labor peace, the C. I. O. must consolidate its strength, fight the ravages of the depression, and await developments. There are three gains to be derived from a permanent organization. One is that it will furnish a definite and known basis for pooling the resources of the constituent unions in fighting unemployment and providing for relief. A second is that, by making the newer C. I. O. unions an integral part of the organization, it will rule out demands by the A. F. of L. for scrapping or subdividing these unions as the condition of a labor peace. A third is that it will broaden the present base of leadership and remove all reason for further talk of John L. Lewis as C. I. O. dictator. The convention will probably be held in September, and its declarations should have some bearing on the Congressional elections in November. Meanwhile the C. I. O., as the vital part of the American labor movement, is beset by vexing problems. It has thus far done amazingly well in maintaining its cohesiveness, despite its youth and the severe depression. Now it has to wrestle with such internal problems as the threatened defection of the I. L. G. W. U. under David Dubinsky and the row that is still going on over Homer Martin in the automobile union. In its legislative program the C. I. O. is still balked at every turn by the A. F. of L., and in the larger political picture it will have to decide whether to continue its support of the Roosevelt Democrats or desert the Democrats altogether for some new progressive coalition.

*

A WAGE-HOUR BILL HAS BEEN REPORTED out of the House labor committee, but in itself that is a doubtful victory for the progressive forces. Everything depends on whether it is a wage-hour bill that stands a chance of passage. A three-cornered struggle has been going on for some time within the committee among Mrs. Norton of New Jersey, a henchwoman of Frank Hague, who says she wants a bill that will meet with the approval of the A. F. of L.; Ramspeck of Georgia, a Southern liberal who wants a bill around which he can rally other Southern liberals; and those who want no bill at all. This struggle is reflected in the entire House membership. The differences between the first two groups turn on the issue of allowing for regional differentials in the minima that are established or establishing a flat minimum for the entire nation; and on the issue of whether the bill will be administered by an independent commission of five or by the Departments of Labor and Justice. The Ramspeck subcommittee, intrusted with drafting a bill, turned out one embodying regional differentials and an independent commission. This was voted down by the committee as a whole, and it has now reported out one that starts with a very low general minimum of 25 cents an hour and goes up by an escalator clause to 40 cents in three years; it is intrusted to the Department of Labor for enforcement and the Department of Justice for prosecution. We should be content with either version, if only to get the wage-hour principle established. What is dubious about the new Norton version is that it will face the determined opposition of the entire Southern contingent, liberal as well as reactionary. There is a suspicion current in Washington that the Green-Norton alliance may not be genuine in its desire to see a bill passed. The C. I. O., which has hitherto supported the Ramspeck version, would do well to call the federation's bluff by accepting the Norton bill and demanding a real showdown.

*

THE REVOLT AGAINST THE TAMMANY HALL of the American Medical Association, whose principal sachem is Dr. Morris Fishbein, is growing fast. Professor James H. Means of the Harvard Medical School recently made a speech before the American College of Physicians, of which he is president, calling upon physicians "who believe in popular government" to organize an opposition party which will revive free speech in the association and make room for leadership and for policies that have some relevance to the medical problems of the times. From other quarters come similar demands for realism about public health. A special committee of the New York State Medical Society has formulated a program calling upon the government to provide medical care and health insurance for the indigent and lower-income groups. The findings of the committee were reported by Assemblyman Robert F. Wagner, Jr., at the annual conference of the American Association for Social Security. At the same conference James Rorty gave interesting figures to show the economic stake which the A. M. A. politicians have in the medical status quo, noting particularly that the association received $780,297 last year in revenues derived from advertisements of drugs, medicines, and medical equipment and supplies. This is an indication of the resistance Dr. Means and his opposition party must face. But the revolt within the A. M. A. has now become so vigorous and widespread and has drawn so many influential physicians into its ranks that Dr. Fishbein's days would seem to be numbered. His elimination would in itself be a contribution to the public health.

NOMINATION OF A NEW STOCK EXCHANGE Board, representing almost a complete break with the past, on the very day that Richard Whitney was sentenced to prison was something more than a dramatic coincidence. The downfall of the former president had shaken the morale of Wall Street's Old Guard and given the reforming element a walk-over. It is almost certain that the actual election on May 9 will see the nominated board returned *en bloc*. Control of the Exchange will then pass to men whom the financial pages call "liberals," though a more accurate description would be "realists"—that is to say, men who have grasped the fact that wishful thinking will not resurrect the past; that the SEC is here to stay and Wall Street will get on better by playing ball with it; that if the Exchange is to prove its social utility, it must eliminate its speculative elements and concentrate on the promotion of investment. One of the early tasks of the new board should be to implement proposals for a reduction in membership. As Chairman Douglas of the SEC has pointed out, Wall Street is trying to fill too many mouths.

*

NEW YORK'S CITY COLLEGES HAVE COME to enjoy a reputation for the caliber of the men they throw out. Now John T. Flynn, progressive member of the Board of Higher Education, has outlined a reorganization program designed to "liberalize and democratize" these institutions. The new plan, which awaits consideration by the rest of the board, would curtail presidential tyranny in a wide range of administrative affairs, from student discipline to faculty appointments. It would intrust the major control over education machinery to a democratically chosen faculty council. It would give faculty rank to instructors who have attained permanent standing and who have heretofore been barred from almost all participation in shaping the colleges' policies. Some of these proposals have long been in force at more enlightened universities; all of them embody the essence of democratic procedure in higher education. The Flynn program will meet vigorous opposition from college presidents and department heads as well as from conservative pressure groups which have long found these colleges a happy witch-hunting ground. But this is one reorganization program which can hardly be torpedoed through false cries of "dictatorship."

*

WITH THE BASEBALL SEASON UNDER WAY, America must boldly face the question: Will the Yankees win again? The answer hinges largely on the fate of Joe Di Maggio, slugging Yankee center fielder. Di Maggio is quietly staging a sitdown strike in his San Francisco restaurant and insisting, between mouthfuls of spaghetti, that he will not play for less than $40,000 a year; in New York, Colonel Ruppert sits tight in his brewery, swearing that $25,000 is the top. Di Maggio's contract has expired, but under the feudal laws governing our national pastime he remains Yankee property, contract or no contract. He has three grim alternatives: to abandon baseball and take up badminton, to return humbly at Ruppert's terms, or to carry on a victorious strike against the Yankee empire even after the season has begun, which has never been done before. Class lines are sharply drawn. Joe McCarthy, the Yankee manager, says that "to give in to Di Maggio would risk the disorganization of our ball club. Many other players would become dissatisfied." The *Daily Worker* has summoned all progressives to Di Maggio's side, while the capitalist press has launched a "back to work" movement, even publishing false reports that Di Maggio has capitulated. The New York *World Telegram* proclaims, "Public Is With Ruppert in Di Maggio Fight," as if Frank Gannett had already begun a telegraphic barrage; even the venerable Sultan of Swat—Babe Ruth—has been persuaded to warn Di Maggio that he is going too far. Well, even $25,000 is a pretty high stipend for an under-dog—but Di Maggio the symbol overshadows Di Maggio the center fielder and restaurateur. His stand has revolutionary implications for third-string catchers who get $4,000 a year, don't talk back, and face exile to Oshkosh at an early age. We hope that Di Maggio holds out until the Yankees sink to seventh place and Colonel Ruppert begs for mercy. We're for Cleveland, anyway.

Spending and Recovery

WHEN the President, in his message to Congress and his fireside chat with the people, called for a new government-spending program and the creation of purchasing power, he finally did something he should have done last August, when employment first began to drop. Every month that he has waited, hesitating and maneuvering, has added to the weight of the unemployment burden to be lifted. But all that is beyond recall. All sorts of objections will be raised, both in and out of Congress, to the President's belated spending program. The real issue is whether Roosevelt's proposals are broad enough to stimulate recovery and whether they are politically strategic.

As announced by Mr. Roosevelt they involve five distinct steps: (1) an appropriation of $1,550,000,000 for the WPA, housing, farm security, the NYA, and the CCC; (2) the setting aside of $1,462,000,000 for additional public works; (3) RFC loans of $1,500,000,000 to private business; (4) the freeing of $1,400,000,000 of sterilized gold to increase the credit basis of the country; and (5) the reduction of the reserve requirements of members of the Federal Reserve system to add another $750,000,000 to the credit base of the country. Each of these schemes merits examination.

It is important to note that the appropriations under Item 1 represent practically no advance over the sums being spent in the current year. They amount to far less than was spent in 1934-36, when general economic conditions were much better than at present. They must, therefore, be written off entirely as a recovery measure. The public-works and housing appropriations under Item

2 are substantially larger than the sum actually spent in the last year or so, but experience has shown that projects of this type are extremely slow in getting under way, even when preliminary plans have been approved. The country will be fortunate if half of the $1,462,000,000 is actually spent by this time next year. In any case the amount is too small to have a decisive effect on the national economy. The RFC loans to business are frankly emergency measures. They will not stimulate expansion, but will presumably head off deflation. The effect will probably be much the same as under Hoover.

Neither Item 4 nor 5 adds anything directly to the purchasing power of the country. Small amounts of gold have been "desterilized" twice within recent months without effect on the general economic situation. The lowering of reserve requirements has no meaning when there are already excess reserves of $1,700,000,000 in the member banks. In adding approximately $2,150,000,000 to the reserve balances, the two steps provide for a potential credit expansion of about $20,000,000,000, which would be highly inflationary. But with demand for credit at a low ebb, there is no way in which this potential credit can be utilized. Should the unexpected happen and a substantial portion of this credit begin to flow into the country's financial arteries, it would still be easy to head off inflation, as was done last year, by increasing reserve requirements.

The remarkable thing about the President's recommendations is that he has deliberately avoided the use of the monetary powers by which he could unquestionably stimulate recovery—further devaluation of the dollar or utilization of the $1,800,000,000 in the exchange-stabilization fund. There is little to be said in favor of devaluation in view of its unfortunate effects on other countries, but use of part of the stabilization fund, unlike that of the sterilized gold, would throw new purchasing power into the economic system. The gold in the stabilization fund is now completely outside the country's fiscal system. It represents a profit on devaluation which has not yet been taken. Use of this gold would make possible spending without addition to the federal debt. Roosevelt's disinclination to use this power suggests that he has allowed financial orthodoxy to overrule common sense.

The best opinion on why the depression set in so sharply last fall attributes the major blame to the precipitate withdrawal of purchasing power by the government. The great danger is that the Administration will regard its present plan not only as adequate for a spending program but as all that needs to be done. A spending program, no matter how large or how efficiently administered, is not an economic program. It is only one item in such a program. Along with it must go such legislation for raising mass purchasing power as the wage-hour bill. Along with it must go in addition some legislation for dealing with such enormous obstructions to recovery as the bad state of the railroads and the housing industry. One of the major disappointments of Administration policy recently has been the report of the President's committee on the railroads. Instead of grappling with the main problem of writing off inflated railroad capitalization, putting an end to the irresponsible handouts of RFC funds to the roads, setting up effective machinery for making consolidation savings, and creating a government corporation for buying the vast amounts of railroad equipment that the industry needs, the report deals gravely with such piffling matters as the abolition of government passes, and then proposes more RFC handouts and a new fund for equipment without providing for the savings that would make the purchase of equipment economical.

Mr. Roosevelt's position today and that of the whole Democratic Party is a perilous one. To be sure, he has mended matters considerably by his message to Congress and his radio talk. No doubt many of the bandwagon Democrats who have been waiting to catch the drift of popular sentiment will vote for the spending program because their local communities will be behind it. There can be no doubt also that an element of timing has entered the President's calculations, and that he hopes to affect the Congressional elections by the upturn in employment and in the WPA rolls. In American politics such timing has always been considered legitimate, even though in economic terms we pay a heavy price for the delay involved. But the basic cleavage in the Democratic Party persists, and if anything were needed to prove that it is a class cleavage and not merely sectional, it is the tightening of the alliance between the Byrds and the O'Connors in their opposition to the New Deal. The Tammany-Dixie axis has come to stay for a while, and the thing to remember about it is that it represents an alliance of the reactionaries in North and South against the progressives in both sections.

Mr. Roosevelt's latest display of energy does not resolve the doubts concerning his capacity to ride the whirlwind and command the storm. He is beset by difficulties, both within and without his party, as few Presidents have been in the past. One of the most malicious whispering campaigns in our history has been set in motion against him. He has never been outstanding for his economic grasp, but there has always been a tradition about his shrewdness of touch politically. That shrewdness of touch is now being questioned. A man whose strength has always rested on his political adroitness and flexibility has—as a result of the barrage directed at him—grown harder and more rigid in his resistance to his enemies.

The present political mood of the nation is one in which anything can happen. Now that the President has been successfully challenged on several major measures and the economic situation has grown so serious, we may expect a good deal of fishing in the troubled political waters. The Republicans are working away at plans for a coalition with the Democratic tories. Mayor LaGuardia has departed from his promise to stick to New York City affairs and has come forth as a national statesman, with views on South American trade. The La Follettes are laying plans for a progressive coalition in 1940. And the recent move of the C. I. O. in setting up a permanent organization has an enormous political significance.

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For it means that the C. I. O. leaders have given up immediate hope for the sort of unity with the A. F. of L. that is so essential politically to Mr. Roosevelt, and intend to build as strong an economic base for future political effectiveness as they can.

Mr. Roosevelt owes it to the people to move forward with all his political resourcefulness, but with firmness and with a program. The country is waiting for his coming messages, especially the long-deferred one on monopoly. It is waiting for an assurance that the Administration has not drawn its last bow with its spending program, but is ready to institute genuine economic planning to forestall disaster if spending itself proves ineffective. Once the employment figures start going up again, the progressive groups need have no political worries about 1938 or 1940. And if the figures keep going down, no political genius will save the Roosevelt forces from defeat. The only question then will be whether the left or the right will profit from their defeat.

Government by Deadlock

IT WAS said of William E. Gladstone that he could hold the House of Commons entranced with his discussion of a budget bill. We have no Gladstone in our Congress today, but the House and Senate conference committee on the new tax bill is managing to give human interest to taxes. "We met, we exchanged salutations, we adjourned," announced Chairman Harrison of the Senate conferees on April 15; and he added, "We expect to do the same thing again when we meet on Tuesday." While Gladstone dramatized taxes by saying a good deal, our conference committee dramatizes it by doing nothing. It is a supreme example of government by deadlock.

The difference between the tax deadlock and certain others is that while in most cases the business interests benefit from the inaction that results from deadlock, in this case they stand to gain only a headache. That is the President's trump card in the tax game. The two houses have passed wholly different bills. The Senate eliminated the undistributed-profits tax completely, while the House retained it at least in principle; the Senate reduced the capital-gains tax to a flat 15 per cent levy and allowed deduction for losses, while the House provided for maximum rates of 16 to 40 per cent with no deductions. But even the House bill is, from the standpoint of the business opposition, preferable to the present law. And there is the rub. If the conference committee continues to meet and exchange salutations and adjourn, the existing law will continue in force. And if so reactionary a bill is agreed on as to incur the Presidential veto, the same will be true. Hence the President's letter to Chairman Doughton of the House conferees, which came out in unmistakable terms for the House provisions on capital gains and undistributed profits.

It is one of the impressive triumphs of press propaganda that the big corporations have managed to sell the idea of tax reduction to the small business man and even to sections of labor. To understand the tax system is such an arduous effort that this has become one of the areas of ignorance where the repetition of a slogan yields effective results. The press, using the Goebbels technique of reiteration, has repeated so often that business needs to be freed of its tax burden before it will invest and create employment that the man in the street has come to believe it. Mr. Roosevelt's letter to Mr. Doughton is worth reading. It is an eloquent and persuasive defense of liberal principles of taxation against the inroads of the New Mellonism. But the press has smothered it in silence.

Our prediction is that the conferees will soon agree on a compromise. Given the present state of doctored public opinion, Mr. Roosevelt cannot afford to make a major fight on taxation. Nor can big business and its mercenaries in the Senate afford to take a chance on an indefinite deadlock which will give new life to the existing act. The House may yield on capital gains if the Senate yields on undistributed profits.

Paris Bows to London

THE rapidity with which French democracy is deteriorating in the face of a rising fascism is clearly set forth in Alexander Werth's article on another page of this issue. The process of decay has been even more rapid in the few days during which Daladier has held office. Having obtained consent to rule by decree until July 31, the new Premier immediately utilized his power against organized labor. There were reports that troops would be called to end the wave of strikes which had paralyzed the metal industries of Paris, but this proved unnecessary. Pressure by the government's arbitration authorities was sufficient to settle most disputes.

The most alarming evidence of deterioration may be found in the sphere of foreign policy. It is apparent that Daladier, even more than his predecessors, is determined to follow British leadership. The traditional French policy of reliance on the League, the Franco-Soviet pact, and the Little Entente is to be abandoned in favor of the Chamberlain policy of deals with the dictators. Daladier will not lift a hand to save republican Spain; instead, he is expected to follow the British example and send trade representatives to Burgos. Negotiations with Mussolini for an Italian-French agreement along the lines of the pact just signed by Great Britain and Italy will probably be announced soon. The Franco-Soviet pact will be sidetracked, and in its place a firmer military alliance with England is anticipated.

Some observers, even in the United States, profess to see better prospects for peace in the "realistic" Chamberlain-Daladier policies than in the "dangerous" program of opposing fascist aggression. The way to remove the threat of war, in this view, is to give the fascist countries all they are asking for—although possibly not all at once—and thus remove the temptation for aggression. The new Italian-British pact is hailed as a master-stroke in this new diplomatic game, since it is designed not only to ease the tension in the Mediterranean but to woo Mussolini away from the Rome-Berlin axis.

Since this pact represents the sum of Chamberlain's positive achievements to date, it is necessary to examine it in some detail. Great Britain gained six promises from Italy: (1) the Italian government reaffirmed its declaration of January 2, 1937, respecting the status quo in the Mediterranean; (2) it agreed to respect the independence of Saudi Arabia and Yemen; (3) to discontinue its anti-British propaganda in Palestine and Arabia; (4) to grant freedom of worship to British religious bodies in Italian East Africa; (5) to reduce the Italian contingent in Libya to peace-time strength; and (6) to withdraw from Spain after the successful conclusion of its invasion. It will be observed that the only important new obligations are the third and fifth. Withdrawal of Italian troops from Spain after the conflict was implicit in the 1937 agreement, which Italy apparently never intended to keep.

In return, Britain made three fundamental concessions: (1) it agreed to use its influence with the League to obtain recognition of Mussolini's theft of Ethiopia; (2) it guaranteed Italy full access to and use of the Suez Canal; (3) it allowed Mussolini to delay virtually indefinitely the withdrawal of his men from Spain. In short, Great Britain repudiated the basic principles of international law and the professions of the non-intervention agreement in return for promises to respect a number of specific but minor British rights. Such promises in the past have been honored at Mussolini's convenience. There is no new reason to suppose that they will be respected. Nor is there any obligation or implication in the pact which in any way weakens Mussolini's bonds with Hitler. A more complete victory for the fascist cause could not have been achieved if Hitler himself had been sitting in on the negotiations.

Perhaps the most convincing answer to persons like Chamberlain and Daladier who believe that the dictators can be stopped by concessions and gentlemen's agreements is that provided by German history in 1933. The leaders of the German political parties also believed that the growing Nazi menace could be checked by political understandings. The Social Democrats were lulled into inaction by Hitler's promise never to go outside the constitution. The Junkers believed that they had outmaneuvered him when they persuaded him to accept a place in a coalition Cabinet, and the Catholic center was negotiated into impotence. What no one in Germany at that time realized was that nothing save the threat of force could keep Hitler from gaining his ends. The limitations on the use of force which civilized persons had come to respect—such as agreements, law, and honor—were just so many devices to be used or cast aside as the considerations of the moment demanded. German democrats paid for their gullibility with their lives. There is grave danger that the same fate may overwhelm France within the coming months. And the forces which threaten France also endanger democracy and freedom the world over.

A Cable from the Front

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Barcelona, April 18

THE military situation is more serious now that the rebels are on the Barcelona-Valencia road. But the two parts of republican Spain will be in close contact with each other by sea, air, and radio. General Miaja, ably assisted by persons with greater political experience, will act as a sort of viceroy in central Spain and will be supplied with arms by factories in his own province and shipments from abroad and from Catalonia. The fleet, with Cartagena as a base, will meet no serious opposition when it ventures forth to convoy transports and at night, at least, will be exposed to little danger from aerial attack. Military men and political leaders will be able to travel back and forth between Catalonia and Madrid without great difficulty. The district around Madrid can continue to feed itself with the insufficiency which it has stoically accepted these many months. The spirit of Madrid is reported to be excellent, and its resistance is likely to be long and stubborn. Spaniards are bad organizers, and it remains to be seen whether the decentralization resulting from the bisection of the republic will hamper or facilitate the prosecution of the war in each section.

Meanwhile certain factors brighten the dark picture: First, the government army is better equipped, airplanes excepted, than it has ever been. Second, in recent weeks even airplanes have been coming in from abroad—the first in months. Their number is small, but hopes of further importations are high. Third, I have talked during these last few days to five members of the new Negrín government and they are calm and full of fight. They cannot all be Don Quixotes. Fourth, human reserves have been scarcely tapped (too many civilians are still on the streets), and if there is time to train them there will be no shortage of soldiers. Fifth, the Ebro River is a good natural defense line for Catalonia, and if the fascists for that reason turn in the direction of Valencia, the Barcelona authorities will have an opportunity to mobilize Catalan resources. As Del Vayo said to me yesterday, "Time has the floor."

Now for a sketchy reference to conditions in Barcelona: Most homes and buildings are furnished with electric light, but the current goes off occasionally, sometimes for a few minutes, sometimes for several hours. The elevator in my hotel is not running—and I live on the sixth floor. Trolleys, which are beginning to look like Moscow street cars in their worst period, and the underground are operating with reduced service. The food situation is no better and no worse, but distribution is smoother, and the government is increasing imports.

Everybody asks about what hope there is of getting airplanes and other arms from France, from America, and from Russia. The answer will determine the fate of Spain for a generation. It will also determine the next phase of European history.

The Fight on Spending

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, April 17

IN THE most difficult crisis of his Administration Roosevelt acted with boldness and sagacity. In plumping squarely for an adequate spending-lending program he chose the only possible way out of this depression. By coupling the program with demands for wage-and-hour legislation and a tax bill that does not reek of Wall Street, he went to the mat with the forces which are conspiring to wreck his Administration and discredit his main objectives. And he did it in a way that gives him the initial strategic advantage. He starts off with a half-Nelson on his adversary. Whether he can hold it will depend largely on his own stamina and alertness. He is in for the struggle of his life, and he will find himself contending with tactics fouler than he has yet encountered. The lying and dissembling which characterized the attacks on the court plan and the reorganization bill were marvels of truth and purity compared with what is in store.

It is essential always to keep in mind what this fight is about. In Washington that is quite clear. Primarily this is a struggle for control of the Administration which will take office in 1941. Two powerful economic groups are determined, for obvious reasons, to bring about the end of the New Deal, either in the next Democratic National Convention or in the ensuing election. They are (1) the public utilities, headed by the power companies, and (2) all the industrial forces which are bent upon the repeal, emasculation, or sabotage of the Labor Relations Act. Every major move against Roosevelt hereafter must be understood in the light of that fact. The truth is that a vastly larger stake may depend upon the outcome, but the elements which have fixed upon those immediate objectives have not sense enough to perceive it.

There is plentiful evidence right now that the whole country is riding head to head with economic disaster and that events of the next six or seven months will determine the winner of the race. Roosevelt did not act a moment too soon to arrest the course of the deadly downward spiral; it remains to be seen whether he acted soon enough. We could all feel safer if he had listened earlier to the counsel of such men as Senator La Follette and Leon Henderson. On the other hand, experience may have convinced him that this country must bleed almost to death before it is ready to accept a transfusion. Wall Street's prescription—repeal of the undivided-profits and capital-gains taxes—would be equivalent to giving the patient an aspirin. In any case, it will be touch and go from now on, with time a vital factor. Accordingly, it may be illuminating to study the tactics of the opposition, for it is my belief that those tactics will consist mainly of division, diversion, and delay.

Frontal attacks on the recovery program will hardly originate in Congress. With elections coming on, that would be too risky. One of the first moves I expect to see is a broadside of propaganda featuring the fear that the government's credit is about to be destroyed. If anyone questions how that would be accomplished by adding one or two billions to a debt of forty billions, I am sure Frank Gannett or General Johnson will be ready with the answer. No doubt Dorothy Thompson is ready with it now. But the serious dirty work is likely to come from another and more dangerous quarter. I expect to see it take the form of a series of amendments to the pending appropriations for public works. There will be all sorts of proposals to earmark the funds for particular purposes and to allocate them rigidly among prescribed districts. The success of such moves would impede the program seriously, perhaps fatally. Some localities, more far-sighted than others, are infinitely better prepared to put men and money to work. For example, there is no doubt whatever that Mayor LaGuardia could use more money, and to better advantage, than half a dozen states that are represented in the Senate by such men as Byrd and King.

Perhaps the most powerful single influence in Congress today is Vice-President Garner. Spending for purposes other than acquiring ranches and banks is abhorrent to the Texas Tightwad, and he has forgotten more tricks than Houdini knew. Therefore watch for amendments which would require states and municipalities to pay interest on the loans, or to repay the principal at a swifter pace than 2 per cent a year, or to match the federal funds with funds of their own—in amounts which they haven't got and couldn't possibly raise. There might even be a proposal to appoint a joint committee of Congress to control the expenditures, although it probably would fail unless all members of both houses were assured in advance of appointment to the committee. I shall not attempt to forecast all the stratagems which will be resorted to, but the foregoing should convey some idea of what to expect. While it is happening, the rest of us, like prisoners in a powder factory, will be privileged to watch the children blazing away at the firemen with roman candles—and to hope the engines start pumping before the conflagration cuts loose with a thunder of collapsing railroads and exploding insurance companies and savings banks.

In all the excitement and suspense, however, there is something which should not be forgotten: the most valuable and productive Senate investigation since that which saved Teapot Dome and Elk Hills for the nation is about to suspend for lack of funds. That is the investigation of civil-liberties violations by the committee of which Senator La Follette is chairman. This history-making job of legislative spadework ranks right up with the Wagner Act, the TVA Act, and the Public Utility Holding Company Act as among the outstanding achievements of the last five years. Its value in exposing practices which were reducing large areas of American industry to an uninhabitable jungle, and thus assisting in the eradication of those practices, has been almost incalculable. It was the most effective agent in informing public opinion why unions and collective bargaining are indispensable in civilizing industry. It has done its part in hammering numerous recalcitrant employers into acceptance of the Wagner Act. It was a powerful factor in persuading Big Steel, General Motors, and Chrysler that union recognition offered them almost as many advantages as it promised their employees. Indeed, if industrialists were grateful they would fall on their knees each morning and thank a thoughtful Providence for Wagner and La Follette.

Unless the committee is given $60,000 by the Senate, it will be not only unable to proceed with work which is urgently needed, but unable to complete much that is almost finished. In several instances all the necessary field work has been done, and the committee is ready to proceed with hearings. In others hearings have been completed, but the committee lacks money to compile reports. Most urgent of all, it needs funds with which to prepare legislation to correct the shocking evils which have been uncovered. At the risk of being called a Gannett—which God forbid!—I cannot forbear to point out that a few letters and telegrams might help a good cause. They have been used to help enough bad ones.

A Foreign Policy for America

[*We are printing below the last of the series of statements by prominent liberals concerning an American foreign policy designed to keep this country out of war. In our next issue we will publish the final returns in* The Nation's *poll on the subject, together with an analysis of the vote.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

WILLIAM H. KILPATRICK

Professor Emeritus of the Philosophy of Education at Teachers' College

Your request that I propose a foreign policy for our country sets a hard task. It is easy to state a remoter goal, a desirable but necessarily distant better world arrangement. But to state such next steps as will probably lead us fruitfully forward—that's the rub.

As to a remoter goal, I must reject the theory of international anarchy under which this country now prefers to live. I cannot approve an arrangement that leaves any nation free to run amuck among the other nations. We have established law and order and police power to curb the individual criminal man. I believe we must eventually establish a like international law and order and police power to curb the criminal nation. Only the anarchist, it would appear, can consistently deny this necessity.

How to get rid of this actual international anarchy is more difficult now to state than it was at any time between 1920 and the rape of Ethiopia. In 1920 I thought we should enter the League of Nations. But times have changed. Even if it were psychologically feasible to advocate joining now, actual joining would, as matters at present stand, leave the main problem much as it now is.

The policy of isolation I must reject, partly because it would prove impossible to enforce in any great war, partly because it seems a cowardly and immoral refusal to face world facts. In a world war, isolation would bring worse depression than 1929, so that the farmers, to name but one group, would refuse to have all foreign trade shut off.

An alliance with Great Britain may ultimately be forced upon us, but things will have to become much more threatening before this will be acceptable to our people, especially with a Tory government in power in England.

The best immediate answer seems to be a reasonable degree of military preparedness—much as I hate all such—with greatly increased study of foreign affairs. Preparedness is dangerous, but probably not as encouraging to predatory world fascism as the opposite policy. Meanwhile we must get as many people as we can studying foreign affairs in the hope that wisdom will gradually emerge. If such study should indicate a league against ruthless power, my own tentative leanings will have found support.

JOHN FOSTER DULLES

Expert on International Law and Finance

Human history is the record of constant struggle between the dynamic and the static—the urge to acquire and the desire to retain. Force, actual or implicit, is the primitive recourse of dynamic elements. It is their inevitable recourse unless there is provided some social order which adequately permits of peaceful change. But if peace be equated with the indefinite perpetuation of an existing status, then peace will never be achieved.

In the international field there exists as yet no adequate provision for peaceful change. Peace has in fact been equated with the status quo. "Collective security" represents essentially an alliance of satisfied nations to preserve their existing advantages intact. This is not merely futile but is worse in that it means that any one of many inevitable changes may precipitate a war of worldwide scope.

So long as "collective security" means an attempt to achieve the impossible, the United States should remain aloof. Stripped of the romanticism which attaches to the phrase, "collective security" is to be judged as a defensive alliance. For the United States such an alliance is more of a liability than an asset.

Of course we cannot, in the long run, by isolation achieve either security or peace. We can only achieve these by realizing, in international affairs, a system which will strike a fair balance between the static and the dynamic and afford the latter an adequate opportunity for peaceful expression. We should strive to conceive of such a system, and if any practical plan is devised, be prepared to cooperate to give it practical realization.

MORRIS L. ERNST*

Counsel to the American Civil Liberties Union

We need a new word to describe what I think is the common denominator of American opinion on the subject of tactics for maintaining world peace. "Isolation" has the implication of withdrawal from cultural as well as economic relations with the world. Collective security implies collective warfare, which to me implies collective suicide. Moreover, no one is in favor of collective security without first picking the governments with which we should collect. Do we collect to save a dictatorship on the left or a dictatorship on the right? Do we collect only with democracies? The phrase "collective security" is essentially a phony slogan.

The common denominator should include the following factors:

1. We believe in the democratic process, and we are convinced that, given a piece of land, the difference between real poverty and wealth lies solely in the degree to which there is a free market in ideas. We are opposed to dictatorships of the right, middle, or left.

2. We are convinced that if this country goes into a war outside our own borders, there is a real danger that at the end of the war we shall have a dictatorship—in all probability one of the right.

3. We believe in the continuance of our tradition of national protest by Presidential or Congressional action against all steps taken by other nations against democracy and the basic principles of freedom of thought.

4. We believe that from the time we first sold machinery to foreign nations the profit in our foreign trade was doomed. We are convinced that whereas isolated manufacturers can make money out of foreign trade, the nation as a whole cannot make money, which means give employment, by foreign trade, because only to a minor and limited degree can our shipments abroad be paid for. Foreign countries have not got the gold, and the acceptance of merchandise by us spells misery and unemployment in our land. We believe it is economically unsound for us to sacrifice human life on battlefields to protect any portion of our foreign trade, profitable or not.

5. We are opposed to the export of munitions.

6. We are in favor of the United States acting as the leader in calling conferences to explore the causes of war and to discover methods of preventing particular wars.

7. We are opposed to an increase in the army and the navy, particularly in the latter, because a larger navy would be an unwise investment from a strictly defensive point of view. Only three ports in the United States are big enough to permit an invading army to land. No nation has ever been able to land a large invading army at an unfriendly armed port.

8. We are opposed to the jammering about Great Britain and France failing to sacrifice their citizens in the struggle against the dictatorships of Europe. Unless we are ready to back up with our blood the sacrifices which we urge on England and France, we have no right to continue the jammering. We admit that if the perils of the dictatorships of Europe were at our front door, as they are at the threshold of France and England, we should have to face them in ways different than those above indicated.

9. We are in favor of such action by the American people that a declaration of war or the placing of an embargo will only take effect after a referendum by the American people. Realistically considered, an embargo can well be a step toward war.

10. We are in favor of taking away from the President the power of bargaining away our basic rights of peace or war, although flexibility of bargaining power might be essential if we were not separated from Europe and Asia by vast bodies of water.

GEORGE FORT MILTON

Editor of the Chattanooga News

With respect to the fundamental issue of isolation versus collaboration in collective efforts to avert or to end war, I believe that any further move on our part toward isolation would be a great mistake. Our experience in the recent past both with the civil war in Spain and with the undeclared war between China and Japan indicates clearly the dangers of any isolation doctrine not only to the procurement of justice and the restoration of peace in areas in conflict but likewise to the well-being of our country. The present Neutrality Act has already shown itself ill-suited to realities, and we need no longer expect ostrich measures of this sort to have any benefit for this country.

The proposed naval increases seem to me necessitated by the actual conditions of our world today.

Isolation is, I feel, especially harmful to this country because it leads us to take a shortsighted, unrealistic, and hopeless course in our neutrality arrangements, our political attitudes, and our economic relations. As to the relation of American policy to the peace of the world, my major premise is that the world can have little hope for a valid and enduring peace unless there shall come to it general and pervasive prosperity. By this I mean that every social group, every nation, should have the opportunity to obtain a sufficient fund of goods and services for the minimal satisfactions of its people.

Of one thing we can be certain: prosperity cannot come by isolation. No nation can gain nearly so much from the shining pride of isolation as it can from active association in the great family of nations. Peace must be built upon the bedrock foundation of prosperity for every group, every class, every race, every nation. With rising standards of living and diminishing hatreds, fears, and insecurities there will surely come those new political arrangements necessary for the maintenance of peace.

JAMES P. BAXTER, 3d

President of Williams College

Isolation as a means of escaping involvement in a European war seems to me the most dangerous of American illusions. It encourages aggressor nations to pursue courses which in the end will provoke a war from which we shall find it difficult if not impossible to abstain. Our new neutrality policy seems to me more likely to embroil us in strife than our policy prior to 1917. It presupposes curtailment of our economic life to a degree intolerable under twentieth-century conditions, and far from contributing to the maintenance of general peace or to penalizing aggression it may under certain conditions actually work to the advantage of the aggressor.

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*For lack of space we are unable to print Mr. Ernst's statement in its entirety.—EDITORS THE NATION.

To my mind we have less to fear from economic forces drawing us into the next war than from emotional forces—our sympathy for democracies and our antipathy to dictatorships. The difficulty of staying out of a long war will be so great that it behooves us to do what we can to prevent war from breaking out.

It may be that Secretary Hull's policy of parallel action goes as far as American public opinion would at present permit. I should favor, however, a simultaneous declaration by the United States, Great Britain, and France that they will discourage their nationals from lending to aggressor states before as well as after a technical declaration of war. Further than that it seems to me unwise to go in the way of economic sanctions, which to my mind are war measures, likely if pressed hard to involve us in hostilities of a direr sort.

Whether our policy be based on isolation or on collective action, we should maintain a fleet of the first rank. In a world where force plays a more open and predominant role than at any time since 1918, the maintenance of a strong navy seems to me not only an essential guaranty of national security but a contribution to world peace. By no other course are we so likely to find a way to restore the limitation of navies by international agreement.

Behind Blum's Failure

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, April 3

PERHAPS a brief summary of what has happened in France in the last few weeks is necessary if coming events are to be properly appreciated. In the middle of January the Chautemps Cabinet, which had been in office for six months, resigned in rather strange circumstances. Under the pressure of the big financial interests Chautemps decided that his government must no longer be chaperoned by the Communists; and since the Socialists regarded this as an attempt against the Front Populaire majority, their ministers resigned from the Chautemps government, and so brought it down. After a Cabinet crisis which lasted nearly a week Chautemps again became Premier, but this time at the head of a much weaker government, in which the Socialists no longer held any place but which, on the other hand, could count on the good-will of the banks owing to the presence in it of two such "orthodox" financiers as Georges Bonnet and Paul Marchandeau. This government began with the enormous majority of 501 to 1; but that meant nothing, for everybody voted for it with a great many mental reservations. After barely five weeks this government suddenly resigned. In tackling the enormously difficult financial and economic problem M. Chautemps asked the Socialists and Communists if they would support his demand for plenary powers, and their reply was no. Whereupon, rather than turn to the opposition for support and so send the Socialists into opposition, Chautemps simply resigned, without asking the Chamber for a vote—much to the anger and disgust of the center and the right. It was afterward also whispered that the wily little man had made a good guess of what was about to happen in Austria and that he preferred not to face the music of the Nazi airplanes droning over Vienna. If so, he perhaps decided to resign not out of sheer cowardice but in the hope that the moment was arriving for a strong national government, and that under the pressure of events in Central Europe all the French parties would sink, or at any rate smooth out, their differences and produce this long-desired demonstration of national unity. During the previous Cabinet crisis in January Blum had already launched the idea of a government "from Reynaud to Thorez"—that is, a government of true republicans, including the Front Populaire parties and also the genuinely democratic part of the opposition. But the time was not yet ripe, and Reynaud, unwilling to quarrel with his colleagues on the right, asked that Blum invite them too. This was asking too much, for one could not work with "fascists."

On March 12, while the German troops were pouring into Vienna, Blum made a desperate attempt to form not a government from Reynaud to Thorez (the Communist leader) but a national government comprising all parties, even fascists. He hoped that with war brought so much nearer by the Austrian coup Frenchmen would stop quarreling. The left on that occasion showed a patriotic and broad-minded spirit, but with the exception of a few clearsighted men like Paul Reynaud and the Catholic Démocrates Populaires, and a few impulsive enthusiasts like Henry de Kerillis, who exclaimed, "M. Blum, you are a great Frenchman!" (a phrase of which he no longer likes to be reminded), the right and center would not hear of it. In any case they disliked Blum, and found a convenient excuse for not joining his government in the allegation that the Communists were "not Frenchmen" but agents of Moscow. They were unimpressed by the reply that when the war came the Communists would fight for France just like everybody else, and that it was no use having the Paris working class

Camille Chautemps

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against the national government; and the idea of an all-party national government, which would have enormously strengthened France's position in Europe, had to be abandoned. Whereupon Blum formed an ordinary Socialist-Radical coalition, which in his own opinion was only a stop-gap until something more representative of the nation as a whole could be devised. Unfortunately, the more he emphasized the necessity of a genuine national government, the more the right and center imagined that this was only a "stunt" calculated to keep the Front Populaire parties in the key positions. They had also other, and even weightier, reasons of their own for not responding to Blum's appeal.

Though only a stop-gap, the Blum government had to face a set of extremely disagreeable problems, including the immensely dangerous international situation, which was gravely complicated from the French point of view by the rapid advance on Barcelona of the Spanish insurgents, heavily equipped with new airplanes and guns from Germany and Italy, and by a financial crisis that had been hanging over France for several months past. Blum's problem was to find till the end of the year some thirty billion francs, most of it required by the newly established but, alas, empty national defense fund. He obtained the first five billion by simply resorting to inflation, but this easy method could not continue, and the money had to be found in some other way. Conditions for a long-term loan were as unfavorable as they could possibly be, and the Blum government had to consider more heroic means of meeting the deficit—special new taxation, compulsory conversion, possibly a camouflaged form of exchange control, and the like.

Blum's greatest obstacle was the Senate. It hates him as it hates no other man. It holds him responsible for the humiliations it had to suffer in 1936, when under the pressure of the great strikes it was made to pass at top speed a large part of the Front Populaire program. The Senate does not like to be rushed. It usually puts unpopular bills aside for a few years, until they are forgotten. But, as I shall show later, the opposition of the Senate has acquired a dangerously new coloring. In the past the Senate could be relied upon to "defend the republican tradition" and to stand for "moderation" against excesses from either the left or the right; in 1930 and 1931 it turned out Tardieu and Laval, and in 1934 it helped to turn out the semi-fascist government of *le père* Doumergue. But it now seems to have clearly identified itself with political reaction.

The tragedy is that, in spite of a very real desire among the great majority of Frenchmen for a strong but truly representative national government, in spite of all the efforts that have been made in that direction by the Radicals and Socialists, France is now more than ever divided into two hostile camps. The politicians are, and so is the press, the press of the right having in the last few weeks conducted a dangerous anti-parliamentary campaign which is curiously reminiscent of the murderous campaign that culminated in the riots of February, 1934.

Other strange fascist conceptions which seemed dead and buried long ago are cautiously popping their heads out of the pages of the right-wing press. The fascist idea is camouflaged under such phrases as a "government of public safety"; but the impulsive Kerillis let the cat out of the bag by explaining that such a government of strong personalities could have no reference to the state of the parties in Parliament, and that "for the good of France" it would be necessary to send Parliament on holiday for two years, dissolve the trade unions, revise the constitution (how old Doumergue must be chuckling in heaven, or wherever he is!), and establish a little press censorship. The most curious thing of all is that the people backing such a fascist program are hoping that the Senate will help them—in the first place by throwing out the Blum government, with its Socialists who had the bad taste to proclaim that the Senate should be reduced to the position of the British House of Lords.

Léon Blum

Are these hopes justified? It is possible. At any rate, a very curious dialogue took place the other day between Blum and Caillaux, that arch-enemy of the Front Populaire, and the most influential man in the Senate. It so happened that Blum was prompted to remind Caillaux of "the Rubicon," that is, of certain little dictatorial schemes—curiously reminiscent of Kerillis's present scheme—with which the great man used to play during the war, shortly before being arrested by Clemenceau on a charge of high treason. (He was then saved by the left from the bullets of the firing squad—but he does not like to be reminded of that.) "Don't forget," Blum said, "that you once tried to cross the Rubicon." "And I am sorry I didn't," Caillaux exclaimed, purple with anger. (It was all a little embarrassing for M. Caillaux's worthy colleagues, including M. Jeanneney, the president of the Senate, who had supported the high-treason verdict.)

Since then Gassier, the famous cartoonist, has drawn in the *Lumière* a picture of the "heroes" of February 6, with M. Chiappe explaining to M. Caillaux as he looks across the Seine to the Chamber of Deputies: "Yes, M. le Président, this river is the Seine. But since February 6 we have been calling it the Rubicon." The battle between the Blum government and the Senate is extremely interesting to watch, precisely because of the Caesar-like tendencies that the hoary old men have lately been betraying. If they are after Blum's blood, it may not be entirely out of pure devotion to democracy and the republic.

It will be interesting to know how far all these would-be authoritarians and would-be fascists are ready to go. The country is not behind them, and in their endeavors to wreck and then "suspend" normal parliamentary government they must reckon with sharp reactions from the left, particularly from the working class. Jouhaux, the trade-union leader, has already warned them to look out for a general strike.

It is a thousand pities that in the Europe of today the French right, instead of cooperating with the rest of the nation, should be hatching such dangerous—and, in the long run, futile—plans. A national government could have worked; on the day of the Austrian coup even the Communists were ready, for the sake of this national government, to abandon the forty-hour week, that most controversial of the Front Populaire reforms. But even on these terms the right would not "march." They believe that the international situation is becoming increasingly favorable to them, and they are trying to make political capital out of it. If Franco wins, France will be "encircled" by fascist powers, and Frenchmen with a similar outlook will then claim that they alone can speak to the dictators on "equal terms"—and without being accused of "bolshevism," which in the vocabulary of Hitler and his satellites is a convenient synonym for democracy.

It is significant that the right-wing press should not only be rejoicing madly over Franco's victories, regardless of what his final capture of Spain may mean to France's southern border and its Mediterranean sea routes, but that they should all have discovered what they believe will in time become a popular and vital slogan: "To hell with Czechoslovakia." One need hardly emphasize the immense implications of this slogan; it means, above all, the acceptance of France's defeat as a European power. M. Flandin, who since his visit to Berlin has more or less openly advocated such a policy, imagines that France can intrench itself behind the Maginot line and become an empire power, with France and England helping each other to preserve their "empires." So "To hell with Czechoslovakia." However cynical the slogan may sound, most Frenchmen would agree with it if only they were sure that Hitler had abandoned all designs on Alsace-Lorraine, and that after becoming master of half of Europe he would nobly scrap the final item of his program—the *Vernichtung* (annihilation) of France; or if they were sure that Mussolini had lost interest in French North Africa, and in the domination of *mare nostrum* generally. But there is no such certainty. It is true that Italian opinion has been deeply perturbed by the invasion of Austria; ordinary Italians are more critical than ever of Mussolini, who, they say, has exchanged the *passo Brennero* for the *passo romano* (the goose step). But it is too early to conclude from this that Mussolini will follow his public opinion; that he will observe his new gentlemen's agreement with England, abandon Spain to the Spaniards, and gradually break up the axis, one end of which is beginning to stick into the flesh of the northern Italians. For the present, at any rate, one would be an optimist if one credited Mussolini with the common sense of the Milan workman or the Venetian peasant. The demonstration of the failure of all he has done in the last two years would be too apparent. And dictators do not readily admit failure.

It is possible that when the Blum government goes it will be replaced by a Daladier-Reynaud combination. This in itself would be a "normal" government, but even if it is formed, it will not mean that the French reactionaries have abandoned their little plans forever. Much will depend on what Chamberlain *really* achieves in Rome—and not only on paper.

Columnists on Parade

VI. WALTER LIPPMANN

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

CONTEMPLATING Walter Lippmann, his career and works, one comes to feel that he was born fifty years too late in the wrong country, and that he has been trying since an early age to redress the error. He would have enjoyed an earldom and a British country seat—his nostalgia for Great Britain is deep. Denied these amenities through the misfortune of having been born into the American Jewish bourgeoisie in a troubled period, he has constructed for himself an elegant retreat in the American province, for whose crudities he has a profound distaste. For lack of more eligible material he has managed to fashion the aristocracy he longs for out of the clay of big business; meanwhile he has found it possible, by means of his prose and a flair for quotations ranging from Aristotle to Ludwig von Mises, to present to the world a high-minded "liberal" attitude which is brought to new perfection in his latest book, "The Good Society."

Lippmann was a socialist in college and for some years afterward. But he soon became disillusioned. It was not long thereafter that his prose made him chief editorial writer of the *New Republic*. In this capacity he became adviser to statesmen during the war to save democracy and firmly established as a writer and public figure. From *New Republic* to New York *World* to New York *Herald Tribune*. Lippmann has moved steadily to the right; his prestige and prosperity have increased concomitantly. There is a temptation to dismiss him, in an old phrase, as a man who began with a wealth of thought and ended with the thought of wealth. But the Lippmann processes suggest a multiple and more subtle diagnosis. It is a truism that the effective apologist, like the cruder type of demagogue, must be himself at least half-deceived.

In the first place it is sufficient to examine "The Good Society" to discover that Lippmann lacks completely that creative imagination which enables the social thinker to lift himself over impending mountains to reach new heights of understanding. In "The Good Society" he has built up a conception of the common law as an instrument for bringing about the eventual emancipation of mankind which is so romantic that it would be difficult to credit his belief in his own prose—except that he shows in the process no understanding whatever of the dynamics of social forces. This latest volume is full of tears for personal liberty—it is a very sentimental book—but they represent the emotional insecurity of a baffled individual, not the compassion of one who sees the whole range of social problems spread out below.

> At bottom [Lippmann wrote in 1914] the issue is between those who are willing to enter upon an effort for which there is no precedent and those who aren't. In a real sense it is an adventure. We have still to explore the new scale of human life which machinery has thrust upon us. . . . We have still to adapt our abilities to immense tasks. Of course, men shudder and beg to be let off . . .

Unable to scale the heights, he gave up the adventure. Unwilling to take the name of conservative, he has found refuge in a rationalization that happens at the same time to insure both his prestige and his career. His theory that the free market is the victim of artificially arrested development—and who can disprove it?—enables him to live in a classless society, pre-Marxian, where he aspires to take up at the point where Adam Smith was unfortunately deployed into rationalizations that made *him* an apologist for an earlier capitalism. From Lippmann's station, not above the battle but behind it, Marxism appears as an unfortunate accident which gave rise to the boorish error of collectivism that has thwarted the orderly development of the free market. Obviously the only thing to do is to chop down collectivism in both business and government and find our way back to pure capitalism. Mr. Lippmann, the "pioneer liberal," has already arrived there by following his own prose, and he is glad to point out several times a week in the *Herald Tribune* and 159 other newspapers (circulation 8,000,000), at some $54,000 a year, which growths should be eliminated. The pompous coolness with which Lippmann issues his counsels of perfection seems to denote omniscience and a profound wisdom. In reality it reflects the poverty of spirit which has made it both possible and necessary for him to revert to antique and elegant attitudes in the midst of one of history's greatest conflicts.

If we commit the lèse majesté of comparing Lippmann with Mark Sullivan we discover that while Sullivan defends personal liberty in the name of the free market, Lippmann defends the free market in the name of personal liberty. They both come out at the same end of public opinion, where they meet the best people—who are also devoted to personal liberty and the free market. But Mark Sullivan is patently just an old reactionary—in his slow-motion prose he fights the socialist menace with a quixotic heat that is almost endearing at times—while Lippmann's felicitous approach gives to his columns an air of high-mindedness and detachment. Lippmann cannot be held responsible for not being a fighter—as Mabel Dodge Luhan once said, "Walter will never, never lose an eye in a fight"—but his industry in building up the illusion that he is one of the few remaining liberals in a world gone totalitarian and ill-mannered cannot be more than half unconscious.

Yet if we examine his column, Today and Tomorrow, we find that Lippmann's prose leads a double life. What may be called his Good Society columns alternate with plain conservative ones which are far more immediate, often vehement, and have no apparent relation to his more formal point of view. The two modes intermingle, but for the past three months his discussions of domestic policy have been mainly Good Society columns; his plain conservative columns have dealt with foreign policy and affairs. Numerically they have been rather evenly divided.

In a typical Good Society column Lippmann the early liberal in his ivory tower carefully distinguishes between those elements in Roosevelt's latest move which are in accord with Lippmann's "higher law" of the free market and those which are tainted with heresy. These columns are impersonal, cool, and impeccable, as if they had provided pleasant exercise for an agile mind. They deflect any outright charge of conservatism, and when they are concerned with relatively minor issues they are often enlightening. His recent comments on the President's reorganization plan, on the education bill, and on the need for a responsible, well-mannered opposition were good examples. In such cases his early liberalism is sufficient to cope with the issue. When he deals with more dynamic questions his point of view is inadequate, first because it is dated, and second because it is not tipped with any fire of perception or conviction. And sometimes it leads him to conclusions that look positively quaint in a daily newspaper in 1938 when capitalists at least do not hesitate to fight their class battles openly. Item:

> Surely it must be plain that the issue is not the odious crime of lynching, *nor anything rising from Southern feeling about the relations of the white and colored peoples,* but a deep difference of opinion about the proper functions of the national government [my italics].

In such passages even the style is antique.

Often his early liberalism permits him to pose well, though in a limited perspective, the dilemma of the New Deal. But his own solution—the restoration of the free market as of 1870—is so irrelevant that the reader may be forgiven for thinking that it is himself who does not understand. Lippmann was skeptical of the sincerity of Robert H. Jackson's recent attack on monopoly. "If the New Dealers really mean to base their future reform on the liberal principle of the free market rather than on the collectivist principle of monopoly and planning," that would be good news, and "they would no longer be promoting reaction in the name of progress." But to a man who assumes that the growth of monopoly is rather a problem in law than the result of any organic processes in the dynamic mechanism of capitalism, which also produced its laws, the failure of the New Deal to solve the problem by changing the laws is merely a sign of wilfulness.

> Mr. Roosevelt's real *desire* [my italics] is not to break up the private concentration of economic power but to promote it and then to direct this private monopoly by the power of a centralized government.

This attitude often lends to Lippmann's criticism of Roosevelt a cast as personal as Pegler's, though it lacks Pegler's heat. Roosevelt "likes his grudges more than his ideals. He would rather punish his enemies than realize his promises." Roosevelt is "anti-capitalist" out of feudal motives. "He distrusts the trader as the landed nobility has always distrusted him." He is also, of course, tainted with the socialist heresy.

> I rather think that the President, in so far as he considers these matters, is of the opinion that the capitalist order has reached a phase where it can be kept going only by government assistance, and that it is not worth while to try for a true revival of private enterprise if the price is the modification of his social reforms.

Yet by one of his self-allowed deviations Lippmann's early capitalist liberalism can be stretched to cover such far-reaching social reforms as the TVA. Says Lippmann:

> It is only on the foundation of such a policy of conservation and development of natural resources that a flourishing system of free private enterprise in industry can hope for long to endure.

It is doubtful whether he will convince any utility magnates that they can have our natural resources and eat them too—they are far more realistic about such matters than Mr. Lippmann—but they will take comfort in his assertion that it is the President's methods which are at fault.

> . . . the erstwhile yardstick has become a club brandished senselessly over private utilities everywhere, and the effect is to paralyze them.
>
> The solution of the difficulty is to define clearly the limits of the TVA experiment.

If the Administration will make it clear exactly how far it intends to go in public ownership of utilities, Mr. Lippmann will presumably guarantee that the owners of one of the most profitable enterprises in the country will accept without a fight the existence of a government project, especially if it is perfectly administered, which reveals for all to see how cheap and abundant electricity can be and what enormous profits we have been piling up for Hopson and his friends. Only a man with Lippmann's prose could prove to himself that monopoly is not germane to capitalism but that TVA lies within its liberating logic. His statement of the problem seems to lend color to his claim to liberalism. But even the reactionaries have found it necessary to accept the TVA as a fact. They too are concentrating their attack on "methods."

In his Good Society columns Mr. Lippmann is forever demonstrating that the camel of modern corporate society cannot pass through the needle's eye of early liberal principle. By insisting that the only solution is to reform corporate society so that it can pass his antique test, he removes himself from the battlefield and yet maintains his claim to liberalism. In the writing itself there is a lack of tension and a pompous, measured elegance that match the profound irrelevance of his much-advertised point of view. He recently called Anthony Eden the knight with the wooden sword. It is a perfect description of Lippmann as social thinker. His role as an apologist for the status quo is another matter.

His plain conservative columns differ from his Good Society effusions in both style and content. Of late they have been almost wholly devoted to foreign affairs. The author of "The Good Society" might be expected to approve of the President's foreign policy if only because it is oriented toward Great Britain, the cradle of the free market. He looks calmly toward an old-fashioned alliance between Roosevelt and Chamberlain to keep the world safe for democracy. But the emotionalism of such a passage as the following springs from a preoccupation far deeper than a literary nostalgia for Adam Smith.

> . . . I do not think that any realistic reporter will deny that, when the European democracies take their stand, American popular opinion will passionately take their side, so passionately that in the end it will not permit them to be defeated. That is the kind of people the Americans are. . . .
>
> If anyone doubts the accuracy of this estimate, let him try to imagine . . . an American President and an American Congress and the American newspapers if the submarines and airplanes began sinking ships all over the Mediterranean and in the North Atlantic. Let him try to imagine the reaction of this country with its shipping driven into our harbors, with goods piling up on the docks, with prices in collapse, and with millions of new unemployed.

His tenderness for Chamberlain is rooted in no "higher law" than that of good imperialist doctrine, vintage 1938.

> It is probable, therefore, that the hesitating character of British policy arises not out of moral delinquency . . . but out of the grim necessity to choose either to abandon many of her most important interests altogether or to come to terms with one or perhaps two of the powerful nations that are challenging her. . . . Since we are not prepared to help the British in their difficulties, the least we can do is to give them sympathetic understanding.

Incidentally the implication that Britain's defense of "important interests" somehow equates morality comes curiously from a self-appointed expert on morals.

His bristling attitude toward Japan has nothing to do with his devotion to the free market. It is simply that of one imperialist who will resist the encroachment of another if the job takes every able-bodied non-writing citizen. As an early liberal he prefers recovery through liquidation rather than inflation and hence looks upon "unproductive" government spending with a cold eye. But if it is directed toward rearmament he is eager for spending of the most unproductive kind of all.

> In one way or another, the government is going to have to spend money to counteract the depression. . . . Why should we not, then, make a virtue out of our

> necessity, plan deliberately for the expenditure of a billion or more on armaments, and finance the expenditure by offering to the people a defense loan to finance it?

For three months now he has been carrying on a campaign for a big navy in which he has employed every reactionary shibboleth from an appeal to democracy to the cry of Anglo-Saxon solidarity against the Japanese menace. In such columns Lippmann rushes into the marketplace and pleads, with a vehemence missing from his high-sounding social think pieces, the case of any conservative imperialist concerned with his own security and that of his class, native or acquired. Given a domestic crisis as acute as that now prevailing in Europe, he may be expected to defend American reaction as hotly as he now defends Chamberlain's devotion to "important interests." His switch to Landon in 1936 was a sign. For the present he serves it in more subtle ways.

In general it may be said that those elements in Lippmann's attitude which may with some justification be called liberal and social are irrelevant to the issues of the day. Those which are most relevant are not liberal but reactionary and personal. The trouble is that the impression of elegant and disinterested liberalism carries over from the one to the other, and so his "liberal" columns serve the same conservative interests in the end. By condemning a given proposal on the ground that it is "collectivist" and then projecting an impossibilist solution of his own based on the "liberal principle of the free market" he preaches the futility of any attempt to deal with modern problems in their own terms and thereby rationalizes and blesses the status quo. No wonder business men feel elevated and enlightened when the Great Elucidator expresses their own humble opinions in the best prose on the market and gives liberal and moral sanction to their exploitation of the principle of the free market, not as an instrument for implementing the "higher law" and liberating mankind, but as a straight business and political proposition. Today and Tomorrow thus offers them the triple appeal of snobbism, escape, and justification of things as they are.

When the Man with the Flashlight Mind was given space in the New York *Herald Tribune* in 1931, that newspaper took loud credit for acting like Voltaire. Liberal commentators on conservative newspapers are like the invaders of China. They are eventually absorbed. But Lippmann presented no problem. His blanket opposition to centralization, "collectivism," and any attempt at planning, combined with his "early liberal" solution, have made him as safe as Mark Sullivan.

History is a one-way street which is rolled up like a carpet when the procession has passed. Its next phase may not be "progress," and Mr. Lippmann has the right to dislike it. It is his privilege to do tricks with mirrors or advocate going back to early pure capitalism. But his claim to liberalism, especially since it is his most valuable asset, should deceive no one, least of all himself.

Spain's Shirt-Sleeve Heroes

BY LELAND STOWE

IT IS astonishing that the world knows so little about the shirt-sleeve generals of Spain's Loyalist army. The average American could not name three of them; yet they are the popular idols of nearly 700,000 soldiers. With one exception still in their early thirties, they are already national heroes. It was these young generals who outside of Lerida and above Tortosa stopped General Franco's offensive in its tracks. They and their men are the backbone of the republicans' magnificent and almost incredible resistance today.

Before I went into Spain last August I had heard vague reports of Lister and Campesino, but I had no idea that they, with several others, were the Ethan Allens, the Light Horse Harry Lees, and the Mad Anthony Waynes of Spain's heroic struggle against international fascism. Occasionally American news-agency dispatches referred to the "Lister Brigade" or the "Campesino Brigade," qualifying them erroneously as "international," although they have been completely Spanish from their original formation as "columns" of raw militiamen. The columns grew into divisions and then into brigades and came to be known by the names of the men who sprang from the ranks to command them. The brigades were made under fire. So were the men whose bravery and indomitable leadership gave them not only their names but their reputation as the picked shock troops of the republic.

In the beginning, during those chaotic days of July and August, 1936, these men were shirt-sleeve sergeants or leaders without any official rank at all. They commanded motley bands of volunteers—laborers, clerks, taxi drivers, and farmers—and they fought with thirty-year-old Mausers, with pistols, or with empty hands. In the first year of conflict they rose to be majors, colonels, and generals, and to command regiments, brigades, and army corps up to 15,000 or 20,000 men. The outside world may not have discovered them, but General Franco has. His press bureau keeps announcing that the Lister brigade "is decimated," that the Campesinos have been "wiped out." Then these same dragons'-teeth battalions surround Belchite or capture Teruel, and their commanders, long since reported dead by Salamanca, get brief mention in our newspaper dispatches.

"El Campesino," a Castilian peasant by origin, was christened Valentin Gonzalez. His nom-de-guerre means "the farmer," and his men, mostly peasants, are known as the Campesinos. They call him "Barba" because of his bristling black beard. He is a striking figure, with forearms and shoulders like a gorilla's, long black hair, a skin like a gipsy's, glistening teeth, and dark eyes of extraordinary intensity. A violent temper matches his will-power, and at thirty-three he is a fighting man of the highest caliber.

The son of a poverty-stricken tenant farmer, el Campesino worked as a child in the Penarroya mercury mines. Pride and rebellion born of misery sent him into a strike riot. Several civil guards were killed. At fifteen Valentin Gonzalez barely escaped a death sentence, and his die was cast for the under-dogs of Spain. He volunteered for service in Morocco, mutinied against conditions there, and was jailed; he deserted and finally joined the Riff army of Abd-el-Krim. He was captured by the French, jailed again, became a Communist and an avowed enemy of the monarchy. When Franco launched his rebellion, this black-bearded son of a Spanish share-cropper led nineteen men to the Guadarrama front. He was wounded, was made a lieutenant, and within a year was a general in command of a division.

El Campesino's remarkable leadership and his tempestuous ardor have made him a living legend. I have space here for only one of the stories that are told about him. One day he was speeding down the Madrid road from Guadalajara when a young Spaniard signaled for a lift. The staff car ground to a halt. "You want to ride?" demanded "Barba." "I'll tell you how to get a ride. Join the army. Fight like a lion. Become the commander of a division—then you can ride to Madrid in an automobile! That's what I did!"

I was dining in a Valencia restaurant when I first saw Lister. Suddenly the room buzzed with excitement. A bare-headed young man in a plain gray suit, shirt open at the neck, had entered. Leaning over a table where a group of soldiers were seated, he talked with great animation. All eyes were focused on him. "It's Lister," said my companion. I stared. Here was one of Loyalist Spain's most famous generals, just back from the terrific battle of Brunete. Yet he wore no uniform; not one soldier had leaped to his feet to salute him (I learned then that there is no such thing as a formal heel-clicking salute in the republican army); and a dozen privates were eagerly conversing with a general—*their* general—as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

General Enrique Lister is a Galician, born in 1907, the son of a road worker. As a boy he gathered pine cones and sold them, 200 for two cents, a full day's work, in the Santiago market. When he was eleven, the family went to Cuba, where Enrique worked fourteen hours a day learning the quarryman's trade. In a workers' night school, at fourteen, he first learned to read and write. Two years later he helped organize the Havana quarrymen's union and spent twenty months in prison for his belief in labor unions. Three of his brothers were killed in workers' struggles and strikes. "The one thing I learned in Cuba," he says, "was that your own people will exploit you."

In 1927 Lister returned to Spain an ardent republican. He was in jail for his political convictions when the republic was proclaimed in April, 1931. He became president of the quarrymen's syndicate of Santiago. When the present war broke out, Lister led the attack on the Montana barracks in Madrid, then rushed a little band of volunteers to help stop General Mola in the Guadarramas. His daring and initiative brought about his election as a lieutenant. When the famous Fifth Regiment, which became the backbone of the present army, was formed, Lister commanded two companies. His men took an oath never to retreat until ordered to do so and to shoot anyone who violated that oath. That was the beginning of the "Lister Division."

At Toledo, with only thirty men Lister held off Franco's relieving columns of veteran regulars for thirteen hours. He fought so stubbornly that at last he had to swim the Tagus River to escape. General Lister is a perfect example of the kind of popular leader that emerges from a seriously unbalanced and exploitative society.

I lunched with Lieutenant Colonel Antonio Ortega, commander of the Sixth Army Corps, at his headquarters on the northern Madrid front. Spanish fashion, this lieutenant colonel has the post and authority of a general. When General Miaja was recalled to Valencia, he became acting commander-in-chief. Though a professional soldier all his life, Ortega is soft-spoken and unassuming, and his long, thin face has a definite spiritual quality, as Spanish as his features. Like all the republican officers I met in Spain, he had unshaken confidence. "The next big step is the consolidation of the Aragon and Teruel fronts," he said. "We are moving very fast now. Within three months this should be accomplished." Within two months it was.

Ortega is forty-nine, at least fifteen years older than the other shirt-sleeve generals. Born in Burgos, he spent his youth in the Basque provinces and entered the army at eighteen. In 1928 he qualified, as a sergeant, for an officers' training school. But his republicanism was deep-rooted, and when those anti-monarchical philosophers, Unamuno and Ortega y Gasset, joined a plot against the Rivera dictatorship, Sergeant Ortega helped divert arms for their cause. He was imprisoned for seven months, then expelled from the army. After the failure of the republican uprising at Jaca in December, 1930, he was sentenced to death. Four months later, when the republic was proclaimed, he was released from jail and rejoined the army. At the time of Franco's rebellion he was a lieutenant in charge of customs guards at Irun.

With only one company and with utterly inadequate arms he defended Irun. "We could have held Irun if the French hadn't betrayed us," he told me. "There were seven carloads of munitions on the other side of the station, in France. The French wouldn't let them through." Later he was appointed governor of San Sebastian and again made a hopeless defense. At Madrid he built the first trenches in the University City sector and assumed command of that sector in November, 1936. It was he who organized the first mixed brigade, the Fortieth, which was also the first to march through Madrid completely organized. "We showed that you could make your disciplined army at the front, not at the rear," he said with a smile. General Rojo is the hero of the Loyalists' capture of Teruel last December and probably their most brilliant military tactician, but Ortega ranks not far behind him. If the war goes on he should be watched.

There is also a young general named Modesto, commander, at thirty-one, of the Fifth Army Corps. An Andalusian who entered the war as a non-com, General Modesto has a high forehead, exceptionally intelligent eyes, and clean-cut handsome features. Modesto was born at Puerto de Santa Maria, where his father was a laborer in a *bodega*. Until he was nine he attended a Jesuit school, then he went to work in the wineshop with his father. He served for three years before 1930 with the old Spanish army in Morocco. Of that experience Modesto says, "Discipline is essential in an army, but discipline based on moral authority, reason, and example. In the Spanish royal army the example was one of ignorance and grossness, and the Spanish soldier was tyrannized over. Against this treatment all my manhood rebelled. I returned from Africa enthusiastic for revolutionary action." He fought for the establishment of a republic. When the right recaptured power at the end of 1933, he was obliged to leave Spain with thousands of others, but he was back in Madrid when Franco's rebellion broke out.

In the first days Modesto helped suppress the artillery revolt at Getafe. It was he who sent out the radio order for a general mobilization. Then he went up to the Sierras. At Alto de León Pass he succeeded to the command when his captain was killed. He was wounded twice. Later he organized the famous Thälmann Battalion of German anti-fascist volunteers. He then formed the Eighteenth Mixed Brigade and with it defended the Toledo gate into Madrid. From that time his rise was rapid.

Like most good soldiers General Modesto has made his mistakes. In the Brunete offensive last July his Fifth Army Corps formed the left wing of the attack. He had orders to occupy the village of Villanueva de la Cañada. Seeing it being evacuated, he swept by. Hours later it was learned that civilians only had quit the town; a strong fascist force remained. A dozen invaluable hours were lost in taking the town, and the timing of the entire offensive was seriously disrupted. Nevertheless, General Modesto is recognized as one of the most promising generals in the government's service. He has a quick, intuitive intelligence. He does not roar like that fiery war dog Campesino, but he too is renowned for an iron will, and his name is magic to his men.

I first heard the praises of Major Gustavo Duran from Kajsa, a Swedish woman who served with his brigade as a volunteer stretcher bearer early in the war. She told me how the word would pass like an electric spark among his soldiers: "Duran is here!" She added, "He's not so big and he looks terribly young. But you should see him. It's wonderful what he does to his men." Three weeks later I found Major Duran at his division headquarters just back of the devastated village of Quijorna, and lunched with his staff. He is blond, thirty, speaks English and French fluently, and looks more like an Englishman than a Spaniard. Before the war he was one of the most prominent young composers in Europe. He composed a ballet for Argentina and was called to Paris to conduct at its première.

"In Paris I started my political activities," Duran told me, "and learned that for me music was only a safety-valve. I feel no desire to compose now. This life of action is far more satisfying than the pure theory of the intellectuals. Once I was asked to write a song for propaganda during the war. For the first time in many months I played my own pieces, and they were quite alien to me. It was like trying to put on boots I had worn when I was twelve years old. I couldn't stand it. It belonged to another life."

Duran told fascinating stories about the hopeless, terrible first days of the rebellion: how he assembled a company of 150 men and they disappeared as soon as his back was turned—to return to Madrid and consult their syndicate and union leaders; how one of his two ambulance drivers vanished after he had put in an eight-hour day, and how after he was found, Duran told him, "I ought to shoot you. But I won't because it's more disagreeable for you to work. I've ordered a soldier to stay with you, day and night. The first time you fail in your duty, he'll kill you. But you're going to work first."

Then there was the corollary—Duran's return to his men after he had been severely wounded and had spent several months in a hospital. "They held a review of the brigade. I walked with a cane and the commander helped me on the other side. He said to me, 'The brigade is formed.' Their lines were as straight as any you've ever seen. I could hardly keep the tears out of my eyes. I could see they were torn between two sentiments. They wanted to show me what splendid, disciplined troops they were, and they wanted to shake my hand. Then one of the officers broke down the barrier. He shook hands with me. The lines broke everywhere. They all rushed and piled up around me, all wanting to shake my hand. I'll never forget that as long as I live."

El Campesino, Lister, Ortega, Modesto, Duran. After twenty months of the Spanish war they are still virtually unknown. But they are the top-notchers among the shirt-sleeve generals of Loyalist Spain, the spark-plugs in the greatest army improvised out of raw material in modern times.

The people who wonder why General Franco's "last offensive" has still not brought the war to an end don't know about these men, who were leaders in the miracle of Madrid in November, 1936. If there should be another miracle, this time on the Catalan front, the shirt-sleeve generals will be largely responsible. They may not make the American newspapers but they will surely make the history books of the future.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

NO ONE can deny that our Japanese policy has undergone a great change. When the hostilities in China began, Mr. Roosevelt took a position similar to the one he had taken on Spain, namely, that American nationals should get out at once. Naval ships were sent to evacuate the American population, and those who remained were told that they did so at their own risk and that if they perished during the hostilities the United States would feel no obligation to avenge their deaths by going to war. When the Shanghai fighting took place, the same policy was followed—at first. Merchant and navy ships were sent, and all Americans were removed except 6,000 who obstinately refused to leave. Some of these were American citizens who had never been in America; others were merchants and traders who told the government that they could not return because they had nowhere to go, no relatives or friends to turn to in the United States who could aid them, and no means of support. The government did nothing about this. In my judgment it should have asked Congress for the means to take those people to the Philippines or to California and to support them there until the hostilities in China were at an end. The few million dollars involved would have been a bagatelle when one considers that on a single day last week the Senate raised the so-called rearmament bill by $140,000,000. If caring for Americans abroad would take even $20,000,000 out of the Treasury, that would only be what war with Japan would cost us every forty-eight hours.

That the attitude of the United States government is entirely different today would, I believe, be admitted in private conversation by all informed officials. While the Administration has wisely recalled the Fifteenth United States Infantry and the extra regiment of marines sent to Shanghai, it has refused to take any more marines out or to recall American warships in Chinese waters, and it has not, I believe, issued positive orders to Americans residing elsewhere in China than Shanghai to get out. On the other hand, Mr. Hull has stated that we should "afford appropriate and reasonable protection to our rights and interests in the Far East." He has also said: "To waive rights and to permit interests to lapse in the face of their actual or threatened violation—and thereby to abandon obligations—in any important area of the world can serve only to encourage disregard of law and of the basic principles of international order, and thus contribute to the inevitable spread of international anarchy throughout the world." Finally he said: "To respect the rights of others and to insist that others respect our rights has been the traditional policy of our country." With this theoretical statement few will disagree, but obviously all depends on the spirit with which these so-called rights are upheld. We have rights in China that we should not have, that Mr. Hull admits we shall give up when, as he says, conditions justify relinquishing them—we and not the Chinese to be the judges of that. But the crux of the matter is whether we shall or shall not maintain those rights, including property rights, at a time of international warfare in China.

In times of stress or strain, earthquakes, revolutions, strikes, floods, and other disasters created by nature or by man, the private citizen often has to resign himself to the loss of rights to which he is clearly entitled. Is there any reason why nations should not similarly be willing in times of international hostilities to waive what are indisputably legal rights? Upon the answer to this question depends in considerable degree our freedom from war. If we are going to take the position that it is a serious offense when one insignificant soldier slaps a consul's face in the midst of a bitter struggle for the mastery of China, or when a Japanese bomb kills a missionary in the course of normal warfare, we are certainly going to make trouble for ourselves and risk our own embroilment. What alarms me about the State Department's new policy toward Japan is its determinedly aggressive character—its inspired publications in the American press, its dispatching of three warships to Singapore, the open statement that we are building up our super-navy against Japan. When the Japanese surrendered on the Alaska fisheries question recently, the announcement of their yielding was accompanied by a statement that the government was going to watch them none the less, a clear intimation—as clear as it was insulting to the Japanese government—that this government does not any longer believe anything the Japanese government says.

Coupled with this has been the refusal of the government to reply to declarations made by the Japanese Prime Minister in the Diet that Japan was willing to discuss the size of battleships again with a view to their reduction, or to comment upon the open charges in the Diet that the American government was building up its fleet specifically against Japan; the Japanese Premier said that in consequence Japan would continue to build up to us. Now it may well be that the State Department places no more faith in Japanese promises than it does in those of Hitler. Nevertheless, the policy now being pursued does not lead toward peace but toward the constant exacerbation of public feeling in both countries; and that is the road to war, a war which there is reason to believe would not be unwelcome to certain members of the State Department who feel that we must let the Japanese know that we propose to dominate in the Pacific area.

JAMES ON A REVOLUTIONARY THEME

By LOUISE BOGAN

FOR all the varied critical attention given, in the last twenty years, to the novels of Henry James, those of his middle period are seldom read. When they are read, their real intention is often missed or is interpreted in some peculiar, special way. F. R. Leavis has recently pointed out several flagrant misinterpretations of James (including the classic mistake made by the critic who thought Isabel Archer divorced her husband and married an American business man at the end of "A Portrait of a Lady") and has explained the neglect of the early and middle James by the fact that readers, steered toward the works of the late, "difficult" period, and baffled by these, make no further investigation. The three books which, appearing in the center of James's career, fully exemplify the virtues of his early manner—"The Bostonians," "The Princess Casamassima" and "The Tragic Muse"—are those most completely ignored.

"The Princess Casamassima," it is true, has recently come in for some attention, since critics interested in novels concerned with revolutionary activities have discovered that in this book James deals with revolutionaries in the financially depressed London of the 80's. Although I cannot claim to have unearthed every scrap of material written about this book, I have read a fair amount and can say that not one commentator has shown signs of understanding the design James has so clearly presented in it. Usually "The Princess" has been put down as a melodramatic and rather fumbling attempt at a novel dealing with a revolutionary theme.

Several good reasons exist for these critical misconceptions, but before we deal with them, it would be well to get clear in our minds, since one of the charges against the book is that its material has not been thoroughly grasped, exactly what degree of mastery over his material, of insight into his characters, James had reached when he wrote it. "The Princess" was probably written concurrently with "The Bostonians." Both novels were complete failures when they appeared (in 1886). James believed in both books, although for reasons that remain obscure he did not include "The Bostonians" in the definitive New York edition. But "The Princess" was included, with a preface which delicately but firmly pointed up the book's intention.

During the 70's James had produced no completely successful long work. And certainly "Watch and Ward" (1878) and "Confidence" (1880) are not only the most clumsy novels ever signed by James but the most clumsy pieces of fiction ever signed by a man of genius. They display the unsure approach of the writer who is doing it all from the outside—from the notebook, the stiff plan, the bad guess. Through some spurt of development James, in 1881, wrote the finely balanced, deeply observed "Washington Square" and "Portrait of a Lady." He was now able to base his books upon his characters, as opposed to supporting the action with some artificial diagram of conduct. Each character now casts light and shadow and is in turn accented or illuminated by the darkness or brilliance of the others. James had not finished profiting from Balzac, but he was now Turgenev's intelligent pupil as well. The realistic method was becoming more effortless at the same time that the technique of suggestion took in more territory with greater ease. So that the chance of James's fumbling, at this period, any problem he put his hand to is small.

"The Princess Casamassima," it is true, opens with a block of Balzacian realism mixed with Dickensian melodrama that is extremely hard for modern readers to accept. In the later chapters of the book detail and suspense are to be brought in with sureness and ease; every part of the situation is to be elucidated by that sure technical skill so characteristic of the pre-theater James. The first three chapters, however, are thick with underlining and filled with a kind of cardboard darkness. The characters are so overloaded with reasons that they closely approach the line dividing drama from burlesque. The delicate little boy called Hyacinth, the son of a French working girl, who is also a murderess, and an earl, her victim; Miss Pynsent, the tender old maid who has raised the child; Mr. Vetch, the battered fiddler with leanings toward anarchism—at first glance these appear cut out of whole cloth. And in spite of a few flashes of insight, the scene in which Hyacinth witnesses his mother's death in prison is dated and overcharged. Thus balked at the outset, it is little wonder that the reader expects to find a measure of falseness everywhere in the story.

Given the remarkable figure of Hyacinth and the remarkable fact of his sharply divided inheritance, what use does James make of them? It may be best to give the story in bare outline. Hyacinth, grown to young manhood, is apprenticed to M. Poupin, an exiled veteran both of '48 and the Commune. (Hyacinth's own maternal grandfather, James tells us at an early point, died on the Paris barricades.) Poupin teaches him revolutionary principles along with the trade (James considers it a minor art) of book-binding. The youth then meets the two people who are to bring about the crisis in his life. The Princess Casamassima, separated from her husband and footloose in London on her husband's money, first dazzles Hyacinth with her interest in revolutionary plots and then with her interest in himself. And Paul Muniment, son of a north-country miner, an active, realistic, and inscrutable worker deep in revolutionary activities, attracts the ardent boy. Hyacinth actually gives over his life to Muniment, promising in a moment of enthusiasm that he will be the instrument for an act of violence whenever the need arises. Muniment accepts his pledge and binds Hyacinth fully, by a vow taken before witnesses. Hyacinth tells the Princess, after she has given him some minor glimpses of the great world, of his origin and dedication. Miss Pynsent dies; her small legacy enables Hyacinth to go to the Continent. He comes back changed. What he has seen has convinced him that certain objects, of which he had no former notion, should be preserved, not destroyed. The Princess has meanwhile met Muniment. She brings her charm to bear on him, with the secondary purpose of extricating Hyacinth from his vow; but primarily to get herself deeper into true conspiratorial circles. Hyacinth, whose determination to do what he can to further the cause of the people remains unchanged in spite of his secret change of heart, thinks that the pair have cast him off. Then the call comes: a duke is to be assassinated and Hyacinth is picked by the mysterious instigator of these affairs to be the assassin. The revolutionary group, at this news, splits into two factions: those who wish to save Hyacinth and those who are willing to let matters take their course. Muniment, although he professes sympathy for Hyacinth and says that he is free to choose, does nothing. The Princess rushes to save the boy and to offer herself in his stead. She and a kind, methodical German conspirator meet at Hyacinth's lodgings. But the boy has already shot himself, with the revolver meant for the assassination.

Critics have construed this story according to the set of their own convictions. Van Wyck Brooks, for example, although appreciative of James's success with Poupin, Vetch, Miss Pynsent, and others, considers Hyacinth an insufferable little snob. And Hyacinth is, according to Brooks, an embodiment of James's own yearning after the glories of the British upper classes.

> This unfortunate but remarkably organized youth . . . is conscious of nothing but the paradise of which he has been dispossessed. . . . In real life the last thing that would have occurred to a young man of Hyacinth's position would have been to "roam and wander and yearn" about the gates of that lost paradise: he would have gone to Australia, or vanished into the slums, or continued *with the utmost indifference* at his *trade* of binding books. But this attitude represents the feeling of Hyacinth's creator. [Italics mine.]

Hartley C. Grattan believes that Hyacinth's "sense of deprivation" vitiates the worth of his radical impulses:

> The conviction that it is senseless to do anything, no matter how small the act, to destroy the upper classes leads to the climax of the novel in Hyacinth's suicide.

But Grattan admits James's insight into his material.

When the social-minded young English disinterred the book some years ago because of its theme, Stephen Spender wrote in "The Destructive Element":

> The observation of political types in this book is really remarkable and curiously undated . . . Paul Muniment . . . is a true revolutionary type. He has the egoism, the sense of self-preservation, the cynicism of a person who identifies himself so completely with a cause that he goes through life objectively guarding himself from all approach, as one might preserve for the supreme eventuality a very intricate and valuable torpedo.

Spender's evaluation of Hyacinth is this:

> Hyacinth, with his strong leaning toward the upper classes and yet his feeling that he is somehow committed to the cause of the workers, might today have become a Socialist Prime Minister: a Ramsay MacDonald who . . . would dismay his followers by going over to the other side and becoming the most frequent visitor at large country houses and of dinners at Buckingham Palace.

Now Hyacinth, in the very essence of his character as James with great care and at considerable length presents it, could never become what Spender thinks he could become, any more than what Brooks thinks James should have made him become. Before turning to Hyacinth, let us examine the character of the Princess. Who is she? What is she? What has she been, and what is she likely to be? The development of her character must have meant a good deal to James since she is the only figure he ever "revived" and carried from one book to another.

She was Christina Light in "Roderick Hudson," the character in that early work who evokes the mixed feelings of admiration and exasperation that James was later to call up through many of his women. She is the daughter of an Anglo-American shrew and adventuress who forces her, by a threat of scandal, into a marriage with the highest bidder. James managed to bring out, even at a time when his art was still imperfect, Christina's marred idealism and ignorant, rather than innocent, pride, so that they freshen every page on which she appears. The coarser and weaker people, in contrast with her straightforwardness, show up in a sorry way. Roderick Hudson, with whom she falls in love and whom she tries to galvanize into some kind of manhood, crumbles, after losing her, in much the same way, James makes us feel, as he would have crumbled had he won her. Brought up to deadening shifts, she has one flaw. She is not truly courageous. She marries the prince at once after receiving the shock of her mother's revelations.

In the later book she is the single person who is continuously presented from the outside. James never "goes behind" her. We are never told what she thinks or how she feels; we merely see her act. James clearly presupposes a knowledge in the reader of her early tragedy. To watch her casting her charm and enthusiasm about; to see her reacting more and more violently against her money and position; to see her—after Muniment has told her that it is her money alone which interests his circle, and has prophesied her certain return to her husband now that the Prince has stopped the flow of that money—rushing in desperation to offer herself as a substitute in the affair of the duke's assassination—all this can puzzle us if we know nothing of the beautiful girl who moved through the scenes of "Roderick Hudson."

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Now "the cleverest woman in Europe," she bears a grudge against society strong enough to force her into repudiation of everything her trained taste fully values. When Hyacinth bares his own tragedy to her, the relation of the two is lifted out of a stupid contrast between a revolutionary-minded woman of the world and a talented pauper. For what the Princess knows, as she listens to him, and what the reader should also know, is that she is herself a bastard. James, far from being taken in by it, deeply realizes that the life she represents is as undermined by the results of cruelty and passion, for all its beautiful veneer, as Hyacinth's own. Having failed in her youth to face a crisis and see it through, she knows in her heart that when she thinks of herself as "one of the numerous class who could be put on a tolerable footing only by a revolution," she is thinking dishonestly. It is her despair and her defects which push her toward extreme revolutionary enthusiasm, as much as her generosity of spirit. But in Hyacinth she recognizes—after she has emerged from her first sentimental ideas concerning him—complete devotion, consistency, and fineness. This boy "never makes mistakes," and is incapable of going back on a given promise. She shows him specimens of English county families, toward whom her own reaction is: "You know, people oughtn't to be both corrupt and dreary." But what Hyacinth tenders them, as he tenders her, beneath his devotion, is a kind of gentle pity.

For this son of a criminal and an aristocrat is not, as he has been made out to be, a little snob, an affected artisan with a divided nature and ambitions beyond his station. James, with every subtle device of his mature art, from the first sentence describing him to the last, shows the boy as an artist, a clear, sensitive intelligence, filled with the imagination "which will always give him the clue about everything." James has endowed him, indeed, with the finest qualities of his own talent; and this is what is meant when James says that Hyacinth had watched London "very much as I had watched it." Hyacinth is, like James, "a person on whom nothing is lost." If the character has a fault, it is that James has distilled too purely into his creature the sharp insight, the capacity for selfless devotion, the sense of proportion, the talent for self-mockery and gentle irony which seldom exist in genius without an admixture of cruder ingredients. But James wanted a cool and undistorting mirror to shine between the dark and violent world of the disinherited on the one hand and the preposterous world of privilege on the other. Such a clear lens (Maisie, Nanda) James was later to place in the center of psychological situations. He was never again to place it, and with the final polish of genius added, between social classes. For that matter it has never been placed there, up to the present, by anyone else, although Conrad, in "Under Western Eyes," a book almost certainly modeled on "The Princess," examined the revolutionary side of the picture through the clear spirit of Razumov. We are used, in fiction dealing with social problems, to the spectacle of the artist absorbed or deflected into one class or another. James kept Hyacinth detached to the end. And though the solution for the artist, in the insoluble situation James has constructed, is death, as the symbols of the two extremes he has instinctively rejected (after he knows that his own life must exist independently, apart from either) stand by his deathbed, we feel that what they both have been left to is not exactly life.

The book is full of wonderful moments. Short mention should be made of the ultimate opacity and brutality of Muniment, as he is shown in contrast not only to Hyacinth but to the more humane members of the revolutionary circle; of James's masterly analysis of Hyacinth's spiritual coming of age, resulting, on his return from abroad, in increased self-sufficiency and a more complete grasp of his art; of the complex rendering of Hyacinth's rejection of the thought of violence when his mother's murderous hands come before him; of the superb portraits of the solidly disillusioned Madame Grandoni, the morbidly jealous Prince, and those true fools and snobs—Captain Sholto and Muniment's horrible invalid sister. The scenes of submerged London have been praised. What is even more astonishing than these is James's knowledge of the relentless mechanisms of poverty—poverty's minutiae.

It is interesting to trace down the source of James's understanding of Muniment. We remember that the elder James was surrounded by socialists of the Fourier school, and that he "agreed with Fourier that vice and crime were the consequences of our present social order, and would not survive them." The younger James had, no doubt, seen Muniment's counterpart multiplied about him, in Fourier's more fanatical followers, in his childhood.

"Very likely . . . all my buried prose will kick off its tombstones at once," James wrote to Howells in 1888. After, it would seem, Stendhal's hundred years.

Landscape

BY D. S. SAVAGE

There where the river shrank past shack and shelter
I dug the iron earth and planted iron
for mutilated trees to drip all winter
out of the itching of the dangerous sun.

I planted dragonteeth: and men of metal
armored with anger climbed from the sullen ground
aching with pain to murder the maternal
and spill the running wax with which they groaned.

And where they paced the torn ramshackle circle
of grief and sin the crippled shells of pain
rose from the bed of sorrow with a manacle
of splintered bone to ring the bursting sun.

There where the gasdrums hoisted through the city
I hacked a corpse of grass and fed with death
the mouth of seaweed in a ghastly pity,
and drove my martyred men again to earth.

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IN THESE days of barbarism come to power the simple lover of life—of his wife, his garden, his work, if he has one—is often compelled to question his innermost convictions. Honesty, truth, freedom—all are disputed. Dishonesty, lies, and slavery seem to triumph. In painful hours he disbelieves his beliefs. Are his standards gone, his values devalued? His insecurity is not only economic. Fear is in his heart. He hides it before his friends, as they hide theirs, behind strong words. Together they look at themselves as people still sane, but the longer they look the more they appear to themselves as fools. The dictators march on.

There is the other type of individual whose bewilderment is already behind him, who knows that there is no short cut to economic and moral prosperity, who is already at work fighting for his rights and his convictions. He thinks in terms of counter-actions; strategic and tactical problems absorb his thoughts and all the strength he has left after the struggle for his daily bread. But his initial anger, his holy contempt, is already a little stale, and he longs secretly for the productive bewilderment of former days.

To all such, and to all their friends, I want to recommend two books. Both are autobiographies. One covers thirty years and the whole of Austria and Germany; the second only a few months and one little house in the ancient city of Cologne. But both exploit our very existence, our times, our fears, and our hopes. Both are great human documents. Two hearts beat in them but one spirit rises. The bewildered lover of life will take from them new faith in his values; the fighter gone stale will feel again his initial holy anger. The conviction of certain victory will fill them both with joy.

The author of "Conquest of the Past," who describes his way from the cradle in a feudal castle into the militant rank and file of German labor, is a prince, and the blurb on the jacket exploits the fact. It undoubtedly has sales value, but the appeal of this very realistic autobiography—which sometimes records truly romantic events but not romantically—has nothing to do with the circumstance that its author is a "red prince" and the "direct descendant of twelve emperors." In fact, the blurb prejudiced me against the book. But when I started reading I did not stop until the end, often going back to reread a chapter, often so deeply touched that I had to wait before I could turn the page. And this goes for the second book as well. When I had finished them both I was as happy as one can be in these days in the conviction that whatever victories Hitler may achieve with the help of the French and English ruling classes, he and they will lose in the end.

Prince Löwenstein was born in 1906 in the castle of Schönwörth, near Kufstein, in the Tyrol, just where Hitler's armies crossed into Austria a few weeks ago. He grows up in Austria and Bavaria. His father is an officer of the traditional design; his brothers become cadets. As children they play at amours and with tin soldiers. The whole atmosphere of the princely house is of a more or less enlightened medievalism and feudalism, restricted only by lack of money. The author is a little boy in the years of the World War, but day by day life educates him; prejudice after prejudice crumbles. At the end of the war he is a pupil of the public high school of Gmunden, a provincial town in Austria. His description of the Austrian situation at this time is perfect. Whoever wants to understand the events of Austria today will do well to read this book carefully. In the post-war years the prince becomes a student in Munich and Hamburg, and more prejudices crumble. He reproduces the atmosphere at German universities in the first years of the Weimar Republic with great skill and honesty. Unintentionally, in the course of his narrative he gives many clues for the correct understanding of the psychology of the younger German generation. For one term he goes to study at the university in Geneva, choosing Geneva because he wants to know what the League of Nations is all about. For the first time as a grown man he is out of Germany. His recording of his first meeting with an English student is in its implications priceless. We see the gulf between two nations, and we also see how easy it is for the two young strangers, who belong to the truth-seeking post-war generation, to bridge the gulf. Finally, after many doubts and much thought, the prince conquers his past and joins the fighters for the republic against Hitler's onslaught. He becomes a member of the Reichsbanner, the military organization of the left parties. This is in October, 1930. From this point on he reprints his diary, which gives in its daily short notes a vivid account of the developments that brought Hitler to power. The value of these notes is especially great because they are written without glances aside or ahead. They mirror exactly how the post-war youth of Germany was betrayed by a lazy and bureaucratic leadership. On January 30, 1933, the day Hitler came to power, the first paragraph of the diary reads:

> Today Hindenburg betrayed the German people and handed over the republic to Hitler. What is coming cannot be foreseen: it may be blood and horror and slavery such as our people has never hitherto experienced. But whatever comes, one thing is certain: I will never submit to tyranny which I hate from the bottom of my soul and with the whole inheritance and tradition of my name. Yes, that also plays its part; why should I seek to deny it?

He stays in Germany as long as possible. His flat is searched by storm troopers. Two S. A. men hold his wife. "As they were leaving, Werner arrived. He fetched a doctor, but it was too late. Our child will not be born in October." But the spirit and courage of the poor prince who became inwardly a rich pauper, and of his young wife are not broken. They go on fighting. Not out of resentment, not for lack of temptation to escape to peaceful lands, but because they are honest human beings.

Almost exactly where Löwenstein ends, Eva Lips, the author of "Savage Symphony" begins. Her husband, now a professor at Howard University, was a German officer in the World War, was wounded in battle and cited for bravery; after that university professor, successful director of the famous Rautenstrauch-Jöst Museum of Ethnology in Cologne, the second largest of its kind in all Germany. Needless to say, the Lipses are as "Aryan" as the prince. They lived in a little house among books. They had a maid whom they had taken from an orphanage, and a little dog. It was the cultured modest home of a scientific couple devoted only to their science, not interested in politics. After Hitler came to power, the Nazis would have been only too glad to have even the half-hearted allegiance of the famous professor. He could have remained in his comfortable position if he had been willing to subordinate his scientific convictions, as so many professors did, to the propaganda of Goebbels, to the dictate of the Nazi leaders that truth is what serves their political and personal ends. Professor Lips and his wife refused to do this, but they were not aggressive in their opposition. They merely refused to repeat lies, and that sealed their fate.

Eva Lips writes simply the story of what happened to her husband and herself until they had to leave Germany. I have seldom read a book so moving in its human feeling and so exciting in its honesty. The author's ability to say what is right, to see people justly even when they are enemies, her courage, and her restraint are so admirable that one forgets that the reporter is a victim who has lost everything—home, work, parents. Reading this account of barbaric force triumphant, I more and more felt that a greater victory was being reported, the triumph of the victim.

The little dog was called Tapir. When Eva Lips had to leave the "Fatherland" she gave it to a kind old man who lived in the country and loved the little creature. When she boarded the ship for America she found a letter in her cabin. The old man wrote her that Tapir had been poisoned and was dead. He had buried him and planted a rosebush on the grave. On a little cross he had written, "Tapir. Murdered June 20, 1934," because he had found beside Tapir's body a scrap of paper which carried a swastika and this inscription: "To Professor Lips: Who will not yield to Hitler deserves to die like a dog."

Many human beings have died the honorable death of Tapir and there will be many more. But these two extraordinary books convey an inescapable conviction: the love of truth cannot be extinguished. Hitler was born too late. The great lie will not triumph. Prince Löwenstein and Eva Lips, the victims of yesterday, will not always be victors only in their hearts; tomorrow they will be political victors. The gangsters will perish.

Contemporary German literature, the literature of the exiles, has passed the phase of purely journalistic reporting. It begins to form a basis for the ideas which will overthrow the pseudo-philosophy of modern barbarism. "Savage Symphony" and "The Conquest of the Past" are two essential contributions to this end. FRANZ HOELLERING

The City, Past and Future

THE CULTURE OF CITIES. By Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

LEWIS MUMFORD'S book is like a magnificent city in itself. It has the rich imagery, the active commerce in ideas, the evidence, put into visual forms, of long spans of history. The book has something that corresponds to the very vitality of the city—as if the author had absorbed a multitude. The chief value lies, however, not in the drama, vivid as this is, but in the usefulness of the volume as an instrument meant to help along an active piece of work.

What kind of instrument it is will appear on further examination. Like most of Mumford's writing, "The Culture of Cities" has grown out of the author's association with a rather remarkable group of men, among them Mumford's respected teacher, the late Patrick Geddes, and others such as Sir Raymond Unwin, Clarence Stein, and Henry Wright. Technically these men have been city planners, housing technicians, architects, specialists in biology or on parks and recreation; but for their broader collective aim there exists no easy classification. The scope of their ambition may be inferred from Mumford's own definition of regional planning, "the conscious direction and collective integration of all those activities which rest upon the use of the earth as site, as resource, as structure, as theater." The effort to transform society can evidently take other paths than political organization or economic struggle as such.

The present volume might be described as Mumford's "Sticks and Stones" brought to maturity. It represents two decades of solid work and growth. It covers the Western world instead of the United States, and goes back to the Middle Ages to outline the social history of cities. The last half is devoted to laying down broad lines of strategy toward a new urban order. Our society, declares Mumford, is urban; rural pursuits and attitudes, though they persist, are recessive. The future of our civilization is bound up with our cities.

The historical treatment of the medieval city is fresh and inviting; it does for the English-speaking audience what Eberstadt did for the German, recovering the oldest form of the modern town both from the calumnies heaped on it in the "age of enlightenment" and from the sentimental piffle attached to it by medievalists. The city of the eleventh century served first of all as protection. Next, it was a highly flexible instrument, arising directly out of need, and held to good human scale by a fortunate balance of forces. Thus, among physical manifestations, the crooked streets were far from a caprice but were deliberately designed to break the wind; overhangs gave shelter against rain to streets and the prevalent open-front shops; gardens were attached to the houses within the city wall and not outside, since the medieval city was a roomy affair until overbuilt by later centuries. The very wall was easily removable for expansion, and the open places lent themselves to festivals and processions in which everyone joined and no one was a mere spectator.

From medieval times forward Mumford sees at work accelerating forces of unbalance, lesion, disruption. In the baroque city (the Renaissance is treated as "proto-baroque") production has yielded primacy to commerce; for the medieval immediacies there is substituted action at a distance. Instruments of remote control are devised in all spheres of action: it is no accident, declares Mumford, that Newton was director of the mint. Courtiers can now drive furiously down long straight avenues which replace the short medieval streets and are arranged radially for the easy use of cannon against exploited mobs that replace former self-respecting craftsmen. "Credit replaces faith," and the ambition to maintain oneself within sight of the ruling despot replaces the desire to live well within the sight of God. As compensation for the regimentation of days spent with Mars, art and life offer the pleasure of nights with Venus. In the next age both yield to the iron rule of Pluto.

The "abstractions" that underlie the new order are thenceforth referred to by Mumford repeatedly as "merely mechanical" or "mechanistic" concepts, and he follows them in intricate detail, through the debasements of the nineteenth-century "insensate industrial town" and up to the last desperate efforts to overcome mechanically created difficulties through remedies still more mechanical in a twentieth-century "megalopolis." Upon this last manifestation he pours a withering fire, denying the value of the progress claimed by inventors and financiers, accusing the modern city of providing a lower standard of fundamental decency than the Middle Ages, and cursing it not only for the slums but for the "hell of unfulfilled desires, vague wishes, enfeebling anxieties, morbid compulsions, and dreary vacuities" of the "dissociated mind in a disintegrated city," which is "perhaps the *normal* mind of the world metropolis."

Having finished his historical account midway through the book, Mumford takes the offensive; and behind the constructive proposals that he broadly outlines there stand the authority and objective experience of the whole intelligent group with which he works. What is the approach? First of all a return to the organic, adaptive, non-violent habit of the Middle Ages; this habit to be reincarnated in modern "bio-technical" sciences and arts: sciences and arts having to do with the behavior and needs of organisms, not mechanisms. For Mumford the day of the machine is already past. Not the artificial form of present cities is his starting-point, but the concept of natural *regions* in which cities may once more take form in a size amenable to management and human scale. What gives the greatest hope of such a possible consummation is the progress of modern industry, using power that can be delivered almost anywhere, making economically available a vastly larger territory than was open to the age of steam.

The attack is marked by something more, however, than close technical reasoning: namely, a certain firm moral determination. In this moral certainty as to values and aims lies a great source of Mumford's leadership and power. It permits him, for example, to cut through such obstacles as the financial restrictions that hamstring the technical workers in the field, with the simple reiterated declaration that the restrictions are just not *right;* hence no solution can be found till they are done away with.

Such declarations clear the air. They can, however, sometimes be very irritating, especially when they seem to slur through a difficulty, or to go high-handed on questions of taste. Yet the positive tone has an incalculable value of its own in inspiring courage and faith. The role of Mumford in the group is in fact the role of a preacher, in the best sense, holding always before the group the high vision complete, permitting no impairment in the *idea.* There are not many leaders in America capable of performing this function with any such intelligence or thoroughness. The test is to read the book critically, and see whether it does not stir one to new effort and renewed belief.

Notice of the book would be wholly incomplete without mention of the remarkable supplementary story told in captioned pictures. DOUGLAS HASKELL

"How Many Goodly Creatures"

THE MEMOIRS OF JULIAN HAWTHORNE. Edited by His Wife, Edith Garrigues Hawthorne. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

UNLIKE many fortunate men, Julian Hawthorne was well aware of his good fortune. If the angels commissioned to such duties had asked him, before his arrival on this planet, just when and where he preferred to be born, he would have replied, he says: "Let me be the only son of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his wife Sophia, born in Boston, Massachusetts, at one o'clock in the morning of June 22, in the year 1846." This, at any rate, was what first happened to him, and he never ceased to be grateful for it. One may even say that he seldom failed to be worthy of it. In the present book, written a year or so before his recent death, he gives hearty thanks not only for his parentage but for the thoroughly good time that he had during his eighty-eight years, for the "fun" that this world afforded him, for the large amount of able and sometimes distinguished work that he was permitted to do, and, most of all, for the hosts of famous men and women whom he encountered here and there on his long way.

This is a rambling and garrulous book, as one would wish it. Often inaccurate, it is never dull. Although seldom deeply thoughtful, it is always wisely gay. An easier-going book, short of "Tristram Shandy," it would be hard to find. The author takes all the privileges of a ripe and rich old age, and spills his memories before us almost at random. He repeats himself, forgets his drift, winds one story into another, runs up and down the ladder of the years, and darts without warning from New York to Bombay. So much the better, one says, because his enjoyment of all these vagrancies is so infectious. For him, as for the child in Stevenson's poem, the world is full, to overflowing, of "a number of things"—or rather, of people. "I was used," he says in one quietly revealing sentence, "to having people like me, and finding life pleasant." In another place he remarks, "I have always purred in libraries, and have been caressed by some of the best." There is the man's modesty and his self-assurance, combined. Apparently he never thought of himself as important in any way, unless for the luster accidentally shed upon him by the proximity of many important persons. And yet, aside from his unmistakable literary gift and his more than respectable literary achievement, Julian Hawthorne must have had social talent of a high order. After closing this last of his many books, so packed and crowded as it is with people, one reflects in amazement that this man was the son of a solitary dreamer who was morbidly shy, and the grandson of a woman who lived almost entirely alone for more than twenty years.

About his own work as a writer—about his once famous novels "Garth" and "Archibald Malmaison" and "A Fool of Nature," the book that won a ten-thousand-dollar prize in a field of eleven hundred contestants—Julian Hawthorne has little to say in these rather curiously entitled "Memoirs." He is not writing autobiography. The important thing to him, as he looks back from Pasadena in the 1930's to Concord as it was before the Civil War, is that he had ten years of silent and devoted association with Henry Thoreau, that he went to school with two sons of Henry James the Elder, and that Frank Sanborn was his schoolmaster. He remembers how the new soles of Emerson's boots squeaked during a certain lecture at the Concord Lyceum, and how the lecturer and the audience alike triumphed over that vexation. He recalls across seventy years how the hopes excited by May Alcott's invitation to a swimming party "with gentlemen present" were blighted by swimming suits of blue flannel, and how nevertheless fate did grant him something when "Louisa Alcott . . . split one leg of her flannel pantaloons from hip to knee, revealing a flash of living white amid the blue." Louisa, he says, "simply laughed in the most impenitent way," and the few words refute whole volumes of ignorant nonsense about New England "Puritanism" and the "Victorian Era."

Julian Hawthorne knew the Concord worthies as a village boy knows the neighbors. His respect for them was devoid of awe, and it kept the hard, cold facts in mind. No one else has been quite so explicit as he is in this book about Emerson's physical "ugliness," although no one is more fully aware than he of the spiritual beauty in which that ugliness was suffused and exalted. He throws many a sudden flash of light upon these people, as in the remark that Henry Thoreau "revered himself as a man but had a poor opinion of Thoreau." Perfectly true one sees that to be, now that it has been once said. And, as coming from the boy who lived next door, his praise of Bronson Alcott is highly valuable. If only the father of Louisa had been gifted with eyes like those of Goethe, he says, "Amos Bronson Alcott would have been one of the most tremendous figures in our history. He would have conquered these United States and established a new religion."

In the sense of his friend William James, at any rate, Julian Hawthorne was a wise man: he knew a first-rate human article when he saw it. And so no doubt he was right in filling these final "Memoirs" with his recollections not of his own deeds and thoughts and moods but of the men and women he had known. The important thing, to him, was that he could speak quite truly and yet casually of "my friend Herman Melville," or of "my friend Robert Ingersoll." He might have used the same phrase with equal truth in speaking of Swinburne, Ruskin, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, President Pierce, Senator Hoar, and Henry James. But always, to him, the proudest phrase of all, and yet the humblest, was "my father, Nathaniel Hawthorne." There can have been few more successful sons of great and famous men than he was. Without subserviency or undue self-assertion, he grew tall and straight and fruitful, though always in the dark paternal shadow. And this must have been because he thought so little about himself. All his life he was exclaiming, like Miranda,

> O, wonder!
> How many goodly creatures are there here!
> How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
> That has such people in't!

ODELL SHEPARD

Descent into War

AMERICA GOES TO WAR. By Charles C. Tansill. Little, Brown and Company. $5.

THE story of America's gradual descent into the World War on the side of the Allies after three years of more or less rigorous efforts to preserve neutrality is an oft-told tale. Professor Tansill introduces enough new material, some of which is drawn from the Nye committee report and some from German sources, to render his version far from merely repetitive. His book is the product of prodigious scholarship and is characterized by scrupulous attention to detail in fitting the evidence, drawn from thousands of sources, together. He has his own biases of course, among them a very critical attitude toward British statesmen and statecraft. The "obtuseness" of British statesmen, in his opinion, delayed American entrance into the war by a full year.

Though the chronicle begins with an analysis of the financial problems of the policy of neutrality and records interesting evidence of the pressure of business against strict neutrality and of its success in evading Bryan's and Wilson's prohibition of English and French loans in this country, the author does not pursue this aspect of the matter in the second half of the book. The investigation becomes more personal and devotes its attention to an analysis of the position of the various leading actors in the drama which culminated in the American declaration of war. Professor Tansill explicitly disavows the economic interpretation:

> There is no need to look for anything sinister in this decision [in favor of war]. Despite all efforts of the Nye committee there is not the slightest evidence that during the hundred days which preceded America's entry into the World War the President gave any heed to the demands from "big business" that America intervene in order to save investments that were

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threatened by possible Allied defeat. Colonel House and Secretary Lansing had far more influence than the House of Morgan.

The matter is hardly as simple as that. The question is what social and economic forces stand behind the policies of political leaders and to what degree unconscious as well as conscious motives prompt their actions. But Professor Tansill is dealing with a narrower field of political inquiry where he can rely upon irrefutable documentation.

In this field Colonel House turns out to be the arch-villain of the piece with Secretary Lansing as his chief second. Professor Tansill doesn't like the late Colonel at all. Sentences like this betray his feeling: "It was apparent to the Colonel that the President was badly in need of a lecture which would acquaint him with the realities of the situation. . . . After this lecture from the omniscient Colonel the President reluctantly turned to thoughts of war." Furthermore he presents voluminous evidence to substantiate his thesis of the primary responsibility of House for the decision which finally emerged out of the welter of influences which played upon the mind of the nation and its President. Though Professor Tansill skilfully reveals the gradual hardening of the Presidential mind toward Germany, his record gives a general impression of remarkable reluctance on the part of Wilson in comparison with his chief advisers.

The author draws no morals and lessons from his tale. But every fresh review of the difficulties faced by an Administration which tried to preserve neutrality by opposing the British blockade on the one hand and the submarine campaign on the other reinforces the conclusion that if there is to be successful neutrality in a future war of any length it will have to be bought at the very high price of abrogating national rights in regard to both trade and the security of citizens in the zone of war. In the World War Britain violated our trade rights and Germany refused to respect the security of our citizens. The tension arising from the effort to preserve both types of rights finally became intolerable. We fell off the perch of neutrality because the balancing feat became too difficult. Though Professor Tansill does not say so, the inference of his book is that the balancing trick might have been accomplished if the performers had been a little more adept. But that is probably an illusion created by a too voluntaristic interpretation of history. Colonel House was merely a focal point of the innumerable social and economic forces, many of which were imponderable, which drove us into war on the side of the Allies. REINHOLD NEIBUHR

Reality Is Worse

UNDER THE OPEN SKY. By Martin Anderson Nexö. The Vanguard Press. $3.

"I HAVE often had to laugh when people have complained of my crass realism; if they only knew what the reality was like!" With these words Martin Anderson Nexö begins the true story of his boyhood. His childhood in the Copenhagen slums, as here described, was full of sorrow, sickness, and poverty. What wonder that later he should be known as the author of the first important proletarian novel, "Pelle the Conqueror." In his own life he had material for many proletarian books. He had also, perhaps because he was always sickly, extraordinary sensitivity as well as the ability to interpret what he saw.

The simple account of the way in which the writer, a very delicate child not more than five years old, was forced day after day to take care of a baby sister whom he could not lift or even propel across the floor, is heart-breaking. But the author regards his fate as similar to that of many others. He has little self-pity. As a child he performed whatever tasks were his. Everyone in the family worked. The father worked and drank. The mother was ignorant but hearty. One brother was strong and insensitive. They got along after a fashion. Only once did the father reform temporarily, as the result of his association with a workingmen's organization. Later, getting a better job, he reverted to his old habits. But his sickly young son understood the moral.

In due time the child escaped from the slums and began earning his living as a herds-boy among the people of Bornholm. He grew healthier. He took account of the rude country workers and their problems. In the open air, with the cattle for friends, the sensitive, tubercular child compared country work with industrialized city work, and moved toward the final identification with his class.

This book is interesting for its absolute truth. The early years of Nexö's life are printed indelibly upon his mind. He was never to escape their influence. His autobiography is a tragic story of what poverty can do to the human spirit; it is also a heroic and quite impersonal account of the class struggle—for the author feels himself to be merely one of the poor in that struggle. The book is too long; the author does a little too much philosophizing. But his quiet, realistic narrative is more effective than many a book written to prove that our society is unjust. EDA LOU WALTON

Men and Women

PITY FOR WOMEN. By Henry de Montherlant. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

FRENCH critics have always been kind to Henry de Montherlant. Under the patronage of Maurice Barrès he returned from the war to become one of the spokesmen of the young generation. More articulately than the other twenty-year-olds he expressed the cult of adolescence and the new gospel of sports. Before Sydney Franklin and Hemingway he made a killing in the Spanish bullring and wrote of it; simultaneously with Giraudoux he sang the praises of the *footballeur*. It was delicate, in 1920, to criticize a young veteran who was a protege of Barrès. But it is strange that now, when the literary inflation of the twenties is definitely passed and when so many greater novelists have been revealed in France, Montherlant should not be seen for what he is—a serious secondary novelist not to be compared with Mauriac, Duhamel, or, to name a younger man, Marcel Arland.

"Pity for Women" is a translation of the first two volumes of a trilogy which, as anything which deals with the sentimental relations between men and women is bound to do, nourished a great amount of French conversation during the past two years. To some it seemed a vicious attack on women; to others, a justification of Don Juanism; and to many, an objective study of feminine psychology. It cannot hope to occasion such a *succès de scandale* here. Pierre Costals, a young writer full of vanity, cynicism, and contradictions, remains, despite his complexity, the most completely delineated character in the book; whatever he says to the contrary, Montherlant was facing the mirror when he created him. The three young girls reveal a certain dryness in characterization. Thérèse Pantevin, the mystic little peasant whose passion for Costals eventually turns to madness, is seen only in her letters. The provincial intellectual of thirty who was born an old maid, Andrée Hacquebaut, frantically calling first for a brotherly affection and later for a demon lover, appears both in her letters and in the narration. Solange Dandillot, cold statue of beauty who asks for nothing and receives all, completes the triad necessary to bring out fully the personality of Costals. They are secondary, for man's egotism extends even to his writing. This account of the reactions of three representative young girls to a seductive man of the world whose pity for them complicates his existence and leaves a wake of hysteria behind him suffers from the hybrid form the novelist has chosen. A mingling of letters, personal diary, and direct exposition, these novels suppress the author and resurrect him at will and with no apparent reason. A further defect lies in the frequent repetitions. Montherlant possesses those gifts of observation and imagery which he considers necessary to the writer of fiction, and he has lost the Barrès-like pomposity of his early style, but he has never had a sense of composition.

Individual pages attain a far superior quality. The interior of the bureau for veterans' pensions, the dismal walk in the rain with Andrée, Solange seen in the bosom of her family, and Andrée's vehement letter accusing Costals of being a Charlus are all brilliant passages but they do not make up for the four hundred remaining pages. Mr. Rodker's translation of the second French volume is smoother than Mr. McGreevy's of the first volume. It would be interesting to know why the third volume, "Le Démon du Bien," was not included and why, in a book as carefully designed as the colophon assures us this one was, the letters should have been treated as setdown matter when they comprise about half the total number of pages.

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

Beauty as Quality

AESTHETIC QUALITY. A CONTEXTUALIST THEORY OF BEAUTY. By Stephen C. Pepper. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

IN THE last decade, in this country outside the schools, attention has been exclusively focused on the problems which arise out of the traffic between art and "life." The shift of interest has of course been most salutary. But there is still a great deal to be known about the field of aesthetics in its restricted meaning. And much of the nonsense and vagaries of current criticism could be easily avoided were more interest shown in problems which are nowadays so glibly dismissed as academic. For this reason it is to be hoped that this book, which makes easier reading than the works of Prall or Dewey, will find its way into the hands of our critics. For although it discusses only a limited number of the subjects which make up the usual treatise on aesthetics, the topics it seeks to elucidate are foundational for practical criticism.

For Pepper the aesthetic field is the field of quality. Great beauty is therefore enhanced quality. And the task of the artist is to make such quality available, so to speak, for consumption. This would not be necessary were not the apprehension of quality blocked in ordinary living by the urgency of practical activity, by interest in analysis, and by routine. In order to overcome these obstacles the artist makes use of two means: he intensifies quality through novelty, thus exhibiting the unique freshness of events and things, and he organizes conflicts, thus breaking up caked patterns of habit which lead to stereotyped apprehension.

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of this thesis. And as if to illustrate his own theory, Pepper gives evidence of a rare ability for pressing out of known facts and current ideas unsuspected vital juices. The second half of the book is concerned with the study of the techniques and instruments by means of which the artist accomplishes the intensification of quality. This involves analysis of the modes of organization of a work of art, of the functioning of types, and of pattern and design. Throughout this part of the book the notion of attention is central to the discussion, although it is not for Pepper, as for the reviewer, the defining trait of the aesthetic experience. The last chapter discusses the problems of taste and of the aesthetic judgment. This chapter, though it is perhaps one of the most original, I find one of the two least satisfactory. For Pepper has glided, if gracefully, over some of the difficult theoretical issues which have made this field a bitter haggling ground since the days of Hume and Kant.

The other chapter beset with serious difficulties, perhaps because it deals with the most confusing problem in the whole field of aesthetics, is the one on the emotion. Pepper has failed, I am afraid, to force James's theory of the emotion—which, it will be remembered, stresses internal sensations—into coherence with his own definition of emotion as "the very quality of the event itself when this event is voluminous, intense, and highly fused." Nor do I see what gain is made by defining emotion as the "essence of quality." Nor can I see, either, how relevant evidence regarding the wide divergence of the emotional reactions of qualified spectators can be neglected in discussing this problem, all the more since such evidence creates trouble for Pepper's theory. On the other hand, the clarification of the difference between arousing and expressing emotions, though too brief, is of great value.

One more remark: Pepper is a pragmatist, though he would rather have us call his variety of pragmatism "contextualism." But from the pragmatic standpoint little seems to be gained by his assertion that the aesthetic is a cognitive experience. True, it enables him to assign quality its rightful place in a fully adequate life. But this gain is more than offset—all the more since it could have been achieved in some other way—by the obliteration of the useful and radical distinction between experience and knowledge. The aesthetic experience is a having, not a knowing. Pragmatists insist on this distinction because it is the only known means of settling a host of pseudo-problems, some of which now cast their shadow over the discussion of some of the important topics in this book.

It should be stated without ambiguity that whatever the objections which may have been urged against this book, it remains a stimulating and fresh study. And one would have to be completely indifferent to the need for clarity in contemporary criticism not to feel that it is a very timely contribution.

ELISEO VIVAS

The Lean, Brown Men

R. F. D. By Charles Allen Smart. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

CHARLES ALLEN SMART'S return to the land has nothing in common with gardening at a week-end cottage in Connecticut or writing poetry on a hillside pasture in Tennessee. He is actually making hay in southern Ohio and feeding it to sheep, cattle, and hogs of his own raising. "R. F. D." describes, often sentimentally, but without supressing the limitations and discomforts of farm life, what such a career means to a city-bred liberal who combines a taste for provincial living with cosmopolitan interests.

Mr. Smart is not the complete farmer. He has no equipment and must depend on neighbors for plowing and planting. Nor is he a conventional one, being a cultivator of the arts and a collectivist who vaguely wants to see the world "become one large farm, democratically controlled." Wisely he advises small or new farmers to exploit, in these pinched times, a salable sideline. But few could hope for such a successful specialty as his: a first printing of a hundred thousand copies of "R. F. D." Now he can match his acquired skill and interest in farming with machinery and a team, or, better yet, one of the new small tractors. Now he can make real his wishes for a bathroom, furnace, henhouse, barn.

Ross County and Oak Hill, his ancestral home, are described with sensibility and detachment. Peggy, the New England wife, amiably decorates and integrates the scene, but the indispensable center of the arrangement is Leo James, the hired man. Smart expands enthusiastically on a variety of country themes: the care and feeding of sheep, flower and vegetable gardens, family retainers, a sturdy, purposeful aunt, cocker spaniels, sowing seed, husking corn, working with the Little Theater in Chillicothe.

When he says that many of his neighbors are "in the center, or slightly to its right, politically" but are "unconsciously extremely red in economics, sympathies, and general attitude," he is confusing the freeholders' traditional hatred of mortgages and monopolies with redness. They distrust all attempts at regulation and fear combinations of labor as well as of capital. His guess, "fathered by a hope," is that "when the time comes, these lean, brown, graying men or their sons will be out with shotguns if need be for production, use, and life as opposed to property, profits, and death." Remembering the militia of '76 with pitchforks at Lexington and the militants of '33 with penny auctions under a warning noose, we can only say, Amen. But the attitude of the lean, brown men and the subsequent fate of America will depend in part on how effectively Mr. Smart and others of his conviction can combat the divide-and-rule tactics of the controlling class that is forever trying to trick them into supporting property, profits, and death.

It would be interesting to know how many urban misfits who dream of being "immigrant farmers" will be persuaded to stay where they are by this candid treatise on the mechanics of farm life and how many it will inspire to make for the fields and barnyards. The reviewer would find himself in the latter handful were he not already living in the same state and pretty much in the same way as the author of "R. F. D."

DINSMORE WHEELER

Books in Brief

THE YEARLING. By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

In one year's time the child, Jody, becomes a youth with responsibilities and a bitter knowledge of life's sacrifices. He is the "yearling"—like his fawn whom he has to kill because it eats the crops. Mrs. Rawlings's book is a study of the people living in the wild "hammock" country of inland Florida, and a very sensitive study of what primitive living teaches a child. She knows her people and her country, some of the most primitive in America. She is not inclined to be sentimental about them. If she does not point directly to any economic solution, she does see that these simple and strug-

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YES *says* EARL BROWDER
General Secretary, Communist Party, U.S.A.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT
Chairman

NO *says* FREDERICK J. LIBBY
Executive Secretary, National Council for the Prevention of War

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gling natives of the backwoods are fighting a losing battle. The chief value of her book is that it is folklore, a record of the way in which the gentle Baxters and the wild Foresters manage to get along somehow. But probably "The Yearling" will be remembered longest as a rather tragic story of childhood.

THE DAY'S WORK. By Oscar Brynes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.25.

We have had "hard-boiled" fiction; in this poem by Oscar Brynes we have "hard-boiled" poetry. Mr. Brynes has looked up all police records, newspaper reports, and tales concerning a "great armored-car robbery." He has learned about gangsters from gangsters—from hanging around the cheap eating and drinking places where men of this "tough-guy" variety might be observed. "The Day's Work" is realism in poetry. The free verse is well controlled, varied, and dramatic. The poet has used his wits in plotting the poem in order to keep the suspense at high pitch. He has, indeed, "mastered" the problems which the poem set. This is one narrative poem that does not sound like bad prose arbitrarily turned into verse. The story is better told as poetry than it would be as prose. The selection of scenes, the arrangement of materials, the economy of the narrative are notable. One questions only whether Mr. Brynes is more craftsman than poet. And this question cannot be answered until he has shown us other books. Meanwhile here is a very exciting yarn with social significance.

FILMS

Dog Story

THE background against which "To the Victor" (Gaumont British) tells its story is so interesting from the start that the film would be successful even if the story were not well told. The source is "Bob, Son of Battle," which guarantees indeed that the story will be good; but there is better promise still of a setting suitable to the movie art. And the director, Robert Stevenson, has taken every advantage of the opportunities offered him. The landscape and the people match perfectly; the slow roll of the Border valleys, the timeless fells and the ledges of tough rock, the low dark sky and the hard going of the ground are an environment for no other human beings than those we see here, from the unregenerate Mac Adam down to Tammas the fat boy who holds the alarm clock at the sheep trials. The first sequence of the film brings men and stones together in one meaning. After that we would watch with fascination anything whatever that happened, and we would believe it.

Then of course there are the dogs, Owd Bob and Black Wull, who introduce into an otherwise rock world the ripple of movement. They are the spirit of this place, not only when they streak after their sheep at the trial—the high moment, naturally, of the film—but at all times. They have the freedom of the mountains, and it is their movements, even when they are miles away, that the minds of the people follow. It is through the dogs that the men become alive; and again it might not matter too much what the dogs did, or whether what they did was intrinsically interesting. We

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are committed to them from the moment we see them as part of this world and understand their role in it. The film has won us long before we know that it has a story to develop. And this is something that can happen only in the movie art. In none other can pure setting—the physical conditions under which action takes place—be so important. It can be so important, in fact, as to make us sometimes impatient with a tale that has been crudely attached to it. That may be why the love story in "To the Victor" seems so feeble. It should have been dispensed with altogether; for everything else here fits the situation as the palm of Mac Adam's hand fits the neck of a bottle or a dog. Will Fyffe as Mac Adam gives, incidentally, a flawless performance, and should be remembered next January by those whose responsibility it is to list outstanding actors of the year.

"The Pearls of the Crown" (Filmarte) goes "Life Dances On" a hundred better in the business of stringing episodes together. A lady who looks up seven men she once danced with is simply nothing compared to four pearls whose history has to be chased over four centuries and through most of the courts of Europe, as well as down dozens of mean London or Paris streets, before we can understand why they now repose on the British crown. Sacha Guitry as author, director, and star has decided that all this history could be told in an hour and a half, and has told it with the speed of a camera shutter. Also, however, with the lack of discrimination. For the mood varies so rapidly, kings die so quickly, and little girls grow up to be dowagers so briskly that an audience can be forgiven for bursting into laughter at certain supposedly solemn moments. Even Guitry's skill in the four parts he takes does not save the whole from being something of a wedding cake—something as stationary as that, as ornamented past eating, and as ready for the knife that will cut it into slices. As for "The Adventures of Marco Polo" (Samuel Goldwyn), I can merely say that I did not believe a word or a gesture in it.

MARK VAN DOREN

ART

Statues in the Sun

IT IS devoutly to be wished that the World's Fair committee repair without delay to the northeast corner of Park Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street in New York City, and after paying the requisite ten cents enter the adjacent unimproved real estate. It cannot do so without, I think, immediately deciding that if the fair is to have a display of sculpture, it must be in the shape of an outdoor show; and, what is even better, that such a display must be arranged.

The vacant lot recently occupied by the Model House has been lightly landscaped. Graveled paths have been laid across it and bordered with turf. Amid the turf stand cedar trees and shrubs, and in places young leafing birches, willows, and budding apple trees, and upon pedestals uniformly stained cinnamon an array of statues in plaster, cement, and various kinds of stone, metal, and wood. The charmingly Parisian atmosphere of the place is thickened by several bearded gentlemen who wander nonchalantly upon the walks and past the potted tulips. The statues for their part are the work of the members of the Sculptors' Guild, whose first outdoor show this magic transformation is.

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THE augury voiced months ago by prophets of various political faiths that 1938 would prove to be one of the most critical if not decisive years in modern history is already on its way to fulfillment.

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"Instead of the big-navy stuff," said a *Nation* editorial of February 19, "we propose . . . a renewed fight centering around the construction of public works instead of battleships."

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Nearly everyone of note in the sphere of sculpture belongs to the guild, even though it lacks the membership of Laurent, Noguchi, Ernest Gutman, and some others. Paul Manship for example has contributed a dogship, a plaster Hound, to its exhibition; and the show also includes characteristic work by William Zorach, Sonia Gordon Brown, Hunt Diederich, John B. Flannagan, and other well-known sculptors. Its list of patrons too is formidable. And its display is delightful 'mid the greenery. For one thing, together with a few statues which remind us of the colored paste which is cut into the shape of bananas and sold as candy, and some which in other ways fail to resemble sculpture, the exhibition contains a number of distinguished productions. Certain of these are by some of the famous members mentioned above. Sonia Gordon Brown's small figure, for example, has the fruity roundness of things "pushed from within." Diederich's Jockey has his unfailing quality of style; and Flannagan's Goat *his* equally unfailing material feeling. But the majority of them are signed with less celebrated names.

Among these stand forth the two sincerely felt and moving pieces by Minna R. Harkavy. One of them—it is her heroic three-quarter-length plaster figure Man—is a very successful representation of slow, steady human development in terms of form brought into motion. The other, a robust bronze head flanked by a sensitive curved hand—it is a portrait of Hall Johnson—interestingly expresses in rounded forms the sitter's inner warmth and dreaminess. Equally striking are Berta Margoulis's two exhibits—her poetical feminine torso in Tennessee marble and her seated feminine figure in darkened plaster. Both have rhythm and are full in form; and with its sculptural color the torso finely gives one the feeling almost indispensable in statuary—the feeling of the thing cut directly from solid material. Saul Baizerman's smiling little girl's head in hammered bronze, A Song, is a lovely bit of simplification and stylization. And while his large, lyrical hammered-copper low-relief of massed moving bodies gives evidence of its incompleteness, it pleases by reason of its hue and rhythm as it stands among the birches. Remarkable, too, because of its solution of the plastic problem of conjoining the male and female figures is the tender, highly emotive group of lovers by the artist who, of all those represented in the show, most definitely gives signs of going his own way. This sculptor is Hugo Robus, and his group is entitled Worship. The plastic solution is particularly successful as regards the back of the group. Here the opposing forms are perfectly balanced.

There are other notabilia. Yet if the show's delightfulness to an extent flows from the character of some of its components, it flows quite as much from its circumstances. The changing light to which the pieces are exposed, the verdure with which they are contrasted, are pitiless to the exhibits' weaknesses but friendly to their virtues. In playing on their live superficies, the light reinforces their vitality; and so too do the trees and shrubs which they set off. All statues, indeed, belong in the sun, amid greenery. Stone and metal, their substance comes from nature. So too do their human forms. And nature recognizes and accepts her own. For this reason we rather hope the worthy World's Fair committee will proceed post haste to Park Avenue at Thirty-ninth Street; and rather feel that once within the canvas barriers of the inclosure it cannot but perceive the best solution of one of its vexatious problems. Organized with its huge means, an outdoor sculpture show will rid it of one of its bugbears, a museum, and in its stead produce a garden.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Letters to the Editors

The Meaning of Money

Dear Sirs: Professor Paul M. Sweezy reports to your readers in your issue of March 26 that my book, "The Promises Men Live By," is "tory" and "reactionary." This is because of its money chapters. "Money," he says, "is generalized purchasing power. Money's value depends upon its quantity and speed of turnover relative to the relevant variables on the side of the production and distribution of goods and services."

Unfortunately, in a brief letter I can only indicate—and not demonstrate—where Professor Sweezy himself goes wrong on this difficult subject of money. He is bedeviled by a simple fallacy which all of the five chapters of my book are principally devoted to demonstrating. This common fallacy is the failure to distinguish between gold itself and government and central-bank promises to pay gold on demand. One is a substance, the other a contract. Endless confusion in reasoning arises because the same word, "money," is applied to both of them.

Professor Sweezy seems to agree that it is the latter, the promises to pay gold (and bank deposits, which—when analyzed—are bank promises to pay government promises to pay gold), that are now almost solely *used as money*. But his comment exhibits a complete blind spot when it comes to comprehending why government and central-bank promises can *successfully* be used as money; and more serious, what consequences follow *because* they are so used.

In simpler forms the contractual relationship permeates every other economic field. Within the past two centuries it has come also wholly to condition the field of modern money. The average citizen is totally unaware of this, the politician blithely ignores it, and quite a few money-pundits—like Professor Sweezy—fatally forget it. The job I set myself, in these money chapters, was modest enough—merely to make ordinary citizens sharply sensible (I never thought it necessary for the initiate) of the existence of this promissory relationship in the field of modern money; and to show its consequences.

In Professor Sweezy's case I seem not to have succeeded. Gold transactions, with actual gold passing on one or the other side of a contract, are carried on by the billion daily in the central banks of the world. In every enterprise connected with the international movement of goods, watchful men have to calculate carefully every day how much actual gold is represented by the central-bank promises, which they hold in the form of currency or credit. All this, in Professor Sweezy's words, is "nothing but a legalistic anachronism." Any sharp-witted little bookkeeper, in any import or export house in the world, could inform him how legalistic and how anachronistic it is.

In short, one of the few certain things to be said about modern money is that the predominant aspect of it is the contractual relationship involved in it. Accordingly, it is only by examining, implacably, what happens to the promises of central banks and governments that anybody, professor or layman, can even begin to acquire a comprehension of the mysterious events that occur in these regions.

If this be reaction, may Professor Sweezy make the most of it! And, indeed, I think ultimately he will. For the idea, essentially, is merely a pedagogical one. A dozen years from now, therefore, I can easily conceive that Professor Sweezy himself will be principally relying upon just this obvious distinction—between gold and promises to pay gold—to clarify the presumed mysteries of modern money to his students.

HARRY SCHERMAN

New York, April 14

Canadian Opinion

Dear Sirs: It is my belief that the consensus of Canadian editorial opinion quoted by Robert Brownson in your March 26 number is as good an index of Canadian feeling as was the consensus of American editorial opinion an indication of how your last election would go. I have talked with business men, workers, and educators. None favor the present British foreign policy. Few Canadians would trade the Atlantic Ocean or friendship with the United States for a boatload of European diplomats.

Considerable resentment was aroused here by the attempt to make Canada the "goat" in moving oil sanctions against Italy. Since Britain's latest move toward agreement with Italy you can understand our reluctance to make cooperative commitments in Europe—commitments whose implications are at best nebulous. We are not forced to play in a game for which we have a distaste.

D. W. ROBERTSON

Toronto, Canada, April 4

A Great Writer Protests

Dear Sirs: I would like to protest against the type of reviewer your magazine has been assigning to my books lately. The reviews seem to be brilliant but are invariably unfriendly and scornful. This is not the way to treat a great writer, I believe. In the future I would appreciate it very much if you would allow personal friends of mine to review my books.

WILLIAM SAROYAN

San Francisco, Cal., April 7

Christian Front Radicalism

Dear Sirs: This is chiefly to extend condolences to Marion G. Lewis, who complains in *The Nation* for March 12 that the *Christian Front* really isn't "radical." I don't know what Miss Lewis means by the term, but I can say what we mean.

We use "radical" with its original Latin meaning in mind, namely, going to the root of things. That means probing for the causes of things and urging long-range reform which will remove the causes of social disorder. Certainly a program calling for a social order which suits human nature is both radical and realistic. It can well be contrasted with the unrealistic and superficial reforms of Marxists and fascists who attempt to make human nature over to suit their preconceived notions of what it should be. The sad experience of the Soviets with a lax divorce law demonstrates the unrealism of attempting to ignore or change human nature.

I don't think Herbert Hoover would like many of our contributors. Nor would he agree with our defense of Supreme Court reform or with our support of TVA and the principle of public ownership of public utilities. Nor would the Old Guard Republicans fancy our outspoken defense of unionism.

Miss Lewis doesn't like our "diatribe

against Marxism" and favors "a vital collision with the idea that all men are brothers." By way of collision, would Miss Lewis explain how Marxism can be reconciled with the idea that all men are brothers?

NORMAN MCKENNA
Editor the *Christian Front*

New York, April 8

Meaningless Labels

Dear Sirs: In his article on War in the Peace Movement in *The Nation* of March 19, James Wechsler lists me as occasional "quarterback" on the isolation team. I must disclaim the nomination and protest the label. I do not play in the backfield of either of these mythical teams. Apparently Mr. Wechsler believes that anyone who is not a "collective actionist" must be an "isolationist." In my opinion both labels are meaningless and have no relation whatever to the realities of the present situation or to American foreign policy.

WILLIAM T. STONE

Washington, March 25

Hoarding and Recovery

Dear Sirs: Professor Slichter's article on the problem of recovery in your issue of March 12 raised one or two questions not answered in your reply. His recipe is to entice idle funds into new investment (1) by repealing the tax on undistributed profits; (2) by reducing the rates in the higher brackets of the income tax; (3) by reducing prices and wages in the building trades; (4) by making concessions to the utilities.

In your reply you rightly point out, in effect, that idle funds will be invested only when there is expectation of profit, that this depends upon increased purchasing power in the hands of consumers, and that consumers lack purchasing power because it is already in the hands of the investing class. You then observe that business leadership is bankrupt. But it seems to me that the trouble is more fundamental than that, for no amount of business leadership will transfer existing idle funds from investors to consumers.

Your remedy is government planning. But here Professor Slichter asks a question which you do not answer: How are producers to be assured that there will be a demand at profitable prices for a planned output? In other words, so long as investors are permitted to accumulate and hoard money, won't all attempts at planning bog down? Neither an economy of private enterprise nor a planned economy will work unless all the money paid out by industry in costs and profit is either spent or invested.

Do you not think that an effective tax on hoarding could be devised—a tax that would force all money income to be either spent or invested as it was received? I am convinced that if we are to achieve permanent recovery all hoarded money must be either enticed or routed out of hiding. And I do not think it can be enticed.

GEORGE RICHMOND WALKER

Boston, Mass., March 30

Prison Literature

Dear Sirs: I am at present editing an anthology of prison literature, collected from countries all over the world. Verse, letters, and other writings are eligible for inclusion provided that they were actually *written in prison.* Speeches for the defense of prisoners, if these were clearly prepared in prison while their authors were awaiting trial, are also to be included.

Among my present list of contributors are Boethius, Marco Polo, Villon, Bunyan, Lovelace, Leigh Hunt, Tom Paine, Debs, Vanzetti, and Ernst Toller. I am convinced, however, that there is much more material of sufficient human interest to warrant inclusion with the work of those named. There must be personal letters, now in private hands, to the publication of which there could be no objection, and I should greatly appreciate either copies of such letters or loans of the originals. They may be sent to me at 53 Cleveland Square, London, W2.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

London, England, April 1

Spearhead of Reaction

Dear Sirs: The United States is at a crossroads in its political development. One direction will take us forward through progressive steps to a better standard of living, better housing, higher wages, fewer hours of work, more time and opportunity for cultural advancement. The other direction will take us back to longer hours of work, lower wages, a degraded standard of living. Mayor Hague has become the brazen and bombastic champion of those who would take us in this latter direction, and around him have rallied all the forces of reaction.

In Harry Moore he has a governor after his own taste who has been spoken of as Presidential timber. If Governor Moore and Mayor Hague make any progress in that direction, it will be because we are indifferent to the true nature of the problem.

Every lover of liberty and democracy in the nation should exert himself to weaken Hague's influence in the Democratic Party.

JOHN R. LONGO, Secretary
Hudson County Citizens' Committee

Jersey City, April 1

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The Shape of Things

*

REPORTS FROM THE SPANISH FRONT DURING the past week indicate that the government forces have recovered almost completely from their disastrous setback in Aragon. Aided by overwhelming aerial supremacy, the rebels have continued to pound away, first toward Tortosa, then toward Castellon, and later in the Teruel sector. But as Louis Fischer points out in his cabled dispatch this week, the main drive into Catalonia has been checked, and the Madrid front, though weakened by the withdrawal of thousands of crack troops, is still intact. It is evident that the Loyalist forces have received some aid from abroad, though it has been but a fraction of that supplied to the rebels. If the government could be given free opportunity to utilize its large gold reserves for the purchase of supplies, it would still have an excellent chance of victory. Unfortunately, the pressure on President Roosevelt has not yet been sufficient to induce him to lift the embargo on supplies from this country. Despite the earnest plea of Senator Nye, who was personally largely responsible for the embargo, the President has intimated that he is not disposed to take action. He will only be moved from this position, we suspect, by an overwhelming protest from the millions of our people who must realize by now that the fate of the Spanish democracy is ultimately linked with that of democracy everywhere.

*

KONRAD HENLEIN'S DEMAND THAT THE Czech government revise its basic foreign and domestic policy to accommodate Hitler's *Drang nach Osten* has precipitated a crisis sooner than anyone anticipated. The possibility of a peaceful settlement seems slight. Those who talk of transforming the Czechoslovak Republic into a federation of cantons on the Swiss model betray an ignorance of geographical realities. Contrary to the general impression in this country, the German-speaking inhabitants of Czechoslovakia do not live in one compact territorial region. On the contrary, the German districts are separated by districts in which Czechs predominate. The largest German area has only about 800,000 German-speaking inhabitants, and a federal system would necessitate at least eight separate German-speaking cantons, some of them very small. This, of course, would be wholly unsatisfactory to the Sudeten Nazis. Henlein proposes instead a "corporative autonomy" for the national minorities. Under this plan all Germans in Czechoslovakia would be enrolled in a German "corporation," subject to the orders and laws imposed by a German Führer. Such a situation would, of course, be incompatible with Czechoslovak sovereignty, as indeed it is intended to be. Henlein's open declaration of allegiance to Nazi doctrine makes the possibility of compromise extremely remote.

✶

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE TO CONGRESS asking an end of tax exemption for government securities and the salaries of state and federal officials is a fine example of courage and statesmanship. The stupid inequality of these exemptions has been obvious for years, but no one has done anything about it. The opposition of powerful persons in the upper-bracket income class who have found a tax refuge in government securities and the political power of five million government employees whose salaries are exempt have been on the side of inaction. The dead hand of early Supreme Court decisions has also restrained change. These held that under a federal form of government it would be dangerous to allow either the states or the central government to tax each other's officers, levies, or instrumentalities. The President's message cuts through all these reasons. To allow the rich to escape taxation, he says, is to violate the principle of progressive taxation. Mr. Roosevelt denies that only through an amendment can the constitutional obstacles to the abolition of these exemptions be removed. He points out, as we did also in our issue of March 19, that the trend of the Supreme Court's recent tax decisions is to redefine the entire theory of tax immunity. After the President's partial victory in the tax bill in the retention of the principle of the undistributed-profits tax, this new message should further strengthen the Administration in a field which until recently promised something close to complete demoralization.

✶

THE LA FOLLETTE COMMITTEE HAS BECOME the relentless conscience of an imperfect democracy. In unfolding the truth about the Chicago massacre, the Tampa Klan outrages, and a host of other individual crimes, as well as in bringing to light the more systematic and continuous terrorism invoked by employers' associations, the committee has performed an incalculable service. Naturally the National Association of Manufacturers disagrees on this point and so do many respectable newspapers which have skilfully blurred the committee's exposure of the N. A. M. Only a $60,000 appropriation is needed to continue the life of the committee. A powerful undercover campaign is now on foot to block this appropriation and to make the country forget the findings of this body. Neither objective should be tolerated. The committee's job is not done, and the reactionaries know it. In Harlan four miners are finishing their seventh year in jail for defending themselves against armed mine guards. In Jersey City, James Burkitt, one of Mayor Hague's most fearless critics, has just received an outrageous six months' sentence for "uttering offensive language in a public place," a euphemism for an anti-Hague speech. America is full of such dark corners, and they need courageous exposure, the kind of exposure which is an indispensable corrective in a democratic society.

✶

WE PRINT IN THIS ISSUE AN ARTICLE BY Eliot Janeway giving some facts about RFC loans to railroads that have long needed airing. The article clears away effectively the myth that the Administration can afford to coast along on the plane of its present policy, ignoring the need of far-reaching changes. Next week we shall print an extended editorial statement on what appears to be ahead for the railroads. We are in accord with Governor La Follette's statement that an energetic government would cut through the red tape of vested interests, and set men and money to work on the railroads. It is not the meaning of Mr. Janeway's article that RFC loans should be stopped. What is needed is more help for the railroads, not less. But that help is wasted so long as it is given to roads whose capital structures, freight systems, and operating expenses remain as they are. We do not want subsidies for bankers and bond-holders: we want to use federal money in ways that will improve the physical properties of the nation and increase the national income.

✶

EAMON DE VALERA WON THE GREATEST victory of his tempestuous political career in the treaty just concluded between Ireland and Great Britain. The terms are not released in full, but it is already clear that the Irish Prime Minister has won everything of consequence that he has been fighting for in recent years with the exception of unity between the north and south of Ireland. Britain has waived its claim to the land annuities, the chief source of controversy between the two countries. The British retaliatory duties on Irish cattle, bacon, and other farm products, which wrought havoc with Irish agriculture, are to be withdrawn. The ports of Cobh, Bere Haven, and Lough Swilly, which are of considerable importance as naval bases, are to be restored to Irish sovereignty. In return De Valera has made substantial, but not ruinous, concessions in the new Irish tariff on manufactured goods, and has apparently made certain promises with respect to cooperation with Britain's national-defense program. It is possible that the new treaty, which brings to a close six years of bitter economic war between Ireland and Britain, may be an opening wedge for the fulfilment of De Valera's final ambition—a united, free Ireland. This possibility is heightened by the unexpected nomination of Dr. Douglas Hyde, a Protestant, for the Presidency by both the Fianna Fail and the Fine Gael. The choice of the seventy-eight-year-old Dr. Hyde, long revered as poet, historian, and university professor, should help to break down the antagonism of Protestant Ulster. While sentiment in northern Ireland is still strongly against union, it need not permanently remain so.

WITH GRIM AND PATHETIC DETERMINATION, the Scandinavian countries have finally entered the armaments race. The decision suggests an effort to combat air raids with a collection of umbrellas. But it is a measure of the fright and desperation which must grip small nations while Mr. Chamberlain cynically offers them to the most belligerent bidder. The first gun in the campaign was fired by Prime Minister Hanssen of Sweden, whose call for an extraordinary defense budget was enthusiastically received. In appropriations for fuel storage, air defense, and military equipment, Sweden is now spending $75,000,000 a year in a solemn effort to appear invulnerable. Even more significant is the spurt in arms appropriations in Norway, where anti-militarism has been a national tradition. The Socialist government has proposed a defense program that exceeds the most ardent hopes of the conservatives. Calling for a $13,000,000 emergency appropriation, it will double the customary allocation for defense. Finland is reported to be contemplating similar measures, with Labor Cabinet members ardently espousing the move. And the London *Times* reports that the Danish Finance Minister has called for an $11,000,000 internal loan for defense equipment and the establishment of internal economic reserves. Undoubtedly these measures reflect Nazi encroachments in North Schleswig as well as the general paralysis of collective machinery. All of these sums, which loom so large in Scandinavian economy, are grotesquely small in the billion-dollar language of world armaments. They serve only to symbolize the tragedy of peaceful nations in an era of fascist aggression and democratic hypnosis.

*

CHARGES AND COUNTER-CHARGES FILLED the air as the last Utopia crashed to earth. Perhaps it was too much to expect that that great experiment, the Dionne quintuplex, could be kept free of factional squabbles; $600,000 in one county (including cereal rights and movie contracts) was bound to get involved in the machinations of the status quo. Papa Dionne is accusing Dr. Dafoe of mishandling the Quins' money; and Dr. Dafoe, who is said to be hopping mad, asserts that "outside forces" are using Papa Dionne in an effort to overthrow the doctor's regime and get control of the children's money. Following his statement, six assorted diplomatic representatives are said to have left town. Dr. Dafoe says the row started when a nurse and a teacher in the Dionne bureaucracy were discharged because they had "caused trouble." They leagued themselves with Papa Dionne, who thereupon filed a petition asking a judicial investigation, although the good doctor had already asked the Governor General to order an inquiry, which has just been completed. The struggle for power in Callander, Ontario, is bound to have far-reaching results. No one denies that Dr. Dafoe saved the infant quintuplex in its crucial first hours, and there is circumstantial evidence that Papa Dionne at the time did nothing but stand around. On the other hand, Papa's claim that he was responsible for the whole experiment cannot be gainsaid. Mama Dionne has made no statement. The episode has brought into question the whole concept of the dictatorship of the infantariat, and the Canadian soul is under suspicion. But so far those Old Bolsheviks, Marie, Cecile, Yvonne, Annette, and Emilie, have not confessed.

Number One Obsession

THE President invites Henry Ford to the White House and sets the whole press corps to speculating. The President makes a statement about taxes, and Wall Street sees red. The President appears before the Daughters of the American Revolution and reminds them that "you and I are descended from immigrants and revolutionists"—and everyone puzzles over what such a factual statement implies for our economic future. What the President says or fails to say, whom the President sees or doesn't see, every defeat or victory for one of the President's proposals, and every fall or rise in his prestige becomes a barometer according to which stock prices move and "business confidence" sags or rallies. The bitterness of his enemies, the march of events, and his own flair for the spotlight have conspired to make of Mr. Roosevelt the country's number one obsession.

This is not a healthy situation. American government has from the start tended to focus on the Executive, despite the checks placed on his power. And in periods of national crisis this tendency has of course been accentuated. The result has been that our political discussion, even when it has centered on economic issues, has had first to be translated into terms of Presidential personalities; this despite the fact that real progress in government comes from executive grasp of problems, legislative discussion of them, and administrative sweat in dealing with them, and not from the nation-wide conjugation of the moods of an individual.

We hear much today about the healthy state of revolt that Congress is in. But to interpret the health of the polity in terms of the deadlock of tax legislation, the sabotage of the wage-hour law, the wiping out of efforts toward a sane reorganization of government bureaus is a curiously negative conception. The real health of a polity lies in affirmative government action, critically considered. Yet the outstanding fact about the Congressional revolt is that there is nothing affirmative in it. Neither the Republicans nor the tory Democrats have advanced the slightest item in an affirmative program. Their intent, despite all the nobility of purpose with which they have tried to surround themselves, is to destroy the New Deal program by an attack on the President's personality and motives.

Never in our history has an attack been so bitter, with the exception of that which led to the impeachment proceedings against President Andrew Johnson after the Civil War. Most of it has been underground. No newspaper or journal would dare put into cold print even a hint of the charges about Mr. Roosevelt's mind and outlook which furnish the intellectual repast at the tables of the rich and influential. The crumbs of this feast are handed down to the middle class, which apes its superiors in the social scale. What the newspapers dare to carry is read in the context of this slanderous gossip, and it gives a weirdly distorted meaning to the charges of irresponsibility and lust for dictatorial power that the press does print. The result is that there can be no serious discussion of basic issues like a program for meeting the depression or expanding the national income or dealing with the war danger; and even the progressives who care much more about these issues than they do about the President are forced into the false position of defending him against the unfair tactics of his opponents.

There is no wisdom in such a course even for the opposition and no benefit for the country as a whole. The concentration on personalities is a fantastic policy for an opposition to follow when it has a heaven-sent depression to capitalize on. We are, of course, not greatly disturbed by the waste of tory political energy. What concerns us much more is that the obsession with the President creates an intellectual climate in which neither the left nor the right can carry on intelligent discussion of issues. And what concerns us further is that all the business processes of the country—saving and investment, the turnover of securities, the accumulation of inventories, the closing or expansion of factories—are now geared to political moods rather than to basic economic trends. The exchange and investment markets have become political in their entire orientation; and these processes, on which, under capitalism, the processes of production are dependent, run in terms of how men in Wall Street happen to feel about the President on some particular morning.

The barrage of invective has had its effect on Mr. Roosevelt as well. Every President is necessarily more or less isolated physically from the country as a whole. He cannot make frequent observations for himself but must base his guesses about public sentiment on the chance sampling of his visitors and on newspaper accounts. There are signs, however, that the President is feeling psychologically isolated as well, and that he is losing some of his best qualities of drive and initiative. If it went farther this would be a great loss, for even the best economic program needs a confident leadership to push it through. One of the most hopeful signs on the political horizon is the fact that many of our Congressmen are now beginning to get the backfire from the defeat of the reorganization bill. The "people back home" who write but do not telegraph are making themselves heard in no uncertain terms. They are writing in to say that hysteria over the false issue of personal dictatorship has been allowed to obscure the real issue of government efficiency. We feel certain that if the common people were allowed to speak, this would be their attitude about such everyday but all-important matters as wages and jobs. It is time to get away from trumped-up personal charges and phony "principles," and to get down to how America is going to survive economically.

La Follette Thunder

THE La Follettes are gathering their clans. If the recent speeches and statements of Governor "Phil" and Senator "Bob" do not point to a break with Mr. Roosevelt and the starting of a La Follette boom for 1940, then the language of politics has lost its meaning. Though the La Follettes and the President have hitherto been comrades in arms, this latest move should not occasion any sharp surprise. The Democratic tories are talking political realignment; the Republicans are seeking to seduce them into at least a companionate marriage; it is inevitable therefore that there should be talk of a new progressive alignment. The storms are gathering over Mr. Roosevelt. If there is to be so much thunder on the right, the La Follettes are in effect saying, why not some thunder on the left as well?

The two La Follettes have for some months been traveling about, talking with labor, business, and farm leaders, holding conferences, laying plans. As we go to press, the Governor is preparing for a public meeting at Madison on April 28 at which he will divulge almost all. Thus far he has said nothing that would make a program. His sequence of four radio speeches has been as pointed politically and as circumspect economically as any traditional gesture of throwing the hat into the ring. The first speech, on his success in reorganizing Wisconsin's bureaus and commissions, carried the implication that he had succeeded where the President in his reorganization fight had failed. The second speech, which attacked the President's "tinkering and patching" in the face of the depression, came close to discussing but finally avoided the "fundamental underlying problems" which the President had failed to meet. The third speech, a criticism of the WPA program, discussed the self-liquidating works program which the Governor had failed to get through the state legislature. The final speech lumped the "do-nothing policies" of Hoover and Roosevelt, and showed what a do-something policy would include by outlining briefly a plan for breaking the railroad log-jam. In short, while the Governor attacked the President at his most vulnerable points, he did so without differing essentially from the premises of the New Deal.

Such an attack would seem to be the function not of a party in process of formation but of an opposition group within a party or allied to it on the left. *The Nation* has consistently made some of the same criticisms of the President when he has shown himself weak and compromising. But to lump the Roosevelt policies with those of Hoover is grossly unfair, unhistorical, and from a progressive standpoint strategically inept. With the President on the offensive, taking a definitely progressive stand on taxes, on the wage-hour bill, on the relief program, on a spending program, on monopoly, on an anti-fascist policy, one may raise the question whether the move for a new party alignment is wisely timed. The same question may be raised about Mayor LaGuardia's choice of this moment to don a ten-gallon hat in Oklahoma, talk of Western virtues, smear on war-paint with the other Indians, and place himself at the head of the new barbarians who will lead the Republicans toward socialism.

These moves, especially that of the La Follettes, can be variously interpreted. They may indicate a third-party bid and a three-cornered contest in 1940, which is unlikely and would be futile, for while Democrats and Progressives were assassinating each other, the Republicans would walk into the White House. They may be a way of exerting pressure on the President to energize his program. They may be—and the President can so use them—a way of serving notice on the tory Democrats that if they push their party too far out of line with mass needs and demands, the parade will pass them by. Or, what is most likely, they may proceed from a conviction that Roosevelt has lost the leadership, that events are moving toward a tory coalition in the two major parties, and that only a new and vigorous leadership can reorganize the progressives into a second—instead of a third—party.

Not since 1912 has national politics been in greater flux. Progressives must move with circumspection. The La Follette tradition in American life is a brilliant and honorable one. It has been the foe of corporate power, the foe of imperialism, the friend of labor and the farmer. It has shown itself realistic in strategy and adept at progressive machine politics. One disturbing thing is that both the La Follettes have shown a somewhat provincial attitude toward foreign affairs. But even more disturbing is the fact that Governor La Follette, at least in his radio speeches, stayed sedulously away from reform and talked only of recovery, and gave no indication of a genuine farmer-labor base for his program. All this political maneuvering is without much meaning until we know where the American labor movement will stand in the new alignment. Thus far, while both Mr. Lewis and Mr. Green have had their disagreements with the President, labor has not spoken.

The progressive policy today must be one of watchful waiting. The progressive cause and the American future are not to be identified with the political fortunes of any dynasty, whether it be the patrician Roosevelts or the fighting La Follettes. Whoever aspires to lead the progressives must earn that leadership by his concern for the interests of the vast American majority and by proof that he can unite the best resources of that majority.

Imported Nazi Sadism

THE province of Yorkville centers around Eighty-sixth Street in New York, and we cannot envisage Hitler's early arrival by subway to annex it for the greater Reich. But the violent and provocative behavior of American Nazis must be faced if we are to avert a siege of disorder in which the procedures of democracy may be seriously undermined. Last week's Yorkville riot, growing out of a Nazi rally at which several legionnaires were beaten up, was an indication of the urgency as well as the complexity of the issue. It is probable that visiting legionnaires were trying to disrupt the rally—a practice at which they are notoriously adept. The Nazis are apparently prepared to use gangster tactics in a determined effort to prove that they are as tough as the bigger boys in Berlin. For if the precise circumstances of the Yorkville incident are still in doubt, the brutal attack on Charles Weiss, crippled editor of an anti-Nazi magazine, was despicably simple: a group of Nazis invaded his office and inflicted the tortures which are conventional Nazi practice in Germany. This attack was pitiless and premeditated—a sickening illustration of the Nazi mentality both in its ferocity and in the helplessness of the chosen victim. It suggested with ugly realism the youth of European fascism, when the sadistic violence of street-corner bullies became, in the absence of effective restraints, the language of political conversation.

The problem presented is one for which we are unprepared, even while fascist growths are steadily nourished by such events. The Nazis are uniformed. They have camps. They drill in regular military formations. They are armed—and if they use knives and blackjacks today, there is every reason to believe that they have more militant aspirations for tomorrow. Unable to make any decisive headway in enlisting American opinion, they are nevertheless determined to dispel any rumors that they have been infected by the poison of liberalism.

How can such avowedly anti-democratic activities be curbed without encroaching upon the vitality of democracy, without jeopardizing the civil rights of every group and individual? The answer is not simple, but certain principles are becoming more clearly defined. We must continue to tolerate the Nazis' meetings, rallies, and parades. They should be permitted to expostulate until the beer mugs are dry. But we see no reason why we should tolerate any uniformed bands which have frankly political purposes. It is even more unthinkable that such groups should possess arms, whether blackjacks or machine-guns. They should not be permitted to conduct military drills. Such restrictions offer the community a minimum basis of self-defense, and should be embodied in laws specifically drawn to avert the threat of fascist violence.

The dangers inherent in such legislation are many. Several of them were pointed out in an article on the British Public Order Act by Lucille Milner, published in *The Nation* of January 15. Discrimination, unfairness, and laxity in its enforcement were charged. Yet, as a correspondent points out in this issue, the act delivered a serious blow to British fascism. The English experience ought to make us doubly cautious in drafting new laws. Many questions will require thoughtful consideration. For example: Is federal intervention possible under the Constitution? To what extent can the line be drawn between political and non-political uniforms? Do existing laws control adequately the possession of arms? Britain's experience should not discourage us from seeking to meet the problem while such movements are still incipient. Our domestic fascists must be made to understand that the blessings of liberty do not include a pass-key to the houses of defenseless people.

Republicans, Neutrality—and Azaleas

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, April 25

MOST of the news around here is political, and not all fit to print. Of that which is, item one is the decision of the Republicans to reenter national politics, a field which they abandoned in November, 1936, as being unprofitable and having no future. Since the first step in the routine is to get a press agent, they hired Franklyn Waltman, a plump and pleasantly aggressive young man whose incredible energy and high disdain of English syntax and the New Deal had made his column an invaluable feature of the Washington *Post*. If staid Republican statesmen do not presently surprise themselves and all who know them by issuing statements in language more belligerent and complicated than they have heretofore used or heard, I shall be disappointed in my old friend and colleague. As a matter of fact, he was hardly settled in his new chair when a declaration appeared over the name of the Honorable Bertrand H. Snell, Republican leader in the House, intimating that Harry Hopkins is the real power behind Roosevelt. It contained some obscure allusions to hemoglobin and eurythmic dancing, and coyly expressed a hope that Hopkins would not consider the House Appropriations Committee "too damn dumb" to understand those subjects. This is believed to be the first time Snell was ever presented in a light role, but experts agree that is about how he would handle it. (Confidentially, I am told that he regards hemoglobin as just another New Deal hoax, intended to frighten the voters.)

Republicans are more at home in heavy parts. Thus, it will be interesting to study their technique on the wage-hour bill, now reported out of the House Labor Committee. Whether that measure comes to a vote in this session may depend on the action of Republican members of the Rules Committee. A significant dispute is in progress among them. Some, ever loyal to the interests they habitually serve, are determined to join the old Southern sweatshop gentlemen in smothering the bill. Others, blessed with broader views and longer vision, believe it would be excellent Republican politics to toss the measure into the House and let the Democrats fight over it. It is somewhat depressing to reflect that an issue vitally affecting the living standards and health of millions can be decided on such a plane, but the odds are that it will be decided on that plane—or under it.

The bill itself, providing initially for a forty-four-hour maximum week and a twenty-five-cents-an-hour minimum wage, changing after three years to a forty-hour week and a forty-cent wage, obviously halts this side paradise. However, it would serve as a belated start in the right direction. Most desirable of all, it contains no differentials to favor the Southern sweatshop owner and lumber-camp operator. It affords a simple test of legislative decency.

One week of inquiry and reflection has been sufficient to convince me that my use of the word "adequate" in describing the President's spending-lending program was impetuous, to say the least. As the situation takes shape, it becomes more apparent that buying power resulting from the program will be spread alarmingly thin, especially that part which will remain after existing inventories have been absorbed. Until they are absorbed, buying power will not begin to operate to put men back to work. Industrialists are not going to produce new commodities until they sell what they have on hand. Last year the automobile industry produced the equivalent of 5,500,000 cars in finished cars and parts. A government statistician tells me that the equivalent of approximately 1,000,000 is still in stock. He further tells me there is reason to believe that the government program, by itself, can stimulate buying sufficiently to justify the production of more than 1,600,000 new cars this year. If a comparison of that figure with the figure of 5,500,000 produced last year affords a correct measure of the recovery to be expected, it is clear that the future is not promising.

This condition in the automobile industry is said to be the explanation of Henry Ford's invitation to the White House. If that is true it would seem to indicate that Roosevelt is at his wits' end. Ford has demonstrated a thousand times that all he knows is how to make automobiles and sell them at a profit when people are able to buy. When apprised of the invitation, he was quoted as saying his solution of present-day problems was a "back to the farm" movement. Among those problems he included, no doubt, agricultural surpluses, which he would reduce by making them larger. He was further quoted: "If people do not raise their own food they will have to have a dictator to tell them to do it." In dealing with the problems he helped to create, Ford's advice is quite as valuable as that which would be expected from his fellow-violator of the Wagner Act, Tom Girdler.

Since it has become more apparent that our embargo on shipments to Spain is operating to Franco's advantage, the President has received numerous appeals from Americans who do not wish to see another fascist dictatorship erected over the bodies of the Spanish people—at least, not with American assistance. Where Roosevelt's sympathy and that of Secretary Hull rest there is no doubt, but the situation is incredibly complicated and difficult. To correct it might require two acts of Congress. First, there is the embargo resolution of January, 1937, hastily passed to prevent the sailing of the Mar Cantabrico with

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

a cargo of planes for Loyalist Spain. This futile and stupid legislation apparently was rushed through Congress at the insistence of a State Department clique during Hull's absence. He subsequently pronounced it "the worst act of the Roosevelt Administration."

In the following May Congress passed the Neutrality Act, which empowered the President, in his discretion, to prohibit shipments to countries where civil strife existed. When he exercised that power, there was every reason to expect that the result would be helpful to the government forces. Then Italian and German submarines gave Franco control of the sea, and the positions were reversed. However, among those who wish the embargo lifted there is a belief that American shipments could reach Loyalist Spain through France. This would be especially desirable at a stage when Germany and Italy might have strong reasons of their own for curtailing material aid to Franco.

The President could rescind his proclamation under the Neutrality Act by announcing that the Spanish civil war does not "threaten or endanger the peace of the United States." State Department officials argue, however, that the embargo explicit in the January resolution would still be in effect. Congress could repeal that, and it could also amend the Neutrality Act to exclude from its prohibitory provisions those countries which are engaged in civil strife. There is not, in my judgment, a remote chance that this Congress will do either. Sentiment there is still stubbornly, perhaps blindly, isolationist. And many believe that the only way to be neutral is to be absolutely neutral, even at the expense of those you love and to the advantage of those you despise. It is interesting to note that Roosevelt is firmly convinced that lifting the embargo now would help Franco.

The situation has something of an analogy in the decision of Congress last week to adjourn and take a junket to Charleston to see the azalea blossoms—which had blossomed and disappeared two weeks earlier.

Spain Won't Surrender

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Barcelona, April 25

WISHFUL thinkers and the misinformed must finally abandon the idea that the fascists have won or will soon win the international war being fought at the expense of Spain. The spring Aragon offensive of the quadruple alliance—Franco, Hitler, Mussolini, and non-intervention—has failed. Its purpose was to end the war. It merely succeeded in investing a few unimportant fishing villages along the Mediterranean coast and galvanizing a harried people into heightened resistance.

Many of the best brigades of the Madrid army of the center are now in Catalonia. Foreign military observers believe that these blood-baptized troops, seconded by newly trained reinforcements, will at least hold all the Catalan lines. During the last three weeks the army's morale has improved. So has its equipment. Much new war material can be seen at the front and on the roads.

Catalonia remains in intimate contact with central Spain. Air mail is exchanged between Madrid, Valencia, and Barcelona every day. A daily twenty-four-hour steamer service connects Valencia and Barcelona. I heard a minister here radio-telephone Madrid. Franco cut republican Spain in two but the parts live and function.

General Miaja, father of the first Madrid army of the center, today was called upon to create another. He has plenty of raw recruits, plenty of enthusiasm, and Jesus Hernandez to start with. Hernandez, former Minister of Education, is quickly restoring to the political commissars their previous status and numerical strength. This is a political war, and the army must be kept politically alert. Otherwise it should be a regular army. Caballero, and even more Prieto, made the mistake of crippling the institution of political commissars because they objected to too many Communist commissars. I think Negrín's instincts will prevent him from falling into this error. The political commissars are the agents on the battlefield of the civilian population. This tie explains the tremendous tenacity, despite unprecedented punishment, of the republican armed forces. Aviation is important, but politics are a no less effective weapon. The outstanding bourgeois Catalan leader, until recently suspected of pro-armistice leanings, demanded the other day that he be given more work. He was reacting to Franco's decree, promulgated when the Generalissimo thought he would occupy Catalonia, abolishing Catalan autonomy and suppressing the use of the Catalan language. This rebel measure truly reflects the social ineptitude of the classes which support Franco. Denikin lost the Ukraine and Yudenich failed to take Petrograd because of a similar disregard for the susceptibilities of racial minorities. Whether it is on the steppes or in the sierras, the mentality is always the same. Salamanca's edict against Catalan autonomy has been worth an army corps to the republic. The Catalan middle class, always very nationalistic, sees the oppression which a fascist victory promises and is putting its shoulder to the wheel of the lumbering Loyalist chariot. During the last fortnight the Catalan attitude has visibly changed.

Simultaneously the problem of Anarchist collaboration with the government comes nearer a solution. Here, too, politics creates a new military potential. Two days ago when I was returning from Tortosa, which despite Franco's astute propaganda is not a seaplane base and couldn't be, my chauffeur had to stop a passing car to borrow a funnel full of gas to take us to the next pump. In the car were a major and a captain of the Twenty-fifth Division. The major was a Communist and the captain an Anarchist. The Communist had been wounded eight days before. He showed me nine wounds. A bullet went in the left side of his neck and passed out just in front of his Adam's apple. He talked hoarsely and he probably always will. He said he would soon be back at the front. The Anarchist, who still wore civilian clothes though he carried two revolvers, had recently been hit in the forearm, and it hung limp and useless by his side. He too would return to the front shortly. I asked him how he could fight in that condition. He replied proudly, "I am *dynamitero.* I'll work with one arm and direct operations." The Communist major declared, "I'm a Spaniard and am defending Spain." The Anarchist declared, "I was always opposed to governments, therefore armies, but am now protecting my country against invasion. If we were to leave it to the Left Republicans to defend the republic, it would die."

Drawing by Schreiber

General Franco

The new Anarchist minister, Segundo Blanco, in an interview with me, gave me the background of the captain's new attitude. Blanco, a former Asturias worker, said: "At this serious hour there is no room for either a Marxist or a libertarian totalitarianism. No party can force its will on the government. The recent UGT-CNT program of social change can be carried out with the consent of the bourgeoisie. The program must be achieved by legal and normal methods. Our first aim is to defeat fascism. We are interested not only in saving Spain. We want to save Europe. If Spain is lost, the cause of liberty is lost in Europe. In repelling the invader of Spain, therefore, we are fighting for our basic ideology." In response to this I said, "The Anarchists have made much progress since May, 1937." *"Hombre, sí"* (man, yes), he exclaimed, and added, "But other parties now understand better our readiness to collaborate."

Whatever the reasons for this evolution, the fact is that the Anarchists criticize less and conform more. This political change is an additional military asset. The civilized practices of the Loyalists encourage the belief that rapprochement with other political groups is not inconceivable. When Negrín re-formed the government recently he wanted to keep Prieto in the Cabinet. In that event Caballero or a Caballero lieutenant might also have joined the ministry. Contacts between the members of the Negrín ministry and the Caballero faction continue.

Very late, after bitter, costly lessons, the republic is starting to move on almost all cylinders. To direct the titanic effort is a grueling task. First, there is the business of keeping the fronts intact despite the enemy's superiority in armaments. Today the weakest line seems to be that between the wedge to the Mediterranean from the Ebro south to Vinaroz—the Italian corridor, one might call it—and Castellon. If Franco can break through toward Valencia, it will be a big victory. He has mobility and hundreds of new airplanes and might push at another point, too. At this stage a big breach would further embarrass the military situation without being decisive. Barcelona, nevertheless, carries these responsibilities and cares courageously.

Economic difficulties are no less trying. Catalonia had a peace-time population of approximately three million. Now a million and a half refugees have been added. I've seen these unfortunates housed in Barcelona churches, subsisting on beans and bread and soup, camping in thousands in olive groves, getting lifts with their bundles on military lorries, and crowding the roads from the Ebro to Barcelona with their mule-drawn carts loaded high with mattresses, ewe lambs, chicken coops, and flowers surmounted by the old grandmother or the baby, who are unable to trudge with the rest of the family literally hundreds of kilometers behind the vehicle. They aggravate Catalonia's food scarcity. You have only to look into the eyes of those who watch you eat a hasty picnic lunch of imported food, en route to the front, to know that this country is hungry. At Villa Franco the other day, where my car stopped for repairs, I collected almost all the village children by starting to distribute half-inch squares of chocolate to the boys and girls who watched the operation. They smacked their lips and yearned for more. They hadn't tasted sweets in almost two years. Couldn't a few million kind folks abroad forgo their candy for a fortnight in order to gladden these children?

Next to food, the shortage of electricity is giving the government many a headache. To be sure, a pall of smoke still hovers over the Barcelona factory districts. Juan Comorera, Catalan Minister of Economy, told me that all the munition factories were working full blast on power from their own Diesels or from coal or from the remaining hydro stations. Half of the export industries are still functioning normally, and more are expected to be brought into operation with coal imported from England and elsewhere, but civilian lighting and urban transportation have been curtailed (in Barcelona, however, many autobuses appeared this week), and industries working for domestic consumption are seriously handicapped.

To face such problems while fighting two great powers, and disloyal generals as well, required a special arsenal of spirit and convictions. The Spanish republic possesses it. The mettle of the Catalans hasn't yet been tried in this war. Catalonia is also fortunate in being the richest portion of Spain. The other day my automobile broke down at Vendrell, a large village about thirty kilometers from Barcelona. I had three hours in which to get acquainted with the place. It had well-stocked private stores, selling shirts, caps, toilet paper, soap, flashlights, radios, textiles, toys, baskets, shoes, fountain pens, watches, stationery, ink, paints, woolens displayed by custom tailors, corsets, electric appliances, and sewing-machines. The inhabitants were well dressed and the women heavily perfumed. The cafes and restaurants had numerous patrons. I got a telephone connection with Barcelona in forty minutes. All this bespeaks reserves of material and the normal organization of life—in other words, a vast capacity for further resistance. And yet the rebels could pulverize Vendrell, as they have Tortosa, by repeated air raids. If the government can buy sufficient airplanes, it will defeat the rebels and weaken Europe's totalitarian aggressors. (With China simultaneously engaging Japan, peace could thus be guaranteed.) The world would benefit—and Spain can pay.

If anyone is still unconvinced that this is a democratic country he might ponder the following fact: General Asensio, former commander-in-chief of the army of the center and subsequently Caballero's Assistant Minister of War, is under arrest charged with treason. While in prison he has written a book justifying his conduct of the war. The book has been published and is being sold openly in Barcelona bookstores. Asensio sent autographed copies of the book to several members of the government.

[*The last-minute arrival of Mr. Fischer's cable from Barcelona compels us to postpone until next week the final tabulation and analysis of* The Nation's *foreign-policy poll, which was scheduled for this issue.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

"Ken"—the Inside Story

BY GEORGE SELDES

THE repudiation of the press by the American people was clearly demonstrated by the 1936 Presidential election. It may not have been complete, but it showed a vast popular disillusion. That someone would capitalize on the situation followed logically. In March, 1937, the idea of publishing a magazine for the masses who had lost faith in the newspapers was discussed by three persons in Chicago.

David A. Smart, young and rich, had made a success with a clothing-trade paper called *Apparel Arts;* Arnold Gingrich, novelist and art connoisseur, had years ago proposed a magazine "for men only"; the two had produced *Esquire,* now selling 600,000 copies a month, and later *Coronet,* which thrived despite the depression and lack of advertising. The third man was Jay Cooke Allen, one of America's great journalists. Allen was to be editor. The magazine was to be called *Ken—the Insiders' World.* Its function would be to tell the truth behind the news, to explore hitherto unexplored fields of American journalism, to defy the forces and men who are forever saying, "You can't print that."

On a boat Paris-bound in April, 1937, Smart gave evidence of a social conscience. "This magazine," he said to Allen, "will be the first big break the under-dog in America has had." All the left and liberal writers were to be employed, and at a $150,000 guest house to be bought or erected facing Central Park the contributors to *Ken* were to taste the Smart largess.

Ken's left-of-center policy was definitely settled when Smart, back in America, received a letter from Allen in Paris explaining the French People's Front. *Ken* was to be a magazine for the coming People's Front in America; it was to take no sides in factional disputes of labor organizations and liberal-labor parties but was to represent a united front of all decent and intelligent liberal and progressive elements. "Thrilled by your letter," Smart cabled, and Allen engaged various liberal journalists to write the "inside story" of Europe.

Then the trouble began. Having accepted Smart's promises at their face value, Allen went to work on a large scale, engaging editors, research workers, and assistants, and ordering big investigations which took time and money. There was nothing picayune about the Allen plans. Since Smart had conceived of *Ken* as a left-wing *Fortune,* the staff prepared a 20,000-word feature on the fascist wars on democracy, to lead the first issue. Then a conference was held; and the left-wing *Fortune* was scrapped in favor of a left-wing *Time.* Again the staff prepared a dummy, concentrating on short items instead of one big lead story; and again there was a dispute over the essential nature of the magazine.

I have seen the dummies, layouts, stories, illustrations, and photographs which Allen prepared, all accurate and interesting pieces, superior to anything which has yet appeared in *Ken,* and yet I have heard Smart sneer about spending forty or fifty thousand dollars on the Allen regime "and not having a damn story to show for it." I am now convinced that a desire to economize, not the style or character of the magazine as worked out by Allen, caused the eventual separation of Smart and Allen.

In October, when the Allen staff was fired, I was shown the supposedly final prospectus which was to bear out the magazine's stated purpose—"*Ken* will be one step left of center . . . anti-war and anti-fascist." Two solid pages boasted that the magazine would not be objective but biased—nobly biased in favor of the awakening liberal-labor movement in America. Gingrich had written that freedom of the press today existed only for the publishers, "and half of them are busy salaaming sacred cows, while the other half are grinding axes on the emery wheel of their own prejudices. Between them they constitute a barrier separating the general public from the insider's world." I was invited to join the staff with the understanding that it would be my job to break down this barrier.

The press department, which I was to edit, would constitute about a third of the magazine, or 30,000 words, including a "lie detector" to which the 10,000 members of the American Newspaper Guild would contribute. Once each month there would be an investigation of the press of a state metropolis. The emphasis was always to be on suppressed news. Gingrich took Dana's motto, "What the good Lord lets happen I am not ashamed to print," as our slogan and made it even more forceful by replacing "ashamed" with "afraid."

My department having been decided upon, I was introduced to Mr. Smart, who reassured me about the policy of the magazine. He spoke of the old days, when his family had been poor and his aunt a friend of Eugene V. Debs. "Even if I were merely doing *Ken* as a business proposition," he continued, "it would be O.K. Here's this new reservoir—the labor movement, the A. F. of L., the C. I. O., the American Labor Party, the progressives in the West—ten or twenty million people who can read. We're going to tap this reservoir." Smart asked what my conception of the magazine was. I replied, "The kind Lincoln Steffens would have been glad to edit." Whereupon Smart said, clinching the matter, "We want something like a cross between *The Nation* and *Life*—liberal and lively, something for the millions, not highbrow like *The Nation* and the *New Republic,* but popular, full of illustrations, and just as liberal."

In addition to the press department Smart suggested that I do a series of articles on the American Legion and the money behind it; another series on Falsehood in War and Peace showing how it is possible to fool all the people all the time when government and press cooperate; a piece on how Franco and the fascist journalists fake the news; an article on the publishers' use of gunmen, thugs, machine-guns, and gas, based on quotations from the La Follette hearings; a dozen pieces showing how the press colors or fakes the news about such subjects as picketing, the American Labor Party, red-baiting, the Supreme Court, social security, the public utilities, the President, various political and social minorities. Smart wanted the Legion series right away because it would cause talk, and "we have got to put this magazine over by causing talk."

It was I who first brought up the subject of big business and advertising pressure. "Suppose they attack *Esquire?*" I said. "If you are going to tell the unpublished truth about everything you'll get in trouble with the advertisers just as magazines and newspapers always do." Smart opened a copy of *Esquire.* "Seventy per cent men's clothes," he said, "20 per cent whiskey and soda; what is there to expose? We're invulnerable. They can't attack us. You'll have an absolutely free hand." Overcome by enthusiasm I said, "Well, this is a reporter's dream of Utopia; I'd work for nothing—." But Smart was magnanimous. He offered to give me a modest salary compared with what the other editors were getting until we got a million circulation, then he would put me "in the upper-bracket income class."

Enthusiasm blinds one. I realize now that in the journalistic Utopia in which I seemed to live in November, 1937, I paid no attention to the following suspicious items: prospectuses which said that Paul de Kruif and Ernest Hemingway were working editors when they were not editors at all but contributors; the sudden firing of almost the entire Allen staff, with, at Allen's request, two weeks' pay; troubles about payment to authors engaged by Allen; Smart's proposal to employ George Sokolsky (I had the minutes of the Nye munitions investigation naming Sokolsky in an arms deal, and an investigator of the La Follette committee had informed me that Sokolsky would shortly be named as being in the employ of the National Association of Manufacturers); lack of union organization among the workers and their expressed dissatisfaction over wages.

Against these facts was my strong belief that so long as I kept away from men's clothing and the liquor industry I would have a free hand in publishing a free journal. Accordingly, I wrote seven articles on the American Legion, four on Falsehood in Peace and War, an exposé of the Paris *Herald Tribune,* dozens of items for the lie detector of the press—a total of at least 80,000 words. Meanwhile the gossip columnists and the trade press spread the story that *Ken* was to represent the liberal-labor movement, tell the truth, shame the devil, and defy the foul fiend of big business.

The joy in the editors' offices was more than balanced by the gloom in *Ken's* advertising department. It was not satisfied with the way things were going. Some publishers took space, including my own. Consumers' Union telephoned it would take a page, but the shouts of victory from the advertising solicitors turned to groans when the manager decided that a Consumers' Union announcement would further repel commercial manufacturers. No advertising agency, no big business house appeared willing to be on either friendly or commercial terms with a publication that admitted it favored the liberal and labor movement in America. "All that the agencies are asking," one of the solicitors told me, "is that the policy be changed to anti-labor and anti-liberal."

Then the Chicago business office descended on the New York business office. There was a banquet and a conference with advertising leaders, and immediately afterward Gingrich, who represented the editorial department, called me to his hotel and said, "They not only

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backed me up against the wall, they backed me through the wall." Subsequently I was told to "lay off commodities." Since I had written about politics, not patent medicines, I could not understand this request.

Shortly afterward Smart burst into my office white with fury. "Who told you to write those Legion articles?" he shouted. "You did," I replied. "Well, damn it, I've been trying to sign up the Prudential Life for three years; they keep saying *Esquire* isn't their type. So I'm about to land them for *Ken* when you write a piece saying a bunch of bankers formed the Legion and control it, and Franklin D'Olier of the Prudential Life is one of this royal family. We haven't a chance to get this ad if we run your Legion series."

The series is now in the wastebasket.

Naturally I told the story around the office. Every advertising man could tie or cap it. The *Esquire* office classic is about a writer who mentioned an Englishman putting plain water instead of soda into his whiskey, "as most Englishmen do." The story passed the editors and got into proof. At the last minute, however, it was caught. "As most Englishmen do" came out, and the author was summoned. "Cracks like that will ruin us," one of the business heads shouted at him. "Do you realize what that would have cost us? White Rock—$50,000; Canada Dry—$50,000; Hoffmann Beverages—don't you think when you write?"

I got along famously with the advertising, circulation, and business departments. I liked the new cynicism which pervaded their offices, as it once did the city room—before the guild arrived. "If journalists are a lot of prostitutes," one of the advertising solicitors said, "what are we? We're the dung collectors."

If big business and soda water and commodities were out, there was still the press department: newspapers didn't advertise much in magazines. I got letters from the Associated Press and United Press proving that the Hearst publications were changing "Loyalists" to "reds" in A. P. and U. P. dispatches, and otherwise distorting the news from Spain. I got out a department on Americans who had declared themselves in favor of Mussolini, Hitler, and Franco. In the La Follette civil-liberties reports I found some great stuff on spies, machine-guns, gas, and red-baiting which no newspaper had published.

Smart thought I was going on at too great length. "Once you've said the news is colored, that's enough," he said. I asked if the press department was out. He said, "No, but it ought to be something else." I wrote to Gingrich asking for an inside letter on the inside situation, but before I got it I learned from one of my friends in the advertising department that a big agency had threatened to withdraw a fortune in advertising from *Esquire* "if as much as one line pro-labor appeared in *Ken*." The next day I noticed a change in the "inspirational talks" which I often overheard in the office next to mine. "Tell them we have changed our policy. Tell them we are anti-Communist now as well as anti-fascist. Tell your contacts we're going after the reds too." Various circulars and letters containing red-baiting phrases were sent out.

The advertising men who had previously been so friendly to me now refused to talk. Outside the office one of them told me that they had had an order from Smart in Chicago not to talk to me. "You are a bad influence. He says we lose our sincerity as solicitors when we talk to you. You undermine advertising morale." A day or two later I received a telegram from Smart asking me to do my work at home as my office was needed for a photographer.

My "work" now consisted of a series of articles on foreign dictators and their love life, the only subjects I had left which, according to Smart, were "up to *Ken* standards." And finally Gingrich informed me that "the financial winds seem to be blowing the daylights out of that apparently fair-weather form of liberalism that was one of the major tenets of *Ken* as you and I first planned it." Big business, and advertising, its spearhead in the attack on the liberal-labor movement in America, had won out completely. There remained but one mystery: why the press department, the main feature, had not appeared. It may not be without significance in this connection that Mr. Smart has for years also been operating the Esquire Features Syndicate, which sells comic strips and other items to more than a hundred papers.

This was the history of *Ken* up to the return of Hemingway from Spain. Hearing rumors in Key West that there had been a change in policy, he telegraphed me for the prospectus and consulted with his fellow "working editor," Paul de Kruif. Even before *Ken* appeared Hemingway had decided he did not want to be listed as an editor. De Kruif had protested against the red-baiting cartoons in the first issue and also threatened to withdraw his name. He sent in his resignation on April 18 with the announcement that he would not contribute any articles in the future. John L. Spivak, also listed as an editor but actually the roving staff correspondent, left word in New York when he left for Czechoslovakia that he would resign if red-baiting continued. De Kruif and others have cabled to Hemingway in Barcelona suggesting that he discontinue writing for *Ken*. At a meeting of almost a score of New York contributors a letter was written to Smart demanding that the original policy of the magazine be restored and the pressure of the advertising agencies defied.

The first issue of *Ken,* although filled with anti-Hitler and anti-Mussolini material, contained almost nothing about the United States of America. Red-baiting, the sop for big business, was represented in some hurriedly gathered cartoons, one of which lumped Loyalist Spain with fascist Spain as part of the black plague of dictatorship. The second issue continued to expose Mussolini and Hitler and spies in Mexico. These foreign contributions, it must be admitted, appear to be well documented and reliable. And there have been two articles on domestic labor problems. But it is apparent that far-away fascism is *Ken's* real foe; there has been no mention of vigilante fascism, or the National Association of Manufacturers' brand of fascism as exposed by the La

Follette committee, or all the other fascist movements masquerading under patriotic names in America and drawing money from the big business men who are also the big advertisers.

Considerable speculation is heard in various quarters about *Ken's* future. There are persons who would like to make it an anti-Administration organ for the 1940 campaign, the spokesman of big business. The McClure Syndicate release for April 20 stated that Albert Lasker, head of the powerful Lord and Thomas advertising agency, has a financial interest in *Ken*.

The history of *Ken* teaches many important lessons. It proves for our time and generation the sad truth learned by a dozen weeklies and monthlies in the great muckraking era of 1905 to 1917—that big business and advertising will either change a magazine's policy from liberal to reactionary or try to ruin the magazine. Having spent $100,000 or more to promote *Ken*, its publishers perceived that a liberal policy might seriously affect advertising revenue. The impossibility of combining progress with profit, demonstrated before the war, is even clearer today, with the advertising agencies becoming the leaders in a class-conscious attack on progressive liberalism. On the other hand we have proof that a large audience exists which would support a popular magazine really free from advertising control. When *Ken* announced a left-of-center policy, a quarter of a million advance buyers appeared. Many of them still want the press department, the lie detector, the truth behind the newspapers, the liberal and pro-labor policy. There is certainly a field for the very magazine which *Ken* promised to be in its first prospectus, which the first two issues fail to be with any degree of completeness. To publish such a magazine for the millions a considerable sum of money is needed along with a certain amount of courage.

Handouts for Railroads

BY ELIOT JANEWAY

LOANS of millions of dollars of government money to roads ready without them for bankruptcy and reorganization; loans with no purpose other than that of preserving intact a fantastic structure of railroad bonded debt inherited from the days of Jay Gould and Daniel Drew; loans which do not help but hinder recovery in the United States—this is the record of government subsidy to the railroad industry. Pump-priming directed to the railroads would probably be as effective and swift in promoting recovery as any pump-priming could be. But the aid extended to the railroads by the government has taken the form of subsidies to bond-holders, not of loans which could be used to put men and machines to work through railroad operation and railroad buying. The $435,000,000 poured into the railroads by Jesse Jones, head of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, was not for the purpose of increasing business activity through government aid, but was intended simply to save the bonded-debt structure of the railroads.

This protection of widows, orphans, insurance companies, and trust funds might be laudable if it were successful. But despite RFC loans all but a very few railroad bonds are selling today at prices that only actual or impending bankruptcy would warrant. Every RFC loan, every attempt to rescue an already doomed debt structure by adding a new debt to it, has caused the value of the threatened bonds to shrink again. Each shrinkage in value brings the prospect of final bankruptcy closer. Mr. Jones's lending policy has neither provided adequate support for railroad bonds nor released railroad earnings for spending in, say, the stagnant steel industry, with the increased activity and employment that such spending would bring.

The incorrectness of the RFC lending policy is underscored by an admission made before the Wheeler committee by Mortimer N. Buckner, chairman of the board of the New York Trust Company. Mr. Buckner stated that any railroad which was not in need of reorganization and had adequate collateral was able to obtain a loan from a bank. The RFC was not needed to furnish such loans; the New York Trust Company would be glad to make them. Mr. Buckner's competence as a witness may be established by a quotation from a confidential letter written in 1934 by the president of the bankrupt Milwaukee Railroad: "So far as the railroads are concerned, the RFC is Jesse Jones, and, confidentially, through Mort Buckner we have the best possible entry there. I cannot speak too warmly of the appreciation I have of the way Mort has taken off his coat and kept constantly at work on this job" (the securing of a loan for the Milwaukee on the eve of its bankruptcy). The RFC, Buckner evidently thought, was to advance money to roads which the banks refused to help. But the RFC, it should be remembered, was created in January, 1932, to supply credit which the banks, then in dire trouble, were in no position to extend. Since we have it on Mr. Buckner's authoritative word that the banks are now "very anxious" to supply such credit when it is sound banking policy to do so, the current loans to bail out the roads would seem to be beyond the confines of the RFC enabling act.

The history of some of these loans is worth examining. In December of 1934 the directors of the Milwaukee, originally capitalized at $803,000,000, were agreed that the road would have to go through the wringer. Nevertheless, they applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to obtain a loan from the RFC. (It is necessary for the ICC to certify that any road which wishes to secure an RFC loan is in sound financial shape and not in need of reorganization.) The ICC gave its consent. Then, with the aid of Mr. Buckner the Milwaukee obtained a loan from the RFC which increased its indebtedness to that organization to $11,000,000. A few months later it was in the bankruptcy courts for reorganization and has not yet emerged. Evidence of the road's unpardonably overcapitalized structure is found in the fact that the management itself subsequently proposed to reorganize it with a capital of only $590,000,000, whereas the original value was $803,000,000. Before the management abandoned this plan as "impractical," Mr. Jones attempted to speed up its completion by offering to put up an additional $24,000,000 to salvage his former loan of $11,000,000.

The Wabash, which the Pennsylvania controls, is another grossly overcapitalized occupant of the bankruptcy courts. After the Wabash had gone into receivership early in the depression, the RFC advanced it nearly $16,000,000 to enable it to continue interest payments to preferred bond-holders and to repay half of the money it owed to banks—a high-handed and questionable procedure unless we are to have a new definition of bankruptcy. Certainly it is no business of the United States government to be the "fall guy" for creditors of insolvent railroads. The reorganization plan of the management is evidence of the gratitude which the government may expect from the interests it is so anxious to rescue. Preferred bond-holders of the Wabash, under this plan, are to receive 100 per cent value in first-mortgage bonds maturing in thirty years. The scaling down of obligations inherent in reorganization is not to touch these preferred bond-holders. The government, however, is to be paid off in bonds on which interest is due only if it is earned after the payments on the first-mortgage bonds of preferred bond-holders have been taken care of in full, and which will not mature for forty or fifty years. As Senator Wheeler said, this plan is indeed "raw treatment for the taxpayers."

The first casualty of 1938 was the Erie, which found its way into the bankruptcy courts just twenty days after the ICC had certified that it was not in need of reorganization. Among its obligations was $16,000,000 owed to the RFC. The chain of events which led to the bankruptcy of the Erie began with the road's request for an additional $6,000,000 to meet interest bills. It was on this occasion that the ICC declared the road sound. The RFC, in arranging for collateral to cover the loan, asked the rich Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, which has a controlling interest in the Erie, to put up a $2,500,000 guaranty. This the C. and O. refused to do. It had already sunk $45,000,000 in the Erie, but it evidently felt that the policy of throwing good money after bad had best be left to the government. Its chairman, Herbert Fitzpatrick, a Van Sweringen veteran, declared that he at any rate was in disagreement with the ICC's certification of the Erie as sound. The road, he felt, was in need of reorganization, and he accordingly refused to let the C. and O. sink another penny in its own property. The Erie promptly repudiated its January 1 interest payments and went into bankruptcy. The C. and O.'s stand is the measure of the confidence of the railroad magnates themselves in the structure of bonded debt which Mr. Jones is trying to preserve.

The RFC is still trying to save other railroads now hovering on the brink of bankruptcy. Foremost among these is the Baltimore and Ohio. If the B. and O. goes bankrupt—and its bonds are already selling at bankruptcy levels—America will witness its first billion-dollar bankrupt corporation, barely four decades after its first billion-dollar corporation was formed. Interest payments on the B. and O.'s enormously overcapitalized debt structure fall due inexorably while the revenues of this steel-and-coal carrier dry up. The road must earn almost $100,000 a day to pay its fixed interest charges, and a high Administration official has stated that its present earnings come to about one-tenth of this figure, though rigorous economies have been effected that allow no money for maintenance or sinking funds or for payment of bills or taxes. A receivership that would stop this drain of interest payments and put the money into maintaining the property would be a mercy. As it is, the elementary expenditures now being deferred are increasing the huge sum that will have to be spent to put the road back into shape.

The RFC is simply prolonging the agony of the B. and O. by using taxpayers' money to help it meet its interest payments, and the road is piling up an enormous debt to the government—$80,000,000 at the end of 1937. Last December the B. and O. asked for an additional $8,223,000 to keep itself out of bankruptcy during the first quarter of 1938. The RFC and the ICC permitted the loan on condition that it be used for maintenance. And this is what the ICC sanctioned as maintenance: part of the loan went to pay for past maintenance, completed before the loan was asked for; part to pay off notes on equipment bought in 1922 and 1926; part to meet the pay rolls when pay-roll funds were being requisitioned to pay interest; and part for maintenance pay rolls in March and April. But on April 1 twenty-four hours after the last instalment of the loan for maintenance pay rolls had been received, the management posted a furlough notice for its clerks, effective April 1.

Here is a road with no liquid resources, facing an endless succession of monthly interest bills, and with a bonded indebtedness of $51,000,000 maturing in 1939, and of still more later. It will not be simply an occasional two or three million in 1939 but this plus $51,000,000 that Mr. Jones will have to make over to the B. and O. if he is to save it from bankruptcy. As for the more immediate problem of keeping it out of bankruptcy in 1938, Mr. Jones, when questioned about this, said that the carrier's officials were confident that by cutting all expenses to the bone it would pull through the year. Is aiding a billion-dollar corporation to lay off workers and stop buying materials and supplies a recovery policy?

Three minor roads, the Boston and Maine, the Pittsburgh and West Virginia, and the Lehigh Valley, are also being kept out of the bankruptcy courts by the RFC. All three are controlled by the Pennsylvania. Each is borrowing money in order to pay its bond-holders. Like the Chesapeake and Ohio in the case of its creature the Erie, the Pennsylvania is unwilling to spend its own money to save its property. After all, why should it, when the RFC will step in? The unsound nature of the RFC loans is well illustrated by those to the Lehigh, which turned to the RFC only after exhausting its credit at the New York and Philadelphia banks, borrowing from one to pay another. Collateral offered and accepted for the RFC loan included a twenty-two-year-old claim against the German government for the Black Tom explosion.

The gilt-edged Southern Pacific has just obtained a $14,000,000 RFC loan, after borrowing $20,000,000 from banks which refuse to advance more. Its condition offers perhaps the clearest proof of the need of the roads for an interest moratorium. The Southern Pacific, a crop carrier, has just moved the greatest crop in history, but fixed charges which average $30,000,000 a year have bled the road so thoroughly that six lean months have rendered it incapable of carrying its tremendous bonded burden. The $14,000,000 it is asking for now and the $6,000,000 or more it may well have to ask for later are not reducing its debts but simply piling them higher and transferring them from private creditors to the public.

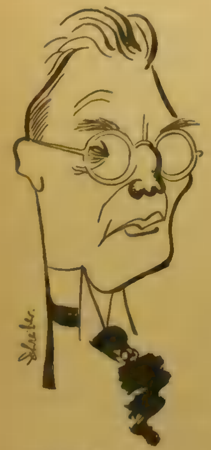
The interest moratorium which the RFC has labored so valiantly to prevent is approaching none the less. In the middle of April the finest road in the country, the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé, deferred an interest payment for the first time since 1899. It was not earning the charges on one of its bonds, the price of which promptly fell from 87 to 72. Insurance companies and trust funds have already had to accept such losses. And every time a government loan is added to the creaking debt structure of the railroads, bond prices sink further under its weight. State laws in New York and Connecticut, where the great insurance companies and fiduciary institutions are concentrated, now prohibit the purchase by such organizations of more than half the railroad bonds outstanding—although companies unfortunately saddled with such paper may continue to hold it.

The activity of the RFC, then, is not helping the bondholders. It is forcing roads to operate under ruinous fixed charges which prevent normal purchasing for maintenance and improvement. A government official admitted recently, "Lending money to the B. and O. for maintenance so that it can pay its interest is like lending money to someone for rent so that he can gamble his rent money on the races." Apparently there is to be no end if Mr. Jones has his way. Meanwhile, a first-rate panic hangs over the bond market, and the B. and O. and other roads continue to lay off men and to suspend all purchases.

Dr. Seyss and Mr. Inquart

BY LUDWIG LORE

"THEY say that a man never learns who his true friends are until he's in trouble. In my case trouble showed me my enemies too." With these words Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg of Austria received the news that Arthur Seyss-Inquart had been made the governor of the Nazi province of Austria.



Arthur Seyss-Inquart

You will look in vain for the name of Austria's new dictator in the earlier files of the American and European press. Seyss-Inquart is that *rara avis* among dictators, a man who, until his accession to power, was almost unknown to the people of the country he rules. He is not a newcomer in Austrian political circles, however. Those around Schuschnigg knew him as the Chancellor's friend, a well-dressed man of aristocratic appearance and impeccable manners who enjoyed considerable popularity in Viennese society, as a successful attorney with a large and prosperous Jewish clientele, as a Catholic who had never joined the Christian Social or any other party except the "Fatherland Front," as a man who had always favored union with Germany but who had never—to that they would have sworn—become a member of or even publicly sympathized with the Austrian National Socialist Party. They did not know that he had been for years the secret Austrian representative of Adolf Hitler, that he directed the countless agents who carried on National Socialist propaganda and terror in all parts of Austria, that, as the *Paris-Midi* revealed a few weeks ago, he secured passports, residence permits, and other necessary papers for illegal emissaries from the Third Reich who could never have obtained these documents through regular Austrian government channels.

One can imagine Dr. Schuschnigg's amazement when, during the Berchtesgaden conversations, the Führer insisted that Seyss-Inquart be appointed Minister of the Interior with full authority over the Austrian police apparatus. The Austrian Chancellor thought he must have misunderstood. Seyss-Inquart, he assured Hitler, was

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without political experience, without the technical experience required of a Minister of the Interior. He suggested giving Seyss-Inquart the Ministry of Justice, but Hitler insisted, and Chancellor Schuschnigg returned to Vienna much disturbed. When he saw Seyss-Inquart again it was at the head of a troop of twenty S. A.'s. It was Seyss-Inquart who ordered the Chancellor to remain in his apartment and stationed an armed guard there, and it was he who announced, simultaneously with Hermann Göring, that his friend Schuschnigg would be tried for treason. Vienna's suave "mystery man" is out in the open at last.

The new dictator of Austria was born on July 2, 1892, in Stannern near Iglau, now a Sudeten German district of Czechoslovakia in which only servants and market women speak Czech, and German is the language of all social, public, and business life. During his early student years at Iglau he associated with a group of young Sudeten Germans who were later to become the leaders of the Czechoslovakian Nazi movement. Rudolf Jung, the chief of the old National Socialist Labor Party, Karl Hans Strobl, Sudeten Germany's outstanding man of letters, Dr. Wilhelm Sebekowski, the theorist of the Nazi movement, and Walter Wannemacher, editor-in-chief of the Sudeten German Nazi organ *Die Zeit*, were his closest friends and remained on intimate terms with him in the years that followed.

In the World War Seyss-Inquart served on the Isonzo front until he was discharged with a severe leg wound. He still limps from the effects of that injury. The sector next to his was under the command of another young law student, a certain Kurt Schuschnigg, with whom he remained on the best of terms through the post-war years despite differences of political opinion. Both were devout Catholics, but Schuschnigg became a member of the Christian Social Party while Seyss-Inquart refused all party ties. When Dollfuss created Austria's authoritarian state, both became members of the Austrian Corporate Council. After Schuschnigg became Chancellor, Seyss-Inquart made his only speech from the floor, a protest against Schuschnigg's attack on Austrian pan-Germans for placing "improper emphasis on German nationalist aims." He called the Chancellor sharply to account for his "deliberate violation of the German idea" and declared, "To me that I am a German is just as important as that I am an Austrian. The time is past when we can afford to be divided into national groups."

Though Austria's secret service was never especially efficient, it is hard to understand how Hitler's right-hand man could have lived his double life for so many years without once betraying his activities. It seems incredible that his plotting should not have been discovered sooner. His home was the center of the Nazi web in which Austria was enmeshed. He was at all times in direct contact with Berlin. When the National Socialist Party of Austria was dissolved shortly before the assassination of Dollfuss, the German government sent into Austria some eighty special agents to reorganize it as an underground movement. These men entered Austria with Seyss-Inquart's assistance and met at his home to discuss their plans. After they left for their various posts, they communicated with one another through him. In all questions of importance he was the final arbiter.

Of course a widely known and respected attorney has all sorts of connections. Dr. Seyss-Inquart used them all in the interests of his chief. In 1935 he arranged to bring the Austrian Legion back across the border from Bavaria in small groups and hold them in readiness for a German invasion. This plan was abandoned when Mussolini intervened, but Hitler had other resources. A "poison pen" campaign launched against the Duce's protege, Prince Rüdiger von Starhemberg, discredited in the eyes of the Austrian people not only the bankrupt and degenerate aristocrat but his Italian sponsor as well. Schuschnigg was not entirely ignorant of Seyss-Inquart's part in this, but he tolerated it because the quashing of Starhemberg's aspirations fitted so admirably into his own program.

In July of 1936 a group of Austrian National Socialists came to an understanding with the Schuschnigg government for a reconciliation with the Fatherland Front. The negotiations were conducted by a committee of seven, with Dr. Leopold Tavs as secretary general. The Tavs committee was officially recognized by Schuschnigg until the Viennese police discovered that it was planning a putsch to overthrow the government, which would have given the Reich an excuse to cross the Austrian frontier. The plan provided for the annexation not only of Austria but of the German area of Czechoslovakia as well. At Berchtesgaden Schuschnigg accused Hitler of having abetted this plot.

On his return to Vienna the Chancellor prepared a written report of what occurred in Hitler's mountain retreat and sent the document to Prague for safe keeping. When the situation in Prague became dangerous a few days later, he ordered it taken to London, where it is now in safe hands. After the plan was discovered, says the Manchester *Guardian*, Herr von Papen, Germany's envoy to Austria, took a flying trip to Berchtesgaden to discuss the situation with the Führer. He then brought Chancellor Schuschnigg the Führer's invitation to talk things over. The only condition was that neither England nor France must learn of the projected visit. What happened after that is public knowledge.

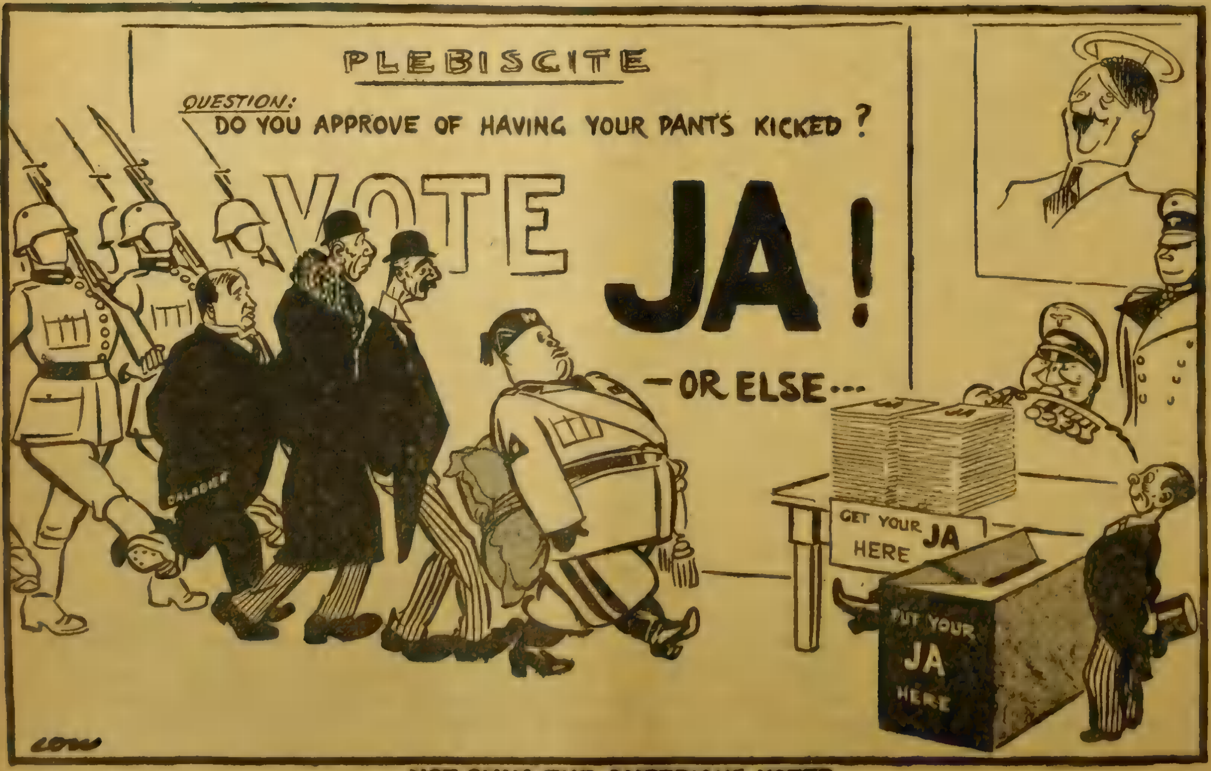
During all these negotiations Seyss-Inquart was on duty behind the scenes. Outwardly he continued to play his part as Dr. Schuschnigg's adviser, urging him to come to an understanding with Germany and even going to Hitler as Schuschnigg's trusted representative, after the Berchtesgaden conversations, to persuade the Führer to accept a compromise.

What the rule of the new Nazi Governor of Austria will be like remains to be seen. The man's easy acceptance of questionable methods is hardly encouraging, yet it is a well-known fact that he has always had liberal leanings. But for his overweening ambition he would probably have gone the way of Otto Strasser and the others who found themselves in opposition to the official party views. He was attracted by the ideas of the Social Democrats during his student years and even toyed for a time with the idea of joining the party, which had a large following in the Sudeten German region. He was on friendly terms with the aged Social Democratic leader Pernerstorffer, and used this and other connections on various occasions to get the help of the Austrian Social Democrats in his numerous enterprises. His first attempts were met with distrust, but early in 1937 he succeeded in persuading several prominent trade-union leaders to join the Fatherland Front. After the appointment of the Nazi Cabinet in Vienna he ordered the reinstatement of eleven members of the Republican (Social Democratic) Defense Corps in Vienna's Fire Department, from which they had been ousted by Dollfuss after the February uprising in 1934. Dr. Neubacher, the new Nazi Oberbürgermeister of the Austrian capital, celebrated the event with a solemn address in which he welcomed the reinstated men back as "fighters for a new and better order."

Seyss-Inquart is not a "strong man" according to modern dictator standards, but Hitler would probably not care to see a strong man at the head of his Austrian province. What he needs is a pliable tool, a skilful politician who can play on every string until the people of Austria are firmly rooted in the German state. He can rely on Seyss-Inquart to keep faith because the one honest quality the man possesses is his absolute devotion to the German idea. He will be Hitler's man as long as the Führer gives reasonable assurance of his determination and ability to create a great Teutonic state in which the Sudeten Germans will come into their own. In the period of organization which preceded Hitler's "bloodless" conquest of Austria he was the ideal man. Largely through his efforts the plan for the annexation of Austria was so minutely worked out that the process of taking over the government proceeded practically without a hitch.

Certainly he is not overburdened by scruples or feelings. Though he had been the legal representative of Vienna's wealthiest Jews, he could close both eyes to anti-Semitic terrorism. In fact, the Saar leader, Bürckel, whom Hitler sent to Austria to manage the plebiscite campaign, warned Berlin that it should not proceed too rapidly against the Austrian Jewry. When interviewed regarding the sensational number of suicides, the new governor called it "a natural consequence of social adjustment." It was Seyss-Inquart who persuaded Bürckel to win Cardinal Innitzer's support for *Anschluss* with promises which may or may not be kept; the experience of the Saar Catholics with Bürckel should have warned the Cardinal.

Austria will henceforth be known as the Ostmark province of the Third Reich. In his capacity as Statthalter Dr. Seyss-Inquart will give the new province a sound business administration during the period of incorporation and adjustment and will be perfectly content to leave the life and liberty of the Austrian people in his master's hands. That Hitler chose Seyss-Inquart to carry out the Austrian revolution is another example of his political shrewdness. This man is no Starhemberg. He will never become a serious competitor for the Führer's supremacy, nor will he, and that is an important consideration, give a divided allegiance which might, in time, play into the Duce's hands.



NOT ONLY THE AUSTRIANS VOTED.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A Problem in Ethics

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN has posed a serious problem for students of ethics and morality. He has perhaps deferred the coming of war by making a shameful bargain with Mussolini. He has sacrificed Spain deliberately and finally. He has lent his sanction to the base conquest of Ethiopia. In return, the Mediterranean tension between the two countries is eased and Mussolini gives his approval to the latest British aggression, the new Arabian "protectorate" just set up by the English north of the Red Sea—in other words, a new colony for England at the very moment that perfidious Albion has been asking all the world to concentrate its attention on the wrongdoings of Hitler and Mussolini. So everyone will now judge what has happened according to his own particular philosophy and his ethical standards. There will be some to say that so ignoble a pact should never have been signed, even in the interest of peace; and there will be plenty of others who will point out that this is an imperfect world, that one must be practical, that one cannot hope to achieve the ideal, and that therefore it was the best thing to do.

Actually the pact means little or nothing beyond this recognition of the aggressions of either side. Mussolini promises to get out of Spain just when Franco has about won with Mussolini's aid; and it must not be overlooked that no date whatever is set in the treaty for carrying it into effect. It is all contingent upon the date of Mussolini's final withdrawal from Spain. That may be six months or a year from now. True, the treaty affirms England's intention to keep the Suez Canal open at all times for international use, but to that it was bound anyway. What is most important of all is whether the signature of Benito Mussolini is worth anything. It has pleased him to put his name to this document as he has put his signature to others—only to forget that fact whenever it suited his purpose. There is no truth, no honor, and no sincerity in him any more than in Hitler. I agree with Robert Dell, who has just said that "an agreement with Mussolini's signature . . . is not worth the ink with which it is written." This arrangement with England suits Mussolini for the moment. It will last only so long as he thinks it is to his advantage, and not a day longer.

Curiously enough, this grossly immoral bargain has nowhere been so acclaimed as in Washington. The President himself went out of his way publicly to applaud the accord in a statement read by him at his regular press conference. True, he said that our government "does not attempt to pass upon the political features" of this agreement, but he added that it has seen its conclusion "with sympathetic interest because it is proof of the value of peaceful negotiations." Yet ours is the country which has refused to recognize the theft of Manchoukuo and the rape of Ethiopia and has only recognized the conquest of Austria because of the extraordinary situation of that country. Even before the President spoke, the specially favored New York *Times* reported from Washington that the State Department was rejoicing over the great success of the "realistic policy" of Chamberlain.

What this means is that the State Department now confidently counts upon England's being in a position to decrease its forces in the Mediterranean and send some battleships to Singapore—battleships are always the foundation of Mr. Hull's policy in the Far East. With England threatening Japan at Singapore, our State Department advocates of the mailed-fist policy with Japan—and war if necessary—can be counted on to be more aggressive than ever. I do not know whether it is true that the President, as has been declared, has said that we must have a policy "to scare the pants off Japan," but no further proof is needed that the State Department is ready for "parallel action" with Great Britain in its effort to achieve American dominance in Asian waters. True, the Japanese are obstinately refusing to commit more outrages against Americans, but this may be remedied any day, and even this fly in the ointment cannot keep the State Department from openly hailing the touching sight of Chamberlain and Mussolini guaranteeing each other's swag in the name of peace and harmony.

The American advocates of collective security cannot, however, be as happy about it. They have felt that we must stand by to protect democratic England and France from a desperate Mussolini. They will find it harder now to win the American people to their point of view in the face of the holy alliance of Chamberlain and the Duce. Our people will hardly rush to the rescue of England when England is ready to talk business with the dictator on such terms. If I were an Englishman I might rejoice that the Mediterranean was safe, but I should hang my head with shame that my country more than any other was responsible for the destruction of the fair young democracy of Spain and that it had acquiesced in a wrong against which Gladstone and John Bright, Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and even Palmerston would have protested. If I were an Englishman I should blush to recall how the British peacemakers at Versailles indorsed the new world order of Wilson, in which there were to be no more colonies but only mandated territory. Finally, to me it seems that the price paid by Chamberlain is far too great in dishonor for the slight betterment of the peace situation he has obtained.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOK CLUBS

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

LONG ago Dean Swift described satirically the Battle of the Books in St. James's Library, where the buckram hosts of "Ancients" and "Moderns" clashed dustily from dawn till dark. In Britain today there is a new and genuine battle of the books, part of a world battle which on other fronts is being fought with far deadlier weapons, a battle to decide whether we have any future to look forward to save a fascist one.

There is, of course, nothing new in politico-literary warfare. In eighteenth-century England the pamphleteer was a power in the land, and ever since then printed propaganda has been second only to oratory as a political weapon. But a new technique has recently been introduced with the organization of book clubs whose aims are educational rather than polemical. Their object is not so much to answer opponents as to build up an informed army of adherents, solidly wedded to a definite point of view.

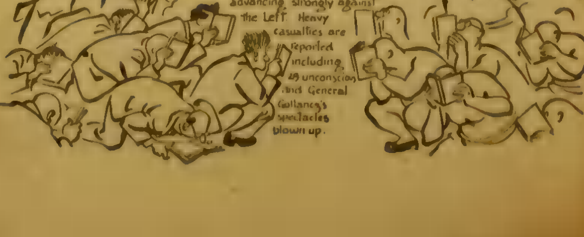
The pioneer in this field was the Left Book Club, formed scarcely two years ago for the purpose of rallying anti-fascists of every kind. From the start it went with a bang, indicating the reality of the demand as well as the enormous energy and enthusiasm of its promoters. In less than a year it had 40,000 members and, branching out into a variety of activities, had become a genuine political portent. Rather late in the day the forces on the right awoke to its significance and hastily martialed an opposition. Last summer there was a proliferation of book clubs that almost disorganized the British book trade. So far as I have been able to check, there are now two "right" book clubs (one calling itself "National"), three religious, one Liberal, and one Socialist club. In addition, two or three non-political clubs, offering similar financial inducements, have been formed.

Despite this competition the Left Book Club is keeping well in front; as the prototype it deserves fuller description. According to John Strachey, one of the founders, the original scheme was for a club backed by all publishers of left-wing literature. Only Victor Gollancz, a comparatively new but extremely enterprising London house, accepted it and, after a year of waiting for other publishers to come in, went ahead alone. The basic idea was to make available to members a special edition of one book a month, chosen by a selection committee of three, at a uniform price of two shillings and sixpence. At the beginning these were books taken from the Gollancz list for which the ordinary buyer had to pay a much higher price. Now the club often orders books from authors, and in some cases they do not become available in trade editions.

Members are committed to the monthly choice whether the subject appeals to them or not. But as the club grew, it began to offer optional "additional" or "supplementary" books, mostly at the same price, but in any case well below the price of the book to the general public. The mounting torrent of "left" books merely served to increase the appetite for them, and in order to feed it new series were rapidly launched—short topical books, cheap educational primers specially written for the club, reprints of classics such as Tawney's "Acquisitive Society." Recently, at a club meeting which packed London's two largest concert halls, Gollancz announced yet another development—the issue of "a mass of cheap popular fiction, meant to reach the millions of non-thinkers." These stories, intended to offset the common type of fiction in which the villain is a red, will presumably feature left heroes foiling dastardly fascist plots.

In its choice of books the club has shown considerable catholicity, and when, as frequently happens, it is accused of being a Communist under-cover organization, it is able to point to such works as "The Labor Party in Perspective" by C. R. Attlee, leader of the Labor Party. Nor have its publications all been directly political. They have included a novel by Malraux and historical works like Huberman's "Man's Wordly Goods." A book which brought many members to the club was "Walls Have Mouths," a powerful description of English prison life by W. F. R. Macartney, credited with some responsibility for the penal reforms recently instituted in Britain.

At an early stage of the Left Book Club's career, members began to form discussion circles, getting in touch with one another through the *Left News,* distributed free to every member with his monthly book. These groups multiplied rapidly, and it was soon necessary to engage organizers and create a central office. Starting very informally, many of these groups have become important local bodies, promoting meetings and engaging in propaganda for the club and other left-wing objectives. This movement began on a geographical basis, but recently in London it has been developing on guild lines and forming scientists', actors', commercial travelers', lawyers',


BOOK CLUB WAR
A fierce battle is now taking place on the Reading front, the Blimp Book Club advancing strongly against the Left. Heavy casualties are reported including 49 unconscious and General Gollancz's spectacles blown up.

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musicians', and other professional groups. Individual membership in the club now exceeds 50,000, and there are over 750 discussion groups, including several in the dominions and colonies.

Obviously, an organized body of this kind, inspired with a strong political point of view, with the active interest of its members guaranteed by their outlay for books of at least $6 a year, is a force to be reckoned with. It is not surprising that the Tories should view it with alarm, but the uneasiness it has caused orthodox leaders of the Labor Party requires further explanation. Victor Gollancz has insisted frequently that the club is not a political body, that it exists simply to publish books, written from many different points of view but broadly anti-fascist, in the hope that from criticisms and discussions "certain general ideas and practical policies will emerge on which all can agree as a basis for the struggle against the common enemy." This is rather a long way of saying that it is promoting the united front—a policy which the Labor Party has time and again decisively rejected. There is, indeed, little doubt that the Left Book Club, ably seconded by Herren Hitler and Chamberlain, has done a great deal for this cause. Not being a political party and being outside old political squabbles, it has provided an opportunity for all kinds of laborites, liberals, and radicals to get together. It has encouraged its members to work for the Labor Party, and there is strong evidence that it has brought in many new recruits and revived the interest of old hands.

Since this is absolutely on all fours with the present Communist Party line, it is not surprising that the club should be accused of Communist inspiration. Victor Gollancz has always maintained that the relationship does not go beyond sympathy and offers as evidence the fact that while the club has published books by Communists, it has also published many others which would certainly qualify for Moscow's index. Moreover, he points out that on the all-powerful Selection Committee, composed of himself, Professor Laski, and John Strachey, only the last-named is a member of the Communist Party. Nevertheless, the suspicion of Communist leanings is not entirely groundless; certainly the ideological lead given to members through articles and reviews in the *Left News* is definitely Marxist-Stalinist. There are, however, indications that these questions are coming to have only an academic interest. Under the pressure of events the united front appears to be taking shape in Britain not as a formal treaty but as a means of action.

There is no sign, as yet, of any corresponding ferment in the Tory ranks, though their book clubs claim to be attracting a large following. Both the "Right" Book Club* and the National Book Association (president, Earl Baldwin) have adopted the general features of their left rival, including discussion groups, but both have one additional feature—the lengthy list of titled patrons without which no Tory organization would feel well and reactionary body—an intellectual haven for the Colonel truly launched. The former is the more dyed-in-the-wool Blimps immortalized by Low. Characteristic is its recent choice of "I Know These Dictators," a lick-spittle glorification of Hitler and Mussolini by G. Ward Price. The National Book Association claims to be neither left nor right and to have "no prejudicial ax to grind." It is solely concerned with giving the public the undistorted facts. A list of its early choices hardly suggests that this ambition is being realized.

There, intrenched behind their treatises, stand the opposing armies, leaflets waving defiantly. Perhaps in Britain the battle can be fought out with these civilized weapons, but in these times the distance from book to bomb is woefully short.

BOOKS

The Health of the Nation

THE FIGHT FOR LIFE. By Paul de Kruif. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

THERE is a good chance that this book will do for medicine what Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle" did for the stockyards. It is a truthful presentation of the stake the people have in their own health and an attempt to arouse them to action. If the man on the street, after reading of the faults that lie at the root of the inefficacy of organized medicine, does not galvanize his government into action, it will not be de Kruif's fault.

First let me brush aside a few very minor annoyances, which will no doubt be exaggerated by those seeking to obscure the real value of this work. The book is not written for grammarians, nor yet for those scientists who have nailed to their desks that nineteenth-century motto, "Here's to science, may it be of no use to anyone." Some scientists and doctors will flinch before its "overdramatization" of the fight against disease. But the book is aimed at arousing the general public's interest in its own needs and perils, and if overdramatization produces a mass consciousness of public-health problems, I for one am all for it. At times de Kruif does use too many rhetorical questions.

The first disease discussed is pellagra—that malady of the Southern poor, black and white alike. The discovery of its cause by Dr. Goldberger has not led to its disappearance. Here de Kruif puts his finger on a very sore spot in medicine, and rubs it raw before he is through—the gap in time between the scientific discovery of the cause of a disease and the use of the knowledge. The mighty efforts of the combined Red Cross and Public Health Service in educating the people have been partly successful only because the price of cotton has fallen so low that the share-croppers can now spare a little land for a kitchen garden and grow the greens which prevent pellagra. Many other well-known deficiency diseases—rickets, lack of vitamin D; scurvy, lack of vitamin C; certain forms of night-blindness, lack of vitamin A—are a charge on our economic system, and de Kruif does not hesitate to say so. The cure lies not in medicine but in adequate food.

The United States and England, peaks of civilization and science, have percentages of childbirth mortality second only to India. Sooner or later some good pamphleteer was bound to take these facts and stagger the public with them. The necessity for aseptic technique, too frequently forgotten in our less well-run hospitals, is clearly brought out (with a minor injustice to Lister, however). If an airplane disaster involving the loss of only six lives is investigated by the government, why can't it investigate a hospital with a high childbirth mortality? The simplicity of de Kruif's logic will irritate many. What is the death-rate in each doctor's practice, and why should it not be published? It is at this point that the self-appointed chiefs of organized medicine, I think, will try to discredit the book and its author.

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* Since this article was written, the demise of the "Right" Book Club has been reported.

As secretary of the President's Commission for Infantile Paralysis Research, de Kruif has had access to the front line of that fight and reports it with splendid detail, the mistakes as well as the successes. The huge gains that have been made because there were sufficient funds to buy animals for experimentation are given in terms of cost per rat or cost per monkey. We are today in a position to give battle to infantile paralysis, not because of a broad governmental public-health policy, but by virtue of the President's personal concern in the matter.

The recent attack on syphilis is well dealt with, as is also the new wonder chemical, sulfanilamide. It is a pity that in the history of this new bactericide more emphasis was not given to the internationalism of science. German, French, and English scientists, all contributed to our knowledge of this drug before it was taken up here. We in our turn have extended its usefulness.

Throughout the book de Kruif reiterates the impossibility of keeping the profit motive in medicine. There are millions who have nothing with which to pay for medical service. Are they to be left to die? The doctors and scientists cannot be expected to give their services free, for they too have to eat. There is only one answer possible if the have-nots are to be treated—medicine with government support. This is an eloquent and factual presentation of the need for a Department of Public Health with a budget, let us say, not smaller than that of the navy. HUGH H. DARBY

Der Tag

THE GERMAN OCTOPUS. HITLER BIDS FOR WORLD POWER. By Henry C. Wolfe. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

FOR the better part of twenty years now Henry Wolfe has been observing conditions abroad, especially in Central and Eastern Europe. If as a free lance he has not been able to scoop newspaper correspondents on the day-to-day headlines, he is now able to scoop them on the news that will make tomorrow's headlines. For in "The German Octopus" Mr. Wolfe takes his reader to the center of things—Germany and the Nazi drive to the east. In concise chapters, and with few personal anecdotes or "inside" stories, he gives the first comprehensive survey of all the tentacles with which the German octopus seeks to dominate Central and Eastern Europe.

"France," he repeats, "won the war, but Germany has won the peace." Indeed, the post-war world, fashioned for the most part by France, is dead. We live in a pre-war world. On the Continent Berlin, not Paris, is in the saddle with the Nazis riding hard—for another fall perhaps.

Only this time, says Mr. Wolfe, Nazi Germany is determined to avoid the mistake of imperial Germany in 1918. The Central Powers then controlled what is now Poland and Lithuania, about half of Latvia, much of the Ukraine, and nearly all of Serbia. Rumania was begging for peace. Bulgaria and Turkey were allies. Pan-Germanism was triumphant. The road from Berlin to Bagdad was clear. Yet only a short time later all was lost. Germany had been defeated on the western front.

Today "Kaiser" Adolf and the other pan-German leaders of the Reich dream of a new push to the east. Only now—preparing for the next *Tag*—the strategy has been changed. Germany, Mr. Wolfe emphasizes, is "on the defensive in the west and on the offensive in the east."

The mainspring of Nazi foreign policy in Europe has been to take the bayonets out of France's eastern alliances. That is why Hitler's invasion of the forbidden Rhineland, though "apparently directed against the west, was actually aimed toward the east." The challenge of France's Maginot line was answered by the new "Maginot line" that Hitler has built on his side of the Rhine. If the Germans cannot get into France, neither can the French get into Germany, and—more important—neither can they give effective military aid to their eastern allies. Protected now by a strong defensive position in the west, the Nazis have begun their expected offensive in the east.

In October, 1937, Danzig fell to the Nazis. A few weeks ago Austria gave up the ghost. Today Czechoslovakia shivers in cold isolation, notwithstanding its French and Russian pacts. What next?

Plenty, says Mr. Wolfe. The Fascintern of Berlin-Rome-Tokyo, with its connections stretching from Lisbon to Bucharest, from Memel to Jerusalem, will keep the world jittery. Concentrating his attention on Germany, he notes that peace-loving Denmark fears that on the first day of the Second World War Germany will seize the Jutland coast for bases against Britain and will commandeer all of Denmark as a "war pantry" for the German larder.

Farther along the Baltic, Memel—half Nazi already—"is the key that may unlock the Baltic treasure chest for Hitler." Once there, it is only a sling-shot to Latvia and a bombing trip to Leningrad, and Hitler is determined to control the Baltic, especially if he meets unexpected opposition on the Danube.

Poland, of course, may upset his plans; for the Poles turn now to the Germans, now to the French and Russians. Playing for time, they may or may not fall in with Hitler, and Mr. Wolfe believes that there will some day be a day of reckoning between Berlin and Warsaw over the Corridor. Farther south, Nazis and their Rumanian fascist allies seek control of a wealthy land which, though nominally pro-French, could give Germany its badly needed war-time oil supply and a foothold near the "fertile" Ukraine of Nürnberg fame.

Bulgaria and Hungary also know which side their bread is buttered on. Hungry for lost territories, they may some day be forced to eat out of the very hand of their revisionist master. Of Yugoslavia Mr. Wolfe has several illuminating things to say. Nazis have a healthy respect for the Serbs. Realizing that Yugoslavia has no intention of exchanging its late Turkish oppression for any future German vassalage, Germany will be content merely to influence that nation's army, foreign policy, and export trade.

In Mr. Wolfe's view Hitler's grand dream is a Third Reich blanketing all Middle Europe—obliterating Czechoslovakia and Lithuania completely—with the Balkans as independent but allied countries. Then, says Mr. Wolfe, Hitler will turn to the west and settle accounts with France.

The most significant part of the book is the section in

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which the author discusses the Nazi push to the east in terms of its eventual meaning to France in the west. Thus his analysis of the present Czechoslovakian salient gets down to bedrock. While President Benes and others have sincerely admitted to him that the German minority has sometimes suffered injustices, Mr. Wolfe carefully underlines the fact that "the German drive against Czechoslovakia has nothing whatever to do with individual cases of Czech injustice toward Teutons. . . . [Henlein's aim] is to turn the tables entirely on the Czechs," and make them as helpless a minority as they were under the Hapsburgs. So long as Prague holds the fort, Hitler will still be a couple of jumps away from his *Mitteleuropa* and the Rumanian oil fields. But, warns Mr. Wolfe, "if Czechoslovakia goes down to defeat, France will not long remain a first-class power."

JULIAN BACH, JR.

Mr. Jerrold's World

GEORGIAN ADVENTURE. The Autobiography of Douglas Jerrold. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

DOUGLAS JERROLD is a great-grandson of Douglas Jerrold the wit, who was, if I remember correctly, a kind of second-rate Sydney Smith. Still another great-grandfather was a friend of Dickens and Thackeray, so that Mr. Jerrold belongs, all in all, to one of those English literary families who are accepted even by snobs, and who, in the male line, eat most of their meals at the Athenaeum or the Savile. (I have eaten in the homes of English literary families and I have eaten at the Savile—though not at the Athenaeum—and I don't blame them.) Now, turned forty-five and fourscore-rich in memories, Mr. Jerrold presents us with his autobiography. As the reviewers say, "Georgian Adventure" is a fascinating document.

Ten years ago I fancy this book would have been reviewed chiefly in terms of its wit and anecdote: how they turned the tables on Joad at the Oxford Union (rather good), what Frank Harris said to A. E. Housman at lunch (fair), the system of traffic lights which Gilbert Frankau maintained in the corridor outside his office, Philip Guedalla's description of North Oxford (very racy), and Professor Garrod retorting upon a female war-worker (a knockout). Today it is only possible to review "Georgian Adventure" for its opinions. When I say that Mr. Jerrold's father was a Catholic Liberal and that Mr. Jerrold is a Catholic, that he went to Westminster and Oxford, that he has almost too much of a war record, that he thinks Winston Churchill and Hilaire Belloc great men, that when he visited the United States he had the entrée with the Southern Agrarians, whose hospitality consisted of a round of battlefields, that he thinks the United States is fatally underpopulated ("Kentucky is the size of England; it has the population of England in the thirteenth century. Is it going to stop there?")—you will agree, I trust, that it is only possible to review "Georgian Adventure" for its opinions.

On the principle that enough is as good as a feast, a very few of Mr. Jerrold's impressions and comments should suffice. England, says Mr. Jerrold, has state capitalism, wherefore "we are hovering in the no man's land which divides state capitalism from *socialism*" (italics mine). Oswald Mosley is rather a dear fellow, though his movement "lacks the creative impulse"; "to call him a careerist is itself impertinence of the most vulgar order." Mosley "preaches in the East End not because he dislikes Jews, but because Jews dislike him."

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—*LEWIS GANNETT in N. Y. Herald Tribune*

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Now as to the Duke of Windsor: "I will not be guilty of the impertinence of passing any judgment at all on the late King." However, of the late King Alfonso Mr. Jerrold risks the following impertinence: "He has learned everything there is to know of the problems of modern government. He has . . . the fullest and most detailed statistics of education, illiteracy, public health, foreign trade, and finance at his finger tips." Why not add "willing to work" and "salary no object" and insert in the (London) *Times?*

And of course Mr. Jerrold had a friend who was "foully murdered by the Spanish Communist government."

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Florida Landscape

THE DAUGHTER. By Bessie Breuer. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

BESSIE BREUER says in a note at the back of her book, "My sympathies are decidedly to the left, so far as writing is concerned . . . experimental writing is always right . . . age will subdue the creative spirit soon enough, so let the young be daring as long as they can." Miss Breuer's modernity is implicit in her book. Post-Marx, post-Freud, post D. H. Lawrence, post-Joyce, she writes of her intellectual young heroine's experiences in the small world of a Florida fishing island with much of the intensity, passion, and violence that give to the strange, exaggerated worlds of "Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights" their permanent validity.

Miss Breuer half builds, half blasts into being the small, shabby winter resort, so cheap and pitiful against the background of Gulf and jungle. As long as she recreates with her own tools sights directly seen—the richness and beauty of tropical birds and trees, the hot sun, the sea-shells, the sea, the poverty both spiritual and actual of the human beings who exist or escape from life there—her story is completely absorbing. But at times, carried away by her own enthusiasm, her extraordinary powers of observation and sympathy, she drowns, deafens, and smothers the reader in more sights and smells and sensations than her artistic medium can carry.

So in the course of a very moving account of a sensitive girl's sexual and emotional awakening, the reader is resentfully shocked out of the world Miss Breuer has so successfully created into a series of purple patches he automatically labels Gertrude Stein or Hemingway or D. H. Lawrence. Annoyed by the juicy, over-ripe quality, not of Miss Breuer's own prose but of these borrowed props, he longs for more restraint, for a more ruthless digestion of material which would obviate this excess of "fine writing."

Miss Breuer's faults are worth mentioning largely because they are the defects of her virtues; because the accuracy of her perception, her vitality, her flair for describing places and people could be even more effective if they were less lavishly spilled. Inevitably she is less painstaking in working out the psychological and intellectual processes of her characters than in relating their physical and sensual adventures. Because of this unevenness in the craftsmanship "The Daughter" falls short of its goal as a work of art. But as a social document it says more to me, both explicitly and by implication, about the Florida landscape, about North versus South, rich versus poor, drunks, intellectuals, the whole contemporary American scene, than that much more adeptly written book "To Have or Have Not."

MINA CURTISS

Psychoanalysis and God

PSYCHOLOGY AND RELIGION. By Carl Gustav Jung. Yale University Press. $2.

HERE comes Dr. Jung with a rich little book informing us that religion is an instinct of the human being and that in man's unconscious mind there exists an archetype of God, a preconscious, primordial idea of the cosmocreator! This archetype, of course, is no proof of His existence. It merely is a mental precondition and a characteristic of man's cerebral function. But where the religious instinct is suppressed or repressed, the doctor tells us; where people do not or can no longer project the divine image in its purity, the energy once invested in an existence as great as God "reappears under another name, calling itself 'Wotan' or 'State' or something ending with ism, even atheism, of which people believe, hope, and expect just as much as they formerly did of God." And if it does not appear under this disguise, he says, it will most certainly return in the mentality of the one from whom the death declaration (of God) has issued. He becomes a victim of "inflation"—and of a disruption which can produce a dual or a multiple personality.

Meanwhile, what of the persons for whom the old creeds and collective symbols are dead; who can neither accept a new disguise of the idea of God and a religion corrupted by worldliness and mob instincts nor find a personal symbol and thus give their instinct free play; and who are threatened by "inflation" and disruption? What can be done for them? "Psychology and Religion" is also an answer to this question. It suggests that psychoanalysis as practiced by the Zurich school has a technique for releasing the repressed instinct, permitting the unconscious to project symbols of the archetype and helping bring about what is tantamount to an immediate religious experience. The kernel of the intriguing book, indeed, is the history of such a typical conversion during psychoanalysis. The patient, a former Catholic, was a skeptic, a rationalist, and an intellectual who had developed a severe neurosis. During analysis he produced a series of dreams, seventy-three of which have been published in the annual *Eranos* for 1935. These dreams not only exhibited his religious conflict but expressed religious ideas in symbols closely related to, and in part identical with, those employed by the theologians, mystics, and alchemists of several hundred years ago. One even was the spit and image of a Thibetan mandala, or magic circle. The symbols deeply impressed the sufferer. In the end he endured an immediate religious experience. The neurosis disappeared. The adaptation to life was the obverse of the inferior ones flowing from regression to archaic modes of being.

Neither this patient nor any of those typified by him had access to or knowledge of the old esoteric texts and pictures in which symbols like those projected by their unconscious minds so largely figure. Indeed, Dr. Jung himself has familiarized himself with them only through decades of intensive study not alone of Christian lore and the mystical poetry of the Middle Ages but of such religions as Mithraism and such heresies as gnosticism and alchemy. Thus, the circumstances of the spontaneous regeneration of these symbols argues very strongly for the correctness of his assumption of a divine archetype in the unconscious mind. Simultaneously it casts some light into the sources of the heretical conflicts in medieval Christianity and of the more or less heterodox and heretical texts in which these symbols figure. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the persons who adjusted themselves to life by projecting variant ideas of God through them were not entirely dissimilar in temperament to the moderns who project mandalas in the course of analysis. What the characteristics of this type are, and what causes its inability to avail itself of the highly organized collective symbols, the layman can only vaguely guess. Only the content common to the symbols of both groups intimates to him that one of them is a susceptibility to extreme and destructive erotic conflicts. Besides the identity of God and man, this common content principally is the quaternity or, what it comes to, the bisexuality of the deity.

To the predominantly masculine Trinity all these dreamers wish to add a fourth principle, which sometimes is the Evil One—from behind whose figure emerge the body, the earth, woman, and the feminine creative principle. Catholicism would seem to have met their need by the promulgation of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. But it has not; and the dreamers' obsession with the idea of the quaternity of God points to an unusual irreconciliation with Eros, who after all demands distinct sexes. For this reason the layman cannot help suspecting that while Dr. Jung's technique for readjusting these sufferers partly was an encouragement of them to take their religious instinct seriously and give it ample play, it also, more than his excellent book overtly confesses, was the old one by which the hard-boiled Freudians free their patients of infantile fixations.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Shorter Notices

JUDGE LYNCH. HIS FIRST HUNDRED YEARS. By Frank Shay. Ives Washburn, Inc. $2.50.

Frank Shay's earnest and well-documented brief for the impeachment of Judge Lynch, whose century in office has been the shame of America, will be the handbook for advocates of real anti-lynching legislation. The cumulative effect of horror heaped on horror which Mr. Shay's excellent writing achieves even in his statistical recitals should serve to renew the struggle for the elimination of our jungle "justice." While the annual number of lynchings has been declining—a fact used by the opponents of legislation—there has been a decided increase in the ferocity of the mob and its ingenuity in devising new tortures. Government action is as essential today as ever in our history. Unfortunately, Mr. Shay for some reason fails to discuss, except for a few sentences in the preface, the nature and probable results of proposed federal legislation. His last chapter is a summary of the various state enactments already on the statute books and points the need for Congressional action only by implication. Another serious omission is the failure to describe the notorious Elaine massacre, resulting in the famous Arkansas peonage cases in the Supreme Court, which still haunts the memories of sharecroppers. But perhaps Mr. Shay felt—and with some merit—that in brevity lay greater effectiveness. He has unquestionably turned out the sort of book that should give sleepless nights to the Senatorial filibusters.

CONCERT PITCH. By Elliot Paul. Random House. $2.50.

Set in the complex, chicane-riddled music circles of contemporary Paris, and dealing for the most part with the neurotic, the aimless, and the spiritually bankrupt among those seeking careers in music, "Concert Pitch" reads at times like a footnote to "The Waste Land." In the Aldous Huxley tradition—although presented with little of Huxley's power—are the introspective music critic through whose eyes we look, the

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young pianist with a mother fixation, the famous impresario at the mercy of homosexual desires, the nihilist who spits on mankind and fumes his way to death, the Dadaists and their intellectual lunacies—all the unhealthy emotions, the hothouse living, the doubt-sick thinking characteristic of decadent artists and transition periods. Unfortunately, the relationship which occupies the center of the stage, that between the expatriate American high-placed in Parisian music journalism and a woman emotionally so wrapped up in the career of her pianist son that she lives only vicariously, is little more than mildly absorbing. Its sorry conclusion was, I thought, its most forceful and effective episode. With its variety of virtuosi, critics, impresarios, patrons, and composers, its concerts, its music theorizing—this, it should be said, is fresh and vigorous—and its musicians' shop talk, "Concert Pitch" is a fairly complete picture of the milieu it deals with. As a novel, however, it is no more than a competent account of a tenuous love affair between two curiously unimpressive personalities. To those who read "The Life and Death of a Spanish Town" it will probably prove disappointing.

DRAMA

The Unlearned Lesson

GRACE GEORGE and Tallulah Bankhead are appearing at the Playhouse in a brilliant revival of Somerset Maugham's "The Circle." When that comedy was first performed here nearly seventeen years ago, it seemed already a little old-fashioned, largely, I think, because of a certain almost Pineroesque explicitness in the diagraming of the problem, but it has aged hardly at all during the interval since, and it seems to me now almost as good as it seemed then. The dialogue is remarkably crisp and biting, but that is not all, for there are present also certain qualities more difficult to name which lift it above the usual level of comedies in the same smart and "sophisticated" vein. Perhaps one had best rest content with saying merely that Maugham's obvious intellectual superiority manages somehow to make itself felt here as it so often has in other works which thereby became, as this one does, better than the merely popular commodities with which they so successfully compete.

Probably he himself would be among the first to admit that he is not a great playwright. He never takes the trouble to invent his characters from the ground up, preferring instead to borrow lay figures from the dramatic storehouse and to adapt to his purpose these puppets whose strings other craftsmen have taught him how to manipulate. But into their mouths he puts fresh speeches, and if one never believes for a moment that they are really alive, neither does one ever catch them doing or saying anything which is merely stupid or expected. His virtue is, in other words, the result, not of creative imagination, but of a singularly shrewd and critical intelligence which never fails to command the respect of the hearer even at the moment when he is most aware that what he is admiring is not a work of high imagination but merely an entertainment devised by a puppet-master of more than common intellectual integrity as well as of more than common intelligence. And when the play happens to be based, as this one is, on an anecdote whose

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moral is explicit and general, the puppets serve almost as well as freshly imagined characters would. After all, one needs only cleverly animated lay figures to demonstrate that a discontented young wife about to make a break for it in the company of her lover would not be deterred by the warnings of a grumpy old couple who can now no longer understand why either ever thought the other worth the sacrifices both made in the distant day when they eloped. The moral, by the way, is commonly stated to be that we can never learn from the experience of others. I wonder, however, if it is not that the old couple based their hope of dissuading the young one on a false premise. They seemed to assume that people elope because they think that the best way to prepare for a happy old age.

Despite her years, Grace George is not less than superb, and her performance affords a lesson in acting which Miss Bankhead, in the far less exacting role of the young wife, might study with profit. Miss Bankhead does not even try to act except intermittently. Between her occasional big scenes she either does nothing at all or, what is perhaps worse from the standpoint of a performance, relies for attention upon the casual exploitation of the charms of her voice or gestures or general personality. Miss George, on the other hand, is the character she is presenting from the moment she puts foot on the stage to the moment she leaves it. Here is no matter of "moments" but something perfectly maintained—a characterization which is continuous, flowing, and unified; which continues to exist as unmistakably when she is apparently doing nothing as it does on the occasions when she is the center of attention. It is not often that one has the pleasure of watching so complete a performance, and though Miss George has as much right as Dr. Johnson had to say, "I consider that I have done enough for the public," it would be something to be thankful for if she would appear more frequently.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"What a Life" (Biltmore Theater) is a pleasant little comedy concerning the difficulties which a high-school lad falls into when he is forced, for romantic reasons, to score a high grade in his Roman history exam. It is extremely well directed and well cast. Ezra Stone, as the youthful hero, gives a most convincing performance. On the whole the play owes its appeal to a fresh youthfulness of spirit and natural dialogue rather than to any originality in situation or conception.

M. G.

RECORDS

TO BEGIN with music that deserves performance, and then to engage the musicians who can play this music best—this should be the procedure of concert-giving; actually it is what all profess but few practice. The League of Music Lovers did it this season when it offered all of Beethoven's String Quartets played by the Budapest Quartet; and this series of concerts—which ranked in artistic distinction and importance with the Toscanini series—received no publicity, no oily Sunday article by Mr. Gilman, no recording by Victor. These went instead to the activities of the New Friends of Music, which, professing to begin last season with Beethoven and Brahms, actually began with Artur Schnabel, who

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SHOULD PEOPLE VOTE ON WAR?

Should the American people, who do the dying and the paying, be given the right to vote on this country's entry into a future foreign war?

Sen. Robert M. La Follette, Jr. is the author of a proposed constitutional amendment providing for a popular referendum on future declarations of war. That amendment is now pending before the U. S. senate.

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chose to play—magnificently—Schumann, Mozart, and Schubert; or which, beginning with Artur Schnabel, ended with Karl Ulrich Schnabel, whose playing was not magnificent; or which, when it did begin with Beethoven, had Opus 132 played by the Budapest Quartet, but Opus 127 played by the Gordon; or which, beginning with the idea of presenting unfamiliar along with the familiar works of Beethoven, seemed unable to tell an unfamiliar work that deserved to be heard from one that deserved to be left in obscurity, and ended by presenting indiscriminately music as characterless as the Piano Quartet Opus 16 with music as strikingly individual as the String Quintet Opus 29—which, in sum, beginning with the normal mixture of loudly advertised ideals in purpose and the things that water down these ideals in private decision, ended by presenting the normal mixture of good and bad in music and performance, a mixture to which Victor now gives permanence on records.

On the one hand, then, we get a performance by the excellent Pasquier Trio of a Schubert String Trio (two records, $3.50), an early exercise in which one must be a program annotator to discern "the sensibility of feeling and the distinction of thought that is recognized as Schubertian." And on the other hand the great Trio Opus 99 as played by Karl Ulrich Schnabel and Messrs. Onnou and Maas of the Pro Arte Quartet (four records, $8). The performance is polished, sensitive; the recording is admirably clear and faithful to timbre; both, however, are reduced to insignificance for me by the power of the opening phrases of the work as delivered by Casals, Thibaut, and Cortot in the old Victor set, the dynamic quality of their performance throughout, the characteristic saliency of Casals's style, the distinction of Thibaut's, the beautifully adjusted playing of Cortot. For these things I am willing to put up with the defects of recording; and I hope Victor will retain the old set in its catalogue.

Of Mozart there is the Quartet K. 493 for piano and strings (three records, $5), a lovely work, with fine playing by the Pasquier Trio and uncustomarily restrained piano playing by Hortense Monath—so restrained, in fact, as to be insufficiently heard at times (this fault in balance may be partly in the recording). On a single record ($1.50) is a beautiful performance by the Pasquier Trio and René Le Roy of the charming little Quartet K. 298 for flute and strings. And finally the "Dorfmusikanten" Sextet K. 522 for strings and two horns (two records, $4.50), played for all its fun is worth by the Kolisch Quartet and Messrs. Caputo and Barrows. Mozart's horseplay warrants the loud laughs it got from the Friends of Music audience; but I like even better the Mozart wit, which in the String Quartet K. 458 did not get as much as a chuckle.

Two sets contain a number of Schubert's four-hand piano works played by Artur and Karl Ulrich Schnabel. In set 436 ($16), which is the one I have heard so far, all of four records are given to the Divertissement Hongroise, the tedium of which is not lessened by the performance. And on three other records are some marches which I do not find much more interesting. Only one record (14829)—that of the wonderful Andantino Varié Opus 84, played with precision and sensitiveness—offers evidence of the fact that Schubert wrote some of his finest music in this medium.

There are, finally, two vocal records that are worth attention: Schubert's "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen," exquisitely sung by Elisabeth Schumann ($2); and Mozart's "An Chloë" and "Das Veilchen," beautifully sung by Ria Ginster ($1.50).

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Hitler's Next Victim

Dear Sirs: The query, Who will be the next to fall a prey to Herr Hitler? is now on all lips. Most people say Czechoslovakia; some guess Danzig or Memel. Actually there is every indication that it will be Denmark's turn. Not only does the persistent, often violent Nazi agitation in North Schleswig foreshadow German action in this area, but such intentions have openly been announced by Hitler's own mouthpiece.

Shortly before Christmas, at a secret conference held at Aabenraa (Apenrade), Dr. Jens Möller, the Berlin-appointed leader of the German Nazi Party in North Schleswig, announced amid enthusiastic cheers that German troops would be marching over the Danish frontier "within the next six months," with a view to "restoring order in North Schleswig."

In view of what has happened to Austria, this sensational statement, which leaked out by the indiscretion of an opposition Nazi leader named Jep Nissen, must be taken seriously, despite the widespread skepticism with which it was originally received in Danish official circles. Today it is the general opinion in Copenhagen—though very few people voice it in public—that Germany will shortly raise the "North Schleswig question," and try to get back from Denmark, by bilateral negotiations with pressure, the territory lost through the Treaty of Versailles.

North Schleswig was returned to Denmark by the plebiscite of February 10, 1920, which gave a majority of 75,431 Danish against 25,329 German votes. Today the German minority in the ceded territory numbers less than 15 per cent. It enjoys probably the best treatment accorded to any minority in Europe and is well provided with both public (state-supported) and private German schools.

JOACHIM JOESTEN

Copenhagen, Denmark, April 3

Utilities as a Risk

Dear Sirs: Sumner H. Slichter in his article on Risks—the Key to Recovery, in *The Nation* of March 12, asserted that "the utility industry, more than almost any other, is in an economic position to make capital outlays" if only the government will make plain the fact that "legitimate private investments in them will not be destroyed." Such assertions as this are made repeatedly by the utility heads and by the conservative press that speaks for them. But I respectfully urge that an industry pleading for the right to live, for that reason alone if for no other, has ceased to be a good investment risk.

Surely the present government in the person of Mr. Roosevelt is but a passing factor in creating the utility fears. What investor can overlook the continuous retreat of the utilities before menacing public scrutiny? What investor can feel sure that even if today's government agreed to advance no farther into the utility field, tomorrow's government would be similarly bound? Mr. Roosevelt cannot bind a possible Labor government of 1940 or 1944. Does Mr. Slichter believe that utility investors do not see the handwriting on the wall?

The assurance the utilities would ask for new investments is beyond any man's power to grant—beyond even the power of the government, assuming it were so disposed. So we may safely assume that new investments in the utility field will be made by the government itself, or they will not be made.

F. A. SIEVERMAN, JR.

New York, April 13

Fascism in England

Dear Sirs: An article in *The Nation* of January 15 entitled Fighting Fascism by Law, by Lucille B. Milner, purported to give a picture of the fascist situation in England, but was in fact devoted almost entirely to attacking the Home Office for the partiality which, the article declared, it displayed toward Mosley and the British Union of Fascists. The article gave a completely false picture of the situation.

The British Union of Fascists has without doubt suffered a serious setback. It put up forty-nine candidates in London at the last municipal elections in November. Not one of them was elected, not even in Bethnal Green, the area in which it claimed to be strongest. The total number of votes polled in constituencies with B. U. F. candidates was 265,077. Votes polled by the B. U. F. numbered 27,409—just over 10 per cent.

As the membership of the B. U. F. was never known, it is of course impossible to estimate how many belong to it today, but that it has decreased is certain. The number of meetings has also much decreased. A new technique, however, has now been developed. Mosley has made a strong appeal for funds to carry on his propaganda, and he and his lieutenants are stumping the country holding indoor meetings at which fascist doctrines are propounded. It is quite obvious that such a technique is in the long run far more dangerous than open-air meetings at street corners.

There has been a considerable decrease, indeed almost a complete cessation, of assaults on Jews, which even twelve months ago were grossly exaggerated. There have been some thirty reported cases of assault or insult, mostly of a very minor character, in the past twelve months. Referring to the L. C. C. elections, to write of "hooliganism unparalleled in the long history of the County Council" shows a complete lack of proportion. The L. C. C. elections are of little real interest to the great majority of electors, and the hooliganism mentioned consisted of a number of assaults engendered in the heat of the contest, which in some cases the Jews repaid in good measure, but nothing on the scale suggested by Mrs. Milner.

The passing of the Public Order Act is sufficient proof, if any were needed, that the government does not favor fascism, and it has had a good deal to do with the weakening of the movement. The disappearance of the black shirts, black jackboots, and peaked caps, with Sam Brown belts for officers, was a staggering blow. Processions of shambling youths, either bare-headed or with caps, even with brass bands in front, make little popular appeal.

It is grossly unfair to allege that the police, or what is even worse, the police magistrates, men of the highest standing, exhibit any leniency to the fascists. In almost every case investigation has shown that what is called partiality has been an attempt on the part of the police to avoid unnecessary trouble and to quiet down what might have developed otherwise into an ugly fight. Mrs. Milner states that the introduction of plain-clothes men and night patrols has been of little value. As a matter of fact, the increased police protection, now withdrawn, in the East End of London completely stamped the trouble out. As to her allegation that the plain-clothes officers were the worst offenders, Mrs. Milner does not seem to realize that American and English police methods are very different, and that an English police officer who behaved as she alleges on what she calls "considerable evidence" would be out of the force and pensionless within twenty-four hours.

Can anything better illustrate the spirit in which Mrs. Milner's article was written than her statement that the section of the act which sanctioned the wearing of uniforms for ceremonial anniversaries or other occasions has nullified it? The Public Order Act as regards uniforms, which the police have very wisely refused to define, has been carried out to the letter. Mrs. Milner seems unaware that the watch committees control the chief constables and not the chief constables the watch committees, and that no effort is made by the police to forbid the carrying of banners and the like by democratic organizations.

J. B. OLIPHANT

London, England, April 4

Mrs. Milner's Reply

Dear Sirs: My critic is mistaken in his belief that my article was intended as an attack on the Home Office or the London police for partiality toward the fascist forces. Its primary purpose was to point out the danger to democratic countries of such legislation as the Public Order Act and to emphasize its futility as an anti-fascist weapon.

Mr. Oliphant asserts that my article "gave a completely false picture of the situation" as it existed prior to the November elections, and that I "grossly exaggerated" the assaults on Jews in the East End. As a matter of fact, my article mentioned an insignificant number of these occurrences. For a more complete list I refer Mr. Oliphant to the Parliamentary Debate of March 5, 1936, when Herbert Morrison called attention to the extent of the violence against Jews by fascists, in and out of uniform; to the Home Office Debate on July 10, 1936, when R. W. Sorenson cited additional instances of deliberate Black Shirt provocations; to the statements of F. C. Watkins, who emphasized that these terroristic acts were steadily increasing in spite of the government's assurance that the police would take steps to prevent them.

I do not have space for the many cases I could cite in support of my charge that police and police magistrates showed leniency toward fascists and that plain-clothes officers were among the worst offenders, but Mr. Oliphant can obtain a copy of the lengthy report on this subject that was published by the National Council on Civil Liberties. Additional proof may be had from A. M. Wall, secretary of the London Trades Council, who stated in a public address that he was appalled at the glaring instances of police partiality and the leniency shown by magistrates when "fascist ruffians" had been convicted of physical assaults on Jews and damage to their property.

Mr. Oliphant is mistaken in his belief that the decline in the strength of the British Union of Fascists evidenced by the defeat in the November elections was due to the Public Order Act or to police or Home Office influence. A number of factors were responsible, chiefly, perhaps, the dissension in the Mosley ranks and subsequent financial difficulties but largely also the fascist atrocities in Ethiopia and Spain, which aroused public resentment and placed the British fascists on the defensive.

It would have been fairer had Mr. Oliphant quoted the entire sentence in my article relating to police sanction for the wearing of political uniforms on "anniversaries" and "special occasions." This loophole in the act, I pointed out, would, in effect, nullify the ban against political uniforms, for such special occasions are the very times when the fascist uniform would be most provocative. With respect to the watch committees, the point I made in my article was that the element of democratic control which members of Parliament had insisted upon was, in effect, removed when the Home Secretary requested the local authorities to delegate the power to ban processions to the watch committees, whose executive officer is the chief constable. LUCILLE B. MILNER

New York, April 12

Let the War-Mongers Fight

Dear Sirs: Anent the important questions of peace and war, there are three drastic steps which America, or any nation desirous of preserving peace, must take:

1. Establish a government monopoly of the manufacture of arms, ammunition, and engines of war. This eliminates the desires of private munitions makers to propagandize a nation into war for the sake of profits and creates a situation whereby a nation's actual neutrality may be immediately and accurately determined.

2. Deprive the national leaders of the power to declare war, except in case of invasion of its territory by an armed force, until after a referendum of the citizens.

3. Require that in such a referendum of the citizens each person sign his ballot, the ballots to be preserved and to constitute — in case war is voted — a registration for the draft.

Let those who want war do the fighting. LEVERNE HAMILTON

Musselshell, Mont., April 19

Life of Lytton Strachey

Dear Sirs: I am engaged upon a biography of Lytton Strachey (1880-1932). If any of your readers have information about, or letters from, the biographer will they please communicate with me.

CYRIL CLEMENS

Webster Groves, Mo., April 4

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The Shape of Things

A PUNCH-DRUNK WORLD HAD REASON TO await with some trepidation the coming of another May Day. Time was when May Day was an occasion for revolutionary labor to show its strength, but now the left is on the defensive and in many countries its day has been stolen to make political capital for the forces of fascist reaction. In Czechoslovakia Henlein Nazi leaders had warned workers in advance to realize that "this day does not belong to them but to the Führer," and storm troopers had informed the population that "the end is close at hand." As matters turned out, no earth-shaking events occurred, but the political exploitation of the day was generally apparent. Paris workers contented themselves with a mild demonstration in support of the Popular Front; New Yorkers, divided into two camps, denounced American reaction; and the U. S. S. R. utilized the day to display once more its military power. Ironically it was the Germans who—next to the Russians—put on the biggest show, with Chancellor Hitler explaining to a million Nazis just how much better off they were than the downtrodden workers of other lands, Italy excepted. British workers of varying shades converged on Hyde Park to convert the occasion into a "Spain Day" for aid to the Barcelona government, and pathetic Vienna, once the Socialist capital of the world, had to put up with Nazi-planted Maypoles and slogans informing them that "work ennobles." Closest to the traditions of the day was the demonstration in Mexico City, where what is described as the "New World's first proletarian army" marched 100,000 strong to give President Cárdenas the clenched-fist salute. But bravest of all was the demonstration at Karlsbad, Czechoslovakia, where 20,000 Sudeten Germans defied those who might one day be their oppressors to hear a Social Democrat denounce Herr Henlein and his boss in Berlin.

*

NORMAN THOMAS TOOK A MAY DAY TRIP to Frank Hague's totalitarian town last Saturday and was promptly and unceremoniously dumped outside its borders when he tried to make a speech in Journal Square. He had been refused a permit to speak on the ground that a Catholic veterans' organization had objected to it as likely to cause violence. Persisting in his contention that the Constitution of the United States was valid in Journal Square, he went anyway. "The only thing I had a chance to say," said Mr. Thomas, "was, 'So this is Jersey justice.' " It was an apt remark, for he was immediately seized by the police and plain-clothes men and placed forcibly on a ferryboat bound for New York. He went right back by tube and was again ejected. Meanwhile some fifteen people who were distributing various publications and leaflets were prevented from doing so in direct contravention of the recent Supreme Court decision ruling that ordinances requiring a license for the distribution of literature are unconstitutional. Mr. Thomas has appealed to the federal authorities in an attempt to have the New Jersey police arraigned on a kidnapping charge. He has also appealed to the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee. His first appeal will probably fall on barren ground, but a thorough investigation of Hague's rule by the La Follette committee has already been too long deferred. We congratulate Norman Thomas for the persistence with which he exercises his civil liberties in spots where he is most likely to meet police clubs.

* * *

THE LATEST JAPANESE DRIVE ON HSUCHOW appears to have met the fate of the two previous ones. Reports from the front indicate that after the capture of Tancheng, a few miles north of the Lunghai railway, the Japanese encountered an unbreakable resistance. Credit is given to the unofficial, and in some cases non-Nazi, German advisers on Chiang Kai-shek's staff for the strategy used to stem the Japanese advance, and the Chinese defense is said to have been strengthened by the receipt of a large shipment of German tanks, Nazi trade interests apparently superseding the loyalties called for in the anti-Comintern pact. Elsewhere the Chinese seem to be doing well without foreign aid. Guerrilla units have for days been carrying on a battle with Japanese outposts a few miles west of Peiping, and guerrilla raids are becoming ever more daring and effective in Shansi. A Chinese army has seized Chochow and disrupted service on the Peiping-Hankow railway. The Chinese air force scored its first major victory on the Mikado's birthday, repelling with heavy losses a raid on Hankow. Faced with growing difficulty in obtaining essential war materials from abroad, Japan must smash the Lunghai salient in the near future if it is ever to break through. Each day of stalemate increases the likelihood of an ultimate Chinese victory.

* * *

ANTI-TRUST ENFORCEMENT IS GETTING A new lease of life. The President's message to Congress on monopoly was a thoughtful and clean-cut analysis of the present-day "concentration of private power without equal in history," and of the results in social terms of the decline of competition. It asked for the enactment of a comprehensive program of legislation to deal with this problem, but only after a thorough inquiry into the industrial structure. This inquiry may, if well conducted, prove one of the landmarks in the fight against monopoly. That is, however, a long-run matter. Meanwhile, what about an immediate program? The Department of Justice has been lucky in its last two assistant attorney generals in charge of the division of anti-trust enforcement. Robert H. Jackson gave a new militancy to the work of the division. And now Thurman Arnold brings to it a shrewd and realistic understanding of business and its dodges and devices. Outlining his proposed policy in a recent speech, he made it clear that anti-trust enforcement was more necessary in a depression than ever, for a depression squeezes the little fellows to the wall; that he would keep his eye peeled more carefully for the actual economic results of restraint of trade than for the mystical legal questions of conspiracy and intent; that he would not hesitate to prosecute criminally as well as civilly; and, most important, that since the department cannot prosecute every violation he would select certain typical cases, give them wide publicity, and make it clear that the failure of the government to prosecute any particular corporation did not imply acquiescence in its practices. We have felt in the past that anti-trust enforcement was an impossible and heartbreaking task in the present capitalist structure. If any administrative program can make headway with that task, this one seems to have a chance.

* * *

AMERICA'S NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS AT THEIR annual convention have reaffirmed collectively the policies which have discredited them individually in large areas of the country. This year's gathering turned out to be an uninspiring pep-rally at which Frank Gannett received his varsity open-letter and Franklin D. Roosevelt was violently upbraided. Although most of the sessions were secret, the few public meetings offered a morbid hint of what happened when the doors were barred. The publishers denounced the NLRB and came out for their own freedom in ringing terms, assailed the Senate Lobby Committee and saw the menace of dictatorship in the President's fireside talks, smugly noted the maintenance of newspaper wage-levels without mentioning the Newspaper Guild's role in maintaining them. The guild was undoubtedly discussed at greater length when reporters weren't present. Throughout these desultory sessions the one bright spot was the report condemning pseudo-war-profits legislation, a report which demonstrated once more that the publishers valiantly defend the people's freedom when it happens to coincide with their own. On the whole the convention merely underlined the widening gap between the views of American publishers and the facts of American life.

* * *

IN ADDING SIXPENCE TO THE TAX RATE AT a time of rapid economic deterioration, the Chamberlain government has administered a timely, if unintentional, rebuke to the American conservatives who have been whimpering for lower taxes as an aid to recovery. A mere comparison of the British and American tax rates should shame our tories into a state of relative quiet. The British income levy now starts at 27½ per cent after a series of exemptions which are far lower than our own. Thus a married couple with an income of $3,000 a year must pay a tax of $283.12 in Great Britain, while their counterpart in New York pays a combined federal and state tax of $23. For a couple with an income of $5,000, the British tax is $723.12 as compared with a federal and state tax of $170 here. In addition, the British pay indirect taxes which on the whole are heavier than ours. The horse-power tax on automobiles is extremely high; there is a tax of 18 cents a gallon on gasoline; and there are levies on beer, tea, amusements, checks, and legal documents. Land taxes are high and inescapable. All in all, it is estimated that the British pay 27 per cent of the national income in taxes. This may be compared with a levy of 19 per cent on the vastly higher per capita income in this country. That the increase in the tax on tea and gasoline will be deflationary can scarcely be denied. The income levy, however, will not have this effect, since it falls on those whose purchasing power is not appreciably lessened by taxation. If borrowing from the well-to-do for governmental expenditures is inflationary, it can hardly be deflationary to obtain the same money from the same people by taxation.

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SOMEONE HAS GOT A GOOD THING IN THE Women's Rebellion against government spending which broke out in Suffern, New York, and is spreading through the housewife sector of the metropolitan suburbs. It claims to be an "innocent" organization. It began when Mrs. Charles P. Bispham, wife of the Episcopal rector of a parish in which a number of wealthy New York City business men have large estates, and Mrs. Sarah Oliver Hulswit of Suffern, whose husband is manager of the Rockland Gas Company, distributed 10,000 circulars condemning the President's recovery program; the demand for the circulars has been so great that 20,000 more have been issued. When the ladies were asked who put up the money for the pamphlets, Mrs. Hulswit finally said that she had taken some of her family's food money and sold a couple of antiques. Her family, she said bravely, would have to live on stews. We have a feeling that Mrs. Hulswit's stews would be lobster Newburgh to a relief family, but the conservative newspapers, at least, find the Women's Rebellion convincing. It fits their editorial pages like a glove. Mrs. Hulswit is said to have dashed off the pamphlet in a burst of anti-spending inspiration at two o'clock in the morning, but it sounds to us more like the inspiration of a high-powered publicity writer between nine and five of a very serious business day. The pamphlet is full of demagogic appeals and Republican economics that do not ordinarily come unprompted from the mouths of babes and wealthy housewives: "What has 'pump-priming' of $18,000,000,000 during the last five years done for you?" "Women, save this country for your children!" "Are you one of the 14,000,000 on relief?" etc., etc. And who would have thought that two simple long-Suffern housewives would be invited immediately to broadcast their message over a Columbia Broadcasting System hook-up?

The New Progressives

IT MUST by now be apparent that the traditional political compass is not adequate for gauging the direction of the new La Follette movement. Is it "left" or "right" of the New Deal? No one knows. Is it "progressive" or "conservative"? No one knows. Whether through shrewdness or haziness Governor La Follette has succeeded in giving the slip to the professional direction-finders, and has doubled back on his trail so many times as to leave the hounds baffled. But there can be no similar doubt about the political premises on which his new bid for power is based. There are two calculations that he obviously is making. One is that the nation is in for complete economic collapse—with a deeper depression by 1940 than we have yet had. The second is that Roosevelt has lost his fight for the leadership of a reformed Democratic Party, and that he must now pass the baton to a less tired runner.

One thing is clear from La Follette's statements. This movement is a revolt against the left wing of the New Deal as well as against the President. Where they in their political evolution discovered labor and its needs, Governor La Follette has discovered the middle class and its psychology. Where they are conscious of the problem of better distribution and of social security, La Follette is conscious of the problem of increased production and a reinvigorated capitalism. Where they think in terms of the social-service state and an increasing measure of socialization, he thinks in frontier-populist terms of individualism. Where their thinking has run increasingly in terms of class needs and an economic base of political power, his runs in terms of a new nationalism.

He has had a good press. In view of the premises given above and the desire of the press lords to smear the New Deal, that is not surprising, although it may be disquieting to some of his followers. When the *Journal of Commerce* smiles on a movement, and when Roy Howard, Walter Lippmann, and Dorothy Thompson bless it, one may be certain it is not in the more recent progressive tradition. Walter Lippmann's analysis of La Follette's platform is shrewd and significant: he has laid his finger unerringly on its rejection of the collectivist premises of the New Deal and its return to some of the basic laissez faire notions that had presumably been thrown on the dump heap of history.

We shall continue to regard the La Follette movement with critical sympathy until our suspicions and fears about it are given more substance. Meanwhile we must place those fears sharply on record. For one thing, the wrong people are cheering the new party and the right people are remaining cool and distant. The failure to consult Senator Norris in advance, which Paul Y. Anderson refers to elsewhere in this issue, may be set down to faulty planning. But the failure of labor groups to be given a prominent place either in the Governor's speeches or in the movement itself is surely part of a more studied and deliberate purpose. In all probability this is partly due to the fear of being tainted too early with the labor stigma; partly to a belief that the labor and farmer groups will come along eventually and that the first job is to woo the small-business and lower-middle-class groups.

Then there is the question of splitting the progressive forces. The damage that the new party will do to the progressive cause may possibly be regarded as the necessary wastage in creating a new political alignment. But the question of timing is still an insistent one. Few of the left-wing Democrats regard their war as a lost cause. Granted, as every progressive grants, that a new alignment is inevitable by 1940, there is still a question whether an attack on the New Deal now is the right way to achieve it. In their anxiety to allow ample time in which to build the necessary political cadres for 1940, the La Follettes run the grave danger of scrapping the cadres that have already been formed by arduous effort.

What troubles us even more is the presence in the La Follette build-up of many of the elements of latter-day mystical nationalism and middle-class symbolism. It is no secret that Governor La Follette, on his return from his recent visit to Germany, was impressed with its concrete achievements and with some elements in its political tactics. There are traces of that influence in the symbolism of the cross within a circle which the Governor has adopted for the National Progressives of America, in the name itself, in the injunction to make the party into a religion, in the pointed rejection of class concepts, in the sanctity with which the Western Hemisphere is invested, in the appeal to broad slogans of patriotism and plenty without giving a bill of particulars. We believe in the Governor's own intentions, and we respect the tradition behind him. Yet these are dangerous symbols to play with. Democracy must be militant and disciplined if it is to survive. It must fight fire with fire. But does it not have a fire within itself that is potent to meet what the Governor calls the Black Plague? Or must it borrow some of the fascist flame in order to fight fascism?

What troubles us most is the new party's lack of a program. We have no intention of rejecting a genuine progressive movement merely because it doesn't jibe with our way of going at things. In the early stages of a movement vagueness may be intentional and politically shrewd. But there are some things the Governor was not vague about. The shocking callousness about relief involved in his remarks about "coddling and spoonfeeding the American people" had concreteness enough. What was left vague was how the American people are to be given jobs and security. Will the framework of regulation of industry thus far built up be abandoned? What will be the program on monopoly? on the public utilities? on the TVA? on collective bargaining? on social security? Governor La Follette assumes a grave responsibility when he offers to lead the progressive forces in a new alignment. Unless the coming convention of the new party can work out a program on which all progressive groups can unite—a program that stands a chance of coping with the twin plagues of economic collapse and fascism—the La Follette movement will have succeeded only in further disillusioning the masses and leaving them a prey to the reaction that will follow.

Hitler Goes to Rome

THE most important single thing that has happened in Europe during the last few weeks is a shift of weight. Just after the conquest of Austria, Germany's weight in relation to Italy's was very high. But Chamberlain's agreement with Mussolini tipped the Rome-Berlin axis the other way. In this shifting balance hangs the fate of Europe. Mussolini could not even suggest disapproval of Hitler's march to the Brenner; but today, with the support of Britain and the prospective backing of France, he may be able to resist or at least bargain shrewdly over further proposed German moves toward the south and east. Hitler on his part will probably press for a definite military agreement, while Italy may have been drawn closer to its old hope—a four-power pact in which the weight would be on the side of France, Britain, and itself. No one expects that these complicated cross-purposes will be completely resolved in the course of the discussions about to be held at Rome, or that the results of the conversations will be announced or even immediately felt. All that is clear is that the elegant amenities of the celebration will conceal new elements of conflict and that Hitler comes to Rome not as a conquering hero but as a man with a case to plead.

When thieves fall out, honest men are supposed to feel comfortably secure. But in the present situation no special comfort can be taken from these supposed differences. Both Hitler and Mussolini have much to gain by sticking together; the British-Italian pact was itself a tribute to the axis. Italy and Germany will continue to be the recipients of generous overtures from the anxious democracies just as long as and no longer than they present a double-barreled threat to the interests of their neighbors.

In any case it is not to be supposed that Hitler will be bargained or scared out of an attempt to control Czechoslovakia. Whether he likes it or not—and it is reliably reported that he would have preferred to postpone the job till later—he is committed to the rescue of his racial brothers in the Sudeten area. Henlein's demands are explicit and go far beyond the best possible terms of the Prague government. Hodza has already stated to Britain the extreme limits to which his government is prepared to go in meeting them, and not even Chamberlain can ask that it permit the break-up of the republic or outright Nazi domination of the German sections. The Czechs will fight before they allow that, and their army is efficient, well equipped, and highly trained. Certainly Hitler would be better advised to pursue a course of economic penetration and control than to risk a war the ultimate outcome of which even he must view with distrust.

Whether he decides to move cautiously or not depends in part on the behavior of his own Sudeten supporters and in part on his estimates of British and French intentions. In spite of the new military agreement between those powers, it is clear that no similar agreement exists on Continental policy. France wants to back Czechoslovakia, but only if Britain will back France; and the French delegates went home without guaranties on that score. If they gained any assurance it was implicit rather than explicit, and the French press has been debating the chances of British action ever since. The best guess seems to be that Chamberlain will be prepared to countenance a French *démarche* in case Germany makes an aggressive move against Czechoslovakia after the Czechs have yielded to all the British demands in behalf of the German minority. To hope for more than this would be rash. On the other hand the French are pleased with the general results of their agreement with the British. They know at least that if war threatens in the West a unified Franco-British defense can be depended upon. This knowledge may go far to stiffen their foreign policy and so to lessen the actual chance of war.

The Railroad Muddle

THE Administration's economic moves are beginning to make some sense. But the recovery we need depends on immediate action not only in general spending but in breaking the log-jam in the three crucial industries—construction, automobiles, railroads. The 15 per cent pay cut just imposed on the men and the threat of a strike raise more sharply than ever the question of what we are going to do with the railroads.

Analyses a-plenty of what is wrong with the roads have already been made. What it comes down to is that the railroad systems have rifled the past and mortgaged the future. Huge profits have been made out of them in the past by the robber barons of transportation—chiefly through melons sliced from overcapitalization. As long as the country kept growing and traffic kept increasing, the roads were able to pay their ransom and bear the enormous burden of fixed charges. But when the period of growth came to an end, and when in addition motor transport began to cut into railroad revenue, trouble began. The depression has cut traffic so that it is no longer possible to pay the heavy fixed charges in the form of interest on bonds; yet that bonded indebtedness still sits like an Old Man of the Sea on the shoulders of the railroad Sinbad. A third of the mileage of the country is today in receivership; nearly as much is kept out of it only by handouts from the RFC. Workers have been laid off or are on part time; there are men with twenty and thirty years' service who can't get a run. The physical properties have deteriorated to the danger-point. A minimum of new equipment is being purchased. The Interstate Commerce Commission is besieged with requests for permission to abandon spurs and lines that are not paying their way, and thus the local communities which in the final analysis must be relied on to feed the arteries of commerce are being doomed to become deserted villages.

In the face of this nothing is being done. Some months ago the President appointed a special ICC committee to draft recommendations. White House conferences were held, and the thing was front-page stuff. But what had loomed as a mountain of hope finally delivered itself of a mouse. Not even the ICC commissioners could have taken their slight recommendations seriously. Nor has Congress done more than the Executive. After three years of work and the expenditure of a million dollars, Senator Wheeler's railroad-investigating committee has nothing to offer in the way of a program. There are reports that the President and Wheeler are engaged in political maneuvers. Each passes the buck to the other; each is afraid to get out on a limb in tackling a difficult job; each is unwilling to help the other's position by finding a solution.

But the nation is uninterested in their fears and politics. Unless we can put men back to work, there will soon be very little chance for any of us to play politics.

There is a clear program to be followed: first, a freight-pooling plan. It has been almost two decades since the Transportation Act of 1920 enjoined the ICC to draw up blueprints for consolidating the railroads. Nothing has happened. Complete consolidation will take years more to work out. Meanwhile a freight pool, experiments with which have been made in the past, will help the weaker roads that do not get their share of freight rerouting and will lower shipping costs for manufacturers. Second, steps toward rationalizing the railroads. Instead of letting the Pennsylvania and the B. and O. continue to compete for freight and passenger traffic, let each specialize functionally in what it can do best within an integrated traffic system. Third, revision of the debt structure. The bonded indebtedness, which keeps the roads from bailing themselves out, must be drastically written down. This could conceivably be done by putting some roads through the bankruptcy wringer, but it would be much better done by a rational plan that did not victimize particular roads. Bond-holders, including the life-insurance companies, which are heavily involved, would rather be assured of a portion of their return than get nothing at all. Fourth, the creation of a separate Railroad Equipment Corporation. This could operate with the RFC money that is now being poured into the roads; but whatever money it operates with should be spent on equipment for roads that have been rid of their incubus of staggering interest charges. Fifth, new investment. There is ample money lying about that would flow into the railroads if it were assured of the returns which the increased railroad earnings would give it. Sixth, rationalization of employment. An increasing number of the railroad labor leaders agree that the retirement of unneeded labor on pensions is essential. The older men should be pensioned, and as jobs increased with increased car loadings and train runs, many more of the younger men could find work.

This will not solve the railroad problem. But it will help rationalize it, and it will aid recovery. A permanent solution of the railroad problem must lie in government ownership. But a government which is not strong enough or resourceful enough to create a measure of rational order in the present railroad muddle is not likely to attempt the bigger job.

A Foreign Policy for America

RESULTS of *The Nation's* poll, tabulated on the next page, show isolation to have been rejected by progressive opinion among all groups and in all sections of the country. Out of a total of 9,263 signed ballots received, only 1,493—or less than one in six—subscribed to the general isolationist program which some of our Washington friends have declared represents the sentiment of the country. While no attempt was made to analyze the 4,000-odd unsigned ballots received, a cursory examination shows that they divide in approximately the same proportions. Readers of *The Nation* were particularly emphatic in opposing isolation, only 13 per cent voting for this policy. But, surprisingly enough, 82 per cent of the 6,816 non-readers of *The Nation* who voted concurred in this choice. The lists of persons to whom questionnaires were sent were carefully chosen to avoid bias. Although it is not possible to give the details regarding these lists, it can be stated that among them were lists obtained from at least three magazines which do not agree with *The Nation's* editorial position on foreign affairs and at least one large organization which is presumably isolationist in its outlook. Only one list, and that one of the smaller ones, was obtained from an organization whose members presumably favor collective security. Less than 150 votes were obtained from this source.

Sectionalism played a significantly small role in the returns. There was not a state in the Union in which the isolationist vote even approached that given to collective security. Six Midwestern states—Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and Wisconsin—cast 83 per cent of their ballots for collective action, which was almost identical with the vote in New York City. California was a little more emphatic than the average, with 86 per cent favoring international cooperation, while 84 per cent of the Alabama vote supported the same policy. In fact, the most striking characteristic of the vote is its consistency. Practically all of the states fall within an 80 to 88 per cent range favoring collective security.

Approximately 83 per cent of those favoring isolation as a method of keeping out of war felt that the present Neutrality Act does not supply sufficient guaranties of security for the United States. Only two-thirds of these, however, supported the proposal to stop all trade with belligerents, withdraw aid from American citizens in countries at war, and refuse to consult with other nations on ways to avoid war or end further conflict.

In view of the discouraging developments of the past few years, it seems surprising that nearly 40 per cent of all those voting favored American entry into the League of Nations. More than 70 per cent believed it necessary to collaborate, in joint or parallel action, with the major non-aggressive powers. An overwhelming majority of those favoring joint action—81 per cent—placed their faith in economic sanctions directed against aggressors, but an almost equally large proportion—79 per cent—also favored economic support for the victims of aggression. A somewhat smaller number, but practically half of the total number voting, would carry concerted action to the point of threatening collective armed resistance to aggression.

Of all the specific proposals suggested as a means of checking the drift toward war, the reciprocal trade agreements and the consumer boycott received the greatest support. The boycott was strongly favored by both the supporters of isolation and of collective security, and rolled up a striking majority of 4 to 1 among all those casting their ballots. Unfortunately, no opportunity was given the participants to indicate whether they are themselves refraining from the purchase of Japanese goods.

At first glance the 5 to 1 vote for collective security seems, as one distinguished authority on international relations put it, "almost too good to be true." A number of opponents of collective action have charged that the questions were "loaded" so as to give a favorable result. After studying the criticisms together with several alternative sets of questions submitted by various other groups, we are convinced that this particular charge is not justified. While several of the questions might have been rephrased in the interest of clarity and others added to allow expression to some of the more important qualifications of attitude, there is no indication that the phrasing in any way affected the results. This is borne out by the fact that the National Lawyers' Guild poll with entirely different questions yielded almost identical results. It showed, for example, a 6 to 1 majority in favor of a revision of the Neutrality Act to permit the President and Congress, acting jointly, to distinguish between an aggressor and its victim. An almost identical majority approved of the use of economic measures to enforce the Kellogg-Briand pact. Most of the sample questionnaires submitted by other groups were devoted to an attempt to show that isolation is a "peace policy" and collective security a "war policy."

Next week we shall publish in our correspondence pages letters from critics of the poll as well as from persons who attached to their ballots expanded statements of their beliefs. So many of these were received that we shall attempt a classification of the varied opinions expressed; for these, too, form an interesting reflection of liberal attitudes on peace and American foreign policy.

The Nation poll does not presume to give a cross-section of general public opinion on these most vital of the questions facing the United States today. It does, however, indicate that there is a surprising unity in liberal opinion throughout the country on the necessity for some form of concerted action to check the drift toward war. It suggests that isolationism, if it was ever as strong as its advocates insisted, is definitely on the wane. And it provides a reassuring demonstration of faith in the feasibility of achieving peace through non-military means. An overwhelming majority upheld *The Nation* in the belief that economic sanctions, consumers' boycotts, and other pressures exerted by labor and unofficial groups may, if rigorously applied, yet stop the spread of war.

Final Tabulation of the Returns

I. In the long run, which offers the better insurance against war for this country—

1. Isolation? . . . . 1,493 (16.1%)[1]
2. A policy of cooperation with other nations in defense of peace? 7,770 (83.9%)

A: ISOLATION

II. If you favor isolation, do you believe that our present Neutrality Act, if applied, would supply sufficient guaranties of American security? Yes 246 (17 %) No 1,182 (83 %)

III. If your vote on Question II is *No*, would you go beyond the Neutrality Act and stop all trade with belligerents, withdraw all aid from American citizens in countries at war, and refuse to consult with other nations on ways to avoid war or end further conflict?[2] Yes 850 (67 %) No 418 (33 %)

IV. Do you believe that a policy of isolation—

1. Should be backed by a large increase in the army and navy? 495 (34.4%)
2. Or should we depend chiefly on measures of economic non-intercourse to protect us from war? 944 (65.6%)

B: COLLECTIVE SECURITY

V. If you believe in collective action, what sort of commitments do you favor?

1. Joining the League of Nations? 3,577
2. Acting in common with other signatories to the Pact of Paris? 2,913
3. Collaborating (through joint or parallel action), as occasion demands, with the major non-aggressive powers? 6,713

VI. What sort of collective action do you advocate to check aggression?

1. Economic measures directed against the offending power? 6,341
2. Economic support for the victims of aggression? 6,014
3. The threat of collective armed resistance to aggression? 4,605

VII. The present Neutrality Act prevents economic cooperation with other nations to prevent or resist aggression. Would you favor—

1. Repealing the act outright? . . . . 2,837 (39 %)
2. Or amending it to permit economic aid to the victims of aggression? . . . 4,449 (61 %)

C: IN EITHER CASE

VIII. Has the failure of the major democratic powers effectively to oppose the aggressions of Germany, Italy, and Japan weakened your belief in the possibility of collective action? Yes 3,547 (40 %) No 5,411 (60 %)

IX. Has it caused you to direct your hopes for such action to non-official groups in all countries—particularly to labor and liberal and pacifist elements in the populations and the parliaments? Yes 5,560 (66.7%) No 2,764 (33.3%)

X. Do you favor the application of voluntary popular boycotts to goods coming from nations engaged in aggressive warfare? Yes 7,023 (79.8%) No 1,831 (20.2%)

XI. Do you believe that the United States should join in or support efforts to reduce the economic causes of friction by such means as—

1. A redistribution of colonies? 3,005
2. Reciprocal trade agreements? 7,771
3. Cancelation of war debts? . 3,845
4. Stabilization of currencies? 6,145
5. Relaxation of immigration restrictions? 2,879

XII. Do you believe in a referendum on the question of a declaration of war by the United States? Yes 3,754 (46.4%) No 4,340 (53.6%)

[1] Percentages are based on the number of replies received on the specific question.

[2] Apparently some voted on this question who did *not* vote no on Question II.

La Follette's Bid for Power

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, May 2

IT IS much too early for a final judgment, but at this time and distance Phil La Follette's effort to launch a National Progressive Party looks and sounds like a dud. Because its practical tendency is to contribute to a reactionary triumph in 1940, it is causing alarm among progressives outside Wisconsin and bringing some comfort to the tory press at large. There is little reason to fear that either will be justified by events. It appears to be strictly a family enterprise, and one may question to what extent Bob's heart is in it, notwithstanding his public indorsement. My own conclusions on the subject have been reached with considerable reluctance, not to say pain, and I wish to preface them with certain items of fact. Among them perhaps the most revealing is that America's number one progressive was never consulted about the enterprise, and for his information concerning it has had to rely entirely on the newspapers. I allude, of course, to Senator Norris.

More important, however, are the facts of the general political situation which must be considered in appraising the "movement." It is fairly obvious now that out of the conflict over Roosevelt's main policies and objectives the country is moving rapidly toward a political realignment. The reactionary counter-attack on the New Deal is gathering force and fury. Unless some great diversion occurs, this conflict may be expected to produce a natural division between tories and progressives by 1940. The logic of the situation would seem to make Roosevelt the inevitable leader of the progressives. Time and future events may alter that, but nothing else can. When and if that natural division comes, the worst calamity which could overtake the progressives' cause would be a division in their own ranks. Practical reactionaries know that. It is no surprise when the Washington *Post* welcomes Phil's progressivism as the simon-pure brand. If he were not recognized as a potential ally he would be derided or ignored.

The impending realignment, with its natural economic basis, will be the most wholesome political development in United States politics since Lincoln founded the Republican Party. Possessing the ballot, the people have been helpless while the nation's wealth was plundered under cover of the sham battle waged by the old parties. No one knew that better than the elder La Follette, who risked his life in 1924 to effect such a realignment. Risked it literally, because his doctor told him his heart probably would not survive the campaign—and it didn't for very long. He had no hope of achieving more than an honest and natural division between progressives and reactionaries; he told me so the night he concluded his campaign at Cleveland; but he was willing to die for his hope. Now it is being realized, and with a speed and finality for which few of us dared hope a year ago. More, it is being realized under circumstances which are full of promise of a progressive victory. What sheer, heartbreaking tragedy it would be if progressive victory were turned into defeat through the misguided zeal of the Old Battler's son! Especially for the son himself.

As I said earlier, this subject is painful, and I strain to be clear. The La Follettes are always brave, always sincere, always incorruptible. To Phil and Bob public service is a religion which they have practiced with faith and gallantry. Moreover, as an academic proposition, it is easy to admit that their brand of progressivism is superior to Roosevelt's. Unfortunately, that is not the issue in this situation, as it might be in a more civilized age. The immediate prospect is that we are going to have Roosevelt's or none. The choice is not between Roosevelt and La Follette; it is between Roosevelt on one hand and Ford, Girdler, and the National Association of Manufacturers on the other. At least, that is how the choice presents itself now.

We might, indeed, go farther and say it is a choice between Roosevelt's adulterated progressivism and the Ford-Girdler brand of fascism. Can anyone contemplate the elements now rallying against the New Deal, and still doubt what kind of government we shall have if those forces triumph in 1940? Not I; I have heard too much of the testimony before Bob's civil liberties committee in the last year. Grant all the New Deal's imperfections—of what use will the counsels of perfection be when the tanks and machine-guns are in the streets and public squares of New York, Chicago, and Detroit, as they were in Washington in July, 1932? The logic of the situation is inescapable, and it transcends personalities and counsels of perfection alike.

Even if that were not the case, the fact would remain that Phil's performance at Madison was distinctly hammy. The idea of the cross-and-circle symbol was too palpably borrowed from the fasces and the swastika, and there were passages in the speech which sounded like a combination of Hitler, Hoover, Huey Long, and Billy Sunday. Containing much that was obviously true, it did not hang together. "The Republican Party is bankrupt," and the Democrats are so reactionary that "even such attempts to move forward as the Administration has made have torn the party apart." To whom, then, does Phil appeal? To "the rank and file of both parties . . . composed of fine, patriotic men and women." If that means anything it means that he is appealing to the elements in both parties which already recognize Roosevelt as their leader. It just won't do. Phil's time may come (personally, I hope it will be Bob's), but this isn't it.

Finally, talk of a "National Progressive Party" which discards the New Deal and ignores Norris, LaGuardia, and John L. Lewis strikes me, from a practical standpoint, as childish nonsense, redeemed only by the fact that it is too childish to be very dangerous.

If it is true that procedural errors have endangered the government's cases against Ford and Republic Steel, the Labor Board's legal department, by its own confession, stands convicted of inexcusable negligence. It would seem that it remained for the Supreme Court (in the Kansas City stockyards decision) to call the board's attention to the necessity of complying with certain elementary requirements. If, as now appears, these included the opportunity to meet allegations, offer exceptions, and present argument to the board itself, and not merely before trial examiners, they were fundamental as well as elementary. All the trial examiners I have seen in action were competent lawyers and sympathetic to the purposes of the law. But they are not responsible officials in the final sense that the board members are. What chance would a labor union have before a trial examiner appointed by the same kind of Administration which made Gaston B. Means an agent of the Department of Justice? Nobody who is familiar with the record in the Ford and Republic cases can have much doubt about their guilt. By the same token any procedural errors which endanger those cases are doubly reprehensible.

If admissions of the board's counsel mean what they seem to convey, it is that professional incompetence or carelessness has placed new ammunition in the hands of stooge columnists and peanut politicians at a time when they need it badly to curry favor with their patrons by misleading the public. Senator Burke can now use three Senate mimeographs, instead of one, to print the propaganda which he is sending out under his frank.

The Rise of David Dubinsky

BY McALISTER COLEMAN

I

ON A Sunday morning when the spring sunshine brings New York's East Side on to the streets you may perhaps see a stocky little man pedaling a bicycle methodically along Second Avenue. He does it with the concentrated air of one bent on self-improvement. He looks neither to right nor left as friends among the garment workers on the sidewalks call out, "Hello, D. D."

This will be David Dubinsky, keeping down the encroachments of a middle-aged waist line and getting set for another week of strenuous grappling with bosses, grievance-bearing members of his own rank and file, novice politicians of the American Labor Party, and a thousand and one perplexing questions connected with obtaining peace in the labor movement. Sidewalk strollers note that, for all the traffic hazards, the bicycle keeps pretty consistently in the middle of the wide avenue.

To the fast-growing group of journalists who have discovered gold among the labor hills the president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union is a distinct disappointment. The bright young men from *Time* march on from Dubinsky's office with few of those human-interest items that jazz up their amazing interpretations of the world of labor. Photographers assigned to I. L. G. W. U. conventions usually pass up the bland Dubinsky for the disordered locks and black ties of Luigi Antonini or the stern visage of Julius Hochman. Dubinsky's cherubic countenance has no resemblance to the pictures of the hard-bitten union chiefs upon which the public has been taught to gaze with mingled awe and apprehension.

Those persons, however, who see in labor leaders something more than colorful material for "personality copy" know that Dubinsky's small figure looms with increasing importance above the labor scene. They know that his mixture of shrewd opportunism and a carefully measured idealism is a factor to be reckoned with in any just appraisal of the current movement. Dubinsky's enemies, of whom he has a generous number, speak sneeringly of his "shifty pacifism," of his "countless compromises and evasions," of his "essential glibness." But friends and enemies alike admit that there is in the little man an amazing energy, driven by a first-rate intelligence, that takes him to strategic places never reached by more spectacular leadership.

He stood in one of these places a year ago when he welcomed John L. Lewis to that Atlantic City Auditorium where two years before, at the historic convention of the American Federation of Labor, Lewis had waged his losing fight for industrial unionism. On the later occasion, at Dubinsky's signal, a thousand delegates to the I. L. G. W. U.'s twenty-third convention jumped up and cheered as the mine leader stepped out to thank the international for its part in building the Committee for Industrial Organization. Lewis knew and Dubinsky knew that, with the miners, the garment workers—makers of men's and women's clothes alike—had furnished the bulk of the funds and the pick of the organizers that had sent the C. I. O. victoriously into rubber and glass and automobiles and steel. There was plenty to cheer about at that convention. The recession was not yet in sight, business was brisk in the garment trades, recalcitrant employers were signing contracts, union treasuries were full. And the psychological barriers that seemed to stand between Lewis and Dubinsky were down, for the time being at any rate. Though here and there the movement had met a check, nothing, it seemed in those May days, could stop the onward march of the C. I. O.

"We come to this convention," said Dubinsky, "representing 240,000 members in 236 chartered locals and 21 joint boards and district councils located in 24 states and in Puerto Rico as well as in four provinces in Canada." Gains of 40,000 members since the Chicago convention of 1934 were proudly recorded. Here was an organization of workers larger in size, greater in scope, than any unit of the employers with which it dealt, an organization charged with the economic welfare and security of more than a million men, women, and children, an organization which had come up through the worst of the country's industrial jungles.

Among those who listened to Dubinsky's report were many old-timers who could remember when they went out on the fire-escapes of New York sweatshops in the brief breathing-spells granted from the whir of the machines and talked union. In those days, before the turn of the century, the young men's talk of organization brought a smile to the lips of older skeptics. "We have tried union," they assured the eager youngsters, "and it does no good. Take what you can get and don't let the boss hear you talk union around here." But they were tenacious, these youngsters, and they were idealists. I do not mean that they were the yearning revolt-shouters of the standardized labor pageant. They were too tired for posturing. Swallowing their morning tea in the windowless back room of a tenement, hurrying through empty streets gray under river fog, climbing steep stairs to the shop, bending at once to the compulsions of their machines, working fifty, sixty, seventy hours a week for a six-dollar wage—they were in no mood for heroics. They were young, though, and had a lust for life. They saw how quickly the machines had drained from the elders the fine hopes and high dreams that had brought them first to these hostile streets. They turned from the fire-escapes and went back to the foul rooms, resolved that somehow, collectively, they would find the way out of this man-trap.

"We have a right to claim," Dubinsky said, "that our union has become strong not merely through its economic gains but by virtue of the idealism and solidarity fostered by our educational and cultural activity."

Exportation of inhabitants who exhibit the wrong sort of idealism has long been a practice of European nations. In the early eighties the Jews of Poland, Lithuania, Austria, Germany, and Russia were fleeing the pogroms and police persecutions of their homelands. Tailors from Rumania, revolutionists from Riga, young intellectuals from Odessa, little business men from a hundred ghettos crowded the rails of liners as they came into New York harbor. In the twenty years from 1880 to 1900 nearly 600,000 Jewish immigrants passed through Ellis Island, the majority of them headed straight for the garment centers. In New York's swarming Tenth Ward, under the latticed shadows of the elevated, these workers moved in a world of their own as completely beyond the pale as though they had never left Kiev or Odessa. Their few words of English were well-nigh unintelligible bits of trade jargon. Most of them clung to Talmudic tradition and looked with suspicion on the young revolutionaries as proselytizing Christian missionaries.

The epic story of how that unlikely lump was leavened by the pioneer organizers—Abraham Cahan, Meyer London, Morris Hillquit, Jacob Panken, Benjamin Feigenbaum, and others—is told in Lewis L. Lorwin's "The Women's Garment Workers," the official history of the I. L. G. W. U. In June of 1900, the year that Eugene Debs was nominated for President by the new Socialist Party of America, a group of tailors, arguing as tailors have argued since the first bearskin was sewed together, met at the Labor Lyceum in New York. There eleven courageous delegates, representing seven clothing groups in New York, Newark, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, voted to organize a national union of all workers in the women's garment industry. They took the hopeful, if ponderous, name of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union.

Eleven years after that momentous meeting David Dubinsky arrived at the Battery. He was nineteen years old and a veteran revolutionist. Born in Brest-Litovsk, Poland, the son of an owner of a bakeshop, little David had entered enthusiastically into the local labor movement at Lodz, where his family moved when he was an infant. Although unions were tolerated in Russian Poland, they were so closely watched by the police that most of their activities had to be conducted underground. David, an apprentice in his father's shop, was an energetic union official and led two strikes of the Bakers' Union. He was arrested and forced to leave Lodz. At sixteen he was one of the chief organizers of a general strike of bakers. Again arrested, he served eighteen months in prison and was exiled to Siberia in 1909, the year of the first great strike of the New York dressmakers. Five months later he escaped, and after working for a while with the underground movement in Russia, he finally headed for America.

As soon as he landed, the innocent-looking, pink-cheeked youth, with alert eyes beneath a high forehead, went straight to Socialist and labor headquarters. His older brother was a business agent of the Bakers' Union, Local 100, and David soon made friends with the leaders of the movement in New York. After working for a time as a knee-pants operator, he was admitted in the summer of 1911 to membership in Local 10, the powerful cutters' division of the I. L. G. W. U., bearing a letter of introduction from Benjamin Schlesinger, for whom he was to act as labor lieutenant for so many stormy years.

Schlesinger, like Dubinsky, had learned his revolutionary lessons in Russia. Working in Chicago in the first days of the international, he had risen rapidly through the union ranks and in 1903 reached the presidency of the I. L. G. W. U. In those days, following the example of most European laborites, Schlesinger stressed his socialist philosophy in all his union activities. In his reports to conventions he roundly damned the two old parties and recommended the discussion of socialism throughout the union. He had gathered around him a group of young militants who were impatient at the caution of the old-timers and enraged by the snobbishness of the native-born workers. With these "new men" Dubinsky went to work to adapt to American conditions the Socialist program of industrial unionism, public ownership, and the eventual abolition of the profit system. He rose quickly —to the executive board of the cutters in 1919, to the vice-presidency in 1920, and to the presidency in 1921.

In these years he was looking well beyond the cutting table into the intricacies of an industry where often the making of clothes is a casual by-product of the major processes of planned inefficiency, large-scale waste, and economic aberrations which dizzy the economist. The demands of what Lewis Mumford has called "the ritual of luxury" bear heavily on all transactions connected with the manufacture of women's clothes. The style tempo is swift and unpredictable, and woe to him who has not caught its rhythm. No other industrialists or workers are at the mercies of so implacable and whimsical a market as are the women's garment manufacturers and workers. When this ritual is complicated by the feverish competition of employers with a sweatshop conception of their industry, the whole business takes on a lunatic aspect. Although by comparison with the underpaid operators Dubinsky's skilled cutters enjoyed some measure of security (they were regarded enviously as the aristocrats of the garment trade), they were as deeply concerned as the most sweated learner with the elimination of the swarms of parasitic middlemen and the modernization of this "cottage industry." Among garment workers there was no debating the central thesis of industrial unionism —"An injury to one is an injury to all."

More and more it was with the everyday problems posed by the peculiar set-up of the garment trade rather than with larger and vaguer social philosophies that Dubinsky and the "new men" were occupied. Because the bosses had no will to clean house, the union had to tackle the job. And to this task it summoned, not without heated protest on the part of the old-timers, creative persons from outside the union. Economists, research workers, production engineers, lawyers to draft codes, publicity men to interpret the aims of the international to the consumer—these mingled with the workers at union headquarters and sat with them in conference with the employers. The heroism shown by the rank and file in their pioneer struggles had had an emotional appeal for all liberal America. Now the less spectacular struggle for elementary industrial civilization engaged the interest of such outstanding personalities as Jane Addams, Charles Barnes, Otto Beyer, Robert Bruère, Morris Cooke, Zona Gale, Norman Hapgood, Florence Kelley, the La Follettes, William Leiserson, Julian Mack, Marcus Marks, William Z. Ripley, Raymond Robins, Oswald Garrison Villard, Brand Whitlock, Stephen Wise, Lillian Wald. Although this connection with outside intellectuals was viewed with apprehension by the Gomperites in the A. F. of L., who privately lamented the day they had admitted the international to their fold, it served to plant the union firmly in American soil. And it played its important part in the education of a young labor leader.

[*Part II of this article will appear next week.*]

Is Inflation Coming?

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

ONE of the worst effects of Germany's monetary collapse after the war has been its legacy of muddle-headed thinking. The German experience caused "inflation" to become a press catchword with a connotation of mysterious wickedness and surrounded it with a mist of fear. In the years since, continual loose usage has brought such an accretion of meanings that inflation is now applied to almost any kind of government action of a stimulative nature. It has thus become a useful missile for those to hurl who have found that "socialism" and "collectivism" have lost some of their power to terrorize. It arouses a sense of guilt, suggests the perils of departure from the strait path, appeals to those masochistic instincts which every religion, including the religion of capitalism, has sought to harness to its ends.

It was therefore only to be expected that when the President announced his new spending program, half a hundred publicists would reach for this portentous abstraction; it was a safe bet that General Hugh Johnson would use it more wildly than anyone else. Even after "time to cool off and observe the horrendous thing with at least a moderate temperature," he was able to conjure up for his readers such hobgoblins as "French assignats, the depreciation of the Russian ruble, the German mark, and our Continental and Confederate currencies. In these cases wealth in the form of money became as worthless as second-hand wallpaper." Without stopping to consider whether there was the slightest similarity between the economic circumstances in which these deplorable happenings occurred and our present situation, the General plunged on: "When people fear this they want to get rid of their money and turn it into wealth in the form of goods or common stocks as quickly as possible. A panic buyers' market results. All prices go through the ceiling. . . . People who depend on wages, salaries, pensions, or life insurance see the buying power of their incomes cut to fractions. This is 'inflation' in its most sinister sense." Agreed, General. But what has this to do with the situation in America today?

Suppose there were a rush for goods now, what would happen? There is no shortage—in fact, one of our chief troubles is the swollen state of inventories. It would take a powerful amount of buying to bring these down to normal proportions, and until that happened, there would not be much rise in prices. Meanwhile manufacturers, seeing stocks dwindling and customers in the offing, would start idle machinery, reemploy idle men. Would this be a cause for terror?

The truth is that the root cause of inflation is not oversupply of money or credit but scarcity of goods. Inflation is the result of famine, not abundance. Germany's disastrous experience began during the war when its productive capacity was stretched to the utmost to supply its armies. Hence the steady expansion in currency and credit to finance the war could not be offset by a further increase in goods. When peace came, the nation's machinery was worn out, its stocks of food and raw materials exhausted, and its credit vanished. The exactions of the Allies prevented any revival in production and rendered inevitable the paper chase toward bankruptcy. Examination of other runaway inflations would reveal a similar picture, always with a background of war and revolution. I do not know of any instance in history in which inflation coincided with a large potential capacity for the production of both raw materials and finished goods such as America possesses today.

The more intelligent opponents of pump-priming will admit this. But, they insist, this only means we may continue to live in a fool's paradise for a few months or years; in the end Nemesis will catch us. This suggests that the avenging goddess is around the next corner but one, and that before she jumps out at us we may expect a pleasant interlude with Fortuna. For if inflation results only from the attempt further to expand activities after the factors of production are fully engaged, we must, before plunging into it, attain a level of prosperity considerably higher than that of 1929. Can it be that the President's critics, in their efforts to damn his program, are in fact ascribing to it possibilities of success beyond the wildest hopes of his supporters?

There are, of course, cynics who hint that what business fears is not a boom in itself, but a boom for which the President could claim political credit. Let us allow our high-toned columnists, our public-spirited editors, worthier motives for refusing to indulge in tainted prosperity! The emotional vehemence with which they reject unsound methods entitles them to be credited with acting on moral rather than on political grounds. Fearful that too rich a meal will give the country indigestion, they praise the healthful qualities of dry bread. In the eternal conflict between asceticism and physical satisfaction they have chosen the way of St. Simeon Stylites and invited us to come up and see them some time. Psychiatrists would doubtless describe such behavior as masochism—a delight in pain for its own sake. Before we decide to adopt this interesting perversion it might be well to take a more careful look at the pump-priming program and see if it really has such hell-raising potentialities. Perhaps, after all, there may be no occasion to revel in cramps on the pillar of financial rectitude in company with General Johnson, to kneel fasting before the idol of "Sound Money" alongside Dorothy Thompson, or to join the editor of the New York *Times* in flagellations honoring that indefinable deity the "Balanced Budget."

IS CREDIT EXPANSION JUSTIFIABLE?

According to the *Financial Chronicle*: "The gold desterilization is in itself a dangerous invitation to unbridled inflation. . . . The promised reduction in reserve requirements is even more startling. . . . Excess reserves in the current banking statistics are estimated at $1,730,000,000. Gold desterilization will add $1,400,000,000 to that figure, and another $750,000,000 is to be poured in on top of that, making excess reserves of something like $3,800,000,000, probably before very long." Other critics see nothing inflationary in the credit-expansion program; on the contrary, they find it adds nothing to purchasing power and dismiss it as so much window-dressing. In my opinion both these objections show misunderstanding of the real purpose of credit expansion at this time, which is to check deflation in the security markets and to prepare the ground for the government financing which will become necessary as the pump-priming program develops.

Reduction in the proportion of reserves which banks must hold against deposits means an enlargement of resources, unable at present to find employment except in public bonds and bills. Prices have risen sharply in the bond market, while the rates on short-term bills, already very low, have been shaved still further. The addition of the desterilized gold to the active balance of the Treasury not only means that current expenses will be met for some time without fresh borrowing but makes possible the retirement of a considerable amount of short-term debt during the next two months. Thus, with the supply of investment paper diminishing, a steady rise in government bonds may be expected. Three advantages accrue. Investors will be encouraged to turn to better-yielding industrial bonds, and investment markets generally will benefit. With money available at cheaper rates entrepreneurs will be more inclined to borrow for plant expansion; the scheme which seemed not worth while when 4½ per cent had to be paid for a loan may offer a margin of profit at a 3½ per cent rate. Finally, the Treasury has maturing notes totaling over $1,600,000,000 to meet before the end of the year. If the bond market can be kept strong, it will be able to refinance this amount at a lower average rate, as well as raise new money at less expense if, as is probable, this becomes necessary in the fall.

However uncomfortable cheap money may be for bankers and *rentiers*, it is not in itself inflationary. We are told that interest rates are already abnormally low, but this is a case where thinking makes it so. There is no norm for interest rates which holds good under all conditions. Capital is also subject to the laws of supply and demand, and in an advanced industrial country, where opportunities for investment are declining, there is a secular downward trend in interest rates. Barring war, revolution, or catastrophes destroying capital on a large scale, it is by no means impossible that eventually they will reach zero, or even become negative. This prospect is naturally terrifying to economic masochists, who fear the foundations of economic morality would be undermined were abstinence no longer to receive a reward.

The question of whether the total volume of credit is dangerously large must remain an academic one until economic activity more nearly approaches its optimum. In any case there is not the slightest truth in the suggestion that the car has been started off without brakes. It is always open to the Federal Reserve Board to raise reserve requirements again; it can sell securities in the open market, which by curtailing deposits similarly reduces the volume of credit; it can allow gold to flow out of the country if a rise in the price level here causes weakness in the dollar; it can increase the rediscount rate. The greatest danger is not that the brakes will prove ineffective but that they will be jammed on too suddenly. This is very much what happened a year ago. Forgetting the time lag, the Administration, finding no immediate response to its efforts to slow things down, put all its weight on the pedal and was surprised to find the car stalled. Next time it seems desirable to check economic momentum, let us hope the curbs available will be used with more restraint.

IS THERE A DANGER OF NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY?

Government management of credit is abhorrent to our economic masochists: even more so is the unbalanced budget. The latter is a matter, too, about which it is easier to alarm the man in the street, who is apt to personalize the Treasury situation. Most of us have been brought up with a horror of running into debt, with an acute sense of the danger of living beyond our income. Hence we feel that such practices on the part of the nation as a whole must be immoral and risky.

To get this problem into perspective requires a consideration of the debt burden in relation to other economic factors. On March 31 the gross federal debt was approximately $37,000,000,000—about 54.4 per cent of the national income last year. But our capacity to produce goods and services, as estimated by the Brookings Institution, was $97,500,000,000 in 1929. If anything like this figure were attained, the relative burden of the debt would fall sharply even though pump-priming added several billions to it. On the other hand, should national income decline again to the 1932 level—as it probably would if a thoroughgoing deflationary and budget-balancing program were attempted—the relative burden would rise to 93 per cent. Similarly the load of taxation can only be realistically considered if it is related to national income. Federal, state, and local taxes are at present estimated at around $10,000,000,000, less than 15 per cent of the national income in 1937. If income were pushed to the limit, there would be a decrease in the real weight of taxation even though the actual gross amount were increased.

It is interesting to compare these figures with those of Britain, often held out by our orthodox mentors as a model of financial rectitude. Britain's debt, excluding defaulted American loans, is nearly $39,000,000,000—more than America's even though the population that must carry it is only about one-third as great. Britain's national income last year is estimated at $26,000,000,000; so that the relative debt burden is 150 per cent! Moreover, British local and national taxes, even before the additions provided in the new budget, absorbed some 22 per cent of the national income.

Actually Britain, for all its "sound" finance, is a great deal nearer inflation and bankruptcy than America. It has a much smaller margin of unused productive capacity, and with an aging population soon due to start declining absolutely, its prospects of raising national income much above its present level are decidedly slim. Armaments are now absorbing practically all surplus production normally available for capital requirements. Before long Britain, like Germany, will have to choose between guns and butter. It is therefore nonsense to suggest, as the New York *Times* in its editorial comment on the British budget suggested, that because Britain's actual current deficit is "negligible compared with our own" it is in a much stronger position.

Of course we must recognize that to a "sound" economic thinker a deficit incurred for armaments has a righteousness all its own. It is as moral as castor oil—tastes bad when you take it and gives you a hell of a stomach-ache later. Borrowing for armaments has for the masochist a natural appeal entirely lacking in borrowing for public works. Opposition to the navy bill in business circles has been singularly hard to discover. When it is a matter of death, thrift must take a back seat. But to spend for a fuller life, to borrow to promote health—that shows a lack of moral fiber, a deterioration of character.

During the preliminary discussions on the pump-priming proposals, there was strong support in Administration circles for the inclusion of a large-scale health program, for which an almost perfect case exists, not merely on purely social but also on economic grounds. The recent report of the Technical Committee on Medical Care pointed out that a billion days of work were lost each year through sickness, and estimated the annual cost of illness and premature death at $10,000,000,000. The possibilities for investment in this field are enormous. There is room for a vast extension of the present preventive service and for hundreds of clinics and hospitals. The committee showed that 18,000,000 people were living in counties without hospital facilities and suggested that at least 500 hospitals could be usefully built in rural areas. The expenditure of a billion dollars over the next few years on a comprehensive health program would be a direct contribution to the wealth of the country. If it succeeded in cutting the annual cost of sickness only 5 per cent, it would mean a 50 per cent profit.

The plan has gone into cold storage; no doubt because it was too sane to be politically feasible. But it serves to illustrate the topsy-turvy thinking of those who see in expenditure of this kind nothing but a step toward financial ruin. The real measure of the national deficit is not the amount by which the Treasury fails to cover current expenditure by current income. It is rather the vastly greater amount by which the nation as a whole fails to achieve a full return from its capital equipment—that is to say, the amount by which actual production falls short of potential production.

Russia and Karl Marx

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

IT WILL probably be some years before we shall have authentic knowledge of the social and political facts which underlie the periodic trials in Moscow and the recurrent purges, including Stalin's most recent and highly significant "purge of the purgers" on the collective farms. Until further knowledge is available, discussion of the credibility of the official version of these events will be largely unprofitable because varying opinions will either be, or seem to be, dictated by previously established presuppositions in regard to Russia. In the meantime it may be profitable to outline certain conclusions, of great importance to social and political theory, which are substantiated by the trials however they are interpreted and are equally valid whether one regards Stalin as a sadistic tyrant or as the heroic defender of a revolution against criminal conspirators. These conclusions concern the Marxian estimate of the nature of the state on the one hand and of human nature on the other. The social and political facts revealed by the Moscow trials seriously challenge the Marxian interpretation of the state as an instrument of class domination which will wither away in a classless society; they also throw doubt upon the Marxian analysis of human nature which not only is implied in the state theory but has been explicitly expressed.

For the purpose of disarming the reader who is generally sympathetic with a Marxian interpretation of politics it may be wise to observe that in the opinion of the present writer Marxism is an essentially correct theory and analysis of the economic realities of modern society. It is correct in its analysis of the unavoidable conflict between owners and workers in an industrial society, correct in regarding private ownership of the means of production as the basic cause of periodic crises and technological unemployment, and correct in its insistence that the communal ownership of the productive process is a basic condition of social health in a technical age. It may underestimate the biological, racial, and spiritual factors in imperialism, but it is certainly not wrong in holding capitalism responsible for the economic imperialism in which every advanced industrial nation is inevitably involved. All these affirmations of Marxist social theory are made dogmatically—without effort to validate them against contending theories—for the purpose of dissociating the intended criticism of the Marxist theories of the state and of human nature from a general criticism of Marxism.

The Marxian theory of the state is very simple. The state is the instrument of class oppression. It will therefore disappear with the disappearance of classes. "In the course of its development," declares Marx, "the working class will replace the old bourgeois society . . . and there will no longer be any real political power, for political power is precisely the official expression of class antagonisms in bourgeois society." Lenin, proclaiming the same faith, says, "We do not expect the advent of an order of society in which the principle of the subordination of the minority to the majority will not be observed. But striving for socialism, we are convinced that it will develop into communism . . . all need for force will vanish, and for the subjection of one man to another, and one part of the population to another, since people will grow accustomed to observing the elementary conditions of social existence without force and without subjection." One might multiply such citations indefinitely. They all look forward to a kind of anarchistic Utopia, despite the explicit disavowals of utopianism that are found in Marxism.

Obviously the crucial point in this interpretation of the function of force in society is that it is regarded not as a necessity of social cohesion but simply as an instrument of class oppression. This implies that human egoism is not congenital but merely the product of a particular class organization of society. Nothing is more paradoxical in Marxian theory than that it prompts its adherents to a cynically realistic analysis of human motives in the present instance and yet persuades them to look forward to a paradise of brotherhood after the revolution. For the period after the revolution every orthodox Marxian is a liberal. The eighteenth-century faith in the perfectibility of man is expressed with the greater abandon for having been tentatively veiled and qualified.

The probability is that this whole interpretation of the place of force in society is wrong. Every society uses a degree of coercion in achieving cohesion for the simple reason that the human imagination is too limited and egoistic impulses are too powerful for purely voluntary cooperation on a large scale to be attained. Inevitably the force which society uses for this purpose will seek to serve itself more than society. No matter how general the consent which maintains it, the actual social locus from which the initiative of coercion is taken is narrower than the whole of society. Hence in every society there is something like an oligarchy. The best a democratic society can do is to prevent the oligarchy from becoming hereditary and self-perpetuating and to maintain the right of constant surveillance over its exercise of power. The evils of the capitalist oligarchy are due to the fact that its power, being derived from mere ownership of property, is essentially irresponsible and self-perpetuating. It may be partly checked by political power, but it is usually strong enough to bend those who hold the political power to its will.

The elimination of such an oligarchy from society does not eliminate the necessity of coercion. The new oligarchy may be primarily political rather than economic; but when the goods of society are owned in common, the political leadership may easily hold the economic power also. The rise of an oligarchy in Russia is not due, as Trotsky alleges, to the perfidy of Stalin. It was inevitable. But Trotsky is surely right when he points out that it is the tendency of such a class to arrogate special privileges to itself. Every class which performs a special function in society will claim the privileges that are necessary for the proper performance of its function, and since it has the decision, will make a very generous estimate of what it requires. Events in Russia prove that the state is not so much derived from class domination as class domination is derived from the necessities of the state.

The orthodox Marxian has a simple answer for these criticisms. He will declare that one must not confuse the dictatorship of the proletariat with the ultimate communist society. He will call attention to the fact that Lenin envisaged that paradox "a bourgeois state without the bourgeoisie" until men shall have learned "elementary rules of social behavior." This phrase, a bourgeois state without the bourgeoisie, is a neat indication of the basic error of Marxism—its identification of human egoism with the capitalist social structure. The Marxian will allow the dictatorship to continue until the last vestiges of capitalist mentality are rooted out. He does not admit that egoistic impulses spring perennially from every human heart. This does not mean that it is not possible to construct an economic order which by its very mechanism will make for mutuality among men. Our social mechanisms may aggravate or mitigate human egoism and the conflict of wills in society. But they will not create men of such universal perspectives that they will make identical interpretations of what life is and ought to be.

The Moscow trials are tragic revelations of this error in the Marxian interpretation of human nature and of the state. Is it not this error which requires the ruling oligarchy to prove that its foes are covert fascists and capitalists? The kind of opposition they offered is inconceivable in terms of the Marxian theory. The dictatorship exists in theory to suppress capitalist foes, not to suppress communists who have other goals and principles than the ruling faction. Real communists, on the basis of identical economic interests, would all think more or less alike. If they do not think alike, the nonconformists are *ipso facto* capitalists—except of course for the dissenter who is in Mexico rather than under the heel of the oligarchy.

Stalin's power is a double refutation of the Marxian theory of the state. The fact that the power is necessary refutes the Trotskyists, who regard the growth of an oligarchy in Russia as merely the fruit of Stalin's perfidy. Every society must finally define its course and assert its will not only against foreign foes but against dissenters within its own household. In a socialist society such dissent is derived not merely from remnants of capitalist ideology but from varying interpretations of the purpose and program of socialism made by different schools of Marxist thought. In so far as the conflict between Stalin and his foes is a conflict between absolutists and relativists, one is inclined to prefer Stalin's relativism and compromise to the unstatesmanlike absolutism of Trotsky. The instincts of self-preservation within a great community will generate an irrefutable logic of their own against which doctrinaire creeds are powerless. In exactly the same way French ideals of a bourgeois world revolution were compounded with patriotism in the period after the French Revolution.

But the degree of Stalin's power, its irresponsible and autocratic character, refutes the Marxian theory of the state in another sense. The Marxian thesis that the state will wither away after the capitalist enemies of socialism are destroyed prompts Marxists to maximize the power of the state and to relax ordinary human precautions against the exercise of irresponsible power. Since the state is involved in a process of self-destruction, it is believed that its power can safely be increased. This power will supposedly enhance the efficiency of the Communist community in defeating its internal and external foes; and when this has been done, the state will wither away.

The fatal error in this reasoning is the assumption that conflict within a community and the expression of dissident opinion can come only from the remnants of the capitalist mentality. The Marxian does not understand that any and every community in human history, given the limitations of the human mind and the egoistic impulses of the human heart, will have difficulty in arriving at a common mind and a general will, and must therefore achieve unity partly by suppressing dissidence and coercing recalcitrant minorities. Once this perennial necessity of coercion is recognized, it is possible to be vigilant against its perennial perils. Every government is tempted to confuse its own prejudices with the general welfare and to corrupt its rule by the lust for power. "All power corrupts," declared Lord Acton quite truly, "and absolute power corrupts absolutely." The validity of this observation escapes utopians, who imagine that they have found a way to eliminate power and coercion from society. Hence they allow the power of their state to grow unduly, vainly imagining that the heart which beats under the tunic of a commissar is of different stuff from the hearts of ancient kings and potentates. The tragic consequence of this miscalculation is that what purposed to be the realization of Marx's dream of a "free association of workers" turns out to be a community governed by a particularly vexatious tyranny.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

IN THE horror of what has happened in Austria there is one bright spot, and that is the admirable conduct of our American diplomatic officials there. Every American has a right to be proud of the courage and humanity displayed by all of them, notably by the chargé d'affaires, John C. Wiley. It is reported that the minister of another great democracy promptly bolted when the Germans marched in, and left his legation to subordinates. As we had no minister in Vienna at the time, the whole burden fell upon Mr. Wiley. One of the most experienced of our younger diplomats, he refused to be bound by red tape or purely nationalistic restrictions, and as a result he did an enormous amount of good, saved many unfortunates, I am sure, and ameliorated the lot of many others. He was not overawed by the Nazis or afraid of them, and that is just the right attitude to take toward these brutal bluffers. He and his small staff have been simply overwhelmed by the thousands of poor Jews, and Gentiles too, who have sought to get visas to come to the United States. I wish there were some way of giving men who do work of this type a distinguished-service medal. Mr. Wiley has certainly earned it.

He would, I believe, be the first to say that he did no more than was expected of him according to the traditions of our service, and in that he would be right. Hundreds of persons call the present Assistant Secretary of State, George S. Messersmith, blessed for the magnificent work he did in Berlin when Hitler took power there. I have had men tell me with tears in their eyes that they felt they owed their lives to his tireless energy and willingness to forget everything except the appeal of one human being to another for aid in escaping from an unearned and a terrible fate. From Paris has come a remarkable letter from a foreigner expressing his gratitude and admiration for the extraordinary courtesy and kindliness with which his personal request for aid and counsel was received at the embassy there. Strictly speaking, the American diplomatic service can concern itself only with American citizens, but it is a great piece of good fortune that in a crisis it does let humane instincts overrule the exact letter of the regulations. It isn't possible to go into details here, but I may say that the American legation in Vienna, now the American consulate, stood out above all others in those first horrible days. I have this from competent and trustworthy observers who were there during the whole time and have just arrived in this country.

I am the happier to record this, which is something all Americans ought to know, because of the growing criticism one hears, notably in Washington, of some of the permanent diplomatic officials. There is always the danger that career men will become routinized, opinionated, and hidebound. I could name several of this type, but it is not true of the bulk of the men that I know in the service. I have never in all my travels experienced anything but the greatest courtesy and kindness from our diplomats. Perhaps our career service is too new to have become bureaucratic and for its members to fail to realize that they are still, however secure in their jobs, the servants of the American public. I have before now expressed my anxiety lest this come to pass, for I remember so well what was brought out about the English diplomatic service by a parliamentary commission which was inquiring into the inbreeding and dry-rot with which it was afflicted, at the very moment when the World War broke out. Francis Hirst, the British economist and editor, testified at that time that he had presented a letter of introduction to the first secretary of the Vienna legation. That official asked what he could do for him, and Mr. Hirst said he would like to meet the burgomaster of Vienna, who was then playing a most important role in the Socialist movement of Southeastern Europe. The English first secretary looked perfectly blank when the burgomaster's name was mentioned. On Hirst's telling him who the man was, he seemed very much relieved. "Oh," said he, "we leave all those political matters to the correspondent of the London *Times*."

Of course the trouble with the British service then was that most of its members were not only Oxford men but Balliol men. They were either titled or in expectation of titles or related to titles, and were men of means. Filled with class prejudice, they had been taught the old diplomacy and nothing else. Such conditions can never be duplicated in this country. The method of appointment to our service forbids that, and there is no requirement in regard to private means, which is as it should be. This is all the more reason why Congress should change its attitude toward our diplomatic service so far as the appropriations are concerned. I shall never be able to understand why President Roosevelt himself has not demanded a large increase in the sum allotted to the State Department, which is only $16,000,000 a year. He has not hesitated to ask this Congress for authorizations and appropriations for the navy which come to approximately $2,600,000,000. I undetstand that the State Department has not an adequate library, is even lacking in desirable periodicals—in other words, is deprived of the tools of its trade. If each Congressman could only be told what splendid work our permanent officials are doing in Europe today, to say nothing of in China and Japan, it seems to me that he would welcome the opportunity to recognize it by acceding to any appeal that the President might make.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

ROOSEVELT AND HISTORY

BY MAX LERNER

THE American people, Mr. Dooley once reminded us, build their triumphal arches out of bricks, to have missiles handy when their heroes have fallen. So with Franklin D. Roosevelt, who has had his taste of Carlylean hero-worship and is now experiencing one of the fiercest lynching bees in our history. In this context the annotating and publishing of five volumes of the President's state papers*—one for the years of his governorship and one for each of the years of his first term, with volumes for the later years to follow—is an act of historical consciousness. Mr. Roosevelt is making his appeal from the distortions of the day to the perspective of the generations.

His volumes deserve that sort of perspective. They represent a significant event both in the art of history and the history of publishing. One could devote considerable comment to such things as the excellent format; the order and clarity of the editing by Judge Samuel Rosenman, who was the Governor's counsel and has been the President's literary aid and adviser; the dramatic story the speeches and messages tell of political conflict and national crisis and vast administrative effort in dealing with it; the light that the President's prefaces and notes and the excerpts from press conferences shed on the inside history of some of the major events and on future policy. But these are not volumes to be reviewed briefly either for text or gloss. It takes a week of reading merely to hit the high spots of the 3,500 pages, a million and a half words; one would need a small volume for adequate comment and criticism. I prefer to meet the President's courageous gesture toward history by a more foolhardy gesture, and risk setting down a few reflections that the volumes evoke on Mr. Roosevelt's place in what Justice Holmes has called "the campaign of history."

I use the Holmes phrase deliberately. For there can be no doubt that Mr. Roosevelt would be but small shakes if history had not conscripted him to its wars. The figure of him that emerges even from these relatively formal pages is a warm and human figure, with a lusty flair for both talk and action—but it is not that of a superman. Had he come to the Presidency at another time—say in 1924 instead of 1932, he might never have emerged as more than a skilful politician, with a sharp mind, an expansive manner, a sense of command. The first volume of these papers, dealing with his years as governor, is entitled The Genesis of the New Deal only as a historical afterthought. It needed the years that his sickness gave him of enforced isolation and brooding reflection to develop in the Roosevelt of the 1920's a sense of mastery over himself and others; but it needed the tensions of the Great Depression to evoke that mastery and give it a historical framework within which it had an impact on events. Roosevelt was an able officer whose generalship would never have emerged exept in a war atmosphere. It is no accident that the metaphors throughout the volumes on the Presidency are war metaphors. An intense, embittered, truncated personality like that of Napoleon or Hitler carries war within him wherever he goes and imposes that war on the world. Such a man is a coil of wild serpents, and he uses history as the arena for their mortal embrace. But a man like Roosevelt, whose energies are closer to the surface, needs the outer compulsions of economic collapse and social crisis to mobilize those energies and evoke the martial in them.

But what has been the character of this war? It started as a war against the depression; it has been transformed, by the inescapable logic of events, into a war between an intrenched minority and an awakening majority. I doubt that this trend was either conscious or deliberate. One can read in the successive volumes the President's struggle against it, the conflict between his inherited traditions of thought and action and the coercion of events. There is agony to be read in these volumes. For Mr. Roosevelt was not born to lead the democratic phalanxes. History will see in him the paradox of a landed aristocrat and gentleman farmer, a *rentier* living on funded income, who had to place himself for a period at the head of the urban and agrarian masses. He has always conceived of himself as making the minimum necessary adjustments to the conditions of capitalist collapse; but even that minimum has been fought so bitterly by one of the blindest ruling classes in history that Roosevelt had to become the conscious leader of the majority forces in order to save capitalism despite the capitalists. In one important sense his class roots have enabled him to assume this role. Had he come from the lower middle class he might have turned out a Hitler; had he come from labor, a Ramsay MacDonald; had he come from the financial group, a Neville Chamberlain. But coming from the landed gentry, with a tradition that had always included a distaste for money-making and not much of a knack at it, he has had a detachment from the economic rulers of America that a man who was one of them or a man who envied them and panted for their position could not have had. Only a member of an old family, a little amused at the fierce pecuniary and speculative absorptions of the *novi homines,* could have had the courage to break with them and take the punishment.

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* **"The Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt." Random House. Five Volumes. $15.**

In considering a final estimate, one must remember that the war is still going on and history is written by the survivors. A historian in a fascist America will set Mr. Roosevelt down as weak, indecisive, degenerate, a prisoner among reckless socialist theorists, a dreamer bemused in a humanitarian dream. A historian in a socialist America will see in him a confused but well-intentioned forerunner, who saved America from the anarchy of laissez faire but brought it close to collapse by his failure to carry through the logic of his own premises. Mr. Roosevelt himself does not have, and these volumes do not reveal, a clearly articulated social philosophy. He learns rapidly but retains slowly; he is a brilliant improviser but not a cogent thinker; he is a tactician without being a theorist. Yet he has a constant sense of historical perspective. He knows that we are living on the thin edge of history; he has no illusions about an individual's capacity to rule the forces of the historical process; far more than Lincoln or Andrew Jackson he is aware of his relation to the upsurging movements of American democracy, and of the strength and purposes of the opposing forces.

There are certain things that history will concede his having accomplished toward survival—a framework of social-security legislation, a basic code for labor bargaining that has given organized labor a chance to double its numbers, a set of cushions against precipitous bank panic, a gentleman's code for the marauders of the securities markets, a start toward public control of the utilities and other big business, a liberalization of the Supreme Court and a process of popular education on the judicial process. Above all else his role has been that of the educator who has had an enormous influence in changing the premises of popular thinking and political discussion. But will that prove enough? Twice he had a chance to go beyond this framework of achievement—once in 1933 in the midst of the general panic, when he could have nationalized the banking and credit system; a second time after his reelection in 1936, when instead of deflecting his energy on a constitutional fight he could have spent it on driving through a decisive program of economic planning. He muffed both chances.

If, as I suspect, Roosevelt's failure turns out to be like that of other reformers who have willed the ends without daring to will the means, he will be better remembered for his inadequacies than for his achievements. Yet whatever the outcome, he will be remembered also as a man who, without being of the people, was able to come near them; who, without being a scholar or an artist or a great master of words, was able to grasp and to some degree communicate what the common man dimly felt. The needs and hungers and aspirations of the ordinary man and woman speak, in all their confusion, through these volumes as they have never spoken before in the state papers of an American President since Lincoln. If these voices eventually will have to find far different channels for expression, it will be because the human vision of the reformers is clearer and stronger than their economic grasp and their political tenacity.

BOOKS

Ship Ahoy and Let 'Er Buck!

BOWLEG BILL, THE SEA-GOING COWBOY. By Jeremiah Digges. The Viking Press. $2.

MOVE over, you myth-makers, wonder-spielers, tale-stretchers, fancy yarn-spinners, and just plain bull-throwers! Make room there on the "Lyars' Bench" for one who comes, eyes glittering like the Ancient Mariner's, to log a tale of a cow-hand's strange adventures with the creatures of the Deep and the Not-Too-Deep, including sparm whale, swordfish, blue shark, sea sarpint, mermaid, and the skipper's wife, as well as many others. To which have been generously added "new and valuable hints to the Whaleman, Fisherman, and Young Student of Deep-Water Navigation." Not too young however, for Jeremiah Digges has as free and easy and outrageous a fancy, and as quick and slick and supple a tongue, as any you have ever gasped and marveled at.

What miracles have been performed on the "Lyars' Bench," one of the oldest and certainly the humanest of human institutions! With its invention the human spirit was born, for here was the birthplace of the gods, the demi-gods, the great folk heroes—from Jahveh with his pillar of fire, to Paul Bunyan and his Blue Ox. What tall tales have been told here of Odysseus, Moses, Jonah, Sinbad, Robin Hood, Mike Fink, and John Henry. And now comes Bowleg Bill—eight feet three inches of him, "without them long-heeled boots"—from the shoal flats of Wyoming, where he was "harbor-pilot to them big schools of Western cattle—them hermaphrodite-rig bulls that are growed for their meat."

Digges does not tell us, unfortunately, just what trail and bottle Bowleg Bill hit to get himself unhorsed at last in a pulparee down in old New Bedford. It may be that Bowleg Bill was never quite sure himself. Anyway, when he came to on the deck of the whaleship Sawdust Sal, a foul blubber-boiler, a bucko mate was giving him the once-over, marveling at the way he "paid off on opposite tacks from the waist down" and feeling of his angora chaps, being quite baffled as he muttered that he'd seen many a strange sight in his time but never "a man that chafes so severe he needs rope-yarns to his drawers." Bowleg Bill did not like the ship or his work there, having to "sashay around on all them poles and wires," so he ordered the skipper to wheel the damned thing around for home—pronto!—which was done after he'd neatly trimmed the skipper's mustache with his forty-four.

But Bowleg appears to have acquired a taste for salt water, and put to sea many times again. He showed the hands many tricks with ropes never before dreamed of in the horse latitudes. By general acknowledgment, whenever he seen his duty, he done it, in his own stylish and competent way. He broke Slickbritches, a two-ton hoss-mackerel, to the saddle. He joked and jousted with swordfish, sea sarpints, the devil himself, without being tossed. Tiring of its idle Oompa-diddle-diddle, he found new and surprising use for the skipper's bull bassoon, and ever did right by all women—even Our Nell, who turned up rather unexpectedly as the sea witch of Gloucester and was properly branded where an honest man's brand should be.

Digges is at his witty and colorful best in such stories as Mutiny on the Leery Liz and Gawd-Damned Historic, in which historical fact and playful fancy have been fused and welded together in the alembic of imagination to produce symbol. The mutiny story, for example, has no superior, and I can think of no peer, for its sensitive comment, humorous but devastating, on the senseless drudgery and brutality of what is euphemistically known as discipline at sea. Bowleg Bill, with the democratic freedom of the frontier bred in his bones, simply could not understand twenty-four-hour-a-day slavery, or why he had to start rescrubbing a deck that he'd just finished scrubbing.

"Out where I come from, once a man's circle is rode, it's rode," he protests. "Once a man cuts out his string, it's cut. Once a calf is branded, the boys don't pass the time burnin' in mottoes under his tail. This here polishin' over what's polished don't make hoss-sense to me." Bowleg announces that he's quitting, only to be told that is mutiny and against the Admiralty law. "I'm lame on the Admiral's law," Bowleg allows, but "there ain't a game runnin' where a man can't quit, win or lose! I'm a-goin' downstairs now and ask the boss fer my wages and tell him I'm leavin' this outfit at the next fork." Soon there is a lively hornpipe on the quarterdeck, to the tune of his six-shooters, but no wages. When Bowleg Bill demands them, all the officers drop dead of shock, and the sails, yards, and masts come tumbling down. Wages! and the ship itself founders. Wages! who ever heard of wages! It's the romance of life at sea that counts.

The illustrations by Gropper fit perfectly the high good humor of these spirited tales and, as illustrations should, add a comment of their own on the text.

"Bowleg Bill," it should be added, is not only a personal triumph but one of many thousand evidences of the cultural contributions, direct and indirect, of the Federal Writers' Project, to which Digges makes grateful acknowledgment for the employment it offered him at his craft, enabling him to complete this "off-time" work.

GEORGE F. WILLISON

Monolithic Landscapes

THE REST OF THE WORLD. By Ernest O. Hauser. Stackpole Sons. $2.

THE rest of the world is the world outside the United States. The author knows how much bigger this rest is. It is quite obvious from his survey of the world political situation that he thinks seriously in international terms. He has conquered an immense amount of material and does not lose control in presenting it. As a writer for the Foreign Policy Association and for the Institute of Pacific Relations, and as author of the 1937 Foreign Policy Report on Anglo-Japanese rivalry, he is an almost official expert. It is all the more laudable, then, that he is able to take the reader on such a brisk excursion. He passes by all side roads, though he occasionally takes a convenient short cut. But one feels he knows the country behind the hills and mountains which he does not approach. More thoroughly explored is the "monolithic" landscape, and the democratic. (Monolithic is another term for totalitarian, first used by a neo-bolshevik, who said: "The executions were just, because we are a monolithic state.")

This book contains a profound analysis of the "totalitarian madness." The start is made with a diagnosis of the world situation, and when we are home again after the journey around the globe—not tired, not exhausted, but inspired by the swift trip and eager to do something—the author gives his conclusions. Of course they do not solve the paramount problem, but they are of help, as the whole work is, in the clarifying process that is so necessary.

We travel from sphere to sphere of monolithic disturbance, crossing the life-line of the British Empire constantly, in the Mediterranean, in the Indian Ocean, in the Far East, in the Pacific. The aspirations of Germany, Japan, and Italy—their material and psychological content, with the accent on psychological—are analyzed. The Soviet Union is pictured as a disunion between Soviet state and Third International, somehow paralyzed. Another power in the making comes into prominence: the nationalism of the suppressed peoples in the colonies of the—at home—democratic and freedom-loving nations, above all, the Indians, who have changed from Gandhi's non-resistance to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's "We must fight, not spin." The author sees a twofold attack on Western liberal civilization. The British Empire carries the "tremendous burden of worldwide defense and worldwide responsibility" against forces of incalculable strength. War seems inevitable. Have we to take sides?

Ernest O. Hauser thinks that it not only takes two for war but also for isolation, that all the "liberal" nations are confronted with the necessity of action. He proposes first to beat off the monolithic onslaught and not to yield a square mile to the liberation movement of the colonial nations, whose resources we need in the fight for our own liberty. He clearly sees the contradictions involved, he recognizes that all foreign-ruled peoples have a right to independence, but he gives us no choice. After the dictators are done for, we may "gradually adapt their colonial regimes to our high standards." For the time being the hope that we will proceed in this direction after our victory, the author sadly feels, is all that is left for the "liberal."

I find myself unable to follow this argument, and I do not believe that history can or will move on this line. It also does not seem to me "that the time has gone when it was feasible to judge political phenomena according to one's conscience." I think that with every fresh bit of news from the burdened London statesmen the opposite becomes more and more clear: if we do not develop our conscience and fight for it we shall be beaten. In the concluding chapter, Planning the Next Peace, the author makes a profound observation: we have to fight the dictators with ideas; armaments will not be enough. Therefore he asks for a "new positive liberalism" which shall be "as strong, as positive, and as youthful a force as it was when it first broke through medieval darkness." He calls the great fight which is now going on "the war between the religion of force and the religion of freedom." Under freedom he seems to summarize the whole content of positive liberalism. The only trouble is that while we know exactly what force is, about freedom we have different opinions. Hauser includes, *nolens volens,* all the horrible facts behind present-day imperialism in his positive liberalism. And he thinks that we should learn from Herr Goebbels and use our radio stations for the propaganda of democracy. I doubt that contemporary liberalism can be rejuvenated by efficiency and technique. Not more words are needed, not even better words; it is facts and deeds that are necessary. Only the full realization of the idea of freedom, its expansion from a half-hearted political democracy to a general social democracy, will give culture a chance against barbarism.

Mr. Hauser writes with vigor, conviction, and an ability to excite. The critical reader of whatever political allegiance will read his work with great profit. It will force him to think twice.

FRANZ HOELLERING

"A Surrealist at a Distance"

ANABASIS. By St.-J. Perse. With a Translation into English by T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.25.

IN HIS "Manifesto on Surrealism," issued years ago when poets and painters were first exploring the madness that followed the Great War, André Breton drew up a list of men who exemplified, in their art or in certain aspects of their lives, the surrealist attitude. Toward the end of the list came St.-J. Perse, whom he declared to be "the surrealist at a distance." Indeed, Perse is at a distance both from his more experimental confrères and from their politically minded successors. Without indulging in the slapstick thaumaturgy of a Breton or a Cocteau, he has produced a poem as remote in its imagery as its title, however misleading, suggests, and as exotic as the author's pseudonym.

The poem has nothing to do with Xenophon. It is an account, dreamlike both in its vagueness and its vividness, of a march into unexplored country, the founding of a city, a resumed journey, the will to further adventures and conquests. Perse, whose real name is Alexis Léger, is a native of an island in the French West Indies, and has for years held an important post in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, specializing in Asiatic affairs. "Anabase" reads like a series of dreams such as might come to a man who handles daily things that reflect the gilt of empire, and whose leisure is spent in travel to far dominions.

The poem is not easy. One could wish that Mr. Eliot, who enjoyed the benefit of the author's collaboration in rendering the work into English, had provided his translation with notes that would elucidate some of the many obscurities. He confesses in his too meager introduction that he had to read the poem five or six times before he was "convinced of Mr. Perse's imaginative order." For the logic of the work, as he is careful to point out, is imaginative rather than conceptual. The reader is offered a sequence of pictures, of metaphors, of symbols, rather than a structure of ideas. The images, always strange ("this pale meaningless river, color of grasshoppers crushed in their sap"), often startling ("and the linen exposed to dry scattered! like a priest torn in pieces"), sometimes incomprehensible ("the cancers of camphor and horn revolve"), are juxtaposed in a fashion that renders them yet more wonderful. For Mr. Eliot they combine to produce "one intense impression of barbaric civilization." Others may receive a somewhat different impression. The two beautiful Songs in which the legend is framed, the indefiniteness of the image of the Conqueror, and the superb opening of the seventh section, "The Summer vaster than the Empire hangs over the tables of space several terraces of climate," suggest that the poem may be dealing with a more general theme—a summer in the Great Year of the ancients, the season when a given civilization is in full flower. But an exact interpretation, though desirable, is not essential to an enjoyment of the work.

In spite of its difficulties, "Anabase" has been translated into Russian and German, into the latter by the late Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Mr. Eliot's rendering, made some eight years ago, has been revised for the present edition. It could bear further revision. In several particulars he handles the original in an arbitrary fashion. It is excusable that he should substitute, presumably for the sake of the music, a singular for a plural, and vice versa, but it is not clear why he should introduce italics where the author has not thought they were required, or why he should elaborate a word unnecessarily in translating it, as "rapt god-drunken" for what, in the original, is simply *"ivre."* In one instance he changes the sense astonishingly: *"Levez un peuple de miroirs"* becoming "Levy a wilderness of mirrors." His chief error is that he will render an identical word or phrase differently when it is repeated in the same passage, thus destroying the parallelisms which help to give so strikingly Oriental a character to the original. Thus *"cavaleries du songe"* is presented as "horse-tramplings of dream," while nine lines further on, *"cavaleries de bronze vert"* is translated "cavalcades of green bronze." One is impatient with such flaws in work done by a poet with so discriminating a sense of language and so fine an ear.

The poem lacks the extreme originality that Mr. Eliot claims for it in comparing it with "Anna Livia Plurabelle," but just because it does not break so violently with tradition, its imaginative vitality has affected poetry more readily than has Joyce's unique work. For that reason, and for the sake of its intrinsic beauty and power, it deserves the wider audience that this new edition should gain for it.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

The Evolution of Physics

THE EVOLUTION OF PHYSICS. By Albert Einstein and Leopold Infeld. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

IN RECENT years a remarkable number of our foremost physicists, such as Planck, Eddington, Jeans, Bragg, and Schroedinger, have published popular expositions of their science. None of these valuable books, however, with the exception of Bragg's "Universe of Light," affords so clear an insight into physical theory as the lay reader can obtain from the present volume. Its superior merit derives from two restrictions which Einstein and Infeld have imposed on their book: it deals almost exclusively with the few fundamental concepts of physics, and it considers these concepts only as *leading ideas* serving to coordinate experience. The first of these restrictions exhibits differences in the theoretical systems of physics in their most vivid and comprehensive aspect. And incidentally it also relieves the book of the need of any mathematics other than some simple intuitional geometry. The second restriction centers the reader's attention on the operational role of theoretical concepts in explaining and guiding experimental inquiry. It reflects the empirical criterion for scientific concepts which Einstein expressed in his "Meaning of Relativity": "The only justification for our concepts and systems of concepts is that they serve to represent the complex of our experiences; beyond this they have no legitimacy."

Within these restrictions, and because of them, the present volume attains an intellectual scope far greater than might be expected from the small number of its pages. It presents a lucid exposition of the basic features of Newtonian mechanics, Maxwell's field theory, relativity, and quantum physics. It explains the theoretical and experimental "crises" which have led to fundamental reconstructions in physical theory. Finally it offers some methodological comments on verification, conventions, hypotheses, and related topics.

Discussions of the nature of modern physics have often centered around the reality of the world as revealed in experience in contrast to the world as described in physical theory. The reconciliation of these two views seems, for example, to be the chief problem of Eddington's philosophy of science. The present volume is not entirely free of metaphysical notions, but it will nevertheless contribute largely toward laying the ghost of such pseudo-problems. For in

Communists Refuse This Advertisement "The New Masses" Will Not Publish It

(*Original Headlines were:* No Socialist—No Communist Can Answer This Proposition)

"The so called 'profit system,' denounced by socialists and by well meaning moralists under the influence of Marx, is one which creates profit for the purpose of liquidating the double burden of ground rent and taxation prior to considering the claims of labor upon the industrial output. And if the Marxians are to carry their propaganda onward to success, the burden of proof is upon them to show that the kind of profit system which they execrate will continue in a regime of competition between units of tax-free capital unfettered by monopoly of the ground."

From BURNING QUESTION: Making Your Living in a Monopolized World, pp. 68-69.

ECONOMIC FUNDAMENTALS POSTPONED BY MARX IN "COMMUNIST MANIFESTO" AND IN "DAS KAPITAL"

The claim that "privately owned tools of production" are the force which degrades and exploits Labor is the central thesis of socialism and communism, expressed in Marx's "Communist Manifesto" and in his "Das Kapital." After writing these publications, Marx discovered (too late) that prior to the Industrial Revolution the masses of the country folk of Britain had been evicted from the soil by land monopoly, and flung into the towns.

GROUND RENT TO GROUND LANDLORDS; TAXES TO STATE

Capital has always been compelled, directly or indirectly, to liquidate ground rent and taxes before payment of wages to Labor.

LABOR FIGHTS CAPITALIST AS ENEMY No. 1

Wholly aside from and independently of socialism and communism, Labor has fought Capital for generations on the fallacious assumption that privately owned labor-saving machinery is the instrument which degrades and exploits the workingman.

LABOR'S FALLACY ENDORSED BY MARX

Marx gained world-wide attention by underwriting the Labor-Capital fallacy. The number of his followers proves the fact of his influence but not the truth of his thesis about the nature of "exploitation." He not only perceived the land question too late; but he completely failed to see the connection of taxes with monopoly of the ground. His followers, accordingly, regard with disdain, as a casual and incidental matter, the taxing function of the State—*the most powerful engine of oppression in human society.*

NATURE OF DEMOCRACY GENERALLY MISUNDERSTOOD

The ground landlords of Britain grudgingly allowed modern parliamentary democracy to be born *only on condition that the taxing-power of the State be lifted from ground values and brought to bear upon industrial capital and merchandise.* Neither Marxists nor academic professors of "political science" have ever explained the origin of the modern state in terms of realistic history.

(Responsibility for the foregoing material rests upon author of the book advertised below; while publishers are answerable only for the following notice):

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sketching the evolution of physics Einstein and Infeld have exhibited the inventive character of science. Theories of physics are seen to be neither representations nor revelations of any "ultimate nature" of reality. They are ways of thinking about reality. That is to say, physical theories are methods of analysis and control of experienced objects, while the concepts of physics are intellectual devices invented to perform these functions. "Physical concepts are free creations of the human mind, and are not, however it may seem, uniquely determined by the external world."

Preoccupation with theoretical constructions has led the authors of this book to restrict their discussion to what might be called conceptual inventions, such as mass, force, ether, field, etc. And yet no account of the evolution of physics can be adequate without some mention of the role of technology in physical science. The invention of experimental instruments and of the machines necessary for their construction has led not merely to refinements of detail in observation but also, and not infrequently, to the discovery of new phenomena. Perhaps Einstein's relativity theory could have been developed without reliance on experimental techniques other than those known to Maxwell. But certainly modern quantum physics would be impossible without the resources of present-day technology.

But even without explicit mention of advances in experimental technique, the close connection between theory and technique is evident in the account that Einstein and Infeld have given of the evolution of physics. For throughout the book they emphasize two major tendencies in physical theory: on the one hand, the increase in systematic coherence illustrated, for example, by Einstein's theoretical deduction of the identity of gravitational and inertial masses; on the other hand, the elimination from physical theory of concepts having no operational significance, such as the concepts of substance, ether, and absolute space. It is in this latter tendency that modern physics, despite its variance from common sense, demonstrates its fundamental empiricism.

On certain points, however, it is not clear how far the authors have carried this empirical criterion in their methodology. For example, in discussing Newton's law of inertia they observe that this law "cannot be derived directly from experiment, but only by speculative thinking consistent with observation." Do the authors regard such "speculative thinking" as a mode of verification? If not, do they consider the "law of inertia" and similar "laws" as conventions or assumptions rather than as laws or hypotheses? Perhaps a revised edition of this book will answer such important methodological questions. Meanwhile we can rejoice in the present edition, which has much to offer not merely to the lay reader but to scientists and philosophers as well.

WILLIAM GRUEN

Hitler's Economics

GERMANY, THE LAST FOUR YEARS. By "Germanicus." With an Introduction by Sir Walter Layton. Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75.

BRITAIN FACES GERMANY. By A. L. Kennedy. Oxford Publishers. $1.50.

"GERMANICUS" is the pen name of a group of German economists now living in London who collaborated in an intensive investigation of the statistical material published by and in the Third Reich in the four years 1933 to 1937.

The authors set for themselves a task by no means simple. Government reports in Germany today are few and far between and conceal at least as much as they reveal. The Reich has not published an official budget since 1934. There have been no statistics on military and government expenditures and only haphazard figures on industrial and agricultural production. The authors were forced to supplement the scanty official material with reports from Germany's banks and corporations, but in his introduction Sir Walter Layton, England's recognized authority on the subject of national economy, vouches for their care and impartiality.

The first chapter, German Finances, 1933-1937, is unquestionably the most valuable. From it we learn that Germany's budget rose from 6,700,000,000 marks in the last year before Hitler's coming to power to an estimated 9,700,000,000 marks in his first year and to 18,800,000,000 marks in 1936-37. The Schleicher government spent 3,000,000,000 marks for armaments in the fiscal year 1933-34. This figure was doubled in the first year of Hitler's rule. In 1936-37 it was quadrupled and now amounts to 12,600,000,000 marks. These facts and many others are presented with a gratifying objectivity. The authors show that Germany's fiscal condition is unsound, but they deny emphatically that the Reich stands on the brink of economic collapse.

In the chapter on War Preparations the authors come to the startling conclusion that the regime since 1935 has tended more and more in a socialist direction.

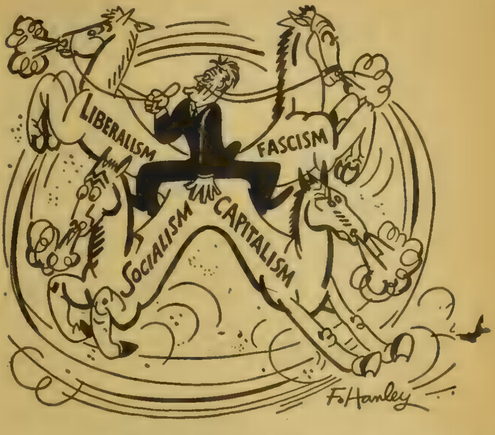
> The Nazi leaders have been convinced by experience of the necessity of transforming to an economy on socialist lines, whereas in fact they assert their adherence to an economy based on the rights of private property and the individual initiative of the entrepreneur. They denounce the theory and practice of Marxist-Bolshevism . . . while their actions bear a greater resemblance every day to those carried out in Russia four to eight years ago.

This is not deliberate dishonesty. It is simply, say the authors, that the cost of rearming Germany has added so tremendously to the financial and economic difficulties of the Reich that leaving them to individual initiative and control would have resulted in chaos. Consequently "the present socialist tendencies in Germany are not the result of some theory, as they are in Russia, but part of a vicious circle started by the largest armament program the world has yet seen."

Their investigations have convinced the authors that the calamitous condition in which Germany finds itself is due largely, but not altogether, to rearmament expenditures. "These ills," they explain, "have been accentuated by an extravagance in public expenditures unequaled almost in any other country." The totalitarian state with its complicated apparatus and its enormous staff of public servants has almost doubled the cost of government.

"Britain Faces Germany" deals with a different phase of the National Socialist problem. Its author, A. L. Kennedy, was for many years assistant foreign editor of the London *Times*. Unlike Germanicus, Mr. Kennedy thinks he has a recipe for what ails the German people. German history shows, he points out, that the German character through the centuries has exhibited two distinct "strains." One is the strain of ruthlessness, duplicity, and arrogance, exemplified by the Prussianism of pre-World War days; the other is the disposition to reasonableness and good humor which he finds expressed in the democracy of the post-World War era. In the opinion of this reviewer, incidentally, he could hardly have found a worse illustration. In order to solve the problems present-day Germany has raised in the concert of na-

WHERE IS THE NEW DEAL HEADED?



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Perhaps more amazing than the Tales of the Arabian Nights is the history of pensions in America. According to Mr. Mayer, some widows and orphans are still collecting pensions on the War of 1812. With the first general pension bill for World War veterans now stealing through Congress, a review of the situation is timely.

That passage of the present bill will perpetuate high taxes for generations to come is made clear by Mr. Mayer's article, scheduled for early printing in *The Nation.*

●

Advertising & Politics

by Hy Kravif

Why the advertising agencies are branching into a new field described as "politico-business" advertising, why this development is a logical one, and how it helps pave the road to American fascism, will be explained by Mr. Kravif in a forthcoming issue of *The Nation.*

●

Liquor and Cigarettes

by Helen Woodward

You'll never find Santa Claus, or a war hero, or a great athlete in an American liquor advertisement, remarks Mrs. Woodward in the first of two companion articles soon to appear in *The Nation,* because the federal government would not allow it. You do see liquor advertisements warning you that whiskey and driving do not mix, that no one should drink till all his bills are paid, and offering other contra-selling advice. Nevertheless, she continues, the liquor interests deeply fear a return to prohibition, and their fears are warranted by the alertness of today's prohibitionists.

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tions, Mr. Kennedy believes that the powers must adjust conditions so as to permit the "good" strain to gain ascendance over the other. This can be done, he believes, by making concessions to the Third Reich. The world, in helping the Germans, would help itself by turning Hitlerism, the "manifestation of the Hun spirit" in the German people, into humanitarian pacifism.

"Germanicus" has a much more realistic outlook. He writes:

> What should England do when confronted by German blackmail? The answer is crystal clear. Any financial or territorial concession made to the present German regime would serve to perpetuate the tyranny which has forced Europe to become an armed or rapidly arming camp. . . . Herr Hitler must reap what he has sown, and his "nuisance value" must be discounted in his own disillusioned country and not in the City of London.

Hitler is stronger today than he was four years ago because concessions made to the Reich by the powers were put down to the credit of the Führer, in Germany and without. "The bad dog gets the extra piece of bread," says an old German proverb, but he is not less the bad dog after he gets it. What Mr. Kennedy—and the British government—still fails to understand is that the "Hunnish spirit," as represented by Germany's present-day rulers, must be overcome by the German people themselves. No gift from an outside power can do it for them.

LUDWIG LORE

FILMS

Sky Madness

THE hero of "Test Pilot" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) is a loon (Clark Gable) who loves to risk his life by driving a pursuit plane or a bomber ballasted with sand bags to a height of six miles and then letting her drop. We see him pull on his padded suit and his oxygen tank; we follow him into the cockpit as another loon (Spencer Tracy) takes his gum out of his mouth and sticks it somewhere on the tail for good luck; we watch the plane lift itself with difficulty over trees and high-tension wires; we wallow upward with it to the dizzy place where instruments say it must begin to fall; and then we watch its long dive to earth—empty at the end perhaps because a wing has ripped off and Mr. Gable has had to descend separately under a parachute. Or there is the $10,000 race around pylons when our hero observes that his engine has caught fire and resolves nevertheless to finish the last sixteen miles; which he does, winning the ten grand and drinking half of it up that night—for this is a mad life, my masters, and one who leads it must either get drunk on such an occasion or say goodby to his nerves.

Then there is the time when the sandbags get loose and kill Spencer Tracy at Mr. Gable's side. Not to speak of the transcontinental speed trial which is interrupted over Kansas when an oil pump breaks down and Mr. Gable must descend to a grassy field over which comes running no less a farmer's daughter than Myrna Loy, who is engaged to a pleasant swain of the locality but decides within twenty-four hours to elope with Jim Lane and be married at Indianapolis. That, of course, is *her* initiation into loon life. She does not know yet, though she knows soon enough, what hell it is to be the wife of a man who is trying daily to kill himself. As she learns the lesson her nerves start to go, one by one, like the overstrained wires of a cable, snap, snap; and along with them go the nerves of Spencer Tracy, who shows it however only by knocking an occasional mechanic down or by folding himself into sudden silence while Clark and Myrna make eyes at each other or bandy bright words over champagne and highballs. Only in the last five minutes of a two-hour film, after Mr. Tracy is dead and Myrna has been reduced to maniacal fear, does Providence in the shape of Mr. Gable's employer (Lionel Barrymore) step in and declare that henceforward he shall stay on the ground with a happy wife and a two-year-old son to help him take the final curtain.

If the tone of the above synopsis has seemed disrespectful, the reason is that something of the sort was necessary as a cover for the state of mind and body in which one spectator staggered forth from "Test Pilot." Two hours of being on the stretch is a long time, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have made few minutes of it merciful. It does no good to remember that many of the scenes in the sky were managed in miniature, with little tin planes turning through cotton clouds; or that the persons in whose lives we become interested are of course never off the ground; or that in the filming of the tale nobody actually died. "Test Pilot" as it stands—there is no use denying it—is a terrifying affair; and, since that is what it tried to be, it must be acknowledged a success. That there are other ends at which to aim, that pity and terror can be perhaps more profitably felt when the heart is permitted to remain in its right place, that drama at its best is deeper than gooseflesh at its worst—these truths do not affect the fact that "Test Pilot" is on its peculiar level as incontrovertible as the explosion of ten planets. Personally I don't believe I can stand another sky thriller.

MARK VAN DOREN

ART

Art of the People

THE new show at the Museum of Modern Art (Masters of Popular Painting, current until June 27) demonstrates that there is an art of the people and that it is one of the most fruitful forces of our time. This is chiefly due to Henri Rousseau, whose nineteen canvases have unfortunately been placed at the far end of the largest gallery. Once a soldier in Maximilian's army in Mexico, later a toll-house collector, and now famous as the so-called "Sunday Painter," he was compelled to forgo his art until he was over forty. Then he quickly blossomed. He seems to have been sophisticated by love. His brush followed some inner pattern, perfectly true and known and sure, as he dreamed of the days he had known in Mexico or depicted the Paris which never ceased to enchant him. He is always appealing and sometimes he is astonishing. Consider The Umbrella, for example. The gray sky here says that rain is already coming, and the curious pedestrian stands beneath his petal-like umbrella as if waiting for it. This painting conveys a dampness to the very pores. How, one asks, did he do it? How did he get those grays within grays, for which painters have so often praised him? One can only say, with Philippe Soupault, his biographer, that he dipped into his heart and painted.

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It should also be noted that this same scene, with its low tenements and factory chimneys, is an industrial landscape, and that the lone person in it seems a spectator. From time to time this combination recurs, if not directly, then by implication. In the tiny Ile de la Cité a spectator has paused to watch workmen moving against the background of old Paris walls, while the tower of the Sainte Chapelle staggers up in the distance. High up a road in House near Paris a solitary figure contemplates an approaching cyclist. In the immaculate still life of cherries and kitchen utensils the simple artisan is giving thanks for the gifts that are his. So much for this side of him. The other important vein is particularly suggested by the jungle scenes (not shown) which contain a reclining nude. Her rhythms always invade the entire picture, or, where missing, still seem present. A similar tenderness runs through the flower pictures (two excellent examples in the present show) and the studies of children. These forms of life spoke to Rousseau in terms of beatitudes, and so he painted them. What more can one say?

Louis Vivin, recently dead, is less well-known in America. He was meticulous, pious, and imbued with a typically French élan. His Church Interior recalls old vaults, Romanesque wideness, Byzantine tiles. He has a blue-gray, almost frosty quality, the result of his own individualized pigment and an unpretentious, yet subtle, touch. His filing figures are inimitable. Camille Bombois, represented by twenty examples, is less attractive because more insistent. His colored buttocks, mirrored waters, and pasteboard buildings show too much the intention to be charming. His best work—as in Washerwoman and Card Players—is comparable to good genre. But twenty canvases are too many. Bauchant is the most engaging of the other Frenchmen, particularly in his flower pieces. Peyronnet might be tolerable in one canvas, say the forest scene, but with an entire wall he is a bore. Seraphine, the woman, has no taste. Rimbert has piety without lift.

Among the Americans the chief men are Joseph Pickett (1848-1918), whose large Manchester Valley faces the visitor as he enters the exhibition rooms. And rightly so, as it is spacious, racy, alive, yet curiously dignified. His Under the Council Tree is also cherishable. Adjoining the Picketts are nine canvases by Edward Hicks, a Quaker preacher of one hundred years ago. He combined a good space feeling with a just grouping, and a heartfelt zeal which is precisely like a good sermon. His Grave of William Penn is one of the best of all American primitives. John Kane, the Pittsburgh house painter, as usual celebrates the chocolate and grays of the industrial city and occasionally provides gay outings, as in the Scottish Dance or the summer afternoon by the Susquehanna. But he is uneven, and would profit if some of his twenty oils had been eliminated. "Pa" Hunt is an intimate old fellow, and two canvases are exactly right in number. Not so Hoyer, who is endless and unrewarding. The dour self-portraits of Canadé are adequate, and perhaps one or two Blanchard landscapes. Lebduska's color is not ingratiating. Cervantez, from the Southwest, is only twenty-three; perhaps he will "arrive" later. Dalson is untalented, while Gauchon, another Canadian, suggests to one observer at least that he has looked on Currier and Ives. Sullivan is a psychopathic and Pippin a pathetic shell-shocked veteran.

In general, among the Americans the quality—in Kane and Pickett especially—seems to be that of plain men speaking. The French are more poetical. In their incomparable Rousseau, that love-intoxicated inhabitant of the *faubourgs*, they produce one of those renewers who appear too seldom, and who, like a beloved folk-song or a legend about Lincoln, live forever.

JEROME MELLQUIST

Letters to the Editors

Oil, Silver, and the Peso

Dear Sirs: May I point out one rather important error in Mr. Herring's workmanlike reconstruction of the Mexican oil situation, printed in *The Nation* of April 16? The peso did not drop on March 27 when Washington announced that purchases of Mexican silver would be stopped, but immediately upon Cárdenas's announcement of expropriation, and before there were any hints of retaliatory steps on the part of our government. The break in the exchange was due to a sudden loss of confidence and wave of speculation induced directly by repercussions to the Cárdenas policies and not to Mr. Hull's ill-timed action.

The exchange was slipping even before expropriation took place. Having lived through the week-end of utter panic in Mexico that followed expropriation—when Mexicans were hawking pesos on the street corners at seven and eight to the dollar—I can attest that the silver-purchase announcement was a distinct anti-climax. The blow had already fallen. S. L. A. MARSHALL

Detroit, Mich, April 25

A Dakotan on Senator Nye

Dear Sirs: In the February 26 issue of *The Nation* O. G. Villard presented reasons for reelecting Nye of North Dakota to the Senate. A very large section of North Dakota voters wish to defeat Senator Nye in the coming election, for the following reasons:

1. Nye gained his Senatorial seat through the Nonpartisan League. Candidates receiving the indorsement of the league obtain the united support of all members. In return, all candidates indorsed are expected to work for the Nonpartisan program. Unfortunately the league has at times indorsed men who, upon gaining office, have proceeded to act on their own ideas regardless of the program outlined by league conventions. Nye happens to be one of those who have taken this independent attitude. This, we believe, is one very good reason for keeping Nye at home.

2. Villard states that no one has ever questioned Nye's sincerity and honesty in his presence. Be that at it may, many of us out here in the sticks have reached the conclusion that Nye is for Nye first, last, and always. He is a fluent talker, but it has been said that men of few words usually do the straightest thinking, and we believe this holds true in Nye's case. His thinking has become erratic and far out of line with the thoughts of the common people of North Dakota.

3. The forward-looking people of North Dakota know Nye for what he is, a superficial liberal who has always flirted with the reactionaries and whose chief backers in the coming election are the reactionary forces of the state.

I do not wish to discount Nye's work in the munitions inquiry. Yet what did the inquiry accomplish in the way of preventing war? The Neutrality Act, which was an outgrowth of that inquiry, has proved more of an aid to aggressor nations than a deterrent. So even that one thing which might be chalked up to his credit has proved to be of little value.

I. C. FRENDBERG

Bismarck, N. D., April 25

General Motors' Profits

Dear Sirs: Without denying that ways and means of concealing profits do exist, may I point out that Eliot Janeway in your April 16 issue erred seriously in his discussion of General Motors? His assertion that the increase in inventory during the first half of 1937 over 1936 in itself caused a like decrease in profits indicates an appalling lack of understanding of elementary accounting principles. Since General Motors has indicated the correct amounts of inventory on its balance sheets on the dates mentioned in the article, any variations in inventory quantities (disregarding fluctuations in unit values) would have no effect on the company's profits. Therefore, General Motors' "real" profit for the 1937 period was $30,000,000 less than in 1936 and not $19,000,000 more as Mr. Janeway puts it.

While Mr. Janeway's final recommendation of federal inquiries into profits is sound, his article would have been far more convincing had it shown a better understanding of simple accounting principles.

ALFRED M. LEVIN, C. P. A.

Chicago, April 19

Dear Sirs: "Inventories" are materials on hand after production and should not be included in the "cost of production." Mr. Levin's objection to my article is therefore well taken in all matters concerning "elementary accounting principles." But the General Motors exhibit is a prime example of advanced accounting. The key to the question is whether General Motors has charged at least part of its inventories off to cost of production and at the same time kept them as assets in inventories account.

Consider the problem concretely. General Motors buys steel to be used in body fenders in April, 1937, when production is booming. It puts this carload of steel into the works. Labor is spent in stamping out thousands upon thousands of fenders. All this time General Motors is legitimately accumulating production costs. In a word, thousands of tons of materials worth millions of dollars are passing along the assembly line from "inventories" in the balance sheet of General Motors to "costs" in the profit-and-loss account. And then the fiscal period comes to an end. What is to remain as "inventories" in the balance sheet, and what is to appear as "costs" in the profit account?

Mr. Levin gives us the textbook answer. But can he say that General Motors in actual practice separated each dollar of inventory from each dollar of inventory upon which production costs had been accumulated? And if he said it, how could it be proved? A twenty- or thirty-million-dollar item which has been simultaneously kept as inventory and written off as cost can be lost in the hundreds of millions of dollars in the General Motors balance sheet without causing a ripple. But what a difference such an item can make to the company's profit statement! The process of playing shuttle between inventory and costs can go on indefinitely, and does. No one can point to any other source of funds—new financing, bank loans, depleted surpluses—for this terrific over-accumulation of inventory. ELIOT JANEWAY

New York, April 28

Revolt on the Campus

Dear Sirs: The University of Washington at Seattle was the scene of a militant student strike on April 21, when several hundred student pickets closed down the university's two swank theaters. This action was the culmination of two weeks of protest by drama students over the loss of their three favorite instructors, one having been dismissed and the others having resigned as a protest against the policies of the administration. The students had carried their demands for the retention of these instructors all the way to President Lee Paul Sieg without avail. Then they staged a mass-meeting on the campus and followed it with the strike action.

President Sieg, it should be noted, was a dean at Pittsburgh University under Chancellor Bowman when Ralph Turner and other professors were dismissed some years ago. Last year he reorganized the lower ranks of the teaching staff, demoting three efficient and popular members of the English Department to the status of teaching fellows, preparatory to firing them this year. In January Mrs. Lea Puymbroeck Miller was dismissed from the Art Department in spite of strong protests because she had committed the crime of marrying another faculty member. In March the administration closed down a student discussion club for inviting a progressive political candidate to speak on the campus.

Then on April 8 it was announced that Mrs. Florence James, for eight years a part-time assistant professor in the drama division, was being dismissed. The reason given was that the department had grown too large for part-time teachers; but Mrs. James retorted that she would be glad to teach full time and to direct student plays in addition. Mrs. James, an outspoken progressive, is such an able director that she was called upon to take a leave of absence last year to direct the plays of the Federal Theater and the Rockefeller-subsidized State Theater for children. On the next day the two able directors of the highly commercialized "little theaters" run by the drama division resigned. One of these was Sophie Rosenstein, who has sent many successful actors and actresses to New York and Hollywood, including Frances Farmer.

The Instructors' Association asked President Sieg for a chance to review the James case, in accordance with an agreement signed with the administration three years ago, but they received a flat "no" for an answer. The teachers' union local then took up the case with the Seattle Central Labor Council, which has summoned President Sieg and Glenn Hughes, the head of the drama division, to appear and show cause for firing Mrs. James. Will the history of the damaging investigation at Pittsburgh several years ago be repeated in Mr. Sieg's new home?

COLE STEVENS

Seattle, Washington, April 22

Aid for Austrian Refugees

Dear Sirs: The Geneva headquarters of the International Committee to Aid Political Refugees are flooded with newcomers from Austria, while the stream of refugees from Germany has not yet subsided. The Austrian situation seems to be much worse than the German, and neighboring countries are much more crowded with refugees. Geneva, already jammed, is usually the first stopping place for people who are compelled to leave Germany or Austria in a hurry.

The American branch of the international committee, 136 West Fourth Street, New York, appeals to the American people for funds which it will forward to Geneva to be used to save some, at least, of these people from utter destruction. We urgently need the sum of $50,000 to meet the first emergency.

THE AMERICAN COMMITTEE OF
THE INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE TO AID POLITICAL REFUGEES

New York, April 28

Material on Gorki

Dear Sirs: The Gorki Institute of Literature, Moscow, which is gathering biographical data on the late Maxim Gorki, has requested me to appeal to American readers for documents, letters, or other material relating to Gorki's visit to the United States in 1906. Any material sent to me at the Embassy of the U. S. S. R. will be forwarded to the institute.

C. OUMANSKY, Counselor

Washington, D. C., April 26

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The Shape of Things

*

IF WE MAY JUDGE BY PREVIOUS MEETINGS, some weeks will elapse before the full results of Hitler's conversations with Mussolini are known. It seems safe to say, however, that while Mussolini outdid himself in presenting his fellow-dictator with a regal welcome, he gave him little else. The axis still stands. Mussolini and Hitler will continue to present a common front to the democracies on every issue short of war. The joint intervention in Spain will go on, and some agreement may have been reached regarding the division of the spoils. Whether Hitler actually proposed a military alliance to offset the Italian-British agreement is not clear. But if the proposal was made, Mussolini undoubtedly rejected it. The annexation of Austria has demonstrated that Hitler's ambitions in Central Europe are fundamentally irreconcilable with those of the Duce. Mussolini might not object to the German conquest of Czechoslovakia, but he certainly would not fight France to help Hitler achieve it. Germany's ambitions in Hungary are directed against Italy's present interests. Even more serious for Italy is the intimation that Hitler wants a special arrangement with regard to Trieste, Austria's normal outlet to the Mediterranean. Nor has Germany as much to offer as is usually supposed. The weaknesses exhibited by the German military machine when Austria was occupied can scarcely have escaped Mussolini's attention. About two-fifths of the German mechanized equipment is known to have broken down between the German frontier and Vienna, German airplanes developed serious faults, and the Reich's shortage of supplies would gravely hamper its military efficiency in a long-drawn-out conflict.

*

POLITICALLY, THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT the annexation of Austria was a costly gesture for Hitler. Rumania, which had been drawn steadily toward the axis in foreign policy, suddenly took fright and is once more considering a pact with the Soviet Union. While there is little information regarding the decisions reached at the recent Little Entente conference, the fact that it should meet at all is of considerable significance; only a few weeks ago both Yugoslavia and Rumania were thought to be definitely in the German camp. The conquest of Austria and subsequent Nazi threats have not shaken the Czechs. Although Prague has indicated that it is willing to make special concessions to the German minorities, it will not change the basis of its foreign policy to conform to Nazi demands. If attacked, the Czechs will in all probability resist; but as they possess a really excellent army, it may well be that they will not even be tested.

* * *

WITH MUSSOLINI'S FRIENDSHIP LIMITED TO restricted spheres, Hitler's chief hope for assistance in resuming his *Drang Nach Osten* is to be found in the present British government. The essence of Prime Minister Chamberlain's policy is the belief that it is possible to preserve Britain's fundamental interests in the face of aggression by bartering away the interests of others. Having staked his political future on this premise, Chamberlain dare not rest until he has completed the task which Halifax began early in the year. A deal with Britain would mean much to Hitler at this moment. It would compensate him for what influence he has lost in Central Europe; and, under present conditions, might lead to a temporary understanding with France which would permit a move against Czechoslovakia. Chamberlain's defeat in the Lichfield by-election—the third consecutive defeat suffered by the government on a straight issue of foreign policy—may introduce an element of caution into the execution of his program. But there is as yet no prospect of a national election which would allow the British people to say whether or not they wish to support the war-makers.

* * *

THINGS ARE LOOKING UP FOR THE NEW DEAL. Something very close to a revolt against the reactionaries in Congress is making itself felt throughout the country. And Congress, with the fall elections in the offing, is taking heed. The revolt manifested itself in the primary results in Indiana, Alabama, South Dakota, and Florida, especially in the striking victory of Claude Pepper in Florida. It showed itself in the Gallup poll on the wage-hour bill, which reported a considerable majority in favor of such legislation. It is showing itself, too, in popular resentment against the House members who voted to kill the reorganization bill. Many Congressmen are uncomfortable because of the letters they have been getting from back home, and also because many of their own letters acknowledging receipt of the now famous Gannett committee telegrams have been returned marked "No such person" or "No such address." But the real New Deal victory lies in the ease with which 218 signatures were gathered in the House to discharge the wage-hour bill from the Rules Committee. The New Deal has been abolished by the press, but the people think differently.

THE WAGE-HOUR BILL MUST BE PASSED. As we write, the prospect for passage of some sort of bill by the House before May 23 is bright. What will happen to it in the Senate is another matter, especially since the present bill provides for no differentials for the South, and the Senate is full of powerful and reactionary Southerners experienced in the technique of the filibuster. Almost as important as the wage-hour bill is the new Wagner bill requiring firms winning government contracts to comply with Labor Board rules. It seems an elementary principle of public decency that those who get the government's money should obey the government's laws. From now on the legislative process will be a race between action and adjournment. The biggest fight looms on the question of earmarking the government appropriations for the spending program. The line that the anti-Roosevelt forces will take has been laid down by Arthur Krock of the New York *Times*: tie up the expenditures and keep the New Deal from buying the election. Incidentally you tie up the spending program as well.

* * *

JIM FARLEY WAS THE REAL LOSER IN THE Democratic primaries. It is not generally known that there has been a growing coolness between Farley and the President. The reason is Farley's incredible belief that he should be Mr. Roosevelt's successor in 1940, and that he can be elected. The result is that Jim has been traveling about the country dedicating post offices, shaking thousands of hands, and making deals in the most approved political manner. It is reported that the reason Farley backed Dave Scholz against Claude Pepper in Florida is that Scholz promised him the Florida delegation in the Democratic convention in 1940. Farley, formerly known as a good guesser, bet on the wrong horse not only in Florida but in Illinois as well, where he backed the Kelly-Nash machine against Horner. But Farley is not alone in his ambitions. Hull, Wallace, Barkley, Jesse Jones, Byrd, Burke, Bennett Clark, Wheeler, Garner—all have been stung by the Presidential bee. Naturally these ambitions play havoc with legislative progress and administrative machinery.

* * *

MAYOR HAGUE GAVE US ANOTHER LESSON in fascism on the evening of May 7, when his henchmen massed some 50,000 people in Journal Square, provided them with hundreds of placards denouncing reds, kept bands moving through the crowd ready to drown out any attempt at speech-making, and dared Congressmen O'Connell and Bernard to speak of civil liberties in Jersey City. The evening wound up fittingly enough with an open anti-Semitic outburst in which several Jews were brutally beaten by a strong-arm squad in full sight of

Hague's police. The two Congressmen were persuaded to give up their plan of invading Hague's territory by Vito Marcantonio in behalf of the International Labor Defense on the plea that their appearance might mean "bloodshed, even death"; and the Hague forces, as might have been expected, are crowing because two Congressmen were "afraid" to tackle a mob of thousands. The incident of May 7 provided fresh and terrifying proof that we have in our midst a fascist principality where freedom is reserved for hoodlums and only one man is eligible for "leader" in the formal plebiscites that take place at regular intervals. Unfortunately it also showed up the weakness of strategy in the anti-Hague forces. It would seem that anyone projecting an invasion of Jersey City at this moment would have to include violence as a possibility. To arrange such an invasion and then call it off for fear of violence was bound to produce a fiasco that Hague will make the most of. What was even worse, the decision to keep the Congressmen in New York was taken after hours of consultation in which the representatives of one anti-fascist organization, the I. L. D., kept the representative of another, the American Civil Liberties Union, from taking part while the assembled press looked on at a demonstration of anti-fascist "unity" that reminds us ominously of pre-Hitler days in Germany.

*

THE NATION HAS A SPECIAL INTEREST IN the Pulitzer award to Ray Sprigle, reporter on Paul Block's Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette,* for his series of articles concerning the one-time membership of Justice Hugo L. Black in the Ku Klux Klan. Our readers will recall that shortly after the publication of the Sprigle series we printed an article by Robert S. Allen in which he stated that the material on which the series was based had been furnished by a private investigator. As the result of the Allen article, Sprigle and Block have instituted libel suits against *The Nation.* We are, of course, defending these suits. Our general comment on the Pulitzer awards appears in another column. About Mr. Sprigle we want only to repeat that neither *The Nation* nor Mr. Allen ever questioned his ability or integrity; like any able reporter he worked with all the material at his command. At the time of the award Mr. Block characterized him as "a good soldier," while Mr. Sprigle returned the compliment by crediting his "boss" with the idea of the series. This exchange really sums up the facts. Sprigle did his job and did it well. The partisan objective which led Block to plan the articles—the principal point discussed by Allen—is not the criterion by which to judge the quality of Sprigle's work. We are surprised that the Pulitzer committee should have selected a series of this type for its prize: that it did so speaks well, at least, for the competency with which Mr. Sprigle handled his assignment.

IT HAS JUST BEEN REVEALED THAT THE organs we have been using for speaking and singing all these centuries were never meant to be used that way. The revelation was made by one Victor E. Negus, a prominent London laryngologist. We had not heard of the gentleman before—the only Negus we knew about was not named Victor—but he sounds convincing. It seems that our well-developed cheeks were designed to hold food while chewing, the larynx was a valve to protect the lungs from food and water, the epiglottis is a relic of an old olfactory mechanism, the tongue was meant for other things than talking, and the nasal cavity once had a higher function than that of acting as a voice resonator. It all comes as something of a shock, and it will never, of course, be possible to redress a million upon million years of error, spoken and sung, or right the wrong done to the innocent epiglottis, the outraged larynx, and the exploited nasal cavity. But now that we know the truth, we should lose no time in reconstructing society on a secure and natural basis of silence. There is no question that the overproduction of speech is responsible for many of the world's ills. There ought to be a world confer—pardon us. The unemployed in particular would benefit by the gradually increased use of the vocal organs for their natural function of eating. And though it is perhaps too much to expect that Dr. Negus's discovery will clear the air, it should at least strengthen the hands of those who maintain that the after-dinner speaker is an offense against nature.

Labor's Heartbreak House

THE maestro of the morning thunderers, Walter Lippmann, has demanded a change in the name of the National Labor Relations Board, on the score that it is "sailing under false colors." We suggest changing the name to Labor's Heartbreak House. For nothing could be more heartbreaking than the struggle the board has waged during the past three years on four fronts at once—the fight against employers' and press propaganda; the fight to set up functioning machinery in a relatively new field, with an eye on the Supreme Court; the effort to stay out of the crossfire between the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L.; the fight for survival in the face of the campaign for changing or abolishing the Wagner Act.

Several weeks ago it looked as if the board had finally intrenched itself. Even the decisions in the Ford, Inland Steel, and Republic Steel cases had been received with resignation by industry and the press. Then a fuse set off the dynamite again—the board decided to ask the courts to vacate its orders in the three cases above.

What was behind the board's action? In all but a few cases under the Wagner Act a trial examiner holds hearings and issues an intermediate report with his findings. These findings may be protested by either side before they are finally passed on by the board. In a few important cases, however, the findings are transmitted directly to the board by the examiner, without an intermediate report. Thus far the board has acted with extreme care and circumspection in its procedure, so that not a single one of the thirty decisions of the Supreme Court or the Circuit Courts of Appeals has overruled the procedure of the board. It was only when the Supreme Court, in a case involving the Department of Agriculture and not the Labor Board (*Morgan* v. *United States,* or the Kansas City stockyards case), ruled that both sides must in every case have something to shoot at before a final decision, that the Labor Board decided to leave no technical loophole for Ford and Girdler to slip through and avoid the consequences of their violation of the Wagner Act.

This, of course, gave the press a field day. Chairman Madden might have called a press conference and explained the board's intention carefully and in detail. But Chairman Madden, who has always leaned backward in treating the board as a strictly judicial agency and who has a pathetic belief in the reward of virtue and the final triumph of the idea, chose not to do so. Instead he proceeded trustingly to serve notice of the board's action on the companies' attorneys. Those attorneys lacked Mr. Madden's scruples. They informed the press that the board was now welching and trying to cover up its errors. They applied for injunctions to keep the board from taking action. The Ford Company's attorneys went so far as to ask for a court order requiring the members of the board to testify under oath that they had not discussed their decision with Thomas Corcoran, Benjamin Cohen, John L. Lewis, or Homer Martin.

There is nothing new in all the shouting against the board. From the very beginning propaganda and distortion have marked the attitude of employers toward the board and the act it operates under. What is new is the line of attack initiated by Mr. Lippmann: that the board is not a real labor-relations board but merely a way of helping labor to organize; that therefore the board should be abolished as an independent agency and its functions tucked away somewhere in the Department of Justice; and that the Wagner Act should be revised or abolished.

We do not always agree with the board, but despite some differences we recognize its integrity. To say that the function of the board is to help workers to organize is wilfully false. Its function, and the function of the Wagner Act, is to set up legal machinery which will protect workers in their constitutional right to organize, and resolve the administrative and legal questions raised by the processes of setting up collective-bargaining machinery. Government cannot, consistently with freedom, do any more than that; it cannot, consistently with social decency, afford to do any less.

Attention Roy Howard

The views of all columnists and featured writers must coincide with those of the management. We reserve the right to censor any conflicting opinion.

IF newspaper publishers were compelled to obey an intellectual pure-food-and-drug law, this label would be engraved on the masthead of the New York *World-Telegram.* Within the last few weeks the management of that journal has deleted sections of columns which clashed with its editorial policy, dropped columns altogether, and in general introduced a reign of censorship and repression. These incidents merit national attention because the *World-Telegram* is an intellectual leader and the most important link in the Scripps-Howard chain. They merit Roy Howard's personal attention because they represent startling violations of accepted newspaper precedent. We do not know whether Merlin H. Aylesworth, the new publisher, Lee Wood, the executive editor, or Mr. Howard himself is responsible for the situation that has developed. But we assume that Mr. Howard at least knows the facts and will answer a few leading questions:

1. When Hugh S. Johnson wrote a tribute to John L. Lewis's patriotism, why was his column dropped from the *World-Telegram?*

2. When Westbrook Pegler expressed sympathy for the Spanish Loyalists, why was his column similarly omitted?

3. When Heywood Broun appealed for "penny postcards" to Congress in support of Roosevelt's recovery program, why did the sentences containing that appeal vanish from his column after the first edition?

4. When Raymond Clapper berated President Roosevelt's critics during the reorganization fight, why was his column cut so that it appeared as a hostile portrait of the President?

5. Then, when Mr. Clapper later denounced the fake tumult over reorganization, why was his column not printed?

6. When Dorothy Dunbar Bromley recently appealed for transfer of naval funds to housing projects, why was her column absent from the *World-Telegram?*

7. Why did a Wortman cartoon—depicting one unemployed man telling another: "After all, there's no use denying jobs are scarce; even a good scab can't find work now"—disappear after the first edition?

8. While the New York *Post* was running articles ex-

posing the corruption of the Hague regime in Jersey City, why did the *World-Telegram* run a series which was predominantly sympathetic to Mayor Hague?

9. Why was Rollin Kirby forced to draw a hostile cartoon about Borough President Isaacs, for which he later apologized in a letter to his friends?

Mr. Howard has joined his brother publishers of the conservative wing in denouncing many an alleged threat to freedom of speech emanating from Washington bureaus and committee rooms and the White House itself. How can he reconcile with this professed solicitude for an untrammeled press the recent activities of his chief executives on the *World-Telegram?*

The Pulitzer Pattern

THE Pulitzer prizes this year follow their almost standardized pattern so faithfully that the pattern itself becomes more interesting than the separate awards. Though the advice of outsiders in various fields is invoked, the final recommendations are made by the Advisory Board of the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia, which includes two Pulitzers, Kent Cooper, Nicholas Murray Butler, Frank Kent of the Baltimore *Sun,* Julian La Rose Harris of the Chattanooga *Times,* William Allen White, and, piquantly enough, Robert Lincoln O'Brien, chairman of the United States Tariff Commission. These are solid, established citizens of the American commonwealth, and it is quite natural that they should keep a middle course down the stream of American scholarship, belles-lettres, and journalism with a slight list toward the right.

The fiction awards have usually been at variance with the judgment of the more "literary" of literary critics (*cf.* "Gone with the Wind" last year). This year's novel award will arouse less "highbrow" criticism than usual not because "The Late George Apley" is first-rate literature (though it is a very deft piece of writing) but because 1937 was singularly poor in American fiction. The poetry award suggests that in this field the committee is likely to take the advice of persons more expert than themselves, and more interested in poetry. And in "Our Town" the committee happened to have an excellent example of the kind of play it would be most inclined to select.

The American Civil War and the Reconstruction period are at present enjoying a revival at the hands of the historians, and it is appropriate that the Pulitzer award in history should have gone to a volume dealing with that period. It was inevitable that it would go to a traditional interpretation such as that of Paul H. Buck in "The Road to Reunion" although the Marxian approach to the period has by now become well established and is being increasingly used among younger scholars. The awards in the field of biography, to Odell Shepard and Marquis James, were excellent.

The journalistic awards are more interesting than usual because the outstanding ones are related to the issues which have agitated public opinion in the past two years. Arthur Krock is certainly one of our most competent and influential journalists. He is also one of our most conservative. The Des Moines *Register,* for the conduct of whose editorial page W. W. Waymack drew a prize, is a typical voice of the conservative Middle West. Raymond Sprigle won a prize for his series of articles "exposing" Justice Black, who was a key figure on the left in the great Supreme Court fight. It is interesting to note that both Mr. Krock and Mr. Sprigle gave credit where credit was due. Mr. Krock said that but for his connection with the New York *Times* he would have been unable to get the exclusive interview with President Roosevelt which won him the prize. Mr. Sprigle was frank to say that although he wrote the series on Black "it was the boss [Paul Block] who got the idea first."

No wonder the working press as represented by the Newspaper Guild is preparing to make its own awards.

Carl von Ossietzky

"CARL VON OSSIETZKY Dies in a Berlin Hospital. Nobel Peace Winner of 1935 Was Imprisoned by the Nazis as 'Enemy of State.' " So ran the headlines on May 5. They should have read: Carl von Ossietzky murdered by slow torture lasting more than five years; his teeth knocked out with a Hitler pistol; his liver smashed by a Hitler boot; his lungs destroyed by tuberculosis that he was not allowed to have cured.

In 1931, during Brüning's chancellorship, Ossietzky was accused of high treason for printing an article in his famous weekly, *Die Weltbühne,* on the military budget by which the reactionaries of all shades were indirectly subsidized. The trial was a miscarriage of justice. But the great critic of the Weimar Republic and prophet of its downfall had to be silenced. When the state attorney, the same "democrat" who later accused Dimitrov of burning the Reichstag, began his final speech, a Reichswehr music corps passed and a martial rhythm swept into the hypocritical atmosphere of the supreme court. The attorney paused. The defendant Ossietzky rose and addressed him: "Mr. Attorney, you hear your master's voice. Proceed." He was sent to prison and left it again for only four short weeks. On the night of the Reichstag fire, storm troopers dragged him back once more behind the bars. He had not listened to his friends who urged him to go abroad. He wanted to tell the truth to his readers as long as he could. His whole career was one gigantic effort to make the German people recognize the prompter's voice behind the pseudo-democratic stage.

A very modest man, aware of men's weaknesses, Ossietzky would have been the first to protest against the label "hero." A deep human understanding of even his vilest enemies widened his criticism. His weekly articles, awaited and feared, showed a universal mind. Whether he wrote about finance, the decline of German literature, the Black Reichswehr, the fraud of a "left" theater for rich patrons, the mistakes of the Third International, he fought for a progressive Germany. He saw that the Junkers, the Nazis, the English and French ruling classes, were working together even fifteen years ago. To read his articles today is to read great prophecy. He tried to make the Communists see that their policy and tactics were wrong, and was called a social fascist. He slashed the spineless bureaucracy of the Social Democrats, and was called a bourgeois idealist. In truth he was the greatest independent publicist that post-war Germany has produced.

"A man speaks with a hollow voice across the border," Ossietzky remarked on his deathbed, by way of explaining his silence. Now they have silenced him forever. The murderers of Ossietzky and of Matteotti have been embracing each other under the smiling sun of Capri. But the weather will change.

A Cable from Geneva

BY ROBERT DELL

Geneva, May 9

THE session of the League Council which begins today is an exceptionally important one. Spain and Ethiopia are on its agenda and the British and French governments have planned yet another capitulation to fascism which will even further diminish what little reputation and authority the League still has left. All eyes here are fixed on America. The news that the American embargo on arms to Spain may be lifted is the one ray of light piercing the darkness in which Europe is enveloped. By that step America would take the lead in the struggle against the fascist menace. The lifting of the embargo would be a belated act of justice to the Spanish government, which for nearly two years has been deprived of its rights under international law; but it would be much more than that. It would have a decisive effect on British and French policy in particular. It would help to liberate France from the yoke of the British pro-fascist government which is exploiting it in the interest of British reaction.

The incident that has just occurred shows the extent to which French subjection to British domination goes. The British government has been pressing the French government to restore the international control on the French-Spanish frontier when the commission to report on the question of withdrawing non-Spanish combatants goes to Spain. By this measure the Chamberlain regime hopes to intensify the strangulation of the Spanish government and to increase Franco's chances of victory. The French government has unwillingly agreed to take this step even though it is incompatible with the undertakings by which Daladier obtained the support of the French left parties when he took office. At the same time the French government has privately advised the Spanish government to refuse to allow the commission to visit the territory under Loyalist control and so to put an end to the whole undertaking. In this way the French would be enabled to pass the buck. The Spanish government would nevertheless be right to take the course suggested. As the diplomatic correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* said on March 16: "The question of the so-called volunteers has now become meaningless, for Italian and German intervention is now more formidable than it has been at any time and would remain almost unaffected by the withdrawal of non-Spanish combatants." This is more true now than it was on March 16.

By the Anglo-Italian agreement Neville Chamberlain has in effect authorized Mussolini to continue his intervention in Spain until the civil war has ended. There is nothing in the agreement to prevent him from continuing and increasing the supply of war material and other aid to Franco. Germany has not even been asked by the British government to stop or to reduce its intervention, although German intervention in Spain is really more serious than Italian. The British proposal about withdrawal of the so-called volunteers is a piece of unmitigated humbug. Hitler's and Mussolini's speeches in Rome on Saturday show that the Anglo-Italian agreement has played into the hands of the fascist dictators and that there is no hope of detaching Mussolini from Hitler. That was not Chamberlain's aim in making the agreement, which he intends as a prelude to an Anglo-German agreement. The British government has joined the fascist bloc.

The United States government would render a great service to the cause of peace and international order by a definite refusal to recognize Italian sovereignty over Ethiopia. The recognition now proposed by the British and French governments is not a recognition of fact but a refusal to recognize facts. Italy has not yet conquered Ethiopia. The whole country is in revolt except in the immediate neighborhood of the Italian garrisons. Chamberlain's policy is to give Mussolini financial and other help to complete his conquest. Recognition of Italian sovereignty would mean that the Abyssinians still struggling against foreign oppression would become technically rebels and would be treated as such by England and France. America will surely never countenance such infamy.

PUBLIC

Roosevelt's New Bandwagon

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, May 9

CLAUDE PEPPER of Florida is a better-than-average Southern Senator; beside Byrd and Bailey he literally towers. However, that is not what makes his sweeping victory in last week's primary the most significant event in national politics since Roosevelt was defeated on the court plan. Its significance lies in the fact that it was a chemically perfect test of New Deal strength. Pepper had supported the President on every controversial measure, including the court plan, the reorganization bill, and the wage-hour bill. His chief opponent, Representative Mark Wilcox, one of those sneery, superior Old Guard Democrats of the Byrd-Bailey stripe, not only opposed all three, but made a campaign stunt out of speeding back to Washington to help kill the reorganization bill. When Jimmy Roosevelt voiced the family hope that Pepper would win, Wilcox was quick to retort: "The state of Florida is waiting with bated breath to see what stand Sistie and Buzzie will take." To the winter millionaires of Palm Beach and Miami, Wilcox was the hero who was to head the stampede back to normalcy.

Now they have their answer, and the answer is that Roosevelt has lost his popularity with everybody except the voters. Few political adults were surprised, and only the wishful thinkers were shocked. Members of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association may learn in time not to believe everything they read on their own editorial pages, or even in their news columns, although experience has demonstrated that they learn slowly and forget with ease.

Congressmen are not so dull, and one of the first results of the Florida demonstration was the spectacular rush of House Democrats to sign the petition bringing the wage-hour bill to the floor. It was an edifying spectacle. Statesmen who had vowed to high heaven and the textile industry to shed their last remnant of honor in defense of the sweatshop emulated Bronko Nagurski in getting to the desk where the petition reposed. If they had a scruple about thus betraying their patrons in the public interest, it was engulfed by the sudden impulse of self-preservation. Men like Cox of Georgia, whose loftiest aim is to maintain the South as a sanctuary for the exploiters of child labor, are now resigned to the passage of a labor-standards bill by the House, and rest their hopes on a Senate filibuster. The issue should be welcomed in both houses. As I said in this place recently, it provides an ideal test for separating the fit and the unfit. Florida has shown that the voters may be trusted to do the rest.

The turn of events should bring the President back to Washington full of fight. He has sometimes shown a lamentable tendency to mellow in the face of success; his eagerness to welcome lost sheep to the fold results too often in admitting the wolf. This, I believe, is less likely to happen now than at any time since he became President. The forces which are bent on wrecking everything he has accomplished have identified themselves rather thoroughly—and they are the forces which dominate industry and finance in this country. Such well-meaning optimists as Averill Harriman and Commissioner John W. Hanes of the SEC really are mavericks, and their efforts to promote "understanding" between business and the Administration will result only in heightening their own sense of loneliness. The only "accord" possible would be one in which Roosevelt agreed to abandon his policies on labor and the utilities.

That was plain, and the proceedings of the United States Chamber of Commerce, meeting here last week, could hardly make it plainer. The same "poverty of ideas" which impressed Senator Murray when he listened to the testimony of "many distinguished leaders of business, finance, and industry" during the recent Senate hearings on unemployment was on display in all its vast and illimitable barrenness. After months of intense cerebration of the kind in which great bankers indulge, Winthrop W. Aldrich came up with the suggestion that what business needs is "a breathing spell." Apparently it had never once occurred to him that what it needs most is a thinking spell. Poor old Bill Green, palpitating on the outskirts of the gathering, finally got up courage to venture that an understanding between capital and labor might help things. For all his deferential, hat-in-hand approach, he was roundly snubbed. President Davis of the chamber bluntly told him that business wants the immediate repeal or drastic modification of the Wagner Act, and no mealy-mouthed nonsense about it.

If the Congressional rush to the Roosevelt bandwagon continues, it is not impossible that the government-reorganization bill may be revived. It would be a salutary move. As often pointed out here, the measure is not of transcendent importance in its own right; it attained political importance through the incredibly dishonest and mendacious character of the attack upon it. This attack is now recoiling in ways that are both gratifying and amusing. When Congressmen who voted against the bill finally got around to answering some of the thousands of letters and telegrams they had received, they discovered to their chagrin that the senders were "unknown at this address." Others have been hearing from constituents who explain that "the reason I didn't write or wire you in favor of the bill was that I took it for granted you would support the President." It would be interesting to have the Gannett-Coughlin telegram lobby put to the test again on the same bill.

In case the bill is revived I make one suggestion to the opposition: the ghost who writes speeches for Senators Byrd and Burke should be warned not to make carbon copies of his masterpieces. Such a precaution might prevent a repetition of the unfortunate incident which took place on the Senate floor on March 23, when Burke rose and delivered a long oration against the bill which was identical, in paragraph after paragraph, with the one Senator Byrd had uttered more than an hour earlier. That is the sort of thing which shakes our faith in public men.

Phil La Follette—an Interview

BY MAX LERNER

Madison, Wisconsin, May 5

I CAME out to Madison to talk with Governor La Follette because overnight he had vaulted into the national picture as a potential progressive leader, yet no one was clear where he was going or how he proposed to get there. And of the two La Follettes, it is Phil rather than Bob who is the prime mover in the new National Progressives of America. Phil received me cordially. We had a two-hour talk in the morning at the State House and another two-hour talk in the afternoon at the Executive Mansion. I came primed with many questions. I cannot quote the answers, but I have his permission to set down my interpretation of the gist of our discussion and my deductions about his thinking. If some of these deductions are not sympathetic, it is because they have been filtered through my own hopes and fears about the future of our country.

No one in Wisconsin thinks of calling the Governor anything except Phil. His people either love him or hate him, quarrel and make up with him as they might do with members of their family. And Phil cultivates that feeling. He received me at his home in shirt-sleeves, as if I were a neighbor who had dropped in for a friendly call. Madison, far away from the fierce antagonism of the urban centers like New York or Chicago, is folksy and middle-class in tone.

But Phil is not just small-town stuff. At forty-one he is already the stuff that legends are made of, and I heard many of them. He is a man of enormous ambition and personal mastery, grooming himself for a great destiny and believing utterly in that destiny. There are some who think that the new party grows out of the local Wisconsin situation, that Phil faces a fight for his fourth term as governor, and that he knows he can't be governor unless he finds a place in the national political sun. I doubt that. Phil's prestige in Wisconsin has never stood so high as today, and it has grown especially with the more liberal business men. Besides, he does not talk like a man who wants only to be governor. He is playing for high stakes.

The first impression one gets of him is of a frank, warm, alert, but unassuming person. Despite his gray hair, he looks at times and from a certain angle, infinitely young, like an eager schoolboy—small, lithe, round-faced. Watch him further and he is the administrator galvanized into action, with an air of curt and sharp command. There is economy in every gesture—the economy of a big executive or of a general in the midst of a campaign. Leadership is very much on his mind. I have been told that while he was at college his room was hung with pictures of great historical figures, including Napoleon. Today his sitting-room is cluttered with photographs of the great ones of the earth. There is one of Justice Brandeis and one of Mussolini. That *in parvo* is Phil.

He stands with one foot in the old La Follette tradition and the other in a strange world just coming into being. He is proud of what his father and mother did in public life, proud of his pioneer stock, steeped in the tradition of the frontier, deeply influenced by F. J. Turner's frontier theory. He would like to project the Wisconsin achievement on to a national plane.

Phil's strategy today has two premises. One is that Roosevelt's political prestige is bankrupt; the other is that the New Deal is, from an economic standpoint, basically wrong. There is no doubt that he has broken both with the President and his program. He has never been more than a fellow-traveler of the New Deal, critical of its policy ever since his speech in 1933 attacking the AAA program. He has consistently refused offers of administrative posts in Washington. Latterly the distance has widened, as he has become convinced that the

President is succumbing to the Democratic Old Guard and not making a state-by-state fight against the party machine. There are those in Washington who believe that Phil was not averse to seeing the process of the President's defeat hastened, and that the five Wisconsin members of the House, whose votes against the reorganization bill proved the decisive factor, would not have done so without at least Phil's tacit consent. Phil knows that the common people of the country still have a loyalty to the President; that when Bill Evjue, editor of the Madison *Capitol-Times* wrote an editorial on the day of Phil's big Madison speech, saying that whatever happens the new party must not be anti-Roosevelt, his phone rang all day with congratulations; and that when Phil mentioned the President that night and again at Cedar Rapids, there were great bursts of applause. Yet he also feels that the common people are bewildered and have lost their sense of direction; and that, when their personal warmth about Roosevelt has worn off, nothing but disenchantment will remain. He wants to prepare for that time.

About the danger of dividing the progressive forces through his new party, he is skeptical. If the New Deal shows increased strength in the 1938 elections, I am convinced that the new party will be used mainly to put heat on the tories and insure the nomination in 1940 of a fairly liberal candidate. If the New Deal's prestige continues to fall, the party will strike out for itself. This does not mean nominating a candidate for the Presidency. Phil knows that a party is not created by fiat or by a single speech, no matter how histrionic, but that it has to be built from the ground up. He plans to work assiduously in every state and every county. If he has any guess about 1940 it is that the Democrats will win, but only by nominating a more conservative candidate than Roosevelt. He has no illusions, as LaGuardia seems still to have, about the Republicans nominating a liberal. But whoever is elected, he is convinced that the program after 1940 will be pretty much the same as the program today—one of borrowing and spending. And being thus convinced, he has no worries about his timing. If the progressives are temporarily split, that is a risk that has to be taken whenever a new party is started. Meanwhile my guess is that Phil feels he can wait until 1944 when he will be only forty-seven and still in the prime of life.

What sort of economic program has he? Phil is thus far much clearer in his criticisms of the New Deal than in substitutes for it. He argues that we shall get nowhere by the restrictionism of the farm program, that borrowing and spending do not solve a depression, and that expenditures for relief do not constitute a way of ordering the economic system. He believes that the Administration has erred in doing both too little and too much: too little in that, if it had to spend, it did not spend soon enough or heavily enough; too much in that it set itself the enormous and impossible task of regulating the entire economy instead of concentrating on the crucial phase of it.

What is that crucial phase? The mechanism of investment and credit. After the 1936 elections the President might have concentrated on getting the bugs out of our machinery. He did not, and now there is idle capital lying about. How put it to work? Phil's analysis up to this point would grace the pages of the *Wall Street Journal*. But his remedy, as far as I can make it out, is a cross between socialism, technocracy, and what used to be called in the 1920's "the new capitalism."

I mention socialism despite the fact that Phil has almost no socialist consciousness in him, and mentions the word only to deride it. Yet his general outlook is away from laissez faire and toward increased governmental power. His is the socialism involved in any project for a huge and collective national effort to master the economic problem. But it is not socialism in the sense of envisaging any broad program of socialization. At least for the present, Phil has in mind less heroic remedies. And among them his attitude toward credit and his attitude toward the price structure loom most important.

I could not help being struck, as he talked, by the degree of similarity between his emphasis on nationalized credit and Dr. Schacht's method of rationalizing the German economy by leaving private ownership and profit undisturbed but using publicly controlled credit as the principal means of leverage. And since Phil has autarchic ideas as well, I assume this control would be extended to foreign exchange. The savings banks would continue their deposit functions; but investment banking, which has already become practically inactive, would be turned over formally to the government. Private enterprise would move from a credit to a cash basis. That is to say, all credit would be governmental. Mortgages and bonds, instead of being fixed claims upon income, would be transformed into participating interests in the fortunes of an enterprise. Thus the credit system, which Walter Stewart has defined as "suspicion asleep," would be socialized, along with the monetary system. And with it one of the most rigid elements of our economic system would be removed.

Another element that would have to be made amenable to control is that of cost and thus of price. Phil's approach to the railroad problem is well known; it involves a moratorium on the present bond structure and the calling in of new investment. His approach to agricultural and labor prices is similar. He believes not in sharing more equitably what wealth we have, but in producing more wealth for everyone to be satisfied with. The farmer today, he argues, is geared to selling a decreasing number of units—whether of milk or hogs or cotton—for the highest possible unit price. Actually the farmer would be better off if he sold more units, even though he got less for each. Labor is in the same situation. There are times when wages should go up, but times also when wage rigidity is catastrophic to the whole economic structure and wages should go down. If labor were interested, he argues, not in price per unit of work but in its share of a larger number of units, costs could be reduced and volume increased.

This is not a program but a philosophy. With Phil it is a basic philosophy and furnishes the clue to his program—increased national production, using nationalized credit, monetary control, and a guaranteed annual wage or farm income to effect it. It is, in a way, the core of the National Expansion bill, originally drawn with the help of Mordecai Ezekiel, introduced into the House by Amlie, Voorhees, and other progressives, and now languishing there. But Phil would not go as far as that bill in his program of regulation of industry. The power of the state, he feels, must be used not to administer the business units but to give direction to them. Once that direction is achieved business can be left to its own devices and its own pioneering inventiveness. This does not mean, despite the applause from Walter Lippmann and Dorothy Thompson, a return to the ancient simplicities of laissez faire. Actually, in what Phil has said thus far, there are holes broad enough to drive through an entire program of government control. But I am convinced that he would resort to that only if his socialized-credit and price-control methods were to fail.

For the present, he is beautifully vague and evasive about ways and means. Why should he not be? He knows that third parties have in the past foundered on the rocks of over-concreteness at the start. Moreover, he does not want Mr. Roosevelt to steal his thunder, as he has done with others. Finally he is convinced that the only people who want blueprints are the intellectuals, with whom it is an occupational disease, and his enemies, who want them to distort them.

He has a contempt for the intellectual, especially the radical intellectual, with his *isms* and his dogmas. He believes in action. Act first, show that something can be done, and people will follow you. To get such action, democratic government must be mobile and efficient. Hence Phil's reorganization of Wisconsin's executive departments, which he carried through with far more astuteness than the President showed in his own plan. He gave either House of the state legislature the power, by a simple majority, to undo any reorganizing act of his after it was done. Phil knows the value of the *fait accompli*. "Give me power," he says in effect, "then you may hedge that power about with checks and balances."

Despite his roots in the La Follette tradition, Phil is a new plant, growing in a changed soil of economic circumstance and a new climate of opinion. He still points with pride to the Wisconsin social legislation; relief, despite his rash remark about "spoon-feeding and coddling the American people," is still a problem to him, but it is subordinate to the larger problem of mastering the economic drift, And on that, some of his perspectives come from present-day Germany. He went to Germany in 1933. On his return he wrote a series of articles which he sold to the Hearst press—he is now a bit apologetic about that. He brought back from Germany a deep sense of the economic roots of fascism in the degraded living conditions of the people. Yet he thinks that it is easy to underestimate Hitler's positive achievement, and admires the energy he has shown in reorganizing an anarchic economy. Even more is he impressed by what Mustapha Kemal has done in Turkey in evoking a new economic energy and a new nationalism.

Phil's own nationalism goes deep, and it is no accident that he calls his party the National Progressives of America. To do a creative job, people must have belief in themselves. In America that belief has been corroded, since the turn of the century, by economic collapse. His paean about the sanctity of the North American continent is not a literary figure of speech but a mystical conviction. And that conviction is fed by his isolationism in foreign policy. He made a public statement in 1933 against the Jewish boycott of German goods. The Jews, he feels, have—because of their economic success in a declining capitalism—become easy marks for vindictiveness. They must not dissipate their energies in foreign boycotts, but concentrate them on the opportunity for reform within their own country. They must be Americans first and Jews afterward. Phil insists that the nationalist pattern is a deep and slumbering force in American life, with enormous power for evoking middle-class and mass support. He sees what the Marxian parties have hitherto overlooked, that the middle-class mentality and nationalist feeling are still our ruling divinities.

Phil's eyes glow when he talks of mass movements. Intellectuals may fear to contemplate the mass unleashed, but he has no such fears. We must reach the masses if we are to survive as a nation. They want to know where we are going and why, but they do not want to be burdened with blueprints. Men think in terms of symbols. Hence the adoption of the new symbol of the cross by the new party. "Why fear it?" asks Phil. Communism has its symbol in the hammer and sickle, Nazism has a symbol in the swastika; democracy alone lacks a symbol. Phil proposes to equip democracy with a symbol through which the common man—since he cannot write laws or articles or make speeches—will get a sense of participation, the mystical sense of unity. All this may sound dangerous to many. It sounds very dangerous to me. And Phil knows that he will be called a fascist. But he is willing to venture it.

Phil insists that this is no "third party" he is forming:

it is *the* party (does he mean *the* progressive party or the only party of the future?). He also insists that it is no popular-front party and no labor party in its usual sense. He wants no more to be tied to trade unionism, as the British progressives are, than he wants to be tied to popular frontism, as the French progressives are. What remains for him is to build on a middle-class base, counting on the probability that the trade unions will soon attach themselves to it.

Yet it is strange that Phil should have held himself so completely aloof from labor. I have it on good authority that none of the top leaders of the C. I. O. were brought directly into the picture. It is a sensational fact that a few days before the new party was formed Phil had a long talk with John L. Lewis on another matter during which he never so much as mentioned his coming political venture. Labor, he feels, should know the La Follettes' labor record in the Senate and in Wisconsin, and should count them among its friends. I have done some investigating of the Wisconsin Labor Act. It is a good one, except for the fact that Joseph Padway, the A. F. of L. lawyer, wrote into it a provision whereby an employer may sign a closed-shop agreement with a union even though it may not have a majority of the workers. This is practically a set-up for the A. F. of L. in staving off C. I. O. advance. In the national picture this could scarcely be construed as unqualified friendship for labor as a whole. Labor will remember the La Follettes' record, but it will also remember that a party that starts out to keep clear of the labor stigma may end by fighting labor.

Pennsylvania's Scrambled Politics

BY GUY V. MILLER

Pittsburgh, May 2

A BITTER primary campaign marked by sensational charges of graft, corruption, and coercion is drawing to a close in Pennsylvania. Starting out originally as a battle between John L. Lewis's C. I. O. and the state organization for the right to name the party's gubernatorial nominee, the Democratic primary has developed into the greatest cat-and-dog fight voters in this state have seen in many a year. The highest Democratic office-holders and party leaders have been accused of offering and accepting bribes, of buying legislation, of "macing" pay-rollers for political contributions—of about every known sin on the political calendar. And the accusations have come not from Republicans but from fellow-Democrats.

It is no exaggeration to say that the Democratic Party in this primary has sowed the seeds of its own destruction in November. Everything now depends on how carefully these seeds are nurtured by the Republicans. Not since 1930 have the latter entered a campaign with so many advantages. In addition to the split in the hitherto unbeaten Democratic state organization, they are favored by the opposition among little business men and white-collar workers to the New Deal's taxation and labor measures, the dissatisfaction of the left-wingers with the Roosevelt policies, and, last but not least, a new depression.

Under any circumstances a bitter political battle was to be expected this fall in Pennsylvania. The stakes are control of the state government with its vast patronage (the commonwealth has nearly 30,000 employees, few of whom are under civil-service protection), the state's thirty-four seats in Congress, a senatorship, seventy-two votes in the 1940 national convention, and thirty-six electoral votes. Victory in 1938, of course, does not necessarily guarantee the last two, but it will give the winner a tremendous edge.

Two competing Democratic tickets are in the field, each backed by powerful groups. In addition, a number of independent Democratic candidates are contending for the major offices, and at least one of these cannot be discounted or ignored. The Democratic organization ticket has Charles Alvin Jones, a comparatively unknown Pittsburgh attorney, as its candidate for governor, and Governor George H. Earle as its choice for United States senator. Behind this ticket is the powerful State Democratic Committee, headed by an astute politician, State Chairman David L. Lawrence. Behind the committee stand most of the Democratic pay-rollers, county and municipal as well as state. Also backing the Jones-Earle ticket are the A. F. of L. unions, which have formed a Non-Partisan League of their own—the old league is in C. I. O. hands.

Opposing the Jones-Earle ticket in the primary on May 17 is what Pennsylvanians call the Guffey-C. I. O. slate, a combination of the forces headed by Senator Joseph F. Guffey, formerly coleader with Lawrence of the organization, and Lewis and his C. I. O. unions. The Guffey-C. I. O. candidate for governor is Lieutenant Governor Thomas Kennedy, who also is secretary-treasurer of the powerful United Mine Workers. For senator the candidate is Mayor S. Davis Wilson of Philadelphia, who has a strong political machine of his own in that city.

The strength of the Guffey-C. I. O. slate lies chiefly in the C. I. O. unions, with an estimated membership of better than 600,000 in Pennsylvania, and the WPA. Although Senator Guffey denies it, and WPA Administrator Harry Hopkins has sent out letters to all WPA workers telling them to vote for whom they please, most political observers are convinced that the WPA is being forced into line behind the Kennedy-Wilson combination. This ticket will certainly get additional help from Wilson's City Hall organization in Philadelphia, which is said to be good for 50,000 votes, and from smaller groups throughout the state. Most of the federal employees in Pennsylvania, who owe their jobs to Senator Guffey, are also lined up with him in this fight.

In addition to these complete slates, Charles J. Margiotti, until recently attorney general in the Earle administration, is in the field seeking the Democratic nomination for governor, ex-Mayor Eddie McCloskey of Johnstown is a senatorial candidate in the Democratic primary, and several others are out for office.

CHARGE AND COUNTER-CHARGE

Margiotti, the stormy petrel of the campaign, has made most of the sensational charges of graft and corruption against the Earle administration, charges which next week will be investigated by the Dauphin County grand jury at Harrisburg. Four years ago he polled 200,000 votes as an independent Republican candidate for governor and cannot be entirely discounted. He will not win, of course, but his charges may conceivably cost the Democratic organization the nominations. Margiotti has declared, among other things, that the pay roll is being "maced" for political contributions, that Lawrence and Ralph M. Bashore, Secretary of Labor and Industry, "sold" protective legislation to the brewery interests for $20,000, and that Earle offered to "bribe" Senator Davis to quit his post and to appoint Margiotti as his successor if the latter would withdraw from the race for the governorship. All these accusations have been answered by blanket denials, and after an angry interview with Margiotti over the "sale of legislation" charge, in which he demanded that his rival produce his evidence, the Governor fired him. Margiotti insisted upon presenting it only to a grand jury, and since his dismissal he has been successful in getting a grand jury summoned.

The Guffey-C. I. O. leaders are elated over the Margiotti charges, which they believe have turned many Democratic voters against the organization. They now profess to be confident that Kennedy will pull through, although they are not so sure about Wilson. The latter is not over-popular with some C. I. O. elements, and probably not too many tears will be shed if Earle gets the senatorial nomination. He has been strongly pro-labor, whereas Wilson has not been, though Wilson's record does not show any outright acts of hostility to labor.

Startling charges against the Democratic organization and its leaders have also been made by the Guffey-C. I. O. group. Wilson in a speech charged that Governor Earle had borrowed $30,000 from Matthew H. McCloskey, Jr., a contractor and one of the Democratic leaders of Philadelphia. Since then, Wilson charged, McCloskey has obtained nearly $10,000,000 in contracts from the General State Authority, an agency created to handle a large-scale building program for the commonwealth. Wilson's inference was plain, and it did not help Earle any when he admitted the loan. He explained that it was an "ordinary business transaction," that he was gradually repaying it, and that the loan was made long before the General State Authority started to function. As for McCloskey getting the authority's contracts, Earle said, that was only because he was the low bidder.

To counteract Wilson's charges, the Democratic organization launched its accusations of WPA coercion and began clamoring for a federal investigation. But the McCloskey-Earle transaction has left a bad taste in many Democratic voters' mouths, and the Margiotti charges have undoubtedly hurt the Governor and the organization still further.

THE DOUBTFUL LABOR VOTE

From this it looks as if the Jones-Earle ticket were on the defensive and losing ground. But all is not serene in the Guffey-C. I. O. camp either. First of all, they are combating a powerful, intrenched organization with plenty of patronage behind it. Second, they are handicapped by lack of organization and experienced subordinate leaders—county chairmen, ward chairmen, and the like. Third, while Guffey and Wilson have their followers, they also have enemies who are lining up now behind the Democratic organization, although some were previously cool to it. Finally, the American Federation of Labor, which claims 400,000 members in Pennsylvania, is bitterly hostile. The A. F. of L., however, will probably not be able to deliver a solid vote against the Guffey-C. I. O. slate: some of the rank and file may secretly support Kennedy on the ground that he is, after all, a labor man, and the many registered Republicans in the federation will of course have no vote in the Democratic primary.

But can the C. I. O. itself present a solid front in the primary? John L. Lewis seemingly is confident that it can, but most politicians are not so sure. Politically, the C. I. O. has never been tested in Pennsylvania except in a few municipal elections in which it joined with the Democratic organization and supported the latter's candidates. The United Mine Workers, it is true, did an effective job for Roosevelt in 1936, but there again they worked in conjunction with experienced Democratic leaders. Furthermore, the miners had the magic name of Roosevelt to sell. Now they must sell Kennedy and Wilson to the Democratic voters, and each has his defects.

Kennedy is popular among the United Mine Workers but not among all the C. I. O. unions. Particularly in the lodges of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee there seems to be some resentment of U. M. W. A. domination of the C. I. O. Moreover, Kennedy, reserved and soft-spoken, is not a good campaigner. On the platform he looks and acts more like a small-town business man than a union leader. In his own town of Hazelton and in the hard-coal fields Kennedy seems to be well-liked, but that does not mean he is a vote-getter. In 1934, as candidate for lieutenant governor, he lost both Hazelton and Luzerne County, and to a reactionary Republican. Finally, Kennedy is a Catholic, and Pennsylvania, once a Ku Klux Klan hotbed, has a strong tradition against a Catholic governor.

Mayor Wilson is a political enigma who can hardly be classified as either liberal or conservative. In Philadelphia his is pretty much a one-man party. Until this campaign he kept aloof from both major parties. In the 1936 Presidential election, for example, he registered as a non-partisan and refused to say how he intended to vote. To sell such a man to those Democratic voters who like to choose their candidates on the basis of whether they are for or against Roosevelt will not be easy. Guffey and Lewis probably realized this but decided that Wilson's machine in Philadelphia would net them more votes than he would lose them personally.

Guffey and Lewis, while not candidates themselves, are also major factors in the campaign. The A. F. of L. leaders are centering their fire on Lewis, charging that if Kennedy is elected, Lewis will be the real governor. They also are hammering home the fact that Lewis is not a Pennsylvanian and are appealing to local pride to keep him "from getting his hands on this state." It is probably to combat this that the C. I. O. chieftain has remained out of Pennsylvania in recent weeks. Guffey is a target for all the Democratic organization leaders, and they are shooting at him constantly. Publicly they accuse him of trying to set himself up as a political czar; privately they are spreading all sorts of stories about the Senator's *sub rosa* activities in Washington. The organization leaders ridicule Guffey's assertion that he is a true New Dealer, asserting that he is loyal to the White House only for the sake of the favors he gets in return.

It is difficult to gauge the full effect of these attacks on Guffey and Lewis, but they unquestionably have done some damage. Many labor men view Guffey with distrust because he was formerly a utility executive and until 1932 played ball with the anti-labor Republican machine then in power. Lawrence, incidentally, must plead guilty to the same charge. The Democratic organization leaders assert that they have found a great deal of hostility to Lewis's political activities among rank-and-file unionists in his group, but there is little evidence to confirm this. Probably the assertion is based on the grumbling among U. M. W. A. members over a two-dollar assessment recently imposed upon them, presumably for political purposes. It is unlikely that this grumbling will be carried to the point of open opposition to the Lewis slate.

Until the sensational charges against the administration, most of the organization leaders appeared to be confident of victory. Even Guffey's bolt to the C. I. O. didn't jar their complacency, although a few showed signs of nervousness, knowing that Guffey, as a practical politician, probably wouldn't have bolted unless he thought the C. I. O. would win. The majority simply put his desertion down as sour grapes because the organization had refused to slate him for the governorship. Publicly the subordinate leaders still profess to be confident of the final outcome, but privately some of them are getting jittery. Margiotti's and Wilson's accusations, they realize, aren't doing the organization any good among the voters. Even though most of the charges have been denied, it is an axiom in politics that denials never carry as much weight as the original accusations.

Furthermore, some of the Democratic leaders realize that it isn't going to be easy to sell Jones to the voters as their choice for governor. A lawyer who never held public office until he became solicitor for Allegheny County two years ago, Jones has no public record worth speaking of. The Guffey-C. I. O. crowd calls him "Lawrence's Man Friday." And finally, the organization has been unable in this campaign to claim the White House's indorsement for its slate. When the quarrel with Lewis was carried to the President last winter, he not only refused to take sides but evidently warned the organization not to assert that it had his blessing. Jittery Democrats now wish that Lawrence had given in to Lewis's demand that the party accept Kennedy as its candidate for governor and had avoided this split.

ON THE REPUBLICAN SIDE

The Republicans, too, have a contest in their primary, but from the quietness of their campaign one would never know it. Former Governor Gifford Pinchot and Judge Arthur H. James of the state Superior Court are fighting it out for the gubernatorial nomination, while Senator James J. Davis and State Senator G. Mason Owlett are the chief contenders for the senatorship. No two of them are on the same ticket.

The rival Republicans have concentrated their fire not on each other but on the Democrats, Pinchot's chief plank being a solemn pledge to "clean up the mess in Harrisburg." James talks mostly about what he will do to end the recession; his slogan is "Put a man to work." Occasionally he throws in a dig at Pinchot, calling him a "half-New Dealer" but little more. Curiously enough, this ban on name-calling extends to Lewis and the C. I. O., although both names are anathema to the big manufacturers who are the chief "angels" of the Republican Party. Evidently some Republican leaders hope that if the Democratic organization wins in the primary, Lewis may be so bitter that he will bolt to the Republicans in November or at least remain neutral. Pinchot, particularly, thinks he has a good chance of getting C. I. O. support because of his one-time progressiveness and his popularity among the coal miners. He was the first governor who refused to use the state police to break up strikes in the western Pennsylvania coal fields.

It was the farm vote that elected Pinchot in 1922 and 1930, despite the opposition of powerful Republican machines in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. And with these machines only a shadow of their former selves, the farmers now hold the balance of power in the Republican primary. They can make or break any candidate, and it looks as if they intended to make Pinchot and break James, although James has the backing of the industrialists and will probably carry Philadelphia. Davis gets even a bigger edge over his opponent in the betters' books. He is undoubtedly getting support from both the Pinchot and James factions and is so confident of nomination that thus far he had done little campaigning.

One thing is certain. Regardless of who comes out on top in this bitter Democratic primary the beneficiaries are going to be the Republican nominees. For they will fall heir to enough campaign ammunition to make them formidable candidates in November. In fact, the primary campaign has provided enough dynamite for a political upheaval in Pennsylvania that could conceivably change the whole trend of national politics and start the Republican Party on the road to victory again.

The Rise of David Dubinsky

BY McALISTER COLEMAN

II

IN 1922 David Dubinsky was holding down the job of president of Local 10 of the I. L. G. W. U. and that of general manager as well, doing work formerly turned over to three branch managers and two secretaries. At the 1922 convention he was elected vice-president of the international. He had been one of the leaders of the strike of that year, a disciplined, unspectacular affair, the favorable outcome of which had been largely determined by a court injunction against the employers obtained by Morris Hillquit and Samuel Untermyer. Dubinsky had gone back to his desk to ponder the effects of the deepening economic depression upon an already jittery industry. Suddenly he found that along with Schlesinger and the other international officials he was now considered an "old-timer," a "reactionary," a "pie-counter artist." These were the first shots of that internal war which, dragging on from 1922 to 1929, brought the once powerful union as close to the vanishing-point as any labor organization in this country has come and still survived —war which brought despair to the hearts of the rank and file, joy to the chiseling employer, and left wounds not yet healed.

The New York garment workers were the storm center of the huge row among radicals that followed the Communist-Socialist split in 1919. At first the fighting was confined to the professional politicians in the Socialist and Communist parties. Then it was extended to the unions, where most of the Communist factions united into the Workers' Party, and William Z. Foster's Trade Union Educational League was annexed by the now legalized Communists. Internecine strife raged on all the streets of the garment centers; it pressed into service pamphleteers and broadside writers whose vocabulary of vituperation touched new lows in labor polemics; it went down into the underworld, where both sides recruited gangsters; it broke out at every annual convention of the international. Dubinsky enlisted as the leader of the shock troops of the right. He left his work with the cutters to stand at the side of the harassed Morris Sigman, who had come from his Iowa farm to take over the presidency of the international in answer to a wire from the sick and discouraged Schlesinger. The lefts promptly trained their heaviest fire on the stocky figure of Dubinsky, recognizing in him their most formidable foe. In his turn Dubinsky was not over-fastidious in his choice of weapons. Communists and those suspected of leftist sympathies were hurled incontinently out of the locals. There were many weird distortions of parliamentary procedure; red-baiting consumed more of the officials' time than routine union business.

Soon Dubinsky developed an in-fighting technique that brought him to the top of many a scrambled heap. When the Communists would fire off a barrage of broadsides picturing him as the leader of "sluggers and gangsters," the head of a "fat-bellied clique of job-holders," and announcing, "on behalf of the rank and file," that "we are through with Dubinsky," the little man would promptly hand in his resignation. As a result vehement protests would pour in from hitherto neutral rank and filers, Dubinsky would withdraw his resignation—and be reelected by a large majority.

Few old-timers can remember a labor convention as tempestuous as the international's 1925 convention at Philadelphia. For eighteen days the compact, tightly disciplined Communist bloc wrangled with Dubinsky—in an exposed position as chairman of the important Resolutions Committee—and his right allies over the issues of bureaucracy, dual unionism, proportional representation on the strategic Joint Board of New York, which was the liaison body between the locals and the international, and amnesty for the expelled leftists. When the voting was finally done, Sigman had been reelected over Louis Hyman, his leftist opponent, by 158 to 109, but the leftists had won control of the New York Joint Board. Dubinsky went back to his cutters, read them the Communist circulars urging his defeat, and received a vote of confidence from Local 10 of 1,106 to 242.

The new Joint Board leaders promptly called a general strike of the New York cloakmakers. A commission appointed by Governor Smith had made recommendations for wage increases, the limitation of sub-manufacturers, and the right of manufacturers to "reorganize" their shops once a year, provided they did not discharge more than 10 per cent of the working force. Sigman and Dubinsky were agreed that the report was not wholly satisfactory from the union standpoint, but they had urged its acceptance as a basis for conference with the employers. The Joint Board would have none of it. They brushed aside the international officials and led the cloakmakers into a twenty-six weeks' strike which proved disastrous. In the end, the workers went back with fewer gains than had been offered them by the governor's commission, having expended $3,500,000 from their union treasury and suffered a breakdown of morale that jeopardized the very existence of the union.

The first exciting weeks of this strike had seen the high-water mark of Communist control of New York unions. The rank and file of the garment workers were now through with the T. U. E. L. They called Schlesinger back, and slowly the union got on its feet again. Money loaned to the international by the banking house of which Governor Lehman was a member, bonds floated by the union, and the resumption of dues refilled the depleted treasury. Members drifted back to their locals.

But the lean frame of Schlesinger was racked with illness. He was forced to take long leaves of absence, turning over the duties of his office to Dubinsky, who served as acting president and as secretary-treasurer through much of the period of reconstruction. He was in charge of the strike of 1929, when the international fought desperately and successfully to hold its gains against the onslaught of the depression. When Schlesinger died suddenly in 1932, Dubinsky was the sole choice of the General Executive Board for the presidency.

Dubinsky was now elevated to the Executive Council of the A. F. of L., to sit with the paunchy leaders of the building trades, the metal workers, and the tight little craft organizations in windy deliberations over the fine points of jurisdictional disputes. Bored stiff, he would come back to industrial unionism in action in the garment centers, marveling at the mountainous labors of the A. F. of L. in bringing forth such mice. However, like the other international executives, he felt a certain pride in his A. F. of L. standing. He knew how the pioneer organizers of the despised immigrant workers had treasured their A. F. of L. charter, first issued in 1900, as a symbol of their acceptance into America's labor family And after all, no small support had come from A. F. of L. sources at critical periods in the international's progress. Sidney Hillman's Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America had played the lone-wolf role for years. Now, in whatever clothing, they were entering the federation fold. It was best for all concerned to stick around with the fat boys of the council.

Then from an unexpected source came a hell-roaring interruption to the monotonous flow of Executive Council oratory. Of all persons, John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers of America, vice-president of the federation, Bergen to William Green's McCarthy, bouncer of all opponents from mild John Brophy to bellicose Alex Howat, was leading a movement to activize the A. F. of L. Not only that, but he aimed at the bloodshot eye of William Hutcheson of the carpenters a blow that was heard around the labor world. When Lewis was defeated by the craft unionists at the Atlantic City convention of 1935 and went rumbling down the boardwalk to call together the progressives at an Atlantic City hotel, Dubinsky went along, though not without misgivings. He had had his fill of factionalism. He had behind him now a disciplined army of 210,000 workers recruited beneath the sheltering wings of the Blue Eagle. He was not willing to align these forces with the leaders of any abortive labor putsch. He wanted to be shown. That A. F. of L. charter with Sam Gompers's signature at the bottom hanging on the wall of the international headquarters was the source of much of his apparent hesitancy at this time.

That two such divergent characters as Lewis and Dubinsky could have worked together as harmoniously as they did in the first days of the C. I. O. is still a matter of wonderment to those who know both men. A sudden convert to labor fundamentals which Dubinsky had learned by heart at the age of sixteen, Lewis had fought his way up to the attention of Gompers out of a mine in Iowa. He had faithfully followed the "pure and simple" program of the federation, indorsed Republican politicians, and denounced all opposition as Moscow-inspired. Now he was appealing to this shrewd skeptical leader from the cosmopolitan garment centers to join him in a hazard of new fortunes which Dubinsky knew would turn the labor world upside down. The two sat in the same hotel room—Lewis, craggy, the delight of labor artists, head of a union whose members were far removed from the big centers of urban civilization; Dubinsky, inconspicuous, cautious, wary of the thunderous implications in the words "industrial unionism." Seemingly they were poles apart. And then Lewis went to work and sold Dubinsky a bill of goods that has proved its value. With backgrounds as contrasting as mine tipples and cutters' benches, the two struck hands in alliance against an inert labor movement, an increasingly arrogant employers' offensive, and the distant forces of technological unemployment awaiting orders to advance.

Not that Dubinsky went along as devoutly as Sidney Hillman, who for his reward has the back-breaking, man-sized job of organizing textiles. Dubinsky still hoped that other federation leaders would see the light and that, once personal disputes were composed, satisfactory peace terms might be arranged. He talked peace in and out of sessions of the Executive Council, and his influence was great. He had been reelected vice-president of the federation, he led a union second in size only to the miners, intellectually he was the superior of the A. F. of L. chieftains. But Hutcheson thought of his eye, Frey thought of his chances of survival as "theoretician of the labor movement" if such first-rate mentalities as Brophy's and Hillman's and Dubinsky's were allowed to function unfettered, Matt Woll thought of his contracts with the photo-engravers. And Green thought about all the speeches he had made to Rotarians, Elks, Moose, and Chambers of Commerce promising that the American labor movement would never amount to anything. It is a tribute to Dubinsky's tenacity that he continued to work on such unpromising material. Not until August, 1936, did he throw up the sponge and resign his vice-presidency of the A. F. of L.

In that summer of his resignation the American Labor Party was formed, and Dubinsky faced another break with his past. This time it was the tearing up of his red card of membership in the Socialist Party. Socialism is as much a tradition with cutters, dressmakers, and pressers as Republicanism with the sons of Old Eli. All his active life Dubinsky had grappled with the dilemma that confronts any sincere Socialist—how to remain true to Marxian beliefs and at the same time make working arrangements with a non-socialist environment. Debs solved it by leaving the Democratic Party and the old-line unions to cleave to socialism. Dubinsky solved it by resigning from the Socialist Party and running as an elector from New York on an A. L. P. ticket that indorsed, without reservation, Franklin D. Roosevelt. He even had his picture printed on campaign buttons, the first time in New York political annals that an elector's face was presented to a bemused electorate. And it was only to find himself held up as red bugaboo number one in the columns of the Hearst press and the speeches of Republican boo-shouters.

Dubinsky's friendly rival, Sidney Hillman, with long experience in independent politics dating from the senior La Follette's campaign, lays down most of the strategy of the A. L. P. so far as the garment workers are concerned. Again Dubinsky's job is unspectacular spade work—keeping in line the younger radicals who want a more forthright program than the party has yet written and smoothing out differences between Irish subway conductors, clothing cutters, and silk-stocking liberals.

Dubinsky's first intimation that he places peace in the labor movement above all other considerations came last winter when he criticized the conduct of the negotiations between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. His version differed sharply from that of Philip Murray, Lewis's canny lieutenant. According to Dubinsky, the A. F. of L. opened the door to the return of the rebel industrial unions only to have the door slammed in its face. The publication of Dubinsky's statement was hailed by conservatives, looked at askance by radicals. Since then Dubinsky has gone even farther in his peace moves, maintaining that while the organization of workers into industrial unions was a historical necessity, the forming of a permanent organization in opposition to the federation would be a mistake. In this he has the support of the veterans in his union, while the younger members decry such pacifist tactics. Dubinsky's executive committee will make some sort of decision on the whole matter of affiliation at its meeting later this month. At this writing it looks as if the I. L. G. W. U. would decide to go it alone for awhile and take no part in the permanent structure of the C. I. O. if, as now seems likely, a definite breach between the two great labor bodies takes place.

It cannot be said that Dubinsky is a great orator—his style is florid and a bit monotonous—nor is he the hand-shaking type that gets to the top in other unions. But in negotiations with the bosses, in conferences with the key men and women among his own people, Dubinsky's very great talents are revealed. He sails into a difficult situation equipped with an intimate knowledge not only of the exact boundaries of compromise but of similar situations that have arisen in the history of his union. Here he yields a point amid cries of "opportunist" from the left, but there he gains one, and when it is over, the workers have inched along a little.

Revolutionary days in Europe, work with the "new men" in the building of the new unionism, the storm and stress of factionalism, the march to the right—this is the story of many a leader among the garment workers. But Dubinsky is much more than a shrewd opportunist. His very real concern for the welfare of his rank and file, his ambitions, not for himself but for the movement as a whole, must be set against the hostile charges of overcautiousness, sail-trimming opportunism, and the rest. The future labor historian of these eventful times will be falling down on the job if he fails to give the president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union a place well up on the list of those who are giving American labor a place in the sun.

[*Part I of this article appeared last week.*]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I AM all for the third party and have been for many years, as the old readers of *The Nation* are aware. Hence I welcome the leadership of Philip La Follette in calling his conference at Madison and starting something. The two sons of the man who polled five million votes for the Presidency on an independent ticket in 1924 were under an obligation, it seems to me, to keep the idea of a new party alive. They have successfully done it in Wisconsin, where their Progressive Party controls the state. Of course they will be abused and misrepresented. I see that one correspondent of the New York *Times* has asserted that the real reason for the Governor's move is a very subtle and clever plot to compel the Republican Party to nominate him for the Presidency. This correspondent insists that the Governor's new platform is so full of generalities that there is nothing in it which the regular Republicans could not swallow, and he suspects that the Governor believes that rather than have a repetition of the campaign of 1912, when Theodore Roosevelt threw the election to Woodrow Wilson by running on the Bull Moose ticket, the Republicans will choose Governor La Follette. From Secretary Ickes come the usual assertions which accompany every effort to start a new party—that this is not the time to do it, and that all good liberals must continue to support Franklin Roosevelt; we must not permit the splitting of the liberal forces and the return to power of the Republican reactionaries.

Now I don't attribute Machiavellian subtlety to Philip La Follette. I believe that he and Robert are absolutely sincere in feeling, as so many of us feel, that the New Deal has been betrayed in the house of its friends, that there are dangerous war tendencies in the present Administration, and that a great deal more must be done than Mr. Roosevelt is doing if we are to work safely out of the unparalleled economic disaster in which we find ourselves. In their places I should not be worried by the charge that they are going to disrupt the liberal forces. The disrupter of the liberal forces in America answers to the name of Franklin D. Roosevelt. He is disrupting them because he is only half-heartedly for the reforms which he thinks he is championing.

If he were whole-heartedly for them he would not have played politics as he has, from the very beginning, nor would he have permitted Jim Farley to play politics. If he were true to his professions and to his inherited standards he would certainly never have permitted Jim Farley to shake down the heads of large business corporations and rich people generally by selling them copies of that autographed party book for huge sums which bear no relation at all to the value of the autograph or the book. If he were true to democracy he would never have administered the government as badly as he has, and he would certainly have announced a definite economic program and lived up to it, and thereby incidentally have avoided the charge that he was unsettling big business and keeping all investors in suspense. He would have insisted at the outset of his Administration upon Congress's extending the merit system to every political office below the rank of executives and their direct assistants—which he finally promised to do in 1936 but has not done.

But what is the use of going on? Every intelligent man knows some of the reasons for the breakdown of the Roosevelt New Deal. I myself never voted for Mr. Roosevelt for President. Had I done so I should certainly bolt him now because of his wantonly unnecessary and most dangerous naval and military expansion and his failure to speak out in regard to our civil liberties—how he can fail to characterize Mayor Hague's performances as Mr. Landon has done is beyond my understanding. So I say again I am for the La Follette's move. The odds are against them; it will be extraordinarily difficult to rally to their banner all the divergent groups that in the several states are demanding independent action, especially with both camps of labor as blind as they are to the present political situation. Naturally because the Governor of Wisconsin has taken the lead, the party will be dubbed the La Follette party; I suppose he went it alone because he was tired of trying to get a group to sponsor the movement. But once more I can only thank heaven that somebody has acted.

As for the Governor himself, he is an engaging and attractive figure on the platform and still has every appearance of youth. Both he and Bob have improved greatly in their public speaking and in their understanding of political problems. Phil is the better campaigner. But if I had to choose between the two I should prefer to see Bob at the President's desk. Both have had a great deal to learn—surprisingly much if one considers their parents and the fact that politics was their daily bread at home. They are both clean-cut, fearless, and completely honest, with Philip more the politician and perhaps more eager to play the political game. They are both real assets to our national life.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Politics of Reconstruction

THE POLITICOS. 1865-1896. By Matthew Josephson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.50.

"THE POLITICOS" is a companion volume to Mr. Josephson's "The Robber Barons," which was published four years ago. Its theme, therefore, is the unsavory political history of the United States during the years 1865-96, just as its predecessor had as its subject the extraordinary industrial history of the same period. "The Robber Barons" was not much more than a work of popularization whose materials the author had obtained from a few well-known sources, the outstanding being Gustavus Myers's "History of the Great American Fortunes." "The Politicos" is a more pretentious work, and for this reason, paradoxical as it may seem, it is not nearly so good. Mr. Josephson, this time, has read very widely in preparation for his task—not only in the familiar political histories and biographies but also in manuscript collections and in general works on political theory. Indeed, his learning is made apparent on every page by the frequent use of quotation marks about words and phrases used in a special way and by long, theoretical asides in the text and special footnotes. In the latter the author quotes and reflects on passages from the writings of Marx, Engels, Weber, Michels, and others. Mr. Josephson's vocabulary, too, is distinctly modern in the radical sense. One notes, for example, such locutions as "party line," "revolutionary party," "Jacobins," "Girondists," "the Mountain," and the like. One can only wonder what the average reader of political history, who as a rule has been brought up on Rhodes, Oberholtzer, and Peck, will make of all this.

Mr. Josephson's learning is indeed impressive, but his scholarship leaves much to be desired. To cite a few of the many inaccuracies that the professional scholar is bound to trip over: The French Convention did not sit during 1789-93 but during 1792-95. Thaddeus Stevens, instead of being virtually alone among the Radical Republicans in his public impeccability, also had designs upon the federal largess. Horace Greeley was not a friend of the workers, as N. J. Ware's "The Industrial Worker" so convincingly proves. One notes that Lincoln's name is frequently coupled with either Stevens's or Sumner's, the implication being that during the Civil War Lincoln stood shoulder to shoulder with the Radical Republicans. This is due either to ignorance or to Mr. Josephson's adherence to the current line of the Communist Party, which has it that the Civil War was won by a People's Front government.

Also I have found whole sections of the book which make little or no sense. The Radical Republicans are presented as social revolutionaries. If this is so and if, therefore, the silencing of Andrew Johnson was imperative to make possible the implementing of the Radical Reconstruction program in the South, what is one to make of a *moral* flight such as the following? Mr. Josephson is speaking of the performances of the Radicals at Johnson's trial:

> It was truly a circus parade in which the fanatical Boutwell, the turbulent Ben Butler, the "drunken" extremist "Zach" Chandler, then "Black Jack" Logan, Roscoe Conkling, Oliver Morton, and Charles Sumner, no less long-winded, airing their preposterous charges, filled the republic with more thunderous claptrap than it had ever known in the fourscore years of its wordy political life.

The book's hero, if it may be said to have one, is James G. Blaine, whose glibness the author mistakes for profundity. Blaine is constantly being referred to as "masterly," "nimble," and "magnetic"; and Mr. Josephson goes out of his way to excuse Blaine's petty chiseling. In one place Blaine is characterized as a "careless rather than a wicked man"; and in another his "preeminent powers as an ideologue" are praised. The point I wish to make is that Mr. Josephson is broad-minded about the irregularities in Blaine's public life because Blaine presumably was the apologist for the most advanced class of the period, that is to say, the industrial capitalists. This is all very well and, I suppose, good current Marxist doctrine; but one's bewilderment is real when one comes across this kind of waspish portrait of Hamilton Fish, a capitalist in his own right and therefore a "progressive" himself instead of once removed, as was Blaine.

> . . . Hamilton Fish, the rather cultivated New York grandee . . . was one of the few political personages in the entourage of the President who did not try to appropriate the columns of the Capitol or the very stones of the Treasury Building. For his unusual scruples with regard to the public property, Fish has ultimately won a certain historical notoriety, and merited perhaps the literary monument recently erected to him by pious hands.

Mr. Josephson, too, has a thesis, although, of course, it is scarcely as original as he would like to have us believe. It is this: party organization—the sphere of activities of the politicos—was consciously designed to further the interests of industrial capitalism. In short, in their way the Republican (and the Democratic) hacks worked as zealously in their sphere in behalf of big business as did the robber barons themselves. This is obviously true; but why the author finds it necessary to magnify the parts played by the Blaines, the Conklings, and the Garfields, as individuals, it is hard to say. For their achievements, theoretically and actually, were negligible, and even their peculations were petty. The fact is, the road for the advance of industrial capitalism had been opened during the years of the Civil War and the Reconstruction period; for it was during 1861-75 that the nation was committed fully to the protective system, a national banking organization, specie payments, the quick disposition of the public domain, and the open pork barrel for river and harbor improvements. It remained merely for the later politicians to act in the capacity of the train-wrecking crew in order to keep the tracks free of obstructions—and these were few and unimportant up to 1896.

It was possible notably for the Republican Party to fulfil this function without let or hindrance—and in this we have the explanation of the excesses of its individual members—

because the Civil War had done its work only too well: it had destroyed a *political* opposition based upon a class interest. In this connection a study of comparative politics is fruitful: for in England and Germany the Liberal (capitalist) parties had constantly to guard themselves against the criticism of the Conservative (landlord plus *rentier*) parties; and they had to walk in the path of rectitude. In France, where the intrigues following the establishment of the Third Republic had discredited the opposition, the political spokesmen for the industrial capitalist class were equally venal.

Obviously in the United States such faithful friends had to be rewarded, particularly for their devotion to protection and "sound" money; and this was done by turning them loose at the public trough, by contributions to their party chests, and by legislation in the interests of the Civil War heroes. Since the public coffers were swelling with surpluses obtained from the high-tariff duties, nobody was hurt when the Republican Party was allowed to do full justice to the veterans in the form of service pensions. Incidentally, on this simple and straightforward program of relief for business and politics the Northern Democrats and the Republicans by and large saw eye to eye.

Mr. Josephson has told this not very complicated story in a richly documented narrative of seven hundred pages.

LOUIS M. HACKER

Whither Eugenics?

HEREDITY AND POLITICS. By J. B. S. Haldane. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

WHETHER one sympathizes with the aims of the eugenics movement or not, it has gained a sufficiently influential following so that it cannot be ignored. The claims of the eugenists for their positive and negative measures are, however, but rarely submitted to the test of competent critical appraisal, and it is this fact that gives the present book its significance. For here these claims, both as to the feasibility of the methods proposed and the desirability of the ends sought, are subjected to a critique such as only a geneticist of the attainments of Professor Haldane could make.

The "biology of inequality" considered in the opening chapter is for scientists merely a recognition of the fact of variability—that no two creatures, human or otherwise, are ever exactly alike. This fact, however, has been used as a propaganda vehicle to carry assumptions into the political arena which few scientists would hold to be justified. For to recognize that there are differences between individuals in bodily build, intellectual capacities, and emotional resources is a far cry from attributing these individual differences to such large groups as socio-economic classes or races, and proceeding to draw up programs of action based on our present very fragmentary knowledge of the processes of human heredity.

Just how far we are from having the knowledge necessary to justify such programs is clearly and concisely demonstrated in this book. The opening chapters outline what is known of human heredity, with special reference to some of the pathological conditions whose inheritance has been studied in man. The manner in which these are transmitted from one generation to the next and their possible modes of origin are discussed before the author considers some of those intangibles, such as "defectiveness," with which eugenists are especially concerned. The conclusion, which Professor Haldane believes acceptable to most biologists, that "it is never possible from a knowledge of a person's parents to predict with certainty that he or she will be either a more adequate or less adequate member of society than the majority" is recommended to all to whom the arguments of the eugenists have seemed attractive.

The matter of differential fertility—encouraging the "best" stock to reproduce in adequate numbers so as to offset the larger numbers bred by the "poorer" stocks (families in the lower economic brackets)—is also considered at some length. The conclusion, "I am inclined to believe inheritance of wealth eugenically undesirable because it tends to make the well-to-do limit their families," is an indication not only of the social and political realism but also of the humor with which the author approaches his problem. Inevitably, the book ends with a discussion of the nature and reality of racial differences. Again, a quotation can best show the point of view taken with respect to the problem of racial aptitudes for specific kinds of culture:

> Take any of the more blood-stained pages in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle (translation in Dent's Everyman Series), in which aldermen's heads fall like so many ninepins. Read it aloud to a friend, substituting Kavirondo for Kent, Mbonga for Eadfrith, and so on. Then ask him whether he thinks it even remotely possible that in five hundred years the descendants of these bloodthirsty savages will be building some of the world's most delicate architecture and laying the foundations of a remarkably just and stable form of government. If he says yes, you will probably find that he is either a firm supporter of Christian missions or a Marxist.

The analysis of the eugenist claims made by Professor Haldane and the conclusions he reaches would be concurred in by most anthropologists concerned with related problems. Yet one cannot but wonder whether he provides the data really needed for a solution of the problems raised in this book. If, for instance, we consider the sections in which the processes of human heredity are discussed, we see that all the traits analyzed are pathological ones, which can be noted merely as to their presence or absence. Yet in the ordinary course of research into human heredity and racial characteristics the traits considered are almost never those in which this presence-or-absence factor is operative; what the human biologist must deal with is degrees of variation in the metric characters he studies. Curiously enough, no geneticist has attacked this primary problem of human genetics, the variation of measurable traits in parental and filial generations of organisms bred and reared under controlled conditions. Here lies the real difficulty in applying to human beings the concepts of Mendelian inheritance developed by modern genetical research; for we have no hint as to what to expect, for example, concerning the variability of such a character as total bodily length among mixed as against pure-line flies, or mice, or rabbits.

It is therefore to be hoped that Professor Haldane and other geneticists who are interested in pointing their research toward the problems of human heredity will extend their investigations so as to include an attack on the behavior of traits subject to measurement. Should this be done, I venture to predict that the resulting stimulus will eventuate in data that will permit the evaluation of programs such as are considered in this book in terms that are even clearer and more incisive than those found here; while any conclusions drawn from such data will have a finality that the present state of our knowledge does not permit.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

Presenting Four French Writers

FOUR FRENCH NOVELISTS. By Georges Lemaitre. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

AMERICANS do not pay sufficient attention to the rich literature of contemporary France. Despite the number of translations appearing every year, we often miss the most significant books, which rarely achieve enough immediate popularity in their own country to justify publication here. Even of the great writers we do know, we have only a distorted or truncated image. To make up for this deficiency, and to whet our appetite, we have fairly numerous critical studies by the French-reading minority. But the general public is neither docile nor patient enough to wade through comprehensive surveys and detailed monographs such as have appeared in the past. A present compromise, to be seen in the work of both Milton Stansbury and Georges Lemaitre, consists in grouping together several studies of individual and carefully chosen writers. Though they may contain nothing more than material commonly known and judgments generally accepted in Paris, there is a real need for such books—or at least for one such.

Working within this formula, Mr. Lemaitre has produced what will surely be for several years to come the most recommendable work of this kind. He has handled each of his four representative novelists—Marcel Proust, André Gide, Jean Giraudoux, and Paul Morand—with a uniform and thoroughly French method, relating the author's life, analyzing his themes and his attitude toward life, and finally discussing his art. Here is an attempt, executed with the greatest clarity, to see each of these writers whole and to judge him soberly.

This is not to say that the work is without faults. To the audience to which "Four French Novelists" is presumably addressed the unselective bibliography of French critical works will not be very useful. Furthermore, if that audience needs to have the quotations translated, as most of them are, it must be annoyed to find some left in French; others are in English and still others given in both languages. With this public still in view, a general introduction on the post-war state of mind in France would have given greater coherence to the volume and enhanced its value.

The serious student of contemporary literature, on whom Mr. Lemaitre keeps one eye cocked, will have more reservations to make. The whole study of Proust, for instance, suffers from a too liberal use of suppositions to fill out the little that is known of that writer's method of composition, for Mr. Lemaitre has been unable to see beyond the interesting but debatable theory expressed by Professor Feuillerat of Yale in his "Comment Marcel Proust composa son roman." That the critic has taken Paul Morand too seriously must be apparent to anyone who has read that author; in fact, the wisdom of including him at all in such a gallery is contestable. Despite Morand's polite protestations, quoted on page 303, Mr. Lemaitre should have discerned that his legend was his chief work. If this historian has been wary where the Morand legend was concerned, he has himself contributed somewhat to the Proust and Gide legends through a tendency to confuse the author and his characters, to read into the life elements taken from the work. In the case of Proust especially, Mr. Lemaitre cannot resist indulging in the futile game of identifying the novelist's characters.

As for the details, the same mature student will find the fractioning of Giraudoux's spiritual evolution over-subtle and the few lines on his early trip to America unsatisfactory. In the study of Gide he will probably be disappointed with the treatment accorded to Gide's doctrine of unrest, the problem of evil in his work, and the sources of his communism.

In judging "Four French Novelists," however, it is wiser and fairer to forget that student who, if he is really serious, has already read Proust, Gide, Giraudoux, and Morand in the original, as well as most of the documents Mr. Lemaitre has consulted, and formed his own opinion in the matter. The general public, which alone really counts here, should be grateful for these richly informative and discreet biographico-critical essays on three of the greatest French writers, and one less important novelist, of our time. Mr. Lemaitre's book affords an introduction to much of the best in contemporary French literature and though without brilliance is an example of the French genius for orderly presentation.

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

Mussolini Against Nobody

ITALY AGAINST THE WORLD. By George Martelli. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

THIS is a well-informed and well-written book. The author professes to be "impartial." In fact, he distributes his love impartially among Lord Baldwin, Sir Samuel Hoare, Mr. Eden, Monsieur Laval, Mussolini, and the other European heroes of his story. In his perfect impartiality he scatters a few flowers and tears even over the fate of the Emperor of Ethiopia and his people. Much time will pass before the leaders of the English Conservative Party find a cleverer advocate.

The book contains no false statements. The author is too intelligent to put himself in contradiction with the truth—a mistake common only among propaganda agents of the cheaper sort. Although his name is Italian, he is English to his fingertips, and is therefore a master of the gentle art of misinforming the reader by telling him the truth, but not the whole truth. Wherever a gap or an ambiguity is necessary in order to garble an unpleasant fact, that gap or that ambiguity is always there, just in the right spot.

For instance, we are told that during the first half of 1935 the English and French diplomats remained deaf to the appeals that the Emperor of Ethiopia made to the League of Nations while Mussolini was assembling arms and men in East Africa. But we are never told that the Emperor of Ethiopia could not have attacked the Italian forces before they became too strong for him, since if he had taken the initiative in attack, the peace-loving English and the chivalrous French diplomats would have been overcome by righteous indignation and have rushed to Geneva to ask the League of Nations to brand Ethiopia as the aggressor.

We are told that in the matter of the oil embargo "everything depended on the attitude of the United States," and the author in his "impartiality" leaves it as "an open question" whether Roosevelt's desire to support the League would have been successful if the reluctance of the "League itself" to impose the oil embargo had not reacted unfavorably on American public opinion (p. 200). Thus the responsibility of the governments of London and Paris is skilfully concealed behind the smoke screen of the "League itself," and the reader's attention is focused not on the fact that those governments never thought of putting an embargo on oil but on what might have happened in the United States if things had gone differently—a question which will remain "open" throughout eternity.

We are told that "mustard gas was employed freely during the second half of the campaign in defiance of the Geneva Convention of 1925." But the author, in his "impartiality," "hesitates to add further fuel to the controversy"; anyhow "the only question worth discussing is whether the gas was decisive" (p. 232).

The title of the book itself is misleading. Mussolini never had to fight anybody but the Ethiopians during his African adventure. The French government had given him a free hand and always helped him out in his difficulties. The English government, in order to deceive the English people, had "to go through the motions of taking off one's coat," but they "had no intention of fighting, and knew that one was not going to be attacked by anybody" (p. 134). The other nations "were like the smaller boys in a school. They disliked the bully, but they were not going to attack him unless the seniors gave them encouragement" (p. 123), and the seniors were in accord with the bully. In Abyssinia the Italian military machine was so superior to the resistance put up by a barbarically disorganized country that Mussolini had to fight only against the asperities of the terrain and, during the first months, against the senile imbecility of General De Bono, who had to be supplanted by Badoglio. In Mussolini's war there were more road-builders ill from excessive fatigue than there were fighters killed or wounded. The book, therefore, should have been entitled "Mussolini Against Nobody," or "A Successful Bluffer," or "A Lucky Gambler," or at the most "Mussolini Against the Moral Conscience of the World." But the author was "impartial"; therefore he gave his book the title "Italy Against the World." By Italy, of course, the reader is to understand Mussolini.

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WHAT happens to scholars, liberals, non-political professionals, when Fascism takes power is no news to anyone who reads the papers. What is so impossible for Americans to realize is the series of personal humiliations, petty persecutions, and unbelievably gross stupidities by which these power-mad "leaders" seek to win or ruin the intellectuals whose support and prestige they covet.

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DRAMA

Better Than Shakespeare?

UNLIKE some of my colleagues, I shall not go so far as to say that the latest production at the Mercury Theater is a good production. Neither, for that matter, shall I go so far as to say that "Heartbreak House" is a good play. But I did enjoy both, and that means something. It means that Shaw is rarely dull even when he is not at his very best and even when the years—as well as his own talents as a propagandist—have made some of his arguments less startling, if not less true, than they were just after the war. It also means that the Mercury production serves at least to set the play forth even when it does little more than that.

Mr. Welles, as though aware that it would require a considerable effort to transform himself into an ancient sea captain, has loaded his head and face with a mountain of hair and putty which must be a burden to carry, but his performance is intelligent and intelligible even when it is not more. So, for that matter, are the performances of Mady Christians as Hesione Hushaby and of Phyllis Joyce as Lady Utterword. In fact, all the performances are at least that good, and one, George Coulouris's interpretation of the strong man of affairs, the blustering Boss Mangan who "talks like a movie, not like a man," is better than that. What one misses is a harmony of styles probably not to be hoped for under repertory conditions. A pervasive air of the impromptu is more clearly perceptible here in a relatively conventional modern play than it was in plays whose staging did not challenge so many comparisons. But I should rather see such a performance of a really interesting play than a much better one of something less worth doing. All things considered, it is good. But to say that is not the same as to say merely that it is good. And the distinction is worth keeping.

As for the play itself, "Heartbreak House" seems even less like a play by Chekov than it did when the comparison was first made. For one thing a pot-pourri of ideas is not the same thing as a synthesis of moods. For another, Shaw's persistent tendency to rely upon farce and caricature to make his discourse actable produces in this case a mad household which, as one critic has shrewdly remarked, suggests the mad household of "You Can't Take It with You"—a play which, so far as I know, has never been compared with "The Cherry Orchard" or "The Sea Gull."

Captain Shotover, the ancient who speaks chiefly one sentence at a time and who departs because his wisdom has been exhausted in that single sally, is almost too apt a caricature of Shaw himself even if, as I assume, that is what it was intended to be. England may, as the play suggests, be like this drifting household and hence doomed to perish unless it can learn to be something more than eccentrically charming and largely tolerant. But the only advice which the wise ancient can give is expressed in a single injunction, "Learn to navigate," and that is hardly specific enough to be very helpful—especially when it comes from a man who on the one hand does not indicate any great faith in ordinary democracy and on the other replies to a suggestion that the English can be saved only by "strong men" with the laconic remark, "Then we had better be lost."

To me the finest and most interesting scene in the play is that of the dialogue in which the poor daughter of a helpless idealist tries to defend to Captain Shotover her determination to marry "the object," Boss Mangan. She will not be losing her soul because she has none; a soul is a luxury which requires a certain amount of leisure and a certain number of concert tickets as well as a certain freedom from worry. The scene is interesting not only because the argument is put with such force and wit but also because the Captain is not convinced. I remember no other scene in any of the plays which so succinctly reveals that conflict between Shaw the socialist and Shaw the mystic which has never been resolved. Always at the very moment when he has proved conclusively that the world can be understood in terms of rational materialism and in those terms alone he begins to see visions. The disciple of Marx and of Samuel Butler will not stop where he ought to stop. Turning suddenly upon those of little faith, he proclaims anew the absolute, the immutable, the eternal, and the non-rational. Perhaps that is the reason why he remains interesting. It is also, perhaps, the reason why one is never quite sure what the doctrine of the most doctrinaire of English playwrights really is.

"Washington Jitters" (Guild Theater) is a frequently amusing but not too searching satire on government bureaucracy. Nevertheless, after a slow start, it is lively and entertaining as farce even when feeble as satire. The non-partisan plea at the end is a bit on the fatuous side.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

THERE have been notable releases recently, but none that approaches Victor's "Don Giovanni" (twenty-three records in three albums, $46)—a re-pressing of H. M. V.'s subscription recording of the Glyndebourne Festival performance. Not since the Victor-H.M.V.-Glyndebourne "Marriage of Figaro" have we had a combination of a work of this magnitude with a performance of this distinction; and the "Don Giovanni" has points of superiority as a recording job. The first chords of the overture reveal a superiority in the recording itself; and whereas the concerted portions of "Figaro" were recorded in a first volume, the solos in two additional volumes, and the connecting recitatives omitted, "Don Giovanni" is recorded in correct sequence in its entirety, with the recitatives. This makes the set larger and more expensive; but the prices of things being what they are, $46 is little enough for what these records offer. In "Don Giovanni" there are new miracles of the loveliness, the expressiveness, the wit that are in "Figaro"; but where the occasion demands it there is also power; and indeed not the least astounding thing about Mozart, one comes to realize, is his adequacy for any demand of the drama he is setting: there is no need to wait for Wagner or Strauss. One realizes it

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listening to the gleaming mischief of the detached notes of the violins that accompany Leporello's *Madamina! il catalogo è questo,* to the mockery of the woodwinds a moment later, and throughout to an orchestra that is an unceasing wonder and delight. Or to Elvira's *Ah chi mi dice mai:* what more modern music could have placed her on the stage for us more effectively? Or to *La ci darem la mano:* could Wagner or Strauss have achieved anything more seductive? Or to the overture: who has ever established the atmosphere for a drama to follow, who has ever taken possession of the listener's mind and emotions, as quickly and completely as Mozart does with those solemn opening measures and the light ones that follow?

As in the case of the "Figaro" set, certain of the singers are excellent and others are not all they might be. But transcending individuals, again, is the ensemble, and transcending individual perfections and imperfections is the single superb style of the ensemble directed by Fritz Busch. To the imperfections that are unavoidable Victor adds annoyances that are wholly unnecessary: it issues the set without the H. M. V. booklets, without a list of the singers and the divisions of the opera on the records, with nothing but a libretto that omits Elvira's great recitative *In quali eccessi* and aria *Mi tradi,* confusing the listener when these occur on sides thirty-five and thirty-six.

Only Szigeti has played Bach in a way that impressed me as much as Simon Goldberg's performance of the Violin Concerto in A minor did at his first appearance here; and where Szigeti's Bach—for example, the movement he played for an encore at his recital this season—is excitingly impassioned, Goldberg's had a sustained serenity that in the end was even more exciting. Decca has re-pressed a foreign set of Beethoven's Violin Sonatas Opus 24 and Opus 47 ("Kreutzer") (seven records, $7) made by Goldberg with the pianist Lilli Krauss. On these records his playing is less impressive than in the Bach, the performances being sensitive rather than forceful; but I would call this a good set—with the further reservation that the Decca surfaces are trying (I did not wait to find out how long it took for the inner portions of the records to sound clear). Other Decca items that I have found worth their price ($.75 a record) are the Haydn-Brahms Variations conducted by Sir Henry Wood (two records), and Händel's Concerto Grosso No. 1 played by the Boyd Neel String Orchestra (two records). Such individual recommendations are my answers to questions about Decca records; there is no single answer.

Jess Stacey begins with a piano solo, Benny Goodman follows with his clarinet, and as a result "One O'Clock Jump" (Victor) is the first Goodman Orchestra record I have enjoyed in a long time. Stacey's playing is also enjoyable in "Beat to the Socks" (Commodore Music Shop), an earlier, shorter, and different version of "Carnegie Drag," which I mentioned some time ago. Buck Clayton's muted trumpet is heard in a distinctive solo at the beginning of Teddy Wilson's "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man" (Brunswick). And I enjoyed the singing and playing of "Stack O'Lee Blues" by Johnny Dodds and His Chicago Boys (Decca). Carl Sandburg could learn from it how a simple song should be sung.

I would have reviewed Columbia records if they had arrived.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

[Last week we published a final tabulation of more than 9,000 answers to our questionnaire on American foreign policy, showing a six-to-one majority against a policy of isolation. The poll brought in its wake about 250 letters. Most of these came from persons who wished to supplement or explain their ballots; a few from those who felt that the questionnaire offered no opportunity for an expression of their views. About half of the letters showed sufficient thought and care to be worth analyzing, and from them we selected the varied group printed below. At least 50 or 60 letters were as interesting as those appearing here. But since we lack space for a more generous sampling, a few approximate figures may help to give some idea of the points of view included.

The 140 best letters came from 34 states and the District of Columbia. About 40 supported some sort of collective action while almost the same number took a clear-cut isolationist position, but in each group the differences of opinion were more striking than the basic similarity. Those who favored collective measures made such diverse proposals as an immediate resort to war, an effort to revive and work through the League of Nations, an extension of trade treaties, application of economic sanctions, or "all steps short of military action." Most of these writers wanted to combine several peaceful methods.

Of the isolationists a few took the attitude that isolation was necessary as a present policy but that ultimately some sort of collective system would have to be worked out. Most of them, however, seemed to feel that the rest of the world had doomed itself to conflict and chaos and that the United States should withdraw from the struggle as completely as possible. A very few favored including Latin America in the area of isolation.

About 25 writers repudiated the "isolationist" label as meaningless. These also fell into fairly distinct and equal groups. The first emphasized the danger that any collective agreement with European capitalist states would be likely to involve the United States in an essentially imperialist war; the second advocated certain measures of cooperation, such as reciprocal trade agreements and stabilization of currencies, but insisted that collective agreements to penalize aggression and support its victims should be strictly avoided. Writers in both groups cited the danger to democracy inherent in war and stressed the need of domestic economic reforms as the only really effective means of combating fascism. About five letters took an uncompromising pacifist position. The ten writers who favored a larger army and, even more, a larger navy were evenly divided between isolationists and their opponents. Some 23 letters were devoted to criticism of the poll itself; the main objections raised are covered adequately in the letters printed below.

In addition to these major attitudes a number of unusual specifics against war were prescribed by individual writers. One correspondent urged the need for birth control as a preventive; another the spread of consumers' cooperatives; another the suppression of columnists and commentators and a return to government by elected representatives; while still another writer advocated banking reform and the single tax as the only antidotes to war.—EDITORS THE NATION]

Objections to the Poll

Dear Sirs: The Nation's peace questionnaire is, I believe, impossible to answer satisfactorily for several reasons. The primary difficulty is that its authors have used abstractions which convey varied meanings to essentially like-minded persons, and have proceeded on assumptions seriously open to challenge.

To begin with, the alternatives are so framed as to produce an overwhelming vote in favor of "collective security." Another set of alternatives could as easily be framed to produce an equally overwhelming vote against, say, "entangling alliances with sated imperialist powers." Again, the key phrases—"isolation," "collaboration with the great democracies," etc.—are verbalisms having no significance apart from their specific applications. "Isolation" could mean complete non-intercourse with the outside world. It might also express a primary concern with internal problems and a refusal to be drawn into conflicts between rival imperialisms. Equally vague are the words "collaboration" and "democracies." The most ardent cooperator would find it impossible to collaborate with Chamberlain and Daladier to restrain aggressors. Spain is the acid test. There the Roosevelt Administration "cooperates" by aligning the American "neutrality" policy with the British "non-intervention" policy. Net result: Roosevelt talks of "quarantining" aggressors and acts to quarantine the victims of aggression. Hull talks of maintaining the sanctity of treaties and acts in derogation of principles of international law hitherto accepted.

You ask as to an increase of the army and navy, "assuming isolation." How about assuming "cooperation for collective security"? Either way, one inquires: For overseas operations? For continental protection? As presented the question is unanswerable.

I feel that we should seek to develop on this continent a social organization that will permit the adequate use of available natural resources, equipment, and personnel. Foreign adventuring, however appealingly labeled, will merely divert energy from this formidable task, with probably no better results than attended the last crusade. Correspondingly, the armed forces should be strengthened for continental defense, not for overseas operations—the reverse of which is now being done.

I do not see how America can avert whatever fate may be in store for Europe. America does, however, hold the promise of a new and better civilization if it can escape the maelstrom of Old World hates and rivalries — and if enough of us learn to face facts and avoid illusions. WALTER M. HINKLE
New York City

Dear Sirs: It was our considered judgment that *The Nation's* questionnaire ignored certain important issues and clouded others; that it limited our choice in certain cases to two alternatives when many of us would select a third; that some of the questions could not be answered until key words were defined; and, finally, that some of the questions as asked would be likely to produce answers desired by the editors of *The Nation,* though many who returned these answers would really disagree with the editors' views on foreign policy.

With these ideas in mind we prepared a careful criticism of *The Nation's* questionnaire, together with a questionnaire of our own that, in our judgment, more fairly raised the important issues involved. We requested *The Nation* to print our material and invited the editors, individually and collectively, to publish their answers to our set of questions. We regret that *The Nation* found itself unable to spare the space that our document would have occupied.* in the few hundred words offered us we can only indicate a few of our criticisms.

The Nation's first question begins with the phrase, "in the long run," and asks whether isolation or cooperation with other nations offers the better insurance against war. What is meant by "in the long run"? Do you mean after we have fought a few wars? We happen to be most concerned with keeping the United States out of the next war.

Again *The Nation* stacks the questions when, in Number four, it asks supporters of "isolation" whether their policy should be backed by a large increase in the army and navy. It fails, however, to ask the same question of the supporters of "collective security." We suspect that the latter are now more likely to favor increased armament than we are—and we believe that their policies more logically call for such an increase.

Worst of all, *The Nation* nowhere permits actual warfare to enter the questionnaire. "Collective security" advocates, in answering the sixth question, are permitted to say whether they favor the "threat" of armed resistance to aggression. But *The Nation* fails to ask whether, when the threat is ignored and the bluff is called, warfare will be supported. That seems to many of us to be the most important point at issue. Such warfare will not be "collective security" but collective suicide.

Many of us believe that the present British government, if it goes to war, will fight for the British Empire and not to prevent aggression in the abstract. We remember the little affairs with Spain and Mexico in our own spotless and illustrious history. We do not think that joining the League of Nations provides any security of any sort. Indeed, we suspect that "collective security" will either prove ineffective or result in war as surely as old-fashioned military alliances led to war. And some of us are far from being isolationists, for we favor all possible aid to the Spanish Loyalists, the underground movements in fascist countries, and aid to the Chinese people, by trade unions, individuals, etc. Indeed, an overwhelming percentage of those who answered *The Nation's* questions favored voluntary rather than governmental collective action.

There is another interesting question that advocates of collective suicide should answer. Surely they have heard of the industrial-mobilization plan, of the Sheppard-Hill-May bill, and of proposals for universal conscription. Do they favor these measures or oppose them, so far as their type of war is concerned? Many of us, in view of President Roosevelt's support of the May bill, his big-navy plans, and his actions in China and Spain, are opposed to any foreign adventures under his leadership.

Readers who wish a full copy of our original statement and our unanswered questionnaire to *The Nation* editors may write for it to Dr. Joel Seidman, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City.

DEVERE ALLEN, WALTER LUDWIG, ALBERT S. COOLIDGE, ORLIE PELL, HARRY W. LAIDLER, BRADFORD YOUNG, JOHN NEVIN SAYRE, LENORE G. MARSHALL, JESSIE WALLACE HUGHAN, SAMUEL H. FRIEDMAN, BENJAMIN MARSH, A. J. MUSTE, ELSIE GLUCK, FREDERICK J. LIBBY, DAVID CLENDENIN, ALFRED BINGHAM, QUINCY HOWE, JOHN HERMAN RANDALL, JR., ROSE M. STEIN, ISIDORE LADERMAN, CLARENCE SENIOR, IRVING LIPKOWITZ, EDWIN C. JOHNSON, B. W. HUEBSCH, JOEL SEIDMAN, MARY FOX, LISTON OAK, NORMAN THOMAS, LOUIS HACKER, JOHN HERLING, DOROTHY DETZER, MURRAY BARON.

New York City

Johnny, Get Your Gun

Dear Sirs: I consider the inclosed group of questions so wishy-washy as to be worthless. I believe in *action.* I hate war, but what can you do with such crazy gangsters as Hitler and Mussolini? They believe in action, so let's give them some.

I believe with all my soul and mind that we should join England, France, and Russia—and *go to it, hammer and tongs.* If, as might happen, England stays out of it, I would join France and Russia. I can't imagine England joining Germany and Italy, even if it didn't join the others.

War is bad, but cowardice is worse. I believe we are cowardly if we continue to sit back and let three gangster nations continue to attack and destroy peaceful people. It is stupid, too, to believe that we can keep out of war. If we stay out, the gangsters will destroy the free nations, one by one, and then attack us.

GRENVILLE T. CHAPMAN

El Paso, Texas

Would Meet Force with Force

Dear Sirs: Since I regard the results of your peace poll important, in terms of the influence it may have on Congressmen, publicists, and readers, I wish to add a few words.

Section C allows me no opportunity to register the view that, in my opinion, the only way to stop the aggressor nations is to answer their use of force with the explicit threat of our use of force. Naturally, in my view, this holds even more true for England, France, and the other democracies. There should be a large increase in the United States army and navy, and while we should not enter any alliances, it should be made clear through diplomatic channels that our armed forces are our answer to German, Japanese, and Italian aggression, and that our own interests run parallel to those of England and France (and Soviet Russia—in so far as Russia is territorially a status quo nation).

In these days we must think not only of a peace policy but also of a war policy. If there is going to be a war, it is going to be another world war, and to protect our own interests and civilization we shall have to enter it. Assuming that, we must prepare to *win* that war.

JULIAN S. BACH, JR.

New York City

Who Said "Fight Japan"?

Dear Sirs: There has been a disappointing lack of vigor—save in the pages contributed by the indomitable Mr. Villard—in *The Nation's* opposition to Mr. Roosevelt's fantastic "big navy" program. Nor is *The Nation's* stubborn allegiance to the discredited collective-security drivel very reassuring at a time like this; for collective security, in so far as United States participation is concerned, can mean only reemergence of our unfortunate weakness for fighting other people's battles, and specifically those of British Tory cabinets. It would be ironic indeed if *Nation* subscribers were to find their favorite magazine, in its loyalty to Mr. Roosevelt, whipping them into the ranks of a second crusade "to save democracy" from a new "beast of Berlin."

Those who are still interested in arguments against the navy bill might be surprised by this: The total value of all real estate in the United States which should be retired from cultivation to save it from destruction by erosion—crop land, pasturage, woodlands, and small farmsteads—is $682,090,000, about half of the latest estimates of Mr. Roosevelt's gift to the United States navy. Purchase of this land not only would save the soil, but would be a long step toward saving the luckless human beings who struggle fruitlessly to eke out a living on submarginal properties. Some of us, including, I hope, *The Nation,* would rather fight wind and flood and dust and destitution than the Japanese!

---

* The letter referred to was three times as long as the present one. The questionnaire would have occupied a page by itself. The two together would have filled three solid pages of *The Nation* quite apart from the space required to answer and comment upon the document and the questions. *The Nation* offers no apology for declining to give four or more pages of the magazine to the objections of one group.—EDITORS THE NATION

KINSEY HOWARD

Great Falls, Mont.

Anything Short of War

Dear Sirs: I am neither an isolationist nor a collective-security advocate in all that these terms imply. What I am opposed to, first, last, and all the time, is the use of war as a means of settling international disputes. Fascism, according to my notion, cannot be stopped by attacking it with arms. The moment that we adopt war in this country as an instrument to stop fascism, we consent to the setting up of fascism at home by establishing the war machine considered necessary to prosecute successfully a modern conflict.

My belief is that we should oppose aggressors like Germany, Italy, and Japan by every possible peaceful means —by the economic boycott, by refusal to lend them money, by holding them up to ridicule—and that we should join non-aggressive nations in doing this. Long ago we should have used such measures on these aggressors, even if they had not formally declared war.

As now applied, the Neutrality Act works an injustice on Spain and China, and substantially aids and abets the aggressors. The act must be applied with greater discrimination or repealed and some other act that is more equitable substituted for it.

Even at this late hour, if the United States and England would together serve notice on Germany, Italy, and Japan that they must cease their aggressions or face the possibility of being treated as outlaw nations, unworthy of the confidence and help of the rest of the world, I believe that these aggressors could be stopped.

CLINTON J. TAFT

Los Angeles, Cal.

What Oregon Thinks

Dear Sirs: My own opinion counts for little. However, the opinions of the farmers and ranchers who inhabit the vast Oregon hinterland count for a great deal. I have just talked with a great many of them on the subject of war and peace and international affairs. Their outlooks are not divided along the lines that prevail in the East. I found that the majority of these dwellers on our frontier favor (1) a national referendum before any war except one of actual defense, (2) "some sort" of action by the United States to stop the aggressor countries, and (3) a navy strong enough "to protect us from Japan and Hitler."

The farmers of the Northwest are steeped in the philosophy of the initiative and referendum; perhaps that is why they like the Ludlow amendment. Most of them told me they thought America itself would eventually be in danger if the aggressor countries are not checked. All of them, with scarcely any exceptions, seemed sympathetic to the Spanish Loyalists, not because of any knowledge of the ideologies at issue but because of Franco's bombings of women and children. Opinion appeared split on the navy bill, although many of the people interrogated believe the naval forces should be somewhat increased. The people in the hinterland do not seem alarmed about impending war, but they are talking about the general topic of foreign affairs more than at any time in recent years.

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Portland, Ore.

The Ideal and the Expedient

Dear Sirs: I am a young man who would have to risk his life on foreign battlefields if we adhered to a vigorous policy of collective security. With full knowledge of this I would yet favor collective security if it were possible to find a group of nations in which we could trust, or if a potent League might become a reality. I am in the position of favoring collective security idealistically, but being for the present forced to embrace isolation. What liberal could place faith in either England or France after their actions and inactions in the Spanish Revolution?

For the present I favor isolation as the expedient move. I will favor collective security when nations of the world demonstrate that they actually believe in democracy. For the present, I would flee to the mountains or languish in a cell before I would fight in foreign lands in a struggle that would be without meaning, in a struggle that would be characterized by nothing but sound and fury and infinite human suffering.

DON ROGAN

Los Angeles, Cal.

Salvation Through Marx

Dear Sirs: Intelligent members of the working class can have no interest in the liberalist debate about isolation and collective security. The first is obviously futile and the second seemingly impossible. Isolation cannot keep us out of war, because war cannot keep us isolated. In other words, there is no force to enforce isolation. Pious wishes of isolated isolationists could not operate as a social force. If the pacifism of the isolationists could be adopted as a world-working-class policy and all workers would refuse to bear arms at the behest of a capitalist dictator or a ruling capitalist class, then war would be impossible and peace assured.

As to so-called collective security, it is not imaginable that non-fascist countries on a capitalistic basis could unite for their own protection. Their interests are mutually too antagonistic. Were agreements actually consummated, economic contradictions would reduce them to scraps of paper. Capitalism is internationally competitive, and the rivalry for raw-material sources and markets for manufactured goods inevitably leads to military aggression and human slaughter. Industrial expansion must be supported by military equipment, and such equipment is of no use unless it is used.

Any constructive plan for peace must envisage a new social order. Peace is impossible as long as there is economic competition and consequent political and military rivalry. A potentially effective peace plan must first bring about world-wide economic cooperation. Such cooperation will abolish national boundaries and ruling dynasties. It will establish the organic requirements of industry as the basis of sovereignty and suffrage.

This cannot be carried out by capitalists. It must be worked out by the working class. The working class is not yet organized for the task. The working class is the social mass, and trends and tendencies indicate that it is gaining in influence and rising in prestige, finally to become the ruling class and abolish itself as a class as well as all other classes. In the meantime fascism will rule the world.

JOSEPH MANLET

Cleveland Heights, Ohio

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The Shape of Things

THE SUPREME COURT IN A FEW WELCOME decisions yanked Tom Girdler and Henry Ford out of their complacent sitdown against the National Labor Relations Board. In the Mackay radio case it upheld the board's order for the reinstatement of locked-out workers; it established the principle of continuity of employment for workers who are on strike, assuring them of their right to the protection of the Wagner Act; and—attention, Mr. Ford and Mr. Girdler—it held that the board's failure to enter an intermediate trial examiner's report did not in itself amount to lack of due process of law. The decision shows that the court is not insistent on any one particular procedure but is concerned only with the general necessity of informing a defendant of the nature of the charges. This reveals the Labor Board's recent move for a rehearing of five of its cases, including Ford and Republic Steel, as an attempt to make assurance doubly sure. In another important order, bearing even more directly on the arrogance of Tom Girdler, the Supreme Court ordered the three judges of the Third Circuit Court of Appeals to appear and give their reasons for their injunction preventing the Labor Board from proceeding farther with the Republic case. The judges of the third circuit are notorious for their judicial delays and their reactionary decision. The Supreme Court's order, the more striking because it is rare, is not only a rebuke to them but a warning to all lower federal judges that they must fall into line with the court's new liberalism.

*

IN THESE LATTER DAYS, WHEN THE MOBS in Hague's Reich stamp the Constitution into the dirt of Journal Square and the President of the United States dismisses the incident as a "local police matter," we tend more and more to regard the La Follette committee as one of the chief remaining bulwarks of our diminished liberties. Quietly and indefatigably it continues to unearth the practices of the Hagues and Girdlers of the country and to spread them before the eyes of all who dare to see. The committee is responsible, for instance, for the first criminal prosecution to take place under the Wagner Act. A large number of coal companies, mine executives, and officers of the law in Harlan County, Kentucky, are now on trial, charged with conspiring to deprive the workers of their right to join unions and bargain collectively. The trial grew directly out of the evidence presented to the civil-liberties committee last year of open terrorism used to coerce the miners. But the work of the committee will stop unless $60,000 is voted by Congress to continue its existence. Every Senator and Congressman should be told that, whatever else is left undone by the present session, the La Follette committee must get its appropriation.

*

IN HIS SPEECH AT GENOA LAST SATURDAY Mussolini put the democracies in their place—all of them, including the United States—and we find a sort of perverse satisfaction in his performance. They deserved to be insulted, and they were; they deserve to be out-traded and undoubtedly they will be. In spite of a few kind words about Chamberlain and the British-Italian agreement his speech was a clear announcement that he and Hitler were not to be bought off, either from their separate aims or from each other. Why should they be when by exercising a little mutual forbearance they can satisfy their major ambitions without resort to a general war for which neither one is prepared? Spain is sold out for their joint benefit; Mussolini's Ethiopian conquest is about to be recognized at the instigation of the countries that pretended to oppose it; and at this moment the virtual capitulation of Czechoslovakia to Hitler is being arranged by back-stairs negotiation. And in return for what? It is now quite apparent that when the dictators met they resolved most of their differences and can now face the rest of Europe with unimpaired arrogance and bargaining power. That these differences are profound and may ultimately cause trouble we have already pointed out, but for the present they will be held in strategic abeyance. Meanwhile France is prepared to close the Spanish frontier at Britain's demand, while the United States has assured both these powers of its readiness to aid in the final betrayal of Spain. In other and fewer words, peace will last in the rest of Europe as long as the "so-called great democracies" (we quote Mussolini) have one more small nation to give to the dictators.

*

HERR HENLEIN'S MISSION IN LONDON WAS "unofficial" and his talks were "private" and he met personages outside the Cabinet; but for all practical purposes this leader of a threatening Nazi minority in a friendly country was treated like a visiting statesman, a man who could properly engage in diplomatic conversations and negotiate deals involving the fate of Europe and his own country. The actual substance of his negotiations is not known; he is said to have been "reasonable" in his demands and "moderate" in his threats. That he should have been received at all is a fantastic symptom of the times; but it is a logical sequel to the treatment of the fascist rebel Franco by governments supposedly on friendly terms with the legal government of the Spanish republic. The obvious fact is that Britain is attempting a difficult triple play: it is endeavoring to give Henlein (and Hitler) all the concessions that can be extracted from Czechoslovakia, while inducing Hitler (and Henlein) to refrain from armed action that might result in war, while pressing France to go back on its pledged word to Czechoslovakia in case both efforts finally fail. If Henlein can be made useful in this complicated maneuver, the Chamberlain government is not likely to examine his credentials too closely.

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JAPAN'S SUCCESS IN CUTTING THE LUNGHAI railway has placed the 250,000 Chinese troops defending Hsuchow in a serious but not hopeless position. It was a foregone conclusion that the railway would ultimately be cut, since China's army is not able to stand up against the full pressure of an offensive over a wide front. It is not yet clear whether the overland lines of communication are still open or not. If these have been cut also, many of the best units of the Chinese army will be isolated—and useless if the Japanese start a drive toward Hankow. By all the rules of military strategy this should be fatal for the Chinese cause. But China's greatest successes have been achieved by not following copybook maxims. If worst should come to worst, the trapped army could break up into guerrilla bands for operations behind the Japanese lines. The value of these tactics has been shown repeatedly in recent weeks. Units of the Eighth Route Army completely dominate a vast area outside of Peiping which was supposedly occupied by the Japanese last August. The greater part of Shansi, occupied by the Japanese in November and December, has been recaptured by guerrilla bands operating with the support of the peasants.

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THAT JAPAN HAS RESOLVED TO THROW THE full power of its military machine against China in the hope of an early decision is indicated by the capture of Amoy and the threat to Foochow. A drive into Fukien with a view to cutting the Canton-Hankow railway would be an extremely costly adventure for Japan. It would greatly extend its lines of communication and invite disaster. But failure to cut the railroad might prove even more expensive in the long run. For the past five months this artery has furnished the lifeblood of Chinese resistance. Most of the arms, munitions, foodstuffs, and other essential materials reaching China from the outside

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world have been shipped over it. As an attack on Canton would involve unpleasant complications with Great Britain, the Japanese have little choice but to try to reach the railway farther north. The recent action of the League encouraging its members to furnish material aid to China, coupled with definite commitments from Britain and France, makes the maintenance of this line of paramount importance for China.

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SIDNEY HILLMAN AND THE AMALGAMATED Clothing Workers of America appear to have taken over the office of peacemaker in the dispute between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O., and at the convention of the Amalgamated in Atlantic City Mr. Hillman seemed to be laying the groundwork for a new attempt to bring the two groups together. A score of "rank-and-file" resolutions urged peace on the basis of industrial unionism in the mass-production industries. And Mr. Hillman's talk was all of peace. He said that though one conference had failed that did not mean that conferences are bound to fail; and he minimized the threat of increased warfare as a result of the projected permanent organization of the C. I. O. this fall. In this connection he cited the fact that the Amalgamated and A. F. of L. organizations maintained fraternal relations with one another when the Amalgamated was outside the federation, though the Amalgamated originated in a revolt against the United Garment Workers. He also pointed out that in an A. F. of L. strike in New York this winter an offer to settle if the C. I. O. took over the union was refused on the ground that it was an A. F. of L. affair. In general Mr. Hillman assumed the tone and tactics of the diplomat. Against the acrimonious exchanges that have taken place during the recent past between the two labor camps, his conciliatory, even casual approach sounded almost too hopeful, but it may bear fruit in the long run. As president of a union which has prospered both outside and inside the A. F. of L. and as an important official of the C. I. O., Mr. Hillman is in a good position to supervise bargaining between the two organizations.

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THAT MEXICO MAY BECOME THE SPAIN OF the Western Hemisphere was suggested by a series of ominous developments during the past week. The British note of May 12 demanding immediate payment on overdue claims against the Mexican government was so unfriendly in tone that Cárdenas promptly withdrew his minister at London—after paying in full the amount demanded. Reports are being circulated in financial circles that Britain may seize tankers on the high seas if they are found to be carrying Mexican oil. Although the United States has been somewhat milder in its demands, added complications may arise if the Ford Motor Company carries out its threat to withdraw from Mexico unless the present strike of its employees is settled in its favor. Owing to the Anglo-American oil boycott, the internal situation in Mexico is becoming increasingly tense. Rumors are being circulated that General Cedillo, former Secretary of Agriculture and leader of a pro-fascist clique in the state of San Luis Potosi, is preparing to revolt. Although workers' and peasants' organizations have rallied to the support of the President, the situation is bound to remain uncertain until the oil controversy is settled. Mexico's offer to allow the British and American companies to handle 60 per cent of the oil production and to take part of this in payment for the expropriated holdings presents a reasonable basis for compromise. The foreign companies are equipped with an efficient marketing organization accustomed to handle the Mexican product, and it is logical that payment should be made in oil through existing channels. Since compromise seems to have dropped out of Chamberlain's vocabulary in this part of the world, the United States has a unique opportunity to demonstrate its good-neighbor policy by accepting Cárdenas's offer at least as a basis of negotiation. It is to be hoped that on this continent at any rate we may maintain a foreign policy of our own.

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BRAZIL'S INTEGRALIST UPRISING HAD ALL the earmarks of a German-Italian intervention in the Americas. While not purely a product of the exceedingly active Latin-American Department of the German National Socialist Party, the Green Shirts are financed through German banks, equipped with German arms, and often drilled by German army veterans. As for the Italians, the Brazilian press reports the uncovering of proof that Mussolini had ordered the tremendous Italian colony in Brazil to support the Integralists. Thus the Rome-Berlin axis employs the Spanish-tested technique in its drive for power in Latin America, hoping that our State Department will not regard it as a violation of the Monroe Doctrine. The collapse of the Green Shirt rebellion indicates that the radical fascist groups in Brazil which want affiliation with the Anti-Comintern Alliance are too weak to seize power despite the regimented German and Italian colonies which stand behind them. Dictator Vargas has split the Brazilian fascist movement by giving high office to such prominent reactionary leaders as Filinto Muller, Goes Monteiro, and Francisco Campos. Although the November dictatorship in Brazil was established with Integralist support, it turned against its allies—largely on the question of foreign policy. Vargas considers friendship with the United States more important than an alliance with Germany because coffee is still a more important Brazilian export than cotton and because the huge South American republic urgently needs capital, which the Third Reich cannot provide.

Hull of Downing Street

JUST to keep the record straight, let us affirm that Cordell Hull has in the past been a mild liberal and a man of good-will, anti-fascist in his utterances, believing in the sanctity of international obligations, obsessed with his pet trade agreements that would break down the post-war tariff walls. We want to keep the past record straight because Mr. Hull's letter to Senator Pittman, turning thumbs down on the Senate move to repeal the Spanish embargo, is in its direction and consequences one of the most reactionary state papers in the history of American foreign policy. When the story of Spain's heartbreaking effort to defend itself against fascist revolt from within and fascist invasion from without comes finally to be written, America's role in dooming that effort will stand out grimly. And while no one involved in the episode within the Administration ranks comes off well, Mr. Hull is undoubtedly the key figure. The letter is of his composing; the impetus and drive behind it are his; he must shoulder the responsibility.

And it is a grave responsibility. To refuse to take the chivalrous role toward a nation in Spain's position would be one thing. But to turn your back deliberately on that nation, in defiance of every principle of international obligation, and to do so at a time when growing sentiment in the Senate and among the people supports a belated act of justice to that nation—that is quite another matter. Oh, Mr. Hull gives reasons: there are always reasons to be found to clothe with a semblance of liberalism even the most reactionary and time-serving acts. We must be realistic, we must not become involved, we must not be hasty, we must not set ourselves against the judgment of Europe, we must not tackle the problem of the Spanish embargo by itself, we must take time, we must study the whole neutrality question, we must put the whole business off until the next session. And while we take time, while we are studying, men and women and children who have as much right to life and freedom as do high diplomats and statesmen face the death and mutilation not only of their bodies but of their entire culture. While we are studying, the world moves one step—and one decisive step—closer to the fascist mentality in international relations which if it prevails will in the end engulf America as well as Europe.

Consider the reasoning of the Hull letter. The Spanish Civil War, it says, has become more than a civil war; other countries have intervened under a policy of "non-intervention"; America must therefore do nothing to disturb that balance of forces; to do anything—even the legal and honorable thing—would be to run the risk of precipitating retaliatory action by the non-interventionist interveners, and thus involve America in war.

One blinks one's eyes. Is this the Secretary of State of the Roosevelt Administration talking, or is it Neville Chamberlain's Foreign Secretary? There is not a single sentence in Mr. Hull's statement that might not with equal force have been written by Chamberlain or Halifax. There is not a single sentence in it that does not play directly into the hands of the rulers of Germany and Italy.

Examine the factors that have gone into the making of this decision, which reverses completely what has been the entire trend of Administration foreign policy. The determination of policy rests with the State Department, the President, and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. As for the State Department, the only conclusion possible is that it has been completely sold on the Chamberlain line. Certain officials in the State Department and in the diplomatic and consular corps have long had more or less concealed pro-Franco and pro-Hitler leanings, but they were on the defensive until Mr. Chamberlain captured Mr. Hull. Now they have only to clothe themselves in Mr. Chamberlain's peculiar brand of "realism" in order to produce exactly the same consequences as if they were openly pro-fascist. There has always been a strong Anglophile tradition among our diplomats—a sentimental preference for the predatory gentility of the British ruling class. Now this can appear in the guise of keeping America out of war. Mr. Hull, whose past record is honorable, is now indistinguishable from the least desirable State Department tradition. This process of *Gleichschaltung* has undoubtedy been aided by the Secretary's anger at what he has called the "left-wing lobby" behind the move to lift the embargo. And to these factors must be added the assiduous work of Ambassadors Kennedy and Wilson in the interests of the Chamberlain line.

As for the President, his primary motivation is the fear of offending the powerful Catholic vote in the Congressional elections. It is not a noble motivation, and it represents one of the worst instances of Roosevelt opportunism in the history of the Administration. As far as the Senate committee is concerned, the majority was ready to vote for lifting the embargo if it could get the slightest encouragement from either the President or the Secretary of State. When the President lost courage and when Mr. Hull wrote a statement in which every sentence was a sledge-hammer stroke for reaction, the Senate committee collapsed.

The sum of the matter is that the State Department has become an annex of the British Foreign Office in a sense and to a degree that has not been true since 1917. The reactionary influence of the Catholic hierarchy in America is something that must be reckoned with on every issue, but the Chamberlain influence is likely from now on to be the more decisive one in our foreign policy. Mr. Hull has the convictions of a free-trade liberal and the tenacity of a hard-bitten Southerner. Intellectually and spiritually, however, he has moved his quarters to Downing Street.

Betrayal at Geneva

TO SAY merely that the League has failed again is too easy an interpretation of the events of the past week at Geneva. Three great issues were before the Council: Ethiopia, Spain, and China. In accepting, ten to four, the ruling of Vilhelms Munters, its president, that it is for "individual members to decide" the question of recognition, the Council virtually capitulated to Italian aggression in Ethiopia. For all practical purposes, the principle of refusing recognition to illegal conquest was abandoned. In the same mood the Council turned a deaf ear to Spain's plea for the ending of "non-intervention." The resolution adopted in support of China was apparently a concession granted to prevent China from upsetting the apple-cart with regard to Spain. With this one exception, the betrayal of the principles on which the League was founded was complete.

This, however, is only half the story. Even in full retreat, the League has demonstrated its usefulness. If it were not for its existence, aggression would have gone not only unpunished but unopposed. As it was, the Soviet Union, China, New Zealand, and Bolivia were able to carry on a vigorous and impressive public fight against the cynical opportunism of the great powers. Even Haile Selassie, broken and ill in defeat, was given a platform from which to appeal to the conscience of the world. Moreover, in so far as the battle was for a principle, as well as for a policy, it was not wholly lost. Owing to the resistance of the four minority Council members, Britain was unable to get the League to rescind its ban on the recognition of Italy's conquests. Legally, the situation is unchanged. Ethiopia remains a member of the League with a right to appeal to the Assembly. Great Britain cannot recognize Mussolini's conquest without technically violating its obligations under the League Covenant.

Much the same situation exists with regard to the Spanish appeal. If it were not for the League, Britain could have gone ahead, virtually unimpeded and unnoticed, with its plan to cut the Spanish government off from supplies while the Italian and German volunteers were being counted. This would probably prove a final blow to the Loyalist cause. By adroitly playing his cards at Geneva, Del Vayo has at least delayed this plan. He may lose his fight in the end, but he has succeeded in placing full responsibility for the projected betrayal of Spain on Chamberlain, where it properly belongs.

In the struggle between the forces of law and anarchy at Geneva, the influence of the United States has been thrown almost wholly on the side of anarchy. It is true that Secretary Hull has announced that he has no intention of recognizing the conquest of Ethiopia regardless of the Council's action. But this announcement came after the damage had been done. In presenting the Anglo-Italian pact to the Council, Lord Halifax mentioned President Roosevelt's "peculiarly gratifying" statement in defense of his policy. Chamberlain has also stressed the President's approval in attempts to justify the pact in the House of Commons. Far more serious has been the effect of Hull's statement opposing the Nye resolution to lift the Spanish embargo. It is generally conceded that favorable action by the United States government would have strengthened Del Vayo's hand and might even have wrecked the discriminatory non-intervention policy. As it was, non-intervention was upheld by the League Council by an extremely close vote, four to two with nine abstentions. Thus Hull's untimely defense of the embargo may have sealed the fate of republican Spain. American critics of the League would do well to recall that in practically every crisis faced by that organization in the past seven years the influence of the United States has been thrown on the side of disunity and lawlessness. Ultimately we must pay a heavy price.

Honor Among Judges

A JOURNALIST writes an article attacking a Supreme Court justice and presenting as "authoritative" the view that his colleagues on the court are decidedly annoyed with him; the justice in question gets angry; another justice, whom gossip links with the "authoritative" article, issues a denial; the Chief Justice has meanwhile made a speech which seems pointed in the same direction as the article—or at least is so interpreted; the Secretary of Agriculture enters the fray because the Chief Justice had in the same speech made some sharp remarks about administrative rulings; finally the journalist, when the question direct is put to him, backs down and says it was all harmless hearsay. Such is the stuff of judicial politics, the stuff that is helping to break down the myth that judges are "men like gods."

Paul Y. Anderson, in his Washington dispatch printed elsewhere in this issue, has some pungent things to say concerning the article which Marquis Childs wrote for *Harper's* about Justice Black, and its effects on the court. The important fact is that Supreme Court justices are cruelly doomed to a relationship far more stifling than any other official relationship in Washington. Here are nine men, well on in age, whom the tradition of judicial objectivity cuts off from the rest of the world, and who are thereby sentenced to a monastic seclusion almost medieval in its compulsions. A man generally wants to talk to other people about his work and his hopes and his ideas. But a Supreme Court justice—except for what he may say to his clerk or his wife—is excluded from conversing with anyone else on the one thing he knows a great deal about. The result is an intense and introverted atmosphere among the judges themselves that would make a women's bridge club or a small-town faculty group seem a haven of freedom by comparison.

That is why honor among judges dictates that they must not talk about one another to outsiders. For ultimately they have to live together. It is no accident that this excellent rule was apparently broken in this particular instance. Last year's fight over Justice Black, unparalleled in its bitterness, could not help carrying over to the court itself. The gossip that Mr. Childs set down in his article may or may not have been true: but whatever its truth, it has not made matters any easier for the justices themselves. And the feeling has undoubtedly been intensified by Chief Justice Hughes's speech before the American Law Institute.

The issue that the Chief Justice raised about the judicial temper and impeccable procedure required in quasi-judicial administrative boards can be argued out on its own merits. We don't happen to like the unction about judicial objectivity that drips from the Chief Justice's entire speech; and we regard Secretary Wallace's comeback, pointing out that Justice Hughes had himself switched on the very issue of procedure that he was referring to, as very much to the point. What was unpardonable, however, was the section of the Chief Justice's speech that seemed to be aimed at his colleague Justice Black. Justice Hughes went out of his way to praise his colleagues, now retired, Mr. Van Devanter and Mr. Sutherland. He praised them for their learning and their excellent training in the law. And he went on to make some pointed references to judges who lack such training and learning. It may have been, as Mr. Anderson suggests, the usual harmless stuffed-shirt talk. But coming right in the midst of the controversy over the Childs article, about which the Chief Justice could scarcely pretend ignorance, it could not help being mischievous in its effect.

We have always felt that the campaign against Justice Black was partisan and unfair in the extreme. Now that he is established on the court, we plead for fair play for him—fair play by the press, the bar, and his own colleagues. His opinions, whether one agrees or disagrees with them, are undoubtedly history-making in their sweep and reasoning. If any fault is to be found with them, it is that they show a concern for the public interest on the part of Justice Black that has scarcely been matched in the annals of the court—a concern that may irritate his colleagues because its directness cuts athwart their accustomed routines and their vested ideas. If the court is to retain the liberalism which it has recently been showing, it needs Justice Black badly, and it needs more men with his social conviction. All that he needs in turn is a little more patience, and a facility for talking to his colleagues in their own language. Justice Black has had legal training enough. What he needs is a course in hallowed platitudes.

Hunger and Mrs. Hulswit

IN CLEVELAND last week a seventy-six-year-old woman fainted in front of a closed relief station. Although she had not eaten a decent meal in five days, her case evoked only momentary concern; she was identified as one of 75,000 who simply could not be fed. The city's relief funds had been exhausted, and it was useless for people to demand food. The woman was carried away as hundreds who stood behind her watched, perhaps wondering when the same thing would happen to them. Mayor Burton remarked ambiguously that "although there are no funds available, no one will starve."

On the same day Mrs. Charles L. Hulswit of Suffern, New York, led her "woman's rebellion" to another dramatic climax. Started as a protest against the spending program, the rebellion had been proceeding nicely with the help of the press and the Republican Party, but Mrs. Hulswit evidently felt that a new gesture was due. She hastened therefore to Rockland County, where strange reports of a "relief glut" were circulating. It was alleged that the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation had been furnishing over-supplies of foodstuffs to the unemployed and that their mood was virtually carefree. This reinforced Mrs. Hulswit's view; only that morning she had informed an interested press, "I can't get a man to mow my lawn for two or three dollars a day." The relief administrator challenged the rumors of a food "glut." He quietly insisted that the unemployed did want work; when seasonal jobs are available, he pointed out, relief rolls are cut in half. Mrs. Hulswit registered disbelief and posed for the photographers.

Mrs. Hulswit is a respectable, well-dressed woman who serves as a mouthpiece—wittingly or not—for even more substantial citizens. That her judgments coincide with those expressed in the Republican program immeasurably heightens her glamor. But the facts remain ugly, darkening the streets of American cities, staring out of the gaunt faces of hungry men.

As these lines are written, 38,000 Chicago families that endured the winter on an average dole of $28.52 per family a month face cessation of all assistance. Since May 1 the cities of Dayton and Columbus have had no money for relief. Toledo's unemployed have received no aid since April 1. In Cleveland only the neediest of the 75,000 have had any relief since May 1. They have received rations of butter and vegetables; nothing else. Unemployment has risen from 90,000 in October to 183,000 today. These cities have reached an advanced stage of the crisis provoked by "economy"—local and national. Perhaps by the time this appears, the "emergencies" will have been momentarily met; but only over the diehard resistance of the smug women who under Mrs. Hulswit carry on their crusade against "spending."

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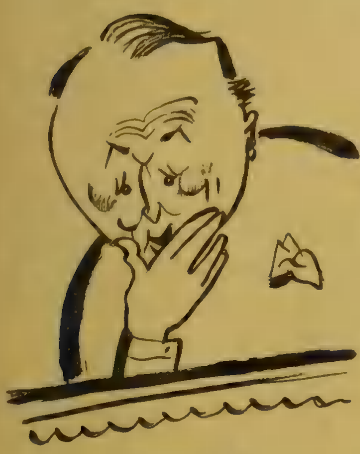
Marquis Childs and Justice Black

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, May 16

OTHER justices of the Supreme Court apparently have reached the conclusion that the attacks on Justice Hugo L. Black have gone far enough. The most overt indication of this was a statement last week by Justice Stone's secretary sharply declaring that Justice Stone was not responsible for recent articles—one in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and the other in *Harper's Magazine*—in which Justice Black was pictured as an incompetent jurist and a burden to his associates on the court. Both articles were written by Marquis W. Childs, a member of the Washington bureau of the *Post-Dispatch*, the article in *Harper's* obviously being an expansion and elaboration of that which had appeared several weeks earlier in the newspaper.



Justice Black

On the same day the disavowal was uttered in behalf of Justice Stone, Chief Justice Hughes delivered his annual address before the American Law Institute. In the course of these remarks he paid his respects to the usefulness of "the able and industrious judge, qualified by training, experience, and temperament for his office." He added: "It is the exceptions among the judges who, by their conspicuous ineptness, do the harm." In a number of newspapers these general statements were promptly related to the appointment of Justice Black, in a manner which could hardly allow readers to draw more than one inference. The truth is that the Chief Justice had no intention of reflecting on Justice Black. That should have been evident to anyone who knows much about the Chief Justice and his methods. However, if there was any doubt on the subject it would not have been difficult to ascertain the truth. I was able to ascertain it.

About the Childs articles there is a distinct element of mystery—a feeling that something is missing which would complete the picture. Childs and Stone are acquainted. The Justice is somewhat expansive, and it is no secret that he has been deeply concerned over institutional problems which the court has faced. He may have expressed to Childs concern over the possibility that Justice Black would expend his energy on objectives which could not be attained instead of on those which could. Of course, that is a far cry from imputing to Black a lack of "legal craftsmanship." In the magazine article the author went so far as to say that Black had caused his colleagues "acute discomfort and embarrassment," and that "deficiencies in background and training have led him into blunders which have shocked his colleagues on the highest court." All of which was promptly picked up and reprinted in scores of tory newspapers.

That Childs should find himself enmeshed in this net of circumstances is distressing to me, because we are old friends and colleagues. He is an able reporter and an extremely gifted writer, and his personal and professional reputation is excellent. Somewhere in this situation I seem to sense deficiencies of editorial judgment and alertness. It should have been fairly clear that an article purporting to reveal "the inner workings of the court," and purporting to represent justices as lamenting professional unfitness on the part of another justice, would be calculated to recoil. When a story kicks back, however, the reporter usually is the man who is hurt. In any case, it is reassuring to know that members of the court do not countenance personal attacks upon one of their number. When they differ, as doubtless they always will, their differences may be ventilated in the conference room or on the bench.

Chief Justice Hughes

The New Deal bandwagon, started rolling by the Florida primary, continues to take on passengers without stopping. The relief - recovery bill went through the House by a majority of more than four to one. The real test will come in the Senate, where fewer Democrats are running for renomination this year and where the mulish refusal of the public to accept reactionary leadership has made some of the members indifferent whether they come back or not. When the bill was proposed, all sorts of schemes were promptly set afoot to tie the President's hands by earmarking the funds and imposing conditions and restrictions on their allocation. Many of these plans appear to have been abandoned—since the Florida primary. Some conservatives are repeating that since the President must carry the responsibility, he should have the power; others vary it by saying (although privately) that since the responsibility is certain to ruin him in the end, they are delighted to see him get it.

Likewise, on the wage-hour bill, the issue probably will rest with the Senate. That certainly will be the case if the House passes it without inserting a provision to protect Southern sweatshops. It would be illuminating and valuable to discover how many Southern Senators were willing to wage a filibuster for that purpose. A bad vote is more easily forgotten—the filibuster tends to dramatize those who participate, and makes their participation easier to remember on Election Day.

What I said recently in this place on procedural errors by the Labor Board—if it has made any—still goes, but today's Supreme Court decision implies that such errors were not committed. In any case the efforts of counsel for Ford and Girdler to prevent the board from correcting any errors which it may have made strikes me as a confession of guilty knowledge. After all, the question is: Are they innocent or guilty? If they are innocent, it seems to me that all they would ask is that inequities of procedure be righted. Instead, they now appear to be in the position of demanding that, because a rule which has recently been interpreted was violated a long time ago, the board must forfeit the game. There is such a thing as justice to be considered. The board is preparing to take to the radio in its own defense. It is high time.

Columnists on Parade

VII HEYWOOD BROUN

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

HEYWOOD BROUN first topped my horizon when he came out to Montana to cover the Dempsey-Gibbons fight in 1923. At the time I was doing a little of everything except setting type on a small daily in the empire of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, and celebrities from New York, especially journalistic celebrities, were news. The big-time correspondents from the East lived in Pullman cars at Shelby, and the natives found them quite as fascinating as any troupe ever gathered together by Montana's famous circus owners, the Ringling Brothers. I read about them in the A. P. pony service that came galloping across state every day carrying the news of the fighters and the writers and a girl named Patricia Salmon.

In those carefree days Broun was columnist and critic for the old New York *World*. Large, genial, humorous, convivial, he was a natural and prominent habitué of the theatrical and journalistic Bohemia whose capital was the Algonquin Hotel. Alexander Woollcott also cut a large figure in that entertaining world, where the nights were filled with theater and the music of Thanatopsis poker chips, and the days were late getting started. It was the Bohemia of the successful, as opposed to the Greenwich Village of the lower or no-income brackets, and it was the goal of many an aspiring reporter. Broun had floated into it rather easily on the strength of his natural talents, after a versatile apprenticeship that included a little straight reporting, sports writing, book reviewing, and a turn as "a most indifferent and unhappy correspondent with the American army," to quote himself. He says that "natural indolence and the task of criticizing books made Broun a columnist" (he is fond of speaking of himself in the third person). His column, It Seems to Me, was that of a man about town who knew everybody and wrote about everything from politics to sports to books to the hazards of week-ending in the country; and with F. P. A.'s Conning Tower it was the principal feature of the *World's* famous "page opposite editorial." "Soon after his return to America [from France] he joined the *World* as columnist and dramatic critic [writes Broun] and remained there until he was fired for criticizing the editorial policy of the paper in an article for *The Nation*." The sentence covers a long span of Broun's development.

He left Harvard informally in 1910. He got a job on the *Morning Telegraph*, and, aside from a jaunt to China in connection with a press-agent stunt, he has worked for metropolitan newspapers ever since. In an amusing column in the *New Republic* some time ago Broun said that he became a red when, having heard the radical instalments of a course in political theories at Harvard, he missed the rebuttal because it came after the baseball season had started. As between Tris Speaker and the classroom struggle Broun's choice was unhesitating. And though his heart may have been in the right place, realities seem to have impinged little upon his rather charmed existence until the middle twenties. After the manner of Bohemians, the Algonquin crowd was liberal in a generalized sense, and censorship of any kind violated its specific and self-serving principle of tolerance. In 1922 Broun contributed to a volume of essays whose title "Nonsenseorship" indicates the tone as well as the preoccupation of his liberalism. In 1922 also he wrote a novel about an old newspaperman himself which showed at once the traditional ambition of newspapermen to be novelists—and Broun was no exception—and the "uneven development" of an easily arrived and not very profound sophisticate. In his book the newspaperman married a Spanish dancer and singer. The newspaperman wanted their son to be a newspaperman; instead he read "Ulysses," didn't care much for sports, and turned out to be a singer, half-Spanish. The book was called "The Boy Grew Older," but there were long stretches of adolescence. In the same year in a third-person preface to "Pieces of Hate," a collection, Broun wrote of himself:

> And Broun does not learn fast. Like most newspaper persons he is an extraordinary mixture of sophistication and naivete. At one moment he will be found belaboring a novelist or a dramatist for sentimentality, and on the next page there will be distinct traces of treacle in his own creative work.

Broun was very much the child, a rather spoiled child, both of his age and of his profession. And his development has followed the well-defined, almost fashionable, pattern of the American Bohemian going left—out of a warm-hearted but vague good-will toward "the oppressed" and very little formal knowledge of social questions.

A collection of columns covering the years 1925 to 1935 was published in the latter year. They show a growing preoccupation with social issues. It was in 1927 and 1928 that Broun's social conscience stood up on its hind legs and offered defiance to the *World*. He wrote two magnificent columns on the judicial murder of Sacco and Vanzetti and the Boston Brahmins who were their executioners. Ralph Pulitzer refused to print his further comment on that issue although, as Broun wrote at the time, "the curious part of the commotion lies in the fact that fundamentally the *World* and I were on the same side." He disappeared from its pages for a while although he later returned. Meanwhile he began writing for *The Nation*, and since then, with interludes, he has led a double-column life—in the big press and in *The Nation* or the *New Republic*. He was finally fired from the *World* for a piece he wrote in *The Nation* of May 4, 1928, criticizing the *World's* editorial policy. He went to the New York *Telegram* shortly afterward. In 1931 the *World* itself died. The *Telegram* bought the name, and Broun after all had the last word—a magnanimous one—in the *World-Telegram*.

His relations with Roy Howard have not been smooth. The growing illiberalism of Howard and the increasing radical activity of Broun made friction inevitable. Broun joined the Socialist Party, and in 1930 Howard objected to his running for Congress on the Socialist ticket. There have been many clashes since, for Broun is not one to change his course for a newspaper editor or publisher, and last fall in the *New Republic* he wrote a thinly disguised and devastating attack on Howard. In 1933 he became actively involved in the labor movement, specifically in a union of newspaper workers, which undoubtedly annoyed Roy Howard far more than his Socialist candidacy. As president of the American Newspaper Guild, Broun did a grand job of persuading newspapermen that they were workers subject to the general laws of starvation. He was especially valuable because right-wing newspapermen admired him for his conventional success and left-wingers swore by him because of his social conscience. And having taken up the labor cause, it is characteristic of Broun that he threw his heart into it with the gusto of the sentimentalist. An amusing story of his naivete probably belongs to this period. It tells how Broun, in his zeal, took to traveling in day coaches until he found Earl Browder in a compartment and realized that he too should save his strength for more useful projects than sitting up all night to prove his solidarity with workers who were probably sleeping their heads off anyway.

In 1935 Broun returned to *The Nation*, after an intermission of four years, in the new role of labor commentator. He did a good job on the infamous newspaper code, Elisha Hanson, Guild strikes, and labor in general. He was rather sentimental about Green, who had given the Guild real support in its early period, until Lewis formed the C. I. O., when he became rather sentimental about Lewis. The next year Broun in *The Nation* covered the two political conventions and a wide range of subjects including labor. His columns were political and social, sometimes anecdotal and personal, and they made good reading.

Broun has a pleasant, rolling, witty style, better suited to the art of "colyuming" than that of any of his co-columnists. His sentences and paragraphs are round and smooth, like billiard balls, and from his best columns there arises the sound of gentle clicks until every ball is pocketed and the table ready for another round. On lighter topics he is very engaging, though his habit of using his family for copy and his perennial and sentimental Biblical parables are pretty trying. Given a subject close to his heart, his writing has a powerful impact partly because of its unobtrusive smoothness. The columns on Sacco and Vanzetti are excellent examples. Some of his celebrations of William Green are devastating as well as amusing. He is the only columnist who stems from the older tradition of the local, most-anything paragrapher who worked in epigrams, with pauses while the shots went home. The type has gone down in this commercialized age before the superior noise of Hugh Johnson, the expert jargon of Pegler, the pompous omniscience of Lippmann, and the alarmed cries of Dorothy Thompson.

Broun is the only important syndicated columnist in the big press who is a radical. And though by the very nature of our journalistic set-up he cannot run a very radical column, he often provides a welcome antidote to the signed editorials of his reactionary brethren. Commercially his stock has stood still if it has not gone down. Westbrook Pegler, who became his rival in the Scripps-Howard papers in 1933, has far outstripped him in the number of papers carrying his column, and today, with 42 papers (circulation 2,829,487), he is running far behind Hugh Johnson (67), Pegler (110), Thompson (140), and Lippmann (160). Meanwhile both his columns seem to show the effect of his enforced schizophrenia. His syndicated pieces often wear the marks of a newspaper stint. His *New Republic* column is often violent, as if in compensation.

His *New Republic* column also shows the effects of other factors. It was inevitable that Broun, having taken the road left, should become involved in all the contradictions that beset labor and liberal-radical opinion; and being a man who feels rather than thinks, he has been pushed into extreme and very curious positions. He fell hard for the bed-fellow theory (deriving from the slogan "Who is not with us is against us,"), which has played so great a part in liberal and radical opinion particularly since the first struggling days of the Soviet regime. Broun himself stated it amusingly in his *Nation* column of March 6, 1937, when the Supreme Court fight was raging:

> A friend of mine who doesn't get time to keep up with the newspapers completely tells me that he has invented a very simple and effective system for himself. Whenever Bishop Manning comes out against anything, he is violently for it. He says that so far the system is 100 per cent perfect. It may be hard to put anything on top of that, but in the case of the President's proposals Bishop Manning and A. Lawrence Lowell came out against Roosevelt's plan on the same day. To me that ought to make the case for support 150 per cent. . . . On which side are you going to fight? Are you going to fight standing beside Bishop Manning, A. Lawrence Lowell, the *Herald Tribune*, the Liberty League, and W. R. Hearst? Make up your mind.

He stated it amusingly but applied it so dogmatically that it finally led him to the extraordinary length of saying in *The Nation* some weeks later that he was "getting a little sick of *The Nation's* policy of fair play" in allowing Oswald Garrison Villard and Maurice Wertheim to express in its pages their opposition to the President's court proposals. In September of that year when he moved to the *New Republic, The Nation* unconsciously paraphrased Broun's earlier remark about his disagreement with Ralph Pulitzer:

> The irony of Mr. Broun's disapproval was that he and we saw eye to eye on the court proposal—as well as on most other major issues; we differed from him only in believing that it merited debate and that the opposition had a right to be heard.

As far as radical factionalism is concerned, there was a time when Broun seemed to aspire to be a broad united front in his own expansive person, and he was in an excellent position, as president of a newspaper union and an important journalist in his own right, to play that role. But Broun, being both pugnacious and sentimental, is hard on his enemies, especially recent ones, and easily influenced by his friends. Having rejected the liberals and Socialists, he has come to regard them with disproportionate disgust. By the same token, having transferred his emotional allegiance to the Communists, he has adopted their slogans and their tactics with characteristic abandon.

For the last few months dogmatic boilerplate bearing the Communist stamp has been more and more often clogging his columnar stream. In July, 1935, he boasted that all "isms" were in the Guild, but in the *New Republic* of March 23 he was out on a heresy hunt, echoing the disruptive Communist slogan: "Drive the Trotskyites and Lovestoneites out of the labor movement." Moreover, he seemed to accept the Communist Party's definition of the heretic as anyone who disagreed with its views. It was a sad performance coming from the defender of Sacco and Vanzetti, two Anarchist victims of an earlier heresy hunt under different auspices.

In his syndicated column of January 15, Broun disavowed the bed-fellow theory:

> Once I wrote a column in which I said that I lived by a simple rule in regard to public controversies. I asserted that I saved a lot of homework and factual research by merely waiting until Bishop Manning declared

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> himself and then taking the opposite side. But I was only kidding.

He returned to it on February 22 when he said that on the war issue he had no intention of backing the "curious alliance of Oswald Garrison Villard, Boake Carter, and Father Coughlin." But again on March 9 he expressed doubts of the infallibility of such black-and-white rules in an era of contradictions—as if someone had shown him its fallacy by pointing out that in opposing the Ludlow war-referendum amendment he was in the same bed with Walter Lippmann as well as the Communist Party.

In his syndicated column of January 15, quoted above, he also set down in passing some thoroughly admirable precepts:

> . . . it seems to me that radicals in this country are not saying, "A murrain on all who differ from us by a hair's breadth." Or if any radical has ever said that, I am not the particular radical. But it does seem to me . . . that it is no argument at all to say, "This cause must ipso facto be wrong because 'the reds' support it."
>
> Indeed, I am asserting that each political and economic issue ought to be debated on its merits.

Again on March 9 he said:

> It is reasonable enough that there should be grave differences of opinion among minority groups. And they can grow in wisdom only when there is opportunity for the give and take of opinion.

These are excellent principles worthy to be followed.

In the past Broun has often presented a picture of himself as the humorous, warm-hearted man of good-will who does not take himself too seriously. In response to protests from *New Republic* readers against his column of March 23, he painted in his column of April 10 a new picture of himself as a dour and dedicated partisan. But aside from the fact that Broun is still president of an important labor union that still, presumably, has all the "isms" represented in its ranks, the role does not suit him. He is not the type, and his essays in that direction have been accompanied so far by heavy breathing.

[*Miss Marshall's article on Dorothy Thompson will appear in an early issue.*]

Tyrol Germans Don't Count

BY LUDWIG LORE

HITLER'S formal renunciation of all claim to South Tyrol may or may not settle an issue about which there was considerable speculation after his "bloodless" conquest of Austria. Until his speech on the last day of his Rome visit, the people of South Tyrol had hoped that the Führer might rescue them from a situation they found intolerable. He had proclaimed himself the protector of all German-speaking peoples outside the Reich. Mussolini's pact with London would mean, they thought, the end of the Rome-Berlin axis. Would not the Führer's next move be to cross the Brenner Pass?

On the day of Schuschnigg's visit to Berchtesgaden a group in Munich, as yet unidentified, deposited in the city's mail-boxes an anti-Italian leaflet which called on the German people to come to the aid of their blood-brothers in South Tyrol. The leaflet contained this advice for Germans visiting the region:

> In order to judge conditions in the region it is not enough to gain a superficial impression of the towns, to which officials and workers artificially settled there are noisily trying to lend Italian characteristics. The peasants on the small holdings most of all need the German traveler to comfort them in their fight. Here each of you must remember that the inhabitant of South Tyrol has become solemn and silent as a result of continual spying and persecution. As a member of a tourist party do not allow yourself to be lodged in Italian hotels. The inhabitant of South Tyrol is a German; he is a fellow-countryman. Do not let yourself be fooled about these basic facts by any Italian whitewash or any alien lie.

After due investigation the Gestapo came to the conclusion that some illegal, anti-fascist group had distributed the pamphlets with the idea of sowing discord between Berlin and Rome, and all further propaganda for Tyrolean independence was forbidden. Now the Führer has openly abandoned his countrymen on the other side of the pass.

Hitler had never shown any desire to take issue with the Italians on the question of Tyrol. In "Mein Kampf" he pointed out that "the Jews and the Hapsburg legitimists who are clamoring for Tyrol's liberation are obstructing an alliance policy with Germany which in the future may lead to the resurrection of an independent German fatherland." "South Tyrol!" he exclaimed in 1927, "that argument always appeals to the small-minded philistine. Who betrayed South Tyrol? The Italians? No. The same people who ruined Germany."

Tyrol never belonged to modern Germany though it has always been held by the German people in peculiar affection. The songs of Tyrol are a part of every German's heritage, and the stories of its heroes play a prominent part in German literature. The visitor who comes to South Tyrol from Bavaria by way of Innsbruck and the Brenner Pass always notices as he crosses the pass that the bleak Northland has given place to the sunny South, but he is also struck by the essentially Germanic character of the towns and villages. Even Italy admits that the South Tyroleans are of Teuton stock. Their ancestors were Bavarian peasants who crossed the Alps in the second half of the fifth century in search of richer lands. The region had been a part of the Roman Empire, but Roman strategists always drew the frontier far south of the Brenner watershed which today divides Italy from Austria. When the Roman Empire finally crumbled, Tyrol first fell under the rule of the Frankish empire but in the thirteenth century it came under the control of the Hapsburgs.

When the World War broke out, sentiment among the Tyroleans was sharply divided. They hated the Prussians, but they were deeply loyal to the Hapsburg monarchy. Had they known that the Austrian emperor offered to surrender Trentino, the Italian section of South Tyrol, to keep Italy from joining the Entente, they might have felt less sure of their allegiance. In the secret conference held at London in April, 1915, Italy demanded and received the promise that its boundary would be moved northward to the line of the Rhaetian mountain range, and when the Peace Commission met at Versailles in 1919, it was bound by this arrangement. President Wilson agreed to the transfer of South Tyrol, though it was in gross violation of Point Nine of his "Fourteen Points," which foresaw a readjustment of the Italian frontier "along clearly recognizable lines of nationality." In November, 1920, South Tyrol was officially separated from Austria and joined to Italy. The northern part became Alto-Adige, taking its name from the River Adige; the southern part kept its old name, Trentino.

It had been agreed at the Versailles conference that Italy as a great power would not be bound by the obligations toward minorities imposed on Poland, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia, but Premier Nitti, in a speech delivered in the Roman Chamber of Deputies in August, 1919, promised that his government would observe Tyrolean racial integrity. This speech was quoted by the Allies when they replied to Austria's protest against the dismemberment of Tyrol. While these discussions were still going on, South Tyrol held a plebiscite on the question and voted with a four-fifths majority to create a free state with North Tyrol. It appealed to Versailles, pointing out that Italy's need of a "buffer state" and a "strategic frontier" would be adequately served by such an arrangement. The Italian Socialist deputy Turati urged the Italian Chamber of Deputies to accept South Tyrol's proposal and the Italian Socialists supported his position, but all such demonstrations of popular opinion were suppressed by the returning soldiers, who refused to be "cheated out of the fruit of their fighting." At no time in the course of the peace negotiations was any attempt made to justify Italy's annexation of South Tyrol on other than strategic grounds. Italian statesmen recognized that the population, except in Trentino, which had been a constant source of irritation to the Austrian government with its irredentist propaganda, was overwhelmingly German. The 1910 census showed that in a population of 230,000, 215,000 were Germans, with an Italian minority of not quite 6½ per cent.

For the first three years after the peace the Italian monarchy kept its promises well enough, but the Tyroleans made no secret of their dissatisfaction. They resented the highly centralized Italian government, which left little opportunity for communal initiative, and felt that they were aliens under foreign rulers. Nevertheless, a commission appointed by the League of Nations to investigate the condition of the minorities after two or three years commented optimistically that Tyrol "seems to have become adjusted to its fate."

All that changed when Mussolini came to power. During the reign of terror that established his regime, the Germans were practically driven off the streets. Their representatives in the Chamber of Deputies were beaten and threatened with death if they dared to return. It was the Duce's opinion, openly expressed, that "fascism does not recognize minorities," and he put in operation a program of unremitting Italianization. The use of the name South Tyrol was forbidden under heavy penalties; people were imprisoned for owning maps and pictures bearing German names; the German press was reduced to a single newspaper with the sole function of selling Italian fascism to the recalcitrant Tyroleans. Public officials who could not read and speak Italian fluently were removed from their posts and their places given to Italians many of whom were unfamiliar with the German language and dealt with the public through Italian interpreters paid by the people. Italians took the places of Germans on railways and street cars and in the offices and plants of the public utilities. Signs, announcements, catalogues, menus, and advertisements had to be written in Italian. Not only the names of rivers, mountains and valleys, cities and provinces but also given and family names were Italianized. The name Hitler, which was quite common in that part of Austria and is believed to be a derivation of Huettler (hut dweller), was changed by law to Capanna or Casolari.

> We are at Bozen [wrote a correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*], happy among Austrian faces, Austrian costumes, and Austrian speech. But to buy bread we must ask for it in a *panificio* and for shoes in a *calzolaio*. . . . In the railroad station at Toblach we came

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> across two peasants poring over a wall map. The ticket agent had refused to serve them until they could pronounce the Italian name of their destination. . . . In one village the peasants, unable to make themselves understood in the Italian language, petitioned the Italian fascist mayor for permission to use their old language in speaking to the doctor at least. The mayor replied that "the veterinary cannot make himself understood to his patients either, but he does not find it a hindrance in his profession."

Tyrolean business is fighting a losing battle against burdensome governmental regulation. Tax rates are much higher than in Italy proper. In old Tyrol government office was considered an honor rather than a source of income, and consequently government costs were low. Now the country is swarming with Italian officials, who devote their time to spreading the fascist gospel. Between 1923 and 1926 German schools were closed altogether, and private instruction was forbidden, until in June, 1934, Chancellor Dollfuss persuaded the Duce to restore that privilege. When the Italian government announced that it would open German classes, 25,000 children out of a possible 30,000 applied, but classes materialized only in the large cities of Bozen and Meran—the country towns and villages were ignored. In another generation high German in South Tyrol will be forgotten.

The most ardently Catholic people in Europe, the Tyroleans were particularly vulnerable to attacks on their religious customs and beliefs. When religious instruction was forbidden in the schools, the clergy protested, but the only result was a general edict forbidding the use of the German language. Priests who could not preach in Italian were removed. Catholic holidays, which Tyroleans always celebrated with medieval splendor, were forbidden; the Corpus Christi procession, the great event of the year, was turned into a fascist demonstration. From the shrines at every turn of the mountain roads the German inscriptions were removed. Age-old paintings and mottoes on peasant homes were whitewashed over.

The people did not give in without a struggle. When the first fascist election was held, the Tyroleans declared that they would not go to the polls. The Italian officials offered all sorts of inducements and finally resorted to threats. Necessary public works were "postponed until after the election." Where the results showed that a large number of Germans had refused to vote, work on flood-control projects and similar activities was stopped.

At the beginning of this article I showed that Hitler had openly disavowed any desire to rescue the Tyroleans. The famous program of twenty-five points of the National Socialist Party, however, contained until 1930 this sentence: "We cannot give up a single German in Sudeten Germany, in South Tyrol, in Poland, in that League of Nations colony Austria, or in the succession states." In 1931 the name of Alsace-Lorraine was substituted for South Tyrol. Though National Socialism had many adherents in that part of Austrian Tyrol which bordered on the Reich (Innsbruck, Kufstein), it made little headway in South Tyrol. The admiration of the Nazis for Italian fascism and the Italian dictator offended the people's deepest sensibilities. When the National Socialists of Germany sent a deputation to Bozen in December, 1931, to assist in the unveiling of a statue commemorating the fascist "liberation" of that once German city, feeling against the Germans ran high. After the assassination of Dollfuss in the summer of 1934, when relations between Italy and Germany were exceedingly strained, the situation of the Tyroleans became worse. For each demonstration of Nazi lawlessness in their midst they suffered new repressions. In several cases Tyrolean leaders were held as hostages by the Italian authorities until the perpetrators of Nazi bombings were discovered and brought to justice. But by the spring of 1935 it was obvious that a reconciliation between the two countries was under way, and soon the foundations of the Rome-Berlin axis were laid.

There may be some basis for the report that Hitler and Mussolini negotiated a deal by which 150,000 Italian subjects of German descent will be repatriated to Germany. To the Duce nothing could be more welcome. He would get rid of a whole army of youthful troublemakers, and the older generation, who have their families to consider, would be easier to handle if the openly subversive elements were removed. Such an arrangement would also make room for an influx of Italians and so decrease the preponderance of Germans behind Italy's most vulnerable front.

But the last word has not been spoken. If Hitler's visit to Rome put an end to the wishful thinking of those European observers who liked to believe that Neville Chamberlain's strategy had given the death blow to Rome's friendship for Berlin, it also laid the foundation for future conflicts. Hitler has every reason to be satisfied with his bargain. He has Austria and the Duce's acquiescence in the matter of Sudeten Germany—let Italy have South Tyrol and welcome. After Germany has consolidated its new Reich, however, economic questions will once more move into the foreground. The Balkan market will become a source of growing tension between the two dictators, and South Tyrol will continue to be a pawn in the game they are playing. The Duce will push his Italianization program with new vigor, and not a single soldier will be withdrawn from the Brenner. South Tyrolean National Socialists, on the other hand, will see to it that their "German heritage" is not forgotten. On the surface there will be peace, but Hitler is not likely to allow his ally to become too firmly intrenched in this once German Southland.

For Germany South Tyrol still has its possibilities.

That Legionnaire Is Here Again

BY MILTON S. MAYER

IT TOOK the American people forty years to discover that the G. A. R., the Civil War counterpart of our present-day veterans' lobby, was a racket. Beginning with "presumptive disability" in 1879, the Boys in Blue came back for more every few years until they were all getting a living from the government—and their widows and orphans after them. The passage of the general pension bill in 1907 drove the country wild, but the Old Soldiers waved the flag and sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" until the storm blew over. As early as 1893 they were receiving one-third of the Treasury's gross revenues. If the Lord had spared them all for the 1907 barbecue, the republic would have gone to the wall. As it was, Civil War pensions rose from $159,000,000 in 1893 to $239,000,000 in 1923.

The American Legion reached the 1890 mark of the G. A. R. in 1930, with the award of pensions for non-war-connected disabilities. The bonus, which was something the Grand Army overlooked, cost two billion. That was cheap. It is pensions that run into money, year after year, until the last death-bed bride has been gathered to Valhalla. A Civil War widow, incidentally, is any American who married an Old Soldier before 1905, at which time the average Old Soldier was seventy and ready to settle down. A handful of widows and orphans are still collecting on the War of 1812.

The first general pension bill for World War veterans is now stealing softly through Congress. It provides $22 a month for the widow and $6 a month for the orphans of every man who wore a uniform. And the Legion widows, like the G. A. R.'s, are getting younger every year. Under the present bill any girl who captured a World War hero before July 3, 1931, is eligible for a widow's pension. The House Pensions Committee approved the measure on February 1. That the House will defy the heroes in an even-numbered year is unlikely. The Senators are less fearful of the soldiers. But the Legion lobby knows its statesmen. The bonus was vetoed by every President from Harding to Roosevelt. These things take time.

When the boys got the bonus in 1936, the New York *Times* predicted that in a few years they would start after pensions. Commander Murphy entered a pious disclaimer: "That the passage of the bonus payment law will be the signal for the veterans' organizations to combine in a fight for the passage of a general pension law is an utterly unfounded fear. The Legion will participate in no such action." Six months after they got the bonus, the legionnaires resolved "that in no event shall the widows and orphans of World War veterans be without government protection." The next convention, in 1937, adopted the same ambiguous resolution, but Commander Doherty clarified it for his hungry heroes. The Legion, he said, would now concentrate on "placing the wives of veterans of the World War on the same plane as the wives of veterans of previous wars in receiving pensions."

It is not surprising that veterans, like non-veterans, want as much of other people's money as they can lay their hands on. The bankers and industrialists who financed the Legion "to offset radicalism" (as one of them put it in writing) made the mistaken assumption that the soldiers would confine their Americanism to beating up reds and breaking strikes. They overlooked that section of the Legion's preamble which refers to "mutual helpfulness." Back in 1919, when the founders of the Legion caucused in St. Louis, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., warned them against "trying to sandbag something out of the government." Those were brave days, and the bands still played. The delegates rejected a bonus motion with a whoop and a holler. But when the government was sandbagged for two billion seventeen years later, the *National Legionnaire* proclaimed victory "in the battle the Legion has waged since the beginning."

Glory has a rapidly decreasing resale value. The first convention of the Legion bashfully left to Congress "the discharge of this obligation." By the second convention the veterans were "entitled" to their money. The third convention dropped its mask and ordered Congress to pay "without further equivocation or delay." Harding's veto stuck; it wasn't an election year. In the election year of 1924 Coolidge's veto was overridden. If the heroes would wait till 1945 to cash the check, Congress would write it twice as big. The Legion was satisfied. The 1931 convention demanded immediate payment and got a billion dollars in the form of a "loan," over Hoover's veto. The Legion was satisfied. The 1933 convention killed an immediate-payment resolution in committee; the 1934 convention adopted it with three states dissenting; a year later the vote was unanimous. In 1936 Congress overrode Roosevelt. The Legion was satisfied—for six months.

Veterans' benefits now account for 8 per cent of the federal budget—a trifling $600,000,000. That does not include the bonus, of course. A few years ago Walter Davenport predicted in *Collier's* that general pensions

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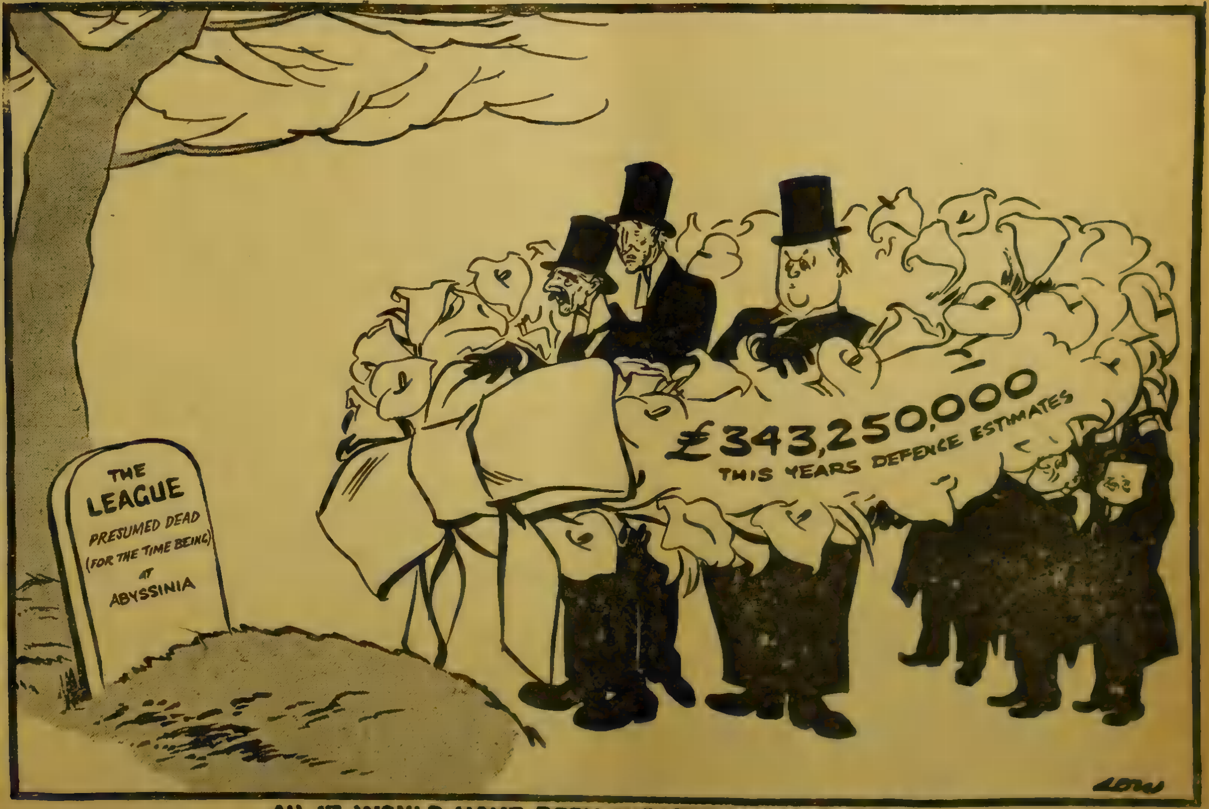
would eventually bring the upkeep of the heroes to 45 per cent of the federal budget. The present widows' and orphans' bill alone will cost the country $1,300,000,000 a year by 1968. And that is not the end. The load of non-war-connected disabilities is rising geometrically. Every veteran who falls off a bar stool, drives into a lamp-post, or contracts the diseases of senility is a casualty of the trenches. More than fifty thousand have gone crazy at public expense, and the neuro-psychiatric peak won't be reached for ten years. In 1922, 181,000 World War veterans were receiving disability compensation, 81 per cent of them on a temporary basis; today 355,000 are receiving it, 81 per cent on a permanent basis. Admissions to hospitals for non-war-connected afflictions are rising by 20 per cent every year.

For "permanent and total" non-war-connected disability a veteran now receives $30 a month, cut $10 by the 1933 Economy Act. The House Pensions Committee has approved a bill restoring the $10. The House has just passed a bill reducing to 10 per cent the present 20 per cent disability requirement for widows' compensation. Chairman Gasque of the House Pensions Committee wants disability compensation paid to every hero "unable to do manual labor." The woods are full of pensioners in full-time jobs. Marcus Duffield once found a promising Harlem boxer who wouldn't fight more than once a month because he was drawing permanent and total disability pay.

The dissenting voices within the Legion are loud but few. The Willard Straight Post of New York City was expelled for opposing the bonus and got itself restored by court order. The National Press Club Post of Washington has asked the Legion whether it is going to be a pension-seeking organization or "follow the principles laid down in the preamble of our constitution." But even the legionnaire who opposes strike-breaking action sees no connection between pensions and liberalism.

At the advanced age of forty-five the veterans are hale and hearty and full of fun. They showed it in the Little Steel strike last June and the New York convention last September. The country has to choose between giving them the bread of pensions or the circuses of 100 per cent Americanism. And that is no amateur's surmise. In a confidential report on the rise of fascist organizations like the Klan and the Silver Shirts, the California Department of the Disabled American Veterans stated in 1934: "They make their appeal primarily to the man out of work and especially to the ex-service man. The passage of the Economy Act by Congress at its last session gave a strong impetus to the efforts of some of these organizations in propagandizing among the veterans." Pensions may be cheaper, even if twenty years from now every man, woman, and child in the United States is paying the heroes $30 a year to keep them demobilized.


THE LEAGUE
PRESUMED DEAD (FOR THE TIME BEING) AT ABYSSINIA
£343,250,000
THIS YEARS DEFENCE ESTIMATES
LOW

AH, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN CHEAPER HAD SHE LIVED.

In the Wind

AT THE Gridiron dinner a few weeks ago (the story is being told all over Washington) Glenn Frank made a typical Republican attack on the New Deal. Thereupon the President read aloud an article that appeared in *The Nation* of December 23, 1931. It was a plea for most of the principles embodied in the New Deal—higher wages, lower prices, shorter hours, wider distribution of wealth. And it was written by Glenn Frank.

*

A clip-sheet of editorials attacking the Mexican government's oil policy was recently sent out by the "Committee on Mexican Relations." The sheet listed the "committee's" address as Room 2763-74, 50 West Fiftieth Street (Rockefeller Center). A young woman who went to apply for a job found that no one in the building had ever heard of the "committee" and that there was no Room 2763-74. She then wrote a letter to the committee at the given address. A reply came from Rockefeller Center. The envelope was stamped "ESSO." And the letter contained an application blank from the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. (The documents are available, if Senator Minton should be interested.)

*

The Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, an American corporation with interests in various parts of the world, recently inserted the following advertisement in *La Ametralladora,* a rebel organ in Bilbao, Spain.

> Firestone Hispania, extending a cordial greeting to all its clients in liberated territory, informs them that for the moment its entire production is reserved for the GLORIOUS NATIONAL MOVEMENT, but that when the needs of the government will have been covered amply the company will take the greatest pleasure in renewing its relations with its clients.
>
> Salud a Franco! Arriba España!

*

Fortune's girl researchers, annoyed by frequent editorial changes in their findings, filed a protest. The answer was a memorandum from "upstairs" pointing out that *Fortune* was not *The Nation* and that it always gave capitalism the benefit of the doubt.

*

"Mr. Chamberlain referred to what the government had done for housing and remarked that he thought they could say the housing problem was solved except for two strongholds—the destruction of the slums and the extinction of overcrowding."—London *Telegraph.*

*

"Aggressive editorial executive seeks position as assistant publisher or editor. . . . Knows how to cope with the Guild. . . . Box 3640."—Advertisement in *Editor and Publisher.*

"As a result of a rather exhaustive investigation on the spot, I came to the conclusion that the magnificent principles of the American Bill of Rights will be religiously respected by General Franco and his advisers. . . ." —Reverend Joseph Thorning in the Baltimore *Sun,* April 18, 1938.

"As far as we are concerned we do not believe in a democratic liberal regime. . . ."—From a speech by General Franco, April 20, 1938.

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A committee representing Catholic organizations has been formed for the purpose of laboring with editors who print "anti-Catholic" material. The key figure is Father John A. Toomey, associate editor of *America.* . . . Edgar Snow's "Red Star Over China," which has been regarded as a boost for the Communists by everyone except themselves, has been barred from Communist bookshops. . . . A group of Vassar alumnae in Indianapolis has started a movement to oust Henry MacCracken, president of the college, because of his liberal views.

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When Shingora Takaishi, editor of two big Japanese newspapers, returned to Japan after a six months' tour of the United States, he said that several prominent Americans had told him they were "in substantial agreement" with Japan's Far Eastern action. According to the Tokyo *Mainichi,* he named two. One was the late Colonel House. The other was William Randolph Hearst.

*

An anti-Semitic campaign against the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party has become so pronounced that A. I. Harris, Jewish editor of the Minnesota *Leader*—the F. L. P. paper—has offered to resign. The state committee said no.

*

The National Association of Manufacturers is continuing its services to the cause of education by sending out—unsolicited—a series of pamphlets on "You and Industry" to college presidents and deans, asking if they want more "authentic facts and figures" for classroom use. It's all free.

*

Last week the Baltimore *Evening Sun* ran a sensational "inside" report that Secretary Hull was about to resign. J. Fred Essary of the *Sun* staff and Ulrich Bell of the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* two old friends of the Secretary, had met him casually and had a talk. Mr. Hull was glum; he complained bitterly of "Communist pressure" on him, and of the fact that he couldn't leave his desk without momentous developments in his department. Essary went back to his office and told of Mr. Hull's despairing mood; his editors made a swift deduction.

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[We warmly invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories and facts that can be clearly authenticated.— EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A Letter to the President

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: As a personal friend of yours since the beginning of your political career I have resented the charges leveled against you that you were seeking to undermine American institutions and to set yourself up as a dictator. I could well understand the sense of indignation that made you recently deny this in a public statement. You were correct in saying that you are not of the material of which dictators are made, even had you thought of becoming one. But the man or men who fail to stand up and fight for civil liberties and for republican institutions in crucial times like these are quite as likely to lead the country into a dictatorship—by default—as the men who deliberately seek to impose their will upon their countrymen. This is the lesson of the collapse of the German Republic.

I have been moved to these thoughts by reading the appalling news that in a press conference on May 10 you refused to comment upon Mayor Hague's defiance of the Constitution of the United States, saying that that was "purely a local police matter." In response to a second question as to whether you as leader of your party would take any action in regard to Mayor Hague's continuing as vice-chairman of the National Democratic Committee, you sidestepped the issue by saying that that should be brought to the attention of Jim Farley as chairman of the committee. This seems to me nothing less than a betrayal of the fundamental principles which underlie our institutions. A breach of the Constitution *a local issue?* How is it possible to justify such a statement except by a narrow technicality? It is the Constitution of the entire United States that Mayor Hague is breaching and nullifying. It is not the constitution of Jersey City or of the state of New Jersey. Do you recall that a Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1880, General Winfield Scott Hancock, made himself a laughing-stock by declaring that the tariff was "a local affair"? Well, he was just as much entitled to say that of the tariffs imposed by the Congress of the United States as you are to assert that Hague's open defiance and nullification of the Constitution are a purely local police matter. It is not a question of law enforcement, but of the expression of a righteous public indignation.

From the very beginning of your Administration you have only occasionally—and if I remember correctly, mostly in the first year or two of your Administration—touched on the subject of civil liberties, as you did in speaking recently to the B'nai B'rith. You made only a half-hearted fight against lynching, and after the defeat of the bill gave as your excuse to a delegation of colored people that you thought your advocacy of it would have hurt more than helped. Why can you not see that in that case and in the Hague situation it is time to rise above the question of expediency and to come out fearlessly and frankly on the vital necessity of standing by the Constitution and all its clauses until they are amended? Such an utterance would do more for public order and respect for law than can possibly be estimated. You could make everybody in New Jersey who upholds the lawlessness of Mayor Hague understand by a single radio talk that his pretense that this is merely a fight to bar communism and anarchy from Jersey City is the purest nonsense, unmitigated lying. By one such utterance you could not only uphold the Constitution but make it clear once and for all that any talk of your seeking to undermine the Constitution is a gross and inexcusable libel.

As for saying that you, the leader of the party, can only refer to Jim Farley the question of whether the National Committee shall be further defiled by Mayor Hague's remaining as vice-chairman—that is quite unworthy of you. Jim Farley is your creature; he is in the Cabinet to take your orders, and he is chairman of the National Committee by your word. You have only to say to him or to the public that Mayor Hague's remaining as vice-chairman is a stench in the nostrils of all decent citizens, and Mayor Hague would find promptly that his health required his retirement from the arduous vice-chairmanship. By your silence on this great issue you are yourself striking a most dangerous blow at the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. A true patriot in your position at the present moment would take the first train to Jersey City and stand up in the public square there without asking for any permit, and tell Mayor Hague, his police, and the American Legion what true patriotism is and denounce their violation of the Constitution. One member of your Cabinet, Harold Ickes, has spoken out magnificently on this very issue. Why do you not back him up; why do you not join him when he says that our liberties are endangered by just such attacks on the Constitution as those in Jersey City? Must history record that you were wanting when it came to defending the Constitution you were sworn to uphold?

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

WHAT IS THE ARTIST?

BY MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

IN ONE of the ten essays that make up his new book* Edmund Wilson makes a remark that not only points to his present position among his fellow-critics of society and literature but indicates his motive in examining the lives and ideas of the men—Pushkin, Flaubert, James, Butler, Shaw, More, Housman, and John Jay Chapman—whom he sets before his reader.

> One of the prime errors of recent radical criticism has been the assumption that great novels and plays must necessarily be written by people who have everything clear in their minds. People who have everything clear in their minds, who are not capable of identifying themselves imaginatively with, who do not embody in themselves, contrary emotions and points of view, do not write novels or plays at all—do not, at any rate, write good ones. And the more violent the contraries—given genius—the greater the works of art.

The heroes of his essays were not all novelists and playwrights; two were poets and two were critics. But the value Wilson ascribes to them, both as artists and as symptoms of moral and social ordeal, exists in almost direct proportion to the degree to which their minds were divided, confused, or muddled by their private and public conflicts, and to the extent to which they struggled to impose the coherence of reason or the laws of art upon their confusion. Their "contraries" range all the way from Pushkin's sense of "a basic maladjustment to society" to Flaubert's struggle to grasp the needs and griefs of the human mass he began by hating; from More's spiritual discretion to James's mysterious emotional dilemmas; from the exacerbated misanthropy of Housman to the vacillating social and moral sympathies of Shaw and Chapman, in whom only the integrity of art or action permitted a triumph over the contradictions they labored through during long careers that spanned the tumult of the nineteenth and the chaotic disorder of the twentieth century.

"The Triple Thinkers" contains little technical or formal analysis of literature; it is a study of personalities and ideas. But it brings into focus a number of conceptions that are basic to any intelligent understanding of modern literature, they are described with the clarity and scope of Wilson's best style, and they succeed in defining the sources of quality and originality in their subjects—the element of ambiguity in James's novels, the ingrowth of the creative impulse in Housman, the political beliefs of Flaubert, the sublimating indignations of Chapman—in a way that any future student of these writers must use as a point of departure.

The book lacks the central argument that combined the eight essays of "Axel's Castle"; yet it centers in several ideas that not only bring its ten sections into a unity but mark an important departure from the point at which Wilson left off in his analysis of the symbolist movement seven years ago. That departure, in fact, will correct for some critics of the earlier volume the extremes to which he carried the opposition of individualism and society, for his recent studies of proletarian and social art have had a certain disillusioning effect on his arguments. In "Axel's Castle" he concluded that the "world of the private imagination in isolation from the life of society seems to have been exploited and explored as far as for the present is possible"; that "the oscillation which for at least three centuries has been taking place between the poles of objectivity and subjectivity" was likely to "return to objectivity again" or that possibly "this oscillation may finally cease"; that the romantic rebel, having reached his ultimate projection in the individualistic concepts of Proust, Valéry, and Joyce, was faced with the necessity of coming to terms with the practical needs of human society if he—and with him "the whole belle-lettristic tradition of Renaissance culture, perhaps, compelled to specialize more and more, more and more driven in on itself, as industrialism and democratic education have come to press it closer and closer"—were to avoid extinction.

That rebel, embodied in Axel, M. Teste, Prufrock, Proust's "I," and H. C. Earwicker, had become a perversion of individualism, a victim of anti-social protest grown absolute or even monstrous. The present characters are not fictional but actual—men of the past century who fell under a test of practical values always severe and sometimes violent in the age of transition they lived through—and they are projected against the socialist theory of literature, which, gaining steady momentum, has at length arrived at a dogmatism which demands in its extreme form the complete identification of the artist's and critic's function with a social ideal. It is Wilson's purpose to show that subjectivity may indeed victimize men of "extreme sensibility" like Housman and T. E.

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* "The Triple Thinkers." By Edmund Wilson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

BURLINGA PUBLIC RY

Lawrence, of mistaken moral renunciation like James's heroes, of self-justifying egoism like Butler or slippery casuistry like Shaw, but that it is the necessary complement of social intelligence and justice in any form whatever; that without it the initial requirement of art does not exist; that the mobilization of writers under political creeds or theories has seldom or never produced literature of lasting worth; and that the stuff of art—even of art which exerts the most vital influence on society—derives from a personal struggle which penetrates to depths never reached by theory and which alone insures the artist's authority in grasping and expressing the human reality around him. This issue is debated in a final essay on Marxism and Literature which, in spite of its supporting quotations from Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Gorki, the publishers rightly describe as being "likely to prove controversial" among the critics of the left.

It is hard, however, to see how Wilson's opinions on this point can be contradicted by anyone who looks at prose literature with his own persistence and honesty, for his arguments do as much to reinforce as to correct any intelligent conception of those social responsibilities which Wilson still considers unavoidable by any serious talent, whether they are attacked directly as by Shaw, or circuitously and through ponderous obstructions of prejudice and "maladjustment" as in Pushkin, Flaubert, and James. When Flaubert went so far as to say, "The mass, the majority, are always idiotic. I haven't got many convictions, but that one I hold very strongly," he added, "Yet the mass must be respected, no matter how inept it is, because it contains the germs of an incalculable fecundity"; and to this last clause Wilson fully subscribes, especially when he shows Flaubert or James coming into their full powers only by breaking down—as More, Housman, and Butler never did successfully—the barriers of the private will and sensibility, and thus coming to terms with the political and economic conditions of their age. But it is hard to follow his contention in Is Verse a Dying Technique? that the poet, in order "to deal with the affairs of society, [has] to learn to speak its language . . . to train himself to write in prose," and that the decline of verse during the past two centuries and especially in our own age has shown prose to be "quite equal to that work of the imagination and intellect—that re-creation for man of his hard and doubtful life in this world in man's own terms of harmony and reason—which caused men to call Homer 'divine.' " Here the argument hinges less on whether prose since the Renaissance has risen in art and scope and metrical discourse declined — they obviously have — than on whether poetry has lost its character and appeal by losing its more obvious affiliations with music or ultilitarian instruction and by allowing its preserves to be invaded by prose masters. The decline or extreme specialization of poetry—and a corresponding disappearance of "verse"—through scientific and social influences has been argued from Bacon's day down to I. A. Richards's, but there is better evidence than Wilson uses (he includes the work of Jeffers, Millay, and Maxwell Anderson, as well as the novels of Faulkner and Lawrence) to show that genuine poetry is still something different from either verse or prose, that the Aristotelian discrimination—whatever its fate among the formulators of terminology—did not have to wait until the romantic movement to be revived, and that the apparent dissolution of the formal barriers between poetry and prose today, far from having harmed the identity of poetry, has sharpened and enhanced it. If Wilson had made wiser use of the work of Hopkins, Eliot, Pound, and Auden, and if he had brought modern poets like Yeats and Rilke into his discussion, the confusions which he describes almost entirely in terms of form and meter would not have been so perplexing.

The other issue raised by his book appears in the general method of its essays. They are, as has been said, primarily studies in the character and experience of authors, and of the way in which those factors provided the subject matter, the point of view, and the sympathies of books. No critic now writing English has followed the tradition of Sainte-Beuve with greater distinction than Wilson, and in "The Triple Thinkers" he handles writers whose status as craftsmen and artists may be safely assumed in the general terms here taken for granted. They were, moreover, men of signal personality, bound by the circumstances of their lives and ambitions to reflect something valuable from the conditions of their time. But the problem arises whether it is not possible to mistake the significance of a man or the value of his intentions for the quality of his ideas and the success of his artistry. If Chapman's criticism really contained the penetrating force and clairvoyance of his personality (in its moments of genuine conviction), his criticism since the early book on Emerson would doubtless be what Wilson claims it to be, and not the spasmodically brilliant but equally wrong-headed impressionism of his books on Dante and Shakespeare. Similarly, the poems of Housman and the fiction of Butler, if examined in their quality as writing and for the consistency of their ideas, might reveal even more reliable information on the character of their authors than the facts of the careers from which those poems and novels emerged. And conversely, the ambiguity of Henry James, if traced out in the style and craftsmanship of his finest novels, would be discovered to be less a cause for exasperation with James's own character or that of his heroes than for admiration that in defining and realizing such ambiguity in art James made both his greatest contribution to the art and material of fiction and his most searching revelation of the moral and social conflicts of the modern sensibility. Wilson knows, even if he does not fully demonstrate, that such a revelation exists, and in the essays on James, Flaubert, and Chapman he has written at least three studies which throw new light on the creative and critical problems of our time. It is his special distinction to be able to disclose those problems in a form that makes the testing of them an imperative duty for anyone who reads his book seriously. What he misses he has the art of calling upon the reader's responsibility to work out for itself, and he has the further art of writing with an ease, vividness, and persuasion that make his work a rare cause for exhilaration.

BOOKS

The Early Emerson

YOUNG EMERSON SPEAKS: UNPUBLISHED DISCOURSES ON MANY SUBJECTS. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Edited by Arthur Cushman McGiffert, Jr. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

HERE at last are 25 of the 170 sermons that Emerson left in manuscript. Carefully selected, thoughtfully introduced and annotated, they make an important book which will not disappoint the many who have long hoped for just such a publication. So large a body of hitherto inaccessible writing from the pen of Emerson would be important even if it were not intrinsically good; but this writing is uniformly good and often excellent. Moreover, it shows how Emerson's thought and style developed in his early manhood, how his central ideas grew from the germ, and how he slowly moved away from the orthodoxies of his time and place. It brings Emerson nearer. In hundreds of libraries it will soon find its place beside the "Essays," and it will probably hold that place for as long as the "Essays" themselves continue to be read.

One cannot recommend these sermons, to be sure, to those who are not already at home in the high thin air of Emerson's mind. For sermons they are, and not mere "discourses." The best that one can say of them, and all that Emerson would have wished anyone to say, is that they are good sermons—clear, cogent, earnest, written always in the light of thought rather than in warmth of the heart. They are the work of a young preacher who took his profession seriously, as nearly everyone in the New England of his day was disposed to do.

And the readers of our time who care for Emerson at all will certainly welcome these sermons. For Emerson was always a preacher. He left the pulpit and climbed the rostrum with little sense of change. His sermons had been vigorously ethical, primarily intellectual, and his public lectures were precisely that. His "Essays," always closely related to his public lectures, were homiletic in tone if not in structure. Like his sermons, they were always exalted in theme, idealistic in philosophy, deficient in humor and in warmth, but always hortatory. The present book, therefore, does not show us a new Emerson, but an Emerson we already know, in the regular practice of a profession which he never quite abandoned.

Yet the years of Emerson's regular preaching were not years of mere preparation. If the young man who wrote these twenty-five sermons had died, as he came near doing, while still the minister of the Second Church in Boston, we should find in them the record of an intellectual life which, though somewhat narrow in range, was yet symmetrical and complete. They came from a disciplined and well-stored mind, already stoutly independent, deepened by grief and suffering, inward-bent and yet strongly fixed upon its social duty. They show almost an excessive concern for the niceties of prose style, such as one might expect from a young man who had the milk of his Alma Mater still in him. They show, too, a steady growth, proving that Emerson's thought was marching on and on during the three years of his ministry. The first sermon in the book was written by a thoughtful youth, no more; but the last one, on The Miracle of Our Being, would not be noticeably inferior if it stood among the published "Essays."

That sermon, or almost any of its companions, is in fact superior to the "Essays" in one important way: it is a solid structure of thought in which every part is not only organic but properly placed. This new book proves that Emerson once knew how to marshal his thoughts with a precision that would have done credit to Burke or John Stuart Mill. Too much has been made, as O. W. Firkins showed long ago, of the discontinuity of thought in the "Essays," yet the fact remains that they are discontinuous. Emerson himself pointed out this fact, with some exaggeration, when he said that his writing was composed of "infinitely repellent particles." And so this book poses the curious question: why he failed to use in his maturity a skill which he had certainly won in his youth. It is not a complete answer to say that when he wrote these sermons, so carefully tongued and grooved, he had not yet written the word "whim" on the lintel of his door-post. It is not enough to point out that most of these sermons, but not quite all of them, were composed before he had felt the explosive influence of Carlyle. Probably we come nearest to an explanation when we recall that the sermons were written rapidly and seldom revised, while the essays were laboriously pieced together out of journal-jottings that had been worked over and over again. Now it was in revision, and in the shaping of new structures out of materials already existing, that Emerson, like Thoreau, was weakest and most inept.

To most readers of this book Emerson's early thought will be more interesting than his concern with rhetoric and methods of expression. His turn away from Channing's social interests to the reform of the inward man, his steadily growing interest in the ultimate conclusions of science, his constant effort to harmonize the claims of spirit with those of a boastfully materialistic world—these are the aspects of his sermons that have had, and will have, the deepest import for American life. Everywhere in these sermons he is seen to be what Matthew Arnold was to call him, a friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. His present editor puts the same thought into other words: "Within his own mind the transition took place that enabled religion to maintain itself in a new world of thought wholly alien to its inherited philosophy and forms of doctrine."

ODELL SHEPARD

Darwin and Darwinism

CHARLES DARWIN. By Geoffrey West. Yale University Press. $3.50.

"LET the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change," bravely quoth the poet laureate, for he doubted not that through the ages "one increasing purpose runs." It has been, however, our fate to question this among other Victorian postulates, and it is a virtue of Mr. West's biography that he refuses to countenance the varied misuses of Darwinian thought, whether in support of purpose or chance, progress, God, capitalism, or the latest war-fixated corporate state. Eighty years after the "Origin of Species," what, in fact, do we yet know concerning evolution? Its general truth and basic importance cannot be questioned, but the links in its iron chain of logic—environment, inheritance, survival of the fittest, mutual aid, the mechanism of variations—are still being tested, qualified, debated. Mr. West himself is rightly uncertain how much of Darwinism is the reflection of Darwin's age, the appropriate myth of a competitive materialism. And how much, despite the proved value of the scientific method, of our own formulation of evolution will reflect only our own desires, the establishing of a newly appropriate myth? The "happening" may be in reality the "doing," says Mann in a notable essay, the soul is the giver of all given conditions, and "we are actually ourselves bringing about what seems to be happening to us." If this, like most truth, is true only in part, it is certainly very true in its own part.

But if it is early to speak of Darwinism, and Mr. West's book does not, in fact, add very much to our knowledge of it, it is time to talk of Darwin, and that Mr. West accomplishes extremely well. To the Victorians, transforming their first frenzy over this mild Satan who absent-mindedly defied the Lord into a universal eulogy of Mr. Darwin's greatness and goodness, it almost seemed that Mr. Darwin should be seated on the very throne he had disestablished. Where Darwin was not lost sight of in Darwinism, he was idealized beyond human hopes, and certainly beyond the hopes of human beings lately deprived of their kinship with the angels. Mr. West's achievement is not so much any new portrait of Darwin as a perceptive restoration of the Darwin who was there—in "The Life and Letters," even in the accounts of Grant Allen and Romanes if one is willing to penetrate their lyricism. And surely if a man was ever guided by destiny to his inevitable goal, it was hardly Charles Darwin. Mr. West does not describe the scientist, lucid, logical, and certain, but a man who was uncertain, anxious, and myopic. This Darwin, with his aversion to the theorists to whom he owed so much, with his stumbling thought and clogged style, his self-exculpation, his "muddles" about chance or no chance in the universe, is timid, sick, and narrow. This is Darwin, reassuringly common in his tastes, with his "characteristic wriggle away from responsibility," his letters apologetic to the point of abjectness, procrastinating until one is not sure whether he is pursuing scientific method or a spiritual refuge. This is Darwin who talks always of his great work, and day by day evades it until at last Wallace—the hare impelling the tormented turtle—forces him to publish an "inadequate," "imperfect," "erroneous," "weariful" essay on "The Origin of Species and Varieties Through Natural Selection."

In thus establishing a more precise portrait of Darwin, Mr. West has, however, no intention of facile deflation, and the merit of his book is that it enlarges rather than diminishes the stature of its subject. If Darwin is no longer perfect he is nevertheless great, and his uneasy story becomes not only the history of a particular discovery but in many respects the history of discovery itself. It is perhaps not extravagant, then, to relate Darwin to another fable of progress, written as it happens by the novelist I have quoted above. Is not the early Darwin a true sort of Hans Castorp on the magic mountain of science? This amiable but somewhat confused young man listening to the theories of Erasmus Darwin and Lamarck, these Settembrinis and Napthas of evolutionary thought, pushed on by events and his own growing fascination to the answers, formulated there so clearly as we look back, and yet to this Castorpish Darwin not evident until in his own way he arrives at them? I mean no irreverence by this association but indeed high praise, for it was Darwin after all who brought evolution where the philosophers talked it. Just as it is the Hans Castorps, whether in daily life or more exalted matters, as Mann intended, I take it, to say, on whom we all ultimately depend.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

Cycle of Sterility

DAUGHTERS AND SONS. By I. Compton-Burnett. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

MISS COMPTON-BURNETT belongs in the category of unique literary personalities. The word personality might be stressed. Her work succeeds through a foppishly brilliant individuality of manner and style. She brings a personal social quality, an almost physical presence to her medium, and her novels viewed as a whole are made up of characteristics rather than characters, gesture or pantomime rather than action. Her technique itself is theatrical. Her writing has no descriptive or analytic content; the method is continuous conversation through which characters and traits are exflected like impersonations in a monologue, and like impersonations they seem parasitic upon something more complete than themselves, taking on its color and energy and at the same time lacking individual reality and substance.

The Ponsonbys in "Daughters and Sons" have the generic variety not of a family, but of a family's most schizoid member. Taken as conventional literary characters they seem as two-dimensional and rhetorical as an acrostic; as a composite group, however, they make up an abstract character of curious but convincing proportions, become the portrait of a versatile and incisive attitude. Miss Compton-Burnett has a profound dislike of English family life, and the Ponsonbys, like Jonah, seem to have been swallowed by a whale. They exist within a compressed and highly eccentric experiential area. They are, in their author's somewhat particularized human vocabulary, no more than metaphors for pettiness, frustration, viciousness, avarice, shallowness, cruelty, and so on, interchangeably. No single moral feature differentiates one member of the family from another. The Ponsonbys are a moral feature in themselves, profiled against the author's misanthropy.

First, we have Sabine, the grandmother, ruling her brood amnesically but despotically, taking her pleasure, from time to time, in purloining letters or tormenting governesses; then there is daughter Hetta, a sort of household lieutenant who runs family affairs with all the sadism of her secret frustrations; son John, a limp, bread-winning novelist who stops thinking of himself only long enough to think of money and whose relationship with his sister is psychologically incestuous; and John's five children, fanning the smoky atmosphere with vulture wings. Now and then the external world makes itself known in the person of a new governess, arriving like a visitor from another planet or retreating to it in inarticulate haste. One such visitor remains behind long enough to be mistaken for a prize-winning novelist and married by John, whose reasons are purely practical. The prize money is expected to tide the Ponsonbys over an oppressively thin budget. It is an entirely credible error as the author constructs it, and one which results in a series of unpleasant events, among them Sabine's death at Hetta's hands.

Miss Compton-Burnett's plot ingeniously serves the purpose of mechanizing her characters; it resolves nothing but itself. The Ponsonbys from the beginning are a completed cycle of sterility, spiders caught in their own webs, the victims of a carnivorous theme which seems to devour its best examples. What emerges most positively is the author's bitter and malicious approach. And that has the distinctive quality of artificial ice—it burns as it freezes.

CHRISTOPHER LAZARE

Carleton Beals Throws Stones

GLASS HOUSES. By Carleton Beals. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.50.

ALTHOUGH its title is "Glass Houses," Carleton Beals's latest book is not particularly iconoclastic. Its subject is the maverick wanderings and writings of the author during the decade that ended with the world economic crisis. Its scope is broad, and often it throws new light patterns on things as diverse as mountain peaks, oil magnates, and that constant fount of literary material—the concierge. It is not really autobiography, for it does not record the emotional and intellectual crises which form the growth rings of a man, but rather presents well-told reminiscences of patches of history and segments of personal experience.

The book opens with a penniless Western youth hoboing his way into Mexico, impelled by an urge to gather new experiences and write about them. The youth's apprenticeship covers years of groping in the maelstrom of Mexican power politics. The first chapters teem with grotesque anecdotes of the generals and politicians who floated cynically on a disorganized peasant revolution, fantastic tales of Comintern plots, and the sexual adventurings of the expatriate backwash of the war. Beals is saved from the futility of Mexico City by a love of the Indian and a resentment of his oppression. The Mexican years are followed by interludes in Spain and Italy—for the most part pages of aesthetic emotion. The author is in Italy when the Black Shirts seize power, and his shrewd mind marks fascism not as an episode but as the birth of a giant world force for evil.

The most important section of "Glass Houses" is that dealing with Beals's second sojourn in Mexico, for this is the period during which he became one of dollar diplomacy's most dangerous gadflies. Here are new material about his courageous trip to Sandino's army and the interesting revelation that General Feland, who commanded the American marines in Nicaragua, admitted privately that intervention was both a political blunder and a crime.

The period that "Glass Houses" deals with is in many ways remote from the present. The targets of Beals's stones have for the most part already been pushed from their pedestals. Like a ghost, the genial figure of Dwight Morrow moves through the pages of the book, suavely driving steam into overheated boilers and winning acclaim for statesmanship of broad perspectives. The Wall Street "liberalism" which sought to kill the Mexican Revolution by showering Calles with kindness is now reaping its well-earned whirlwind.

The book ends with a return visit to Spain in the days when Primo de Rivera's dictatorship was crumbling and a new Spanish democracy was awaiting birth. In a few mighty paragraphs Beals leaps ahead to the bitter Spanish tragedy of today to speak vehemently for concerted action against the international fascist offensive.

Like most of Carleton Beals's books "Glass Houses" says things that are important. And in addition it says them clearly and well. NATHANIEL WEYL

Tract for the Times

AND SO TO WAR. By Hubert Herring. Yale University Press. $2.

THE thesis of Mr. Herring's tract for the times is one rather generally held among both pacifists and isolationists. It is that there is something of a conspiracy in Washington to drag us into war. Well, not exactly a conspiracy. But at any rate Roosevelt is an unreliable romantic whose international outlook is informed partly by the Wilsonian desire to save and reform the world and partly by the other Roosevelt's truculent nationalism. Secretary Hull is a Tennessee mountaineer hopelessly out of his depth in the turbulent waters of international politics. Between them they are blundering into the next war. This thesis is presented partly in the form of day-to-day diaries which record parallel events, attitudes, and sentiments in the days which preceded our entrance into the World War and the contemporary period. The second half of the book is devoted to character studies of present and past statesmen, to a criticism of the "Sir Galahads" among our idealists, a denunciation of the compound of imperialism and democratic idealism in British international politics, a warning against the unlimited powers of the President, and a final chapter of admonition. The book is, in other words, not too well organized. It serves, nevertheless, quite adequately to present the case of the isolationists.

Having been frequently amused and instructed by Mr. Herring's sardonically humorous description of men and events, the present writer regrets to report that he is in this instance not amused. The difficulty lies in Mr. Herring's lack of discrimination. One might well agree with him that the President's powers are too unlimited, and yet not regard the Ludlow amendment as wise statesmanship. One may respond with a wry smile to his sallies upon the note of national self-righteousness in Secretary Hull's pontifical and vague utterances on international problems. But the fact that America is not as pure as Secretary Hull pretends hardly proves that American imperialism invalidates every conception of American responsibility to the world. The self-righteousness of statesmen, particularly Anglo-Saxon ones, who pretend to believe that their respective nations represent a transcendental moral force in a chaotic world is no new discovery. The self-righteousness of nations is as old as history. So, for that matter is the self-righteousness of individuals. But this does not prove that equally self-righteous men or nations stand for equally unrighteous cultures and causes. The fact that both democracies and dictatorships have broken treaties does not equate democracy and tyranny.

Mr. Herring's lack of discrimination is particularly apparent in his frequent discussion of the President's Chicago speech on quarantining aggressor nations. Mr. Herring thinks it was "the first irrevocable step by which the nations are drawn into conflict." It seems to him impossible to do anything to discourage aggression without taking the first step to war. Every expression of responsibility for world conditions is condemned as evidence of the "Sir Galahad spirit" in which "overgrown sons of John Wesley" indulge. Nothing but national irresponsibility is worthy of mature and sophisticated spirits.

While the spectacle of a brutal militarism squatting on the prostrate form of a once gracious and urbane Austrian civilization is still fresh in memory, one is hardly in the mood to enjoy ribald remarks about the Sir Galahad spirit, particularly if it is identified with every possible concern for ways and means of arresting the world's anarchy. Cynicism about the moral pretensions of statesmen is hardly a mature approach to world politics. One wishes rather that the British ruling classes were less blinded by class interests and more effective imperialists. They might then, in the strategy of imperial defense, inadvertently help to defend what is still left of European civilization against advancing barbarism.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Shorter Notices

MAN'S COURAGE. By Joseph Vogel. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This is one perceptive novel out of a hundred routine, romanticized case histories of the victims of the depression period. Mr. Vogel follows the fortunes of the Wolaks, working-class people in a region of New York State where, according to recent press reports, relief cases have shown an increase of 107.9 per cent in the last six months. The people are the usual ones in this milieu—a hulking but honest peasant, his workworn wife, their sickly child, some callous investigators, a few stupid police, even a grasping landlord—but they are shrewdly observed, and one of them, a drunken veterinary sketched outside the pattern, provides a first-rate humorous portrait. The situations arise out of character; for that reason the basic social conflict looms over the Wolaks in better perspective than in many other novels that lace their half-truths together with political harangues. Only the oversized title disturbs the balance of a wry and skilfully realistic book.

AFTER MIDNIGHT. By Irmgard Keun. Knopf. $2.

"After Midnight" is a novel of present-day Nazi Germany from an unusual point of view—that of a sane and normal German girl. Pretending to be naive and bewildered, and thereby enabled to reproduce what she sees around her in all its elementary inhumanity and crazy distortion, she describes—in the unguarded way a troubled girl might confide to a diary—the hectic lives she and her friends have lived since the advent of the Third Reich. The result is a series of impressionistic glimpses, done in strong colors and illuminated by ghastly lights, of life in Germany today. We live with her in a stiflingly Nazified household until she is betrayed for hinting that Göring's endless radio speeches are boring; we follow her into the home of her brother, a famous writer, until his books are burned; we accompany her among friends in beer halls, in the crush of Hitler-cheering crowds, in gas-raid drills, among storm troopers, Jews, intellectuals—until we have seen uncovered in phase after phase of daily existence the cancerous rot beneath. "After Midnight" is brief and fragmentary, and it leaves all the fear and the greed and the hate unexplained; but it paints a few pictures of German life today whose implications are strong enough to sicken and terrify.

FILMS

The Double Edge

TWO recent documentary films raise interesting questions as to the meaning of the word "document." As late as 1800, according to the Oxford Dictionary, it meant "a lesson, an admonition, a warning"; its origin was the Latin word *docere,* to teach, and the spirit in which it was offered was the spirit, I suppose, of what we now call propaganda. Its only meaning in these latter days is "something written, inscribed, etc., which furnishes evidence or information upon any subject, as a manuscript, title-deed, coin, etc." A documentary film on the subject of China, Spain, Germany, Ethiopia, or the TVA would seem by the second definition to be nothing beyond a series of ocular proofs, supplemented by photographed affidavits bearing the witnessed signatures of topographers, camera men, and studio authors, that certain things had happened in certain places. For that is the function of documents as we now understand them, and a historian who went to see "The People of the Cumberland" (Frontier Films) or "The Fight for Peace" (Warwick Films: The Criterion Theater) would ask for nothing more.

From neither film, nor from any documentary film I have

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ever seen, would he get even this much. For the makers of such films do not bother with evidence as a historian understands evidence. The starving Tennessee woman who stands on her rickety porch with a starving baby in her arms is not *proved* to be a Tennessee woman, nor is it *proved* that the present organization of society is responsible for her condition; just as it is not *proved* later on that a lot of happy men pitching horseshoes are happy because they have joined the United Mine Workers of America. The historian might believe both things as a human being, and I hope he would; as a historian he would have to point out that he had so far examined no documents, and that the accompaniment of the commentator was anything on earth but proof. The point is not a trifling one. It has everything to do with the question whether one *must* believe the documentary film as we have it, and I am afraid the answer is no. The fact that I believed both of the films in question needs to mean no more than that I went in perfect sympathy with their aims. Had I gone in the opposite mind I need not have been convinced, for there was no systematic effort to convince me. I might even have remarked that the impassioned voice of the commentator reminded me of complaints I had heard against the voice of Hitler.

But assuming that what we get is truly documentary evidence, what must we believe as a result of seeing it? "The Fight for Peace," which Hendrik Willem Van Loon has assembled from the morgue of contemporary war pictures, shows Japan, Italy, and Germany killing people in China, Ethiopia, and Spain; we see children being dug out of rubble, adults being hauled away in heaps, old men lying in black pools on pavements. What shall we believe; or rather, what shall we do? It may be worth recording that members of the audience which saw "The Fight for Peace" with me broke into hysterical laughter. The fact that they did so was shocking to me, yet it suggests that they had been shocked also, and to no useful end; the shock, perhaps, had been an end in itself. This in turn makes it possible to believe that certain others derived a perverted pleasure from the horrors before them; or that a Spaniard of the rebel persuasion would have said to himself: "This is what the Loyalists are doing to *my* people"; or that to a non-resistant nothing would have been signified save that war is abominable and that it takes two sides to fight one. Documents can mean too many things. They are knives with double edges, and we had better study how to hold them.

MARK VAN DOREN

ART

The Cloisters and their Art

THE Cloisters, the culminant point of interest in Fort Tryon Park, is a bit theatrical. The edifice itself is a version of a Romanesque abbey with Gothic additions and a dovecote belfry. The ledges of rock on which it rises have been landscaped with crab-apple trees recalling the orchards and groves which surrounded the ancient monasteries. The approach to the abbey is over paths paved with Belgian

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blocks and resembling the cobbled narrow ways of medieval towns. Inside, as one passes through somewhat medievally illuminated Romanesque and Gothic chapels, halls, and cloisters; by tapestries and tombs, statues, altar-pieces, and panes of stained glass, one has the illusion of old-world Europe. One is within a Benedictine monastery in the south of France or an old ecclesiastical palace in Spain, hearing the stern bell toll the hours of nones or complines. On a terrace one finds oneself in an herb and flower garden of the Middle Ages, flanked with espaliers.

Yet almost priceless symbols have been incorporated in this museum seriously and generously intended to represent the Romanesque and Gothic experience in our tradition. Four cloisters reconstructed from beautiful architectural elements dating from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries and originally the arched walks of four French monasteries are included in it. Structural elements from the chapter-house of another French monastery and from the choir of a church, and over thirty medieval doorways, windows, and panes of stained glass have also functionally been incorporated. The building, besides, contains many French, Spanish, and German sculptures and paintings. And at least five of these symbols are expressions of the very first water.

One of these five is the series of six tapestries representing the Hunt of the Unicorn. They are the freshest, most intricately detailed Gothic tapestries in America, and among the choicest of their sort. Another of the gems is the pair of rare thirteenth-century frescoes from the monastery of San Pedro de Arlanza. Their designs are powerful and brilliant. Still another is the great twelfth-century Spanish crucifix, so classic in its calm, chaste representation of divine love, so Christian in its tenderness and humanity. A fourth is the cross with its tender surmounting figures which stands in the fountain in the cloister from Trie. And the last, the center of the structure and surely its greatest glory, is the reconstructed roseate marble cloister of the abbey of Saint-Michel-de-Cuxa. Its superb, fierce, solid capitals, abaci, bases, shafts, and arches alone would constitute the valid object of a pilgrimage.

And in the splendor of the collection one soon forgets the feeling of the theater. Perhaps it was practically unavoidable, the romanticism. Some sort of eclectic framework was rendered almost obligatory by the character of the symbols which had to be rehoused. And it is pleasant to notice the success of some of the compartments. The Romanesque hall and chapel are especially good.

There is a possibility that certain objects, in particular the wonderful Spanish crucifix, have been hung a bit altitudinously. The American love of heights would seem to have misled the curators. Yet all in all, the presentation is quite worthy of a collection on which great earnestness and love have evidently been lavished. And while the ensemble may be a luxury to those who are able leisurely to study the Romanesque and Gothic experience and achievement abroad, for the rest of us it is a boon. Like no museum in this country and like very few in the world, it permits us to approach the "white soul" which Huysmans called the Middle Ages', and which lives on somewhere in all of us. And needless to remark, the landscaping is wholly delightful; and the view of the vernal Hudson afforded by certain terraces and inclines, characteristically noble.

PAUL ROSENFELD

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Letters to the Editors

Pacifism and Egoism

Dear Sirs: I don't know whether the Washington Merry-Go-Round gave a fair report of Miss Dorothy Detzer's remarks at the Soviet dinner. If it did, I should respectfully challenge Miss Kirchwey's description of Miss Detzer as "the best exponent of pacifism." Pacifism, more than any other creed, demands cogent thinking and a conciliatory temper. I could not detect either of these qualities in Miss Detzer.

If America is "a pool of sanity," it can only be because we are firmly resolved to stay out of war, that is, never to fight for any interests except our own —*sacro egoismo* of the most obvious kind. Sir Willmot Lewis was perfectly justified in claiming that England is simply following America's admirable example. England is unwilling to fight for Ethiopia, Spain, Austria, Czechoslovakia, or China, just as we are. She accepts loss of prestige and loss of trade —so do we—rightly persuaded that such losses are infinitesimal compared with the moral and material cost of war. She would fight for Belgium, no doubt—just as we would fight for the Caribbean.

The one drawback of this self-centered policy is that it encourages the Dynamic Nations to grab whatever they fancy. As Miss Detzer said, pointing an accusing finger at the British Tories, it is responsible for most of the tragedy of Europe, the march of Hitlerism, the catastrophe in Spain. The British and ourselves have served notice upon the world that we would not lift our little finger in defense of law and order so long as our own security was not directly threatened. This is international anarchy, and its fruit is eternal war.

European correspondents write me that they are pretty tired of those virtuous Americans who reproach France, for instance, for not checking Franco—and thereby facing war with Hitler and Mussolini. These exponents of pacifism are eager to defend the principles of justice—in tirades against England, and even if it should involve the sacrifice of the very last Englishman. As for our own contribution—we thank the Lord that we have created a pool of sanity over here, which we must preserve and keep for ourselves.

True pacifism means accepting the law and supporting the police. But William Randolph Hearst, the *New Republic*, and Miss Dorothy Detzer prefer "the little pool of sanity."

ALBERT GUÉRARD

Stanford University, Cal., May 5

The Middle West Is Talking

Dear Sirs: I notice that Paul Anderson chided Phil La Follette for not consulting Senator Norris in advance about his new party. There are a handful of old progressives out here who remember that Senator Norris did not go along with Old Bob La Follette in his bid for the Presidency in 1924.

Make no mistake about it, this movement is bigger than the La Follettes. What you hear is the Middle West talking.

JACK INGOLD

Madison, Wis., May 6

Franco Prepares for Tourists

Dear Sirs: A recent dispatch in the New York *Times* announces that General Franco is making arrangements for the reception of the tourist trade in Spain this summer, and I am writing to inquire if someone could inform me if there are going to be any personally conducted tours.

According to the account in the *Times*, no expense has been spared to make Spain an agreeable resort this summer. General Franco, for example, has ordered forty new and brightly painted char-à-bancs, which will swiftly transport the tourists from one end of his beautiful country to the other. In addition, it is understood that he has not only taken considerable pains in the work of restoring and preserving the most notable of the ancient ruins, but has also shown extraordinary ingenuity in the creation of new ones. For my part, although I by no means share the too general lack of veneration for the monuments of antiquity, I must confess that on the whole the evidences of the modern spirit are more exciting to me. If I had to choose between two sets of ruins, I should be inclined to visit the new ones rather than the old.

To mention but a few that have already suggested themselves to my awakened curiosity—I should like to visit the various craters and ruined masonries throughout the town of Barcelona, paying particular attention to the subway entrance where a bomb exploded and killed 126 men, women, and children. I should like to visit the ruins of Madrid, the ruined villages around Teruel; and being of a religious turn of mind, I should like to pay a visit of devotion to the chapel, a photograph of which was recently reproduced in the press, where General Franco's wife and daughter go to offer prayers for the success of the Defender of the Faith.

THOMAS WOLFE

New York, May 11

Records from Germany?

Dear Sirs: It is not generally known that the Columbia Phonograph Company imports recordings from Nazi Germany which it sells to the public without so much as stating "Recorded in Germany," though the records do bear the words "imported recording." By looking at Gieseking's two recent concerto recordings, one may easily discover where they come from, since he is accompanied by the Berlin State Opera House Orchestra. There are other recordings in which Gieseking is unaccompanied, and it is more than likely that these too were recorded in Germany.

It is fair to presume that your readers favor the boycott of all goods coming from Nazi Germany and that many of them would not purchase records the originals of which were imported from Germany. I think it is the duty of your critic to call their attention to German recordings. Mr. Haggin is a competent and observant critic. He must have suspected that some of these records and recordings were German imports; yet if he has uttered one word to that effect in your columns, it has completely escaped me.

PHILIP GLABERMAN

New York, May 5

Mr. Haggin Explains

Dear Sirs: When the Columbia Phonograph Company states on the label of a record that Gieseking is accompanied by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra, it reveals the fact that the recording was made in Germany more effectively than it conceals this fact with the phrase "imported recording." Nor is concealment its object in using this phrase: "imported recording" has always been stamped on re-pressings from European masters, whether English, French, German, or Austrian; and in the case of the Gieseking record Columbia imported the recording not from Germany but from England. Gieseking records for English Columbia and in England, except in the two or three recent instances of concertos which English Columbia arranged to have recorded for itself in Berlin, and it is to English Columbia that American Columbia pays the re-pressing fees and Gieseking's royalties.

When I reviewed Columbia's set of Mozart's Concerto K. 271 last summer, I mentioned that Gieseking was accompanied by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra. When I reviewed the Brunswick list of a year ago, I said that it was a new series of re-pressings from Polydor; I mentioned the Berlin State Opera Orchestra, the Berlin Philharmonic under Furtwängler; I spoke of Völker and Patzak as German tenors, and associated with them other singers whose names were obviously German.

It is true that I might have uttered a few more words, but not so many as Mr. Glaberman excitedly thinks. The Brunswick-Polydor list aside, the two or three recent Gieseking sets of concertos are the only ones Columbia has issued that were made in Germany. Gieseking's other records were made in England.

B. H. HAGGIN

New York, May 10

Progress Through Reaction

Dear Sirs: In the issue of April 30 *The Nation* exhorts the La Follettes to be careful lest they start a three-cornered fight in 1940 which will put a tory Republican into office and give him a Republican Congress. Yet it is possible that a reactionary administration in 1940 might be the best possible thing for a progressive movement. It will be very difficult to get a realignment of parties so long as the Democratic Party is in power because the liberal leaders will tolerate such reactionary local governments as Mayor Hague's in Jersey City in order not to lose their votes, and the reactionary Democrats will stay with the party so as to keep it from going too far to the left.

As *The Nation* says, it will be impossible for a third party to win in 1940. But one might add that it will be quite as impossible for a third party to win in 1944 if the Democratic Party is left intact, and that it will be just as impossible to get a Democratic Party in either 1940 or 1944 that will be progressive.

If we should allow the Republicans to win in 1940, they would surely bring the country to such a state that in 1944 a progressive party would stand a very good chance of winning over both the old ones. CLARENCE ARMSTRONG

Warners, N. Y., May 2

CONTRIBUTORS

LUDWIG LORE contributes comment on European affairs regularly to the New York *Post* in a column headed "Behind the Cables."

MILTON S. MAYER, free-lance journalist of Chicago, is a member of the advisory board of the *Beacon,* Chicago's liberal magazine. He is writing a book on patriotism and fascism in America.

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CORRECTION: In the May 14 issue of *The Nation* the Green Mansion ad stated that charge for the entire week-end would be $23.50 and that the special June rate was $28.50. This was [illegible] error. For correct rates [illegible] above.

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The Shape of Things

*

THAT MR. ROOSEVELT HAS REGAINED HIS prestige in Congress is indicated by the vagueness of the Congressional leaders about the date of adjournment. When the "revolt" was in full swing, they did not hesitate to say that Congress wanted to go home; now it is up to the President. The spending-lending bill is assured of passage; the wage-hour bill will pass at least in the House, although it may bog down in conference. There is some doubt about the government-contracts bill, but real pressure from the New Dealers and the combined labor forces should keep Congress in session until it is passed. Its provisions—that no government contract shall be awarded to any firm that fails to live up to government wage-and-hour standards or to comply with NLRB rulings—are not only fair; they should be insisted upon by any self-respecting government. The resolution for setting up an eleven-man joint Congressional-departmental committee to conduct the monopoly study is admirable and should be passed. The idea of a co-operative study by members of both houses and experts from the Departments of Labor, Justice, and the Treasury and from the SEC and FTC is a fruitful one; and the monopoly study is the only thing on the horizon which may be counted on to go deeper into ways for meeting the depression than the spending-lending measure goes. Meanwhile the railroad muddle is as hopeless as ever, with very little prospect of passage even for the fragmentary and inadequate measures now before Congress.

*

A KNOTTY PROBLEM FACES THE CONFERENCE committee dealing with the wage-hour bill. The A. F. of L. has put itself on record as insisting on a uniform minimum wage throughout the country; the Southern Senators have threatened a filibuster rather than yield on the right of Southern textile mills, lumber mills, and pecan factories to pay starvation wages. The principle of a uniform national minimum is excellent; the danger is that, in order to pass, the bill will have to pitch it so low that wages may be dragged down all over the country. A solution may be found by establishing the minimum for the country as a whole, and leaving it to industrial boards under Labor Department supervision to make whatever adjustments are necessary above that level. But whatever the difficulty on this score, the bill must be passed. The Southern Senators who will oppose it are not concerned about the possibility of depressing wages in the North but about the threat to the feudal privileges of their powerful constituents in the South.

*

IN THE PRESS JOHN L. LEWIS, THE C. I. O., and the Administration were knocked back on their heels by the results of the Pennsylvania primaries. At the polls, however, they fared pretty well. Lieutenant Governor Thomas Kennedy, the C. I. O. candidate for governor, carried more counties than his victorious rival, Charles Alvin Jones, who had the backing of the powerful state Democratic machine with all its money, patronage, and influence. Outside of Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, Kennedy polled upward of 25,000 votes more than Jones, a notable gain in enlisting the hitherto conservative farm vote on the side of labor. To those who saw in the results a blow at the Administration, Jim Farley can point to a Democratic total of 1,300,000, as compared with the previous high of 569,000 in 1934. With labor's creditable showing in mind, it is well to remember that, besides the usual handicaps involved in fighting a well-oiled machine, Pennsylvania trade unionists had to contend with the C. I. O.-A. F. of L. split in its most virulent form and with the drift of some C. I. O. votes to Pinchot, whose personal friendship with Lewis is known throughout the state. Pinchot's surprisingly emphatic defeat for the Republican nomination at the hands of one Arthur H. James is distinctly an advantage for the Democrats. A Pinchot running for the Republicans in November might prove tempting to the C. I. O., but James is a match for Jones in obscurity. With the C. I. O. resigned to voting Democratic there is at least a good chance that Governor Earle will go to the Senate. Earle is surely no white knight of labor, but he would look like Galahad in the seat now held by "Puddler" Jim Davis.

*

COMING ON THE HEELS OF THE NEW DEAL victory in the Florida primaries a week earlier, the outcome in Pennsylvania was used by the tory press to induce Democratic Congressmen who were scrambling aboard the Roosevelt bandwagon to hurry right off again. But before the doubting Thomases could find a jumping-off place the wind changed once more. Oregon reported a victory for Henry L. Hess, an ardent New Dealer, over Governor Charles H. ("Ironpants") Martin, the doughty major general who once referred to Frances Perkins as "that miserable Secretary of Labor." Martin's governorship has been marked by "law and order" attacks on organized labor, and bitter opposition to the National Labor Relations Board. Despite his claims to a political affinity with the Administration, the Governor's labor-baiting was so vigorous that the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O., bitter foes on the West coast, were induced to unite in support of Hess—and their union had much to do with Martin's defeat. Since it was "Ironpants" himself who branded his opponent as "a John L. Lewis candidate," there is warrant enough for the C. I. O. to crow over the Oregon victory. Those Congressmen who look to the primaries for indication of which way to jump should get into physical trim, for they have a good deal of jumping still to do. The New Deal has a stake in senatorial nominations for Senator Barkley in preference to Governor Chandler in Kentucky, for Governor Johnson in South Carolina, and for Representative Wearin in Iowa.

*

THE FALL OF HSUCHOW TURNED OUT TO BE less disastrous for China than was commonly feared. Although reports are conflicting, it appears that Chiang Kai-shek was able to withdraw his main troops in good order some days before the final capture of the city. Chinese losses were heavy, but not so heavy as was to be expected under the circumstances. While the Japanese have attained their immediate objective of linking Nanking and Peiping, they have not yet gained control of the whole coastal area. Large bodies of Chinese troops are still fighting in Shantung and northern Kiangsu. Eighth Route Army units are extremely active in the Peiping-Tientsin area. Under the circumstances talk of a Japanese attack on Hankow is premature. The Chinese defenses along the Yellow River are intact. A drive across country from Hsuchow would involve a march of more than a hundred miles without railroad communications, which would seem beyond Japan's present capabilities. It will be recalled that it has taken the Japanese nearly five months to advance a much shorter distance down the Tientsin-Pukow railway from Tsinan to Hsuchow.

*

MAYOR HAGUE IS ON THE DEFENSIVE; WHILE reports of a treaty of peace between the United States and Jersey City may be premature, national resentment, voiced by liberals and conservatives alike, is making itself felt. The threat of federal exposure has become increasingly real; in Hague's principality men are openly demanding the freedom so generously permitted across the river. Whether he will capitulate now or endeavor to prolong hostilities is still uncertain, but there can be no doubt that the public wrangle among his foes, as evidenced once more in last week's dispute over peace terms, can only delay his surrender. It cannot be denied, however, that these terms invite dispute. No serious compromise with a weakening tyrant should be tolerated; while a Jersey City "Hyde Park" may be a feasible plan, the proposal that Hague should determine which "foreign" speakers shall be admitted and bestow permits accordingly is unthinkable. Private discussion of these issues should not obscure the fact that the battle to restore democracy to Jersey City is now reaching its climax. It will not be won, whatever peace settlement is attained, until men like Jeff Burkitt and Frank Longo are free. This is not the time to relax public pressure; nor should progressives wage a comic-opera struggle over peace terms while the conditions of war still obtain.

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AN UNDERGRADUATE DISPUTE AT THE University of Wisconsin has unfolded symptoms of racial and sectional intolerance which may leave an ugly scar on that institution. Each April the retiring student board of control of the *Cardinal,* undergraduate newspaper, selects the new editor; this year the choice was Richard Davis, who happens to be Jewish, liberal, and an Easterner. The incoming board, said to be dominated by conservative fraternity students, promptly ousted Davis. Its action precipitated a strike of a large majority of the present staff and aroused deep resentment on the campus. Feeling was increased when an outspoken fraternity leader was quoted as saying that Fraternity Row "doesn't want another Jewish editor." That the accusation of anti-Semitism has genuine roots is attested by the forthright protest of Dean George Sellery, noted for his fearlessness in such affairs. The Dean denounced the "appeal to race prejudice" and supported the plea of Davis's supporters for an undergraduate referendum on the ouster. The situation is an admittedly difficult one and the sources of conflict are deep; but President Dykstra's conduct has been disappointing. He has discouraged the referendum move; he lays the trouble to the fact that the *Cardinal's* last two editors have been popularly identified with "the Eastern class-struggle point of view rather than the Wisconsin liberal tradition." At a time when Wisconsin progressivism is making so bold a bid for national support, this issue provides a small but potentially important testing-ground which neither President Dykstra nor Governor La Follette can afford to ignore.

*

ADJUTANT GENERAL RALPH IMMELL, HEAD of the Wisconsin National Guard and state WPA administrator, has been named executive director of the new National Progressive Party. General Immell is not unknown outside his native state. As commander of the National Guard, he was in the news during the Wisconsin milk strike of 1933 when, according to the New York *Times,* a thousand soldiers "with gas and clubs" routed the strikers and jailed two hundred. Last year, when his name was mentioned as a possible candidate for governor, he said: "I am a soldier and my psychology is a military one. I have always taken orders from my superiors and if I receive instructions to run for governor I will do so." It was General Immell, we are told, who was primarily responsible for the stagecraft and the organized emotionalism of the Madison meeting at which the new movement was launched. Now it has been decided that he shall devote all his talents to "the party."

*

BETHLEHEM STEEL'S PLEBISCITE APPROVED the cancelation of the company's management-ownership plan by a vote of 3,065,412 shares as against 5,235. A more striking illustration of corporate fascism would be difficult to find. In 1930 Bethlehem, which is known for the handsome salaries and bonuses paid to its inner circle, permitted twelve directors and three ranking officers of the company to purchase $13,063,076 worth of stock on a liberal instalment basis. Eugene G. Grace himself subscribed for $6,183,000 worth. As the depression deepened and the market price of the stock fell far below the $91.60 level set in the contract, the trustees under the plan generously waived the instalment payments, the trustees being none other than Grace, Robert E. McMath, and Frederick A. Shick, whose combined debt under the arrangement was more than $7,000,000. On March 31 of this year these fifteen had repaid the company a scant $2,757,171, and their indebtedness, with accrued interest, amounted to $12,017,144. Had the stock gone up, the directors could have cashed in for a profit on a nominal investment. But since it had gone down, they asked the stockholders to cancel the whole arrangement. A group of minority stockholders protested, and succeeded in forcing the corporation to postpone the meeting at which the issue was to be decided. The management, however, had a tremendous advantage in being able to state its case to the stockholders in repeated appeals for proxies, while opponents of the plan were unable to reach the shareholders. The result is another great victory for individual initiative. "Business," said Mr. Schwab in defending both the original plan and its cancelation, "gets great returns by giving its employees an incentive." Who could be in a better position to judge?

Prague Shows the Way

FOR a few hours during this past week-end the situation in Europe looked more serious than at any time since 1914. Two Sudeten Germans were killed by Czech soldiers on the German frontier. The Nazi press launched another of its inspired press attacks on Czechoslovakia. Disturbances were reported from various parts of the Sudeten area. All sorts of rumors flew through the capitals of Europe: that both the Germans and Czechs were mobilizing, that the German-Czech, the Polish-Czech, and even the Hungarian-Czech frontiers had been closed.

Many of these rumors subsequently turned out to be false. There is no evidence that Hitler had contemplated striking on this particular week-end. But if he entertained any such plan, his mind was changed by the firm stand taken by the Czech and French governments. Czechoslovakia's swift action in calling 80,000 reservists to the colors was rightly interpreted as an indication that the Czechs would fight if the country was invaded. Paris made it clear that an attack on Czechoslovakia would mean war. Even England indicated its concern by twice requesting information regarding rumored German troop movements. Faced by the virtual certainty that a misstep on the Czech frontier would bring a war in which France, the Soviet Union, and probably England would be lined up in support of Czechoslovakia, Hitler moved very circumspectly.

It is perhaps unwise to speak too confidently in view of the fact that the Czech crisis is not yet over. Last Sunday's elections were but the first of a series which are to last until mid-June. The government's new nationality statute has not yet been made public. Much can happen in the next fortnight to weaken the relatively strong strategic position which the democratic powers hold at this moment. The intervention of the British government as "peacemaker" may have only the ill effect of weakening the Czech position. But it cannot be denied that the Nazis have slipped a long way since the seizure of Austria. Within the past two weeks Hungary has followed the example of Rumania and Yugoslavia in detaching itself rather cautiously from Berlin's orbit. The new Imredy government will not be anti-German, but it has probably saved Hungary from a Nazi coup.

Most significant of all for the preservation of democracy in Europe is the breakdown of the Franco-Italian negotiations. A week ago it looked as if Spain were doomed by the French acceptance of Mussolini's demand that the Spanish frontier be closed. And a fascist Spain would have rendered France useless as a defender of Czech independence. Mussolini's speech, coupled with a stiff warning from the Soviet Union, has brought Daladier to his senses. As a result of supplies rushed into Catalonia in recent weeks, the Spanish government has shown itself to be far from defeat. The French have apparently realized that a victory for the Loyalists, or even a continuation of the war, means more to France than any promise Mussolini can make.

Refusal to close the Spanish frontier, if maintained, will deal a crushing blow to Chamberlain's policy of bribing the dictators. Chamberlain has staked his political future on his agreement with Italy. It was to be the model for subsequent negotiations with Germany. The Italian agreement does not come into effect until Mussolini has withdrawn at least a portion of his troops from Spain. But Franco needs more, not fewer Italians, if he is to resume his offensive. And Mussolini has declared categorically that he will not even allow the census of "volunteers" to begin until France closes its frontier. Thus Chamberlain is placed in the ridiculous position of having dismissed the most popular Foreign Minister of recent years, of having stirred up a furor in all the foreign ministries of Europe and in America, of having torn the League asunder, and of having given the opposition their first big issue in many years, only to have his policy backfire before it is even put into effect. The Chamberlain program has contributed materially to the general disintegration of the forces which keep Europe from war. Unless some constructive program is adopted to replace it, the anarchy of armed conflict may soon replace the political anarchy of today. On the other hand, the chances of avoiding war may be greater because of the speed with which the Chamberlain policy has been discredited. There is at least a chance that France, not England, will determine the foreign policy of the non-fascist powers, and that a new effort will be made to forge a firm defense against aggression and war. In this effort the courage and vigor displayed by the Czechs may prove a vital factor.

Relief as the Devil

THE recent New Deal victories need explaining. The devil must be in it somewhere. Looking around for one, the professional demonologists like Amos Pinchot, Mark Sullivan, Hugh Johnson, and Arthur Krock have rediscovered the political potency of relief and WPA money. Not only is a campaign still being waged in Congress to earmark the WPA and PWA funds so that Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Ickes will have to follow Congressional blueprints in disposing of the money voted them, but another campaign is being waged in the press to discount and explain away the New Deal political victories on the ground that they have, after all, been bought. If this campaign is being waged with an eye to the fall elections, it is poor strategy. For if it is true that relief and PWA expenditures influence votes, the continued emphasis on that fact can only serve to underline it in the minds of the recipients of aid. Those who will be indignant are those already opposed to the New Deal, who will never come within a mile of needing relief. To rephrase a remark that Mr. Krock once made, the campaign for earmarking is being used mainly as a device for face-saving.

Vice-President Garner's *bon mot,* "You can't beat a government that has four billion dollars to spend as it likes," is being quoted approvingly, if somewhat pessimistically, by the New Deal foes. But Mr. Garner was not referring to a new fact in American political history. The "pork barrel" we have always had with us. In the past government money was handed out primarily as a result of Congressional log-rolling, in the form of fat contractors' fees for public buildings and huge subsidies to favored industrialists; it is now handed out largely to those whom capitalist collapse has left destitute and unemployed, in the form of a chance to work at wages a good deal below the decency level.

The campaign for earmarking funds would have some sense if the alternative to allocation of money by Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Ickes were not allocation by Congressional pressure groups and lobbies. But Walter Lippmann, who on this question as on that of executive reorganization has had sensible things to say, agrees that administrative discretion on this matter is far better than Congressional discretion. The former leads to the danger of too great executive power—but as we have frequently said, democratic survival depends on the administrative strengthening of the executive. The latter leads only to further Congressional log-rolling. Actually the dangerous pressures are to be found in what may be called "negative earmarking." When Senator Adams of Colorado seeks to make sure that none of the PWA funds will go to municipalities for building power plants, he is using the spending fund for obstructing the healthy movement to make public utilities genuinely public.

Because it is impossible to make a direct attack on Mr. Hopkins or Mr. Ickes, both of whom have shown themselves models of administrative integrity, the campaign for earmarking has been a generalized one, loaded

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with vague insinuations and unable to give a bill of particulars. A specific charge, however, is to be found in the current issue of Henry Luce's *Life*, which is evidently finding its circulation of over a million an irresistible temptation to verbal as well as pictorial special pleading. *Life* shows that the largest relief sums are going to the politically doubtful states in the Middle West and elsewhere rather than to the Southern states, which are traditionally democratic. There is force in the argument. Yet Hugh Johnson explained away the Florida primaries victory on the ground that a disproportionate amount of money was poured into Florida, one of the "safe" states. Perhaps the editors of *Life* would do well to correlate relief expenditures with the areas of greatest unemployment—that is, the industrial states, which have always been politically doubtful.

The tories are simply failing to get at the fundamental truth when they claim that relief is being distorted to the uses of politics. The cold political fact is that relief *is* politics. It is politics because in a time of desperate depression any Administration that goes counter to big-business pressures and uses taxes to keep people from starvation will get the votes of those people. It is, in short, not the allocation of relief that is politics; it is the fact of relief. In the 1936 election, according to the Gallup analysis, 80 per cent of those on relief voted for Mr. Roosevelt; 57 per cent of those who received no money at all voted for him. In other words, Mr. Roosevelt's landslide—as distinguished from what might have been a close victory—was due to his emphasis on the needs of what he has called "the submerged third."

If a concern for the underlying population is politics, then our quarrel with the Administration is that it is not giving us politics enough. Even with the spending program people today are starving—in Chicago, in Cleveland, all over the country. And while even greater spending would be good politics, there is a program which would be even better politics. It is a drastic program of economic planning, which would restore employment and purchasing power and increase the national income. That would get votes because it would give people what they really want—not relief but a chance to work.

Take Chamberlain: He's Yours

PARTISANS are ever prone to bad manners. We don't ask them to remove their hats and bow every time they throw a verbal tomato at an adversary's head. Not even if the adversary is *The Nation*. But partisanship seems to us, in these lowering spring days, to have become disingenuous as well as disagreeable.

Take the isolationists as an example. We know any number of isolationists personally. We know isolationists who are pacifists and isolationists who are big-navy boys. We know isolationists who insist that they are not that at all, but Socialists or thwarted internationalists. We meet them everywhere, even in the pages of *The Nation*. We have never advocated arresting, purging, or otherwise liquidating them.

But how, by comparison, do they deal with *The Nation* and other advocates of a policy of international cooperation? It is not sufficient for most of them to accuse us of being wrong-headed or to assert, as they have every right to, that any policy other than isolation will trip the country into war. That's their story, but they don't stick to it. Their pet charge—and it has been made by our pet isolationists—is that *The Nation* and those who share its views *want* the country to go to war, that we are panting to line up with Chamberlain and Daladier for a final civilization-smashing conflict against Hitler and Mussolini. One of our own regular contributors stated it this way: " . . . my friends who believe in collective security, who have been preparing to put us into war in behalf of the embattled democracies of Europe." If this charge is merely an honest rotten tomato slung in the heat of battle, then our years of journalistic combat have taught us nothing.

No, our opponents know better. They know that we want to prevent war, just as they do. They know that we believe it can be prevented only by groups and nations willing to oppose the fascist march on civilization; not by groups and nations who continue to offer bargains in appeasement to fascist powers. They know, too, that we recognize the risks in our own position: the danger that nothing will be done until it is too late to do anything, and that war will actually descend upon the world—the just and the isolationists alike.

This major distortion has led to lesser ones, among which we select the strategy of our opponents regarding Mr. Chamberlain. Their thesis seems to be this: Chamberlain is a scoundrel; he has betrayed Spain and sold out to Italy; he is conniving at the betrayal of Czechoslovakia, and as soon as that job is finished, he will come to terms with Germany. Where does that leave *The Nation* and others who prate of collective action by the democracies? It leaves them on the end of a limb which Mr. Chamberlain is busy sawing off.

We repudiate this line of argument as much on Mr. Chamberlain's behalf as on our own. Who says he is a scoundrel? We do, of course. We have opposed the British Prime Minister from the moment he took office because he has doused the last faint gleam of hope that England by word or deed or even by so much as a barrel of oil would impede the progress of fascism in Europe. We say so, but how do the isolationists get that way? To our ears Mr. Chamberlain's crimes sound like good isolationist doctrine.

He wants to keep British goods and British money out of a foreign country torn by war. He wants to placate the dictators, to offer them bits of territory and peace pacts and perhaps a loan or two in the hope of buying them off from major military adventures. He wants to keep Britain out of collective or other agreements that might precipitate war or commit his government to military support of other powers.

Of course Mr. Chamberlain cannot pursue these aims by strictly isolationist means. The Channel is only twenty miles wide, and fast planes can make the distance in about five minutes. To hold aloof from the quarrels of the Continent under those circumstances takes a bit of finagling, and Mr. Chamberlain must try somehow to achieve the balance of power upon which British detachment depends. In this difficult maneuver he deserves isolationist support; after all, a policy of conniving at fascist blackmail and conquest is the only alternative to collective action. A few isolationists recognize their kinship with Mr. Chamberlain, but these consistent characters are in the minority. Most of the rest attack Chamberlain for refusing to commit Britain to a common front against fascist aggression, while blandly supporting the same position for the United States. With such persons we have little patience. They might at least have the grace to permit other nations to dodge the risks and obligations they so flatly repudiate for their own.

The words of Quincy Howe in the correspondence pages reveal the isolationist fancy in full flight. Mr. Howe sends us an amiably patronizing bid to a crow-eating party on account of our editorial attack last week on the philanderings of the State Department with the British Foreign Office. He quotes from an editorial printed in *The Nation* eight months ago, in which we pleaded for a moderation of the anti-British hysteria then prevalent, and asks us to compare our present stand with that. Let us recall the circumstances of last September: Anthony Eden was in the British Cabinet; Léon Blum was Premier of France; a chance still remained that vigorous efforts by liberal and labor groups here and abroad might strengthen the hands of the anti-fascist elements in both governments and prevent the further destruction of democratic Europe. Those efforts failed; Eden was thrown out of the government, Blum fell, and their successors hastened to bargain for terms with fascism. They failed for a variety of reasons, but not least among them was the known fact that the United States could not be counted upon to support collective action. American isolationism made common cause with British reaction, and the hysteria that *The Nation* deplored was a perverse expression of that alliance.

And so, when the isolationists throw Mr. Chamberlain in our faces, we can only chuck him back again and say, he is yours; you and your like in England are keeping him in power. Our hope, frayed though it is, is pinned not to the stuffed shirt-front of the British Prime Minister but to the anti-government forces, the collective-security forces, that may yet throw him out of office or drive his government, at the point of a ballot, to change its foreign policy. Our hope is pinned to the strength and stubborn courage of the people and government in Spain. Our hope finds new strength in the amazing stand of the Czechoslovak government.

Meanwhile we trust that our American isolationists will revert to truth and tomatoes. We have a legitimate dispute to carry on with them; but the issue will never even be joined if they continue to pretend that we are or ever were committed to war or in league with Mr. Chamberlain.

A Firm Hand in Mexico

SUCH information as is available on the Mexican crisis indicates that President Cárdenas has forestalled a serious revolt by prompt action against General Cedillo. In this he seems to have profited by Spain's unhappy experience. Instead of allowing the reactionaries to choose the time and occasion for their uprising and thus plunge the country into a protracted civil war, he took advantage of a favorable political situation to force Cedillo's hand. While it is too early to say whether or not other right-wing groups will come to the support of the boss of San Luis Potosi, it looks as if Cárdenas had caught the opposition napping. As yet no other Mexican general or prominent political leader has enrolled under Cedillo's banner. Nor has the former Minister of Agriculture been able to make a bid for mass support. The middle class and labor have both been mobilized behind the government, and Cárdenas has succeeded in turning the campaign into a crusade not only against reaction but against the foreign interests that are seeking to regain their former dominance in Mexican affairs.

While no evidence has yet been uncovered linking Cedillo directly with the British and American oil interests, his known political activities clearly put him in the same camp. Cedillo originally came in conflict with the government on the issue of breaking up the large estates, a program which was also fought by important British and American interests. He has obviously found some source of support for his private army, and he is said to have acquired a personal air force of fifty-seven fighting planes, including seven speedy Howard planes from the United States.

The chief danger in the Cedillo revolt lies in the threat of foreign complications. Great Britain has flatly challenged the Cárdenas government on the issue of the oil wells. While there is little danger that Britain will go so far as to intervene directly in the present struggle, the Spanish war has shown that there are more ways than one of producing results. It may be assumed that the American oil interests will aid the rebels financially if they see any chance of a rightist victory. This will place a grave responsibility on the American State Department, which is undoubtedly under great pressure both from American interests in Mexico and from the British government to throw its influence against Cárdenas. Yet the future of the good-neighbor policy in Latin America demands that we support Mexico in its struggle to free itself from foreign influence. The line-up of forces is almost identical with that in Spain. A progressive government supported by an overwhelming majority of the people is opposed by a reactionary military leader backed by a combination comprising large landholders, the Catholic church, and foreign commercial interests. We believe that the State Department, whatever its failings in dealing with Europe, will show sufficient wisdom to avert a second Spanish civil war on our southern border.

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Behind Hull's Embargo

BY MAX LERNER

Washington, May 18

IT HAS been customary to regard Cordell Hull as a prisoner in his own house. Among the State Department career men and the cynical checkerboard diplomats, the Secretary has stood out for his rugged purity of purpose; but he has seemed helpless in the clutch of department routine and the vested habits of the foreign-office mentality. For like all foreign offices the State Department has drunk the heady wine of being at once a political élite and a corps of experts. Like all foreign offices it has therefore claimed diplomatic immunity to the democratic demands to which the more prosy government departments are subject.

Mr. Hull has had his alternations of quiescence and energy. In the beginning there was Moley; and there was a point during the London economic conference at which a witty Britisher, impressed with the ascendancy of Moley over Hull, sang "Moley, Moley, Moley, Lord God almighty." But Hull roused himself—and Hull can be stubborn when aroused—and Moley vanished. But once the domain had been reconquered, the deputies became king. For the shy charm of Mr. Hull is the charm of a man who is uneasy in the world in which he moves. Passionately absorbed in his trade treaties, he allowed other decisions to be made by his skilled subordinates. Rumors began to grow of major blunders, of crucial decisions reached without the Secretary's adequate knowledge or in his absence, of a pro-fascist trend in the department. It was the Pearson and Allen Washington Merry-Go-Round series with its brilliant behind-the-scenes disclosures that particularly got under his skin.

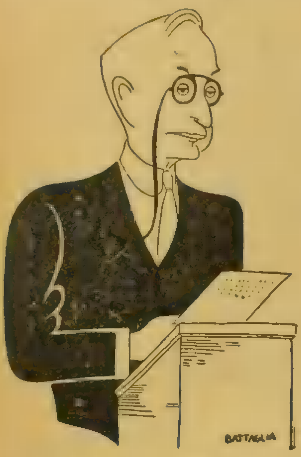
The Secretary comes from Tennessee, and for all his retiring ways a mountaineer's rages slumber in him. Once more, as in the Moley days, Mr. Hull was aroused. He took command of the department again. He held a press conference in which he had a historic tilt with Drew Pearson, distinguished more by the Secretary's zeal in defending his subordinates than by his knowledge or his logic. He took the entire responsibility for department policy on himself. Finally he wrote the letter to Senator Pittman embodying his views on the embargo. Mr. Hull is once more master in his own house.

But in what sort of house? To answer that, one must examine in detail the case of the Spanish embargo.

Congress passed a neutrality law in February, 1936. It was a bad law because it was either too rigid or not rigid enough. But the nation was neutrality-mad and ridden by what Mr. Hull calls the "storm-cellar psychology." When American policy toward Spain had to be shaped, late in 1936, Hull and Under Secretary Sumner Welles were away in South America. Judge Robert W. Moore, counselor to the department, was in charge. Moore, a close friend of Hull's, is a man of seventy-eight now, stiff and formal but with years of political experience and a feel for political sentiment. He bet on the isolationist drive, and applied the existing neutrality law so rigidly to Spain that he authorized Joseph C. Green, head of the munitions control board, to announce the names, makes, and engine numbers of all equipment being sent to Spain. Green, an able career man and far from a liberal, was happy to fall in with this policy. When word came that the Mar Cantabrico was sailing with a Loyalist shipment, Moore and Green trained all their publicity guns on it. The result was the farce of the race between Congress and a freighter. The freighter won, clearing the three-mile limit just before the embargo resolution was rushed through Congress early in January, 1937. For a time under the embargo the State Department sought to bar even the passage of doctors, nurses, and medical supplies.

The State Department has recently tried to wash its hands of responsibility for the embargo resolution. True, Congress passed it in a moment of hysteria. But that hysteria was largely created by State Department publicity; and the resolution itself was undoubtedly the work of its officials. It is needless to underline that the embargo has played into Franco's hands and those of Germany and Italy, that it has penalized a legally constituted government combating a rebellion, that it has acted as a sanction for intervention by "non-intervention" countries, that it has run counter to our whole traditional foreign policy. As this became clearer, the movement for repeal began.

I have been told in the State Department that this is a left-wing movement, and thus the Catholic press and certain dispatches in the New York *Herald Tribune* depict it. This does too exclusive honor to the left. The support for repeal in the Senate has come from men like Borah, Nye, Pope, Thomas, and—so long as the Administration smiled—Pittman. The *Herald Tribune's* own Walter Lippmann and Dorothy Thompson, citizens like Henry L. Stimson, Raymond L. Buell, and Carrie Chapman Catt, papers like the Chicago *News*, the Washington *Post*, the Portland *Oregonian*, even the New York *Sun* —these are among the left-wingers in the movement. The other charge I heard in the State Department was that there was a munitions lobby in the background, organized by Miles Sherover, the fiscal agent for the Loyalist government. This struck me as curious, since nothing that we know about American munitions men would indicate Loyalist sympathies, and since the arms manufacturers already have a market in Europe for everything they can make.



Secretary of State Cordell Hull

When Senator Borah, anxious to discuss repeal with the President, received a White House invitation in April (he wouldn't go without one), he was preceded at the White House by Sumner Welles. Welles is the President's man far more than Mr. Hull is. His mind is sharp while his manner is smooth and his purpose firm—always a powerful combination. Personally sympathetic to the Loyalist cause, he is a career man who knows his talents will carry him far, and he has learned to distinguish personal sympathy from political exigency and to conceal both behind a perfect mask of a face. His training has been mainly with Latin American problems, and he struck me as having carried over to his larger task the assurance with which a diplomat of wealth and social standing customarily deals with backward governments. What he may have told Mr. Roosevelt on that visit is not known. But it may be inferred from the fact that the President, in talking with Borah, raised difficulties about repeal: it was too late; the munitions would fall into Franco's hands; a third of the American ships would be sunk. There is a persistent report in Washington that some time during the past month Nazi Ambassador Dieckhoff warned our government about ships that might be sunk. Mr. Welles denies it. Yet the warning need not have been anything more than a discreet report of the number of ships already sunk by Franco's submarines (although Franco has no submarines of his own).

But the door was not closed tight. All through April the Administration dawdled with the idea of repeal, torn Hamlet-like between conscience and cowardice. When Senator Nye introduced his resolution, on May 2, rumors began popping that Roosevelt and Hull had swung over to it. Senator Pittman, an Administration wheel-horse, grew more interested. Sumner Welles and Judge Moore were reported as working actively for it. James C. Dunn alone, among the powers in the department, was holding out. Dunn has always been the chief target of the attacks on State Department "fascists." He is a favorite of Hull, who found him arranging place-cards as chief of protocol, and stepped him up until he became political adviser. His wife, a member of the Armour family and a converted Catholic, had been reported in the press as being openly anti-Loyalist, and Dunn was suspected of sharing her persuasion. But aside from him, the impression spread that the path of repeal was smooth.

Excitement ran high. On May 5 the New York *Times* printed its sensational story that repeal was assured, and that the State Department had given its *nihil obstat.* There can be no doubt the story was true. But when it appeared, the Catholics got busy and reached the President, who was fishing in Southern waters. High church dignitaries came to Washington and talked cold politics. Administration sources of whom I have inquired have denied the report that Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago interceded with the President through Mr. Farley. Yet the report will not down; and Mundelein, as the prize New Deal cardinal, would be the strategic link between Catholic reaction and New Deal realism. Along with the Catholics, the British Foreign Office and its satellites among the major American ambassadors in Western Europe got busy. Mr. Roosevelt came back, his leaning toward repeal vanished. So also was Mr. Hull's and that of the minor Hulls. A new spirit of Chamberlain "realism" pervaded the halls of the archaic building that houses the department. When one found even a guaranteed liberal like Assistant Secretary Berle, a former brain truster and a crony of LaGuardia's, enthusiastic about "facing facts" and irritated with the "propaganda" for repeal, it was clear that the game was up.

The final blow was Secretary Hull's letter to Senator Pittman. I am told that the individual sentences of this deliberately worded and coldly chiseled document were worked over by many hands; but it is clear that the final product and the final responsibility were Mr. Hull's. The Administration put all its force behind the letter. Only a band of heroes could have withstood the combined effect of Catholic votes, State Department learning and authority, Administration pressure, and mental sluggishness—and the Senate committee was not heroic.

I do not believe in personal devils. I hold the President and Mr. Hull responsible for what happened, but there is no sense in railing at them. They did what they did in response to effective forces. What were they?

Let us talk first of the British lion. I know that oversimplifies it, but it will at least serve as a symbol for a complex of forces. It is silly to call any group in the State Department "fascist," unless you are going to find fascists throughout the government. But as far as I can learn, there is a wing of the department that has not yet discovered the New Deal, and even those who know about it have no conception of how to embody it in our

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foreign policy. The career men have never got over their feeling of awe for the predatory gentility of the British ruling class. When you remember that even Ambassador Kennedy, of the Boston Irish, has succumbed to the English political week-end and has become the darling of the Cliveden set, you get an inkling of how fatal this fascination may be. It is not necessary to be fascist in the State Department; the Chamberlain line is enough and has the same consequences as far as foreign policy is concerned.

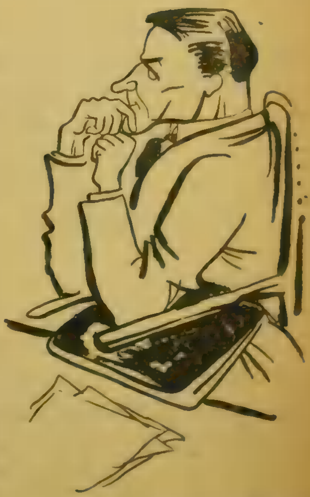
The passage of the Nye resolution would have been a staggering blow to Mr. Chamberlain's plans, to which a speedy Franco victory is central. The Chamberlain game has been to convince the Administration that the Loyalist cause is hopeless, convince Daladier that America would never lift the embargo and that keeping the Spanish frontier open would be futile, and convince the British people that Mr. Roosevelt approved of the Chamberlain policy. This policy worked as far as we were concerned because foreign offices are prone to act wishfully on inadequate information.

All the "realistic" reasons which the President and the officials of the State Department have given for their decision have been vitiated by being based on British premises and official information. Why should we believe that Loyalist resistance is over? It is not over unless British tactics are successful. Why should we believe that American supplies would not get to the Loyalists? Actually, non-war material has been getting to them, as have Soviet munitions. I understand the State Department is in possession of a complete report that shows the amount of shipping that has entered Mediterranean ports. Why should we believe that Daladier will close the frontier, when he would risk serious riots throughout France and his Soviet alliance in the bargain? What actual weight have we given to the reports to the State Department from our own ambassador in Spain, Claude Bowers, an able observer and a passionate believer in democracy, whose version of the facts differs in essence from the British?

In addition to the British lion, there is the Catholic vote. The biggest factor within the State Department was British pressure, but the biggest factor in the mind of the President was the Catholic vote. Mr. Hull has said some indignant things about organized pressure from the left. Will he deny that the greater part of the congratulations he has received on his stand come from Catholics? If this is a fact, he can scarcely feel elated over it. The Washington *Times* had the courage to write, "It is a cold political fact that the Catholic church has taken a determined stand in favor of General Franco." There are more than twenty million Catholics in this country. On the issue of the Spanish struggle, as on other issues, their hierarchy is now presuming to speak for them and is using their potential political power in such a way as to create a state within a state. And so far they have succeeded. For it is another "cold political fact" that Mr. Roosevelt, who has braved concentrated wealth, has not braved the risk of losing the votes around Boston, New York, Chicago, Detroit, Baltimore.

The Catholic stand is bound to prove a boomerang. I have just seen a letter sent out by Guy Emery Shipler, editor of the *Churchman*, to many leaders of Christian thought throughout the country. It is a good letter, because it speaks plainly when the time has come to speak plainly; yet it handles the delicate issue without rancor or intolerance. It challenges the hierarchy to prove that its rank and file stands with it on the issue of Franco. And it calls on the Christian conscience to redouble its efforts to lift the embargo. Meanwhile the real historical irony in this politicizing of the Catholic church is that the most effective blow in defense of British foreign policy has been struck by the American Irish.

The Secretary of State is a sincere man. He is primarily an international liberal, believing in low tariffs, economic freedom, and international good-will. But that is only one aspect of the man. The other side is only now emerging from the alembic of the embargo crisis. One phase of it is the sheer and amazing political cynicism of the letter to Senator Pittman. I am informed that the composition of the letter caused agonies of mind and heart. I can well believe it, knowing the Secretary's past record. The contradiction in Mr. Hull is that while the Secretary is a liberal, he has not proved himself a democrat. If he were, he could not have allowed his irritation at the pressures and criticisms directed at him to develop into a hostility toward the movement for lifting the embargo. To be sure, the delegations that visited the Secretary and Judge Moore allowed their sense of urgency to interfere with the best State Department manner. They were teachers, ministers, workers. What right had Mr. Hull to resent them? This was no synthetic lobby, organized by a Rumely. This was a movement that came closer than any other in recent times to being the authentic voice of the American conscience.



Drawing by Schreiber

Senator Gerald P. Nye

And for that reason the struggle is not over. The State Department and the President have spoken; the people have yet to be heard from. The tragedy is that victory, when it comes, may come too late to be more than a gesture to the ghost of Spain. Or the result may be not even a phantom victory but a vast disenchantment of Americans with all our fumblings toward "neutrality"—a disenchantment sharp enough to increase isolationist sentiment to the point of tying the President and the State Department hand and foot in their foreign policy. And the Administration game is dangerous for another reason as well. The victory of Spanish landlordism and feudal tyranny is the victory also of the mother of all South American tyrannies. No one should know better than Cordell Hull and Sumner Welles how perilous the Latin American situation is, and how responsive to what happens in Europe. And no one should know better than they that you cannot be Old Deal abroad and remain New Deal at home. For every triumph of the totalitarian states creates a climate of opinion at home in which American democracy must in the end stifle.

Hungary—the Spain of the East

BY HENRY B. KRANZ

HUNGARY is the last foothold of the Middle Ages. That is why I once called the Magyars the "Spaniards of the East." Here the peasant still kisses his lord's hand humbly. And the lord still feels himself the head of a large family whose unremitting labor he repays by his fatherly providence. Piety is traditional here. Duels are still the order of the day. And patriotic pride is drunk in by children with their mother's milk: Hungarian history is awe-inspiring, all Hungarian soldiers are brave, all Hungarian statesmen are wise, no other dance is as wild as the *czardas,* and tokay is the fieriest wine.

Here Orient and Occident meet. This wedding of the two civilizations has created a gay, varicolored scene of picturesque charm. The peasant still dresses in all the colors of the rainbow. On the Hungarian plain, nobles and shepherds alike ride on blooded horses of an ancient strain. But here, as in Spain, may be found the most glaring contrasts—spendthrift aristocrats and starving peasants, pious provincial officials and a revolutionary proletariat. The analogy may be carried still farther. Long before the Spanish civil war, back in 1919, there was a Communist government in Budapest, and it actually survived for a few months. Hungary, under Bela Kun, was the first Bolshevist state outside Russia. And then came the counter-revolution, the "white terror," the first fascist government in Europe. Today Hungary is a kingdom without a king, a dictatorship without a dictator, a democracy without the rule of the people. And the secret regent is—Hitler.

The bases of this situation are economic, political, and national. The Magyars are split into a dozen parties. But no matter how bitterly these parties may fight one another, they are agreed upon one thing: the nation comes first. We want, they all proclaim, the revision of the peace treaties. We want a strong army and the liberation of our brothers across the border.

Hitler has proved to the Magyars that a state without military power, with its treasury half empty and the exchange against it, can attain to great political success. Hitler's one weapon was the fanatical nationalism which he whipped up among the Germans. The Magyars believe they are in a similar situation. They, as well as Austria and Germany, were treated very roughly by the victor nations. They lost almost three-quarters of their land and almost 60 per cent of their population. (It is true that this population was not pure Hungarian; it had a strong admixture of Germans, Croatians, Slovaks, and Rumanians.) They also lost their most important industrial towns. Agriculture and stock farming must serve to support the entire country.

Three million Magyars now live within the boundaries of the neighboring states of Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia. Only the neighbor to the west, Germany, had, before the Austrian annexation, no Hungarian minority. Germans and Hungarians were companions in arms during the World War. Can one wonder, then, that today "Trianon" is the most hated word in the Hungarian vocabulary? Or that the Magyars prefer the nationalist anti-Semitic ideology of Hitler to Mussolini's fascist tenets? What can they hope to gain from Mussolini, who is separated from them by a powerful Yugoslavia? Will he give them back their port on the Adriatic, that Fiume which was once Hungary's outlet to the seven seas? Hitler promises help in the immediate future. He will disrupt Czechoslovakia and free the 750,000 Magyars within its confines. He will take Croatia and Slavonia away from the Yugoslavs and force the Rumanians to give back rich Transylvania.

Gold and silver, copper and salt, vineyards and woods, water power, coal mines, and factories—all these were torn from the hands of the proud Magyars by the peace treaties. They would make a pact with the devil himself to get back even a part of it. Then why not with Hitler? Moreover, Germany today is the best customer for Hungarian wheat and Hungarian farm labor.

The Führer knows all this. And since he does not want to risk war by marching into Czechoslovakia he might stick Hungary in his pocket on his way to the fertile fields of the Ukraine. Quite peacefully, of course—greeted with open arms. Who would put any difficulties in his way? The Little Entente, founded to fight Hungarian revisionism? It is relatively unimportant now that the very existence of Czechoslovakia is threatened. Italy? The valley of the Danube is much less important to Mussolini today than the Mediterranean; whence his close friendship with Yugoslavia. And he cannot play the game with both Hungary and Yugoslavia. The Magyars stand alone. Will Hungary defend its independence?

General Gömbös, the former Prime Minister of Hungary, a fanatical nationalist, is dead. And the regent, Nicholas Horthy de Nagybanya, is not even a Hindenburg. He is an impotent seventy-one-year-old admiral and has no successor. A little country of only 35,900 square miles and some 9,000,000 inhabitants, Hungary is surrounded by countries that have their own troubles. No one is waging war for the sake of a political idea in these days. Most countries think of nothing but the safety of their own boundaries. Should Hitler feel the urge to seize Hungary and bind it to Germany somewhat as Austria and Hungary used to be bound together, hardly a European capital would utter the feeblest war cry. When Austria was wiped off the map, the balance of power in the Danube basin was destroyed forever. Horthy knows this, and so do his friends.

The Germans in Hungary, about 6 per cent of the population, disseminate nationalist propaganda just as Germans do everywhere. Most of the Magyars understand this perfectly. They do it themselves in the states that border on their own. And they are not loath to hear the Germans shout, "Out with the Jews." They feel no pride in the fact that the majority of the "sons of Hungary" who are famous in the world today as artists, musicians, writers, and painters are Jews and not pure Magyars. A new law restricting the rights of the 5 per cent of the population who are Jews was recently enacted, but there are powerful nationalist circles which are still not satisfied. Germany's shining example is before their eyes. They ignore one curious fact: of all the Jews in the world the Hungarian Jew is the most chauvinistic. He considers himself a true Magyar, and is always in the front rank in the fight for revision, beside the land-owning gentry.

The great nobles are less nationalistic than the squirearchy and the Jews. The Hungarian earls are among the oldest aristocrats in Europe, and Hungary has always acknowledged them as its masters—the Andrassys, the Eszterhazys, the Telekis, the Karolys, the Szaparys, and the Hunyadis. A thousand noble families are still the owners of one-third of the arable land, and another eleven hundred landed families own another sixth of the country. But the sons of these noble families served the Hapsburgs. Most of them are cosmopolitans. They have occasionally married the daughters of other nations, particularly Americans. They are just as conservative as the Spanish grandees and the Prussian Junkers, but they are more citizens of the world than these, and they have a humanitarian point of view which is opposed to any sort of terrorism.

The "kingdom of the crown of St. Stephen" has the same governmental form as England. It is ruled by an upper and lower house of parliament. Of the 245 representatives in the lower house 173 are members of the National Union Party. Behind this party stand the landed gentry and the banks. (But voting is secret only in the cities. In the country the unanimous vote is seen to by the constabulary.) A number of smaller groups also vote with the government, among them the Christian Nationalist Party, led by Stephen Friedrich, the Liberal Party, led by Rassay, a few legitimists, a handful of independents, and one Nazi, Hubay. The opposition is unimportant; it includes eleven Social Democrats and twenty-four members of the Small Farmers' Party, whose chief is the temperamental Tibor von Eckhardt. Eckhardt boasts that he is a democrat, but he is also a fiery nationalist. For the time being he is against the Nazis. He has declared: "We have no intention of allowing ourselves to be made the *Südostraum* of the German Empire."

Koloman Daranyi, the former Premier, by tradition a friend of the landowning class, may some day become the Papen of Hungary. The new Premier, Bela Imredy, is a fiery nationalist with pronounced racial ideas but is opposed to the Nazis. In his Cabinet are some who wish the Nazis well, above all Foreign Minister Kanya, who has said: "Who would venture to deny that in many respects Hungary's and Germany's political and economic interests are identical?" Minister of Propaganda Valentin Homan rates as a warm friend of Hitler's. And so do the Minister of Interior, General Franz Keresztes-Fischer; the Minister of War, General Eugene Ratz; and the Minister of Agriculture, Alexander Stranyavski.

In this country of counts even the original Nazi movement was founded by one. Five years ago Count Festetics, a millionaire, started the "Arrow Cross." A quarter of a million peasants follow his bidding, and Germany contributes—good advice. Later a second Nazi group was formed, the *Nemzeti* (National Front). Its leader, Dr. Ferenc Rainiss, has lured the petty officials to his banner; Germany provides the money but stands aloof. A third group is led by a new man, Major Ferenc Szalasi, a fine officer and rabid radical. His party contributes the unemployed and the students. When all Hungary began to hail him as the Hungarian Hitler, German friends finally came to his aid with organization. Today the Hungarian National Socialist Party with its slogan, "Anti-Capitalist, Anti-Semitic, National," has in the neighborhood of a million adherents—outside Parliament.

And inside Parliament? At least 50 per cent of the representatives are drawing closer and closer to Nazism. Also an official high in the government like Laszlo Endre and a ranking general like Vilmos Roeder have admitted that the army, like officialdom, is becoming Nazified. The majority in the upper house, all the Hapsburg adherents, the rich counts, and many workers still fight the movement. But the Nazis are already strong enough to gain the mastery, perhaps overnight. Nor is a putsch out of the question. A customs union with Germany would immediately follow. From that to Anschluss would be but a step. And Aryans and non-Aryans would be fraternally united.

Seemingly unmoved by these political struggles, Budapest, Vienna's sister city, lives a gay life. Elegant beaus and ladies of fashion still promenade along the broad avenue that borders the Danube. There is gambling for high stakes in a hundred clubs, and champagne flows in the coffee houses to the accompaniment of passionate gipsy music. But tomorrow the "Spain of Eastern Europe" may be another focus of the European struggle. Hungary, not Czechoslovakia, may well be Hitler's next goal.

In the Wind

JAY ALLEN, prominent pro-Loyalist journalist, was invited to address the annual meeting of the Students' International Union in New York. On the same program was Sir Gerald Campbell, British consul general just shifted from New York to Canada. The subject of the meeting was to be Order in World Affairs. On the morning of the luncheon Allen's secretary received an anxious call from its sponsors. Sir Gerald, they said, was most insistent that Allen refrain from mentioning Spain. At the meeting Sir Gerald discussed Britain's three great contributions to modern international society—the Salvation Army, the Girl Scouts, the Boy Scouts. Allen talked about Spain.

*

The press is giving considerable attention to the Nazi spy exposé and the activities of the Dickstein committee. But a federal probe of Nazis in America has already unearthed some much more startling facts. More ominous even than the wide network of Nazi propaganda is the evidence of the extent to which American business interests are bolstering the Hitler regime. These disclosures are coming soon.

*

The Bergen *Evening Record* is the most important paper in Bergen County, New Jersey. It is consistently anti-fascist and pro-Loyalist, and it runs a notably controversial letter department. *America,* the Catholic weekly, recently singled out an item in the *Record's* letter column as the most "anti-Catholic" newspaper note of the year. A barrage of letters is descending on the publisher, John Borg, who has so far courageously refused to censor his columns. But influential Catholics are talking of a boycott, and some have already started it. And there are 80,000 Catholics in Bergen County.

*

Westbrook Pegler continues to run into trouble. In addito the New York *World-Telegram* censorship described in *The Nation* on May 14, the *Guild Reporter* now discloses that his columns were omitted and distorted in the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* when he wrote about Dave Beck and the West Coast labor movement. Commenting on columnists recently, Walter Winchell wrote: "The boss lets his paragrapher jot down anything that comes into his noodle. The boss can always throw the column away. Hey, Westbrook?" What Winchell, who has become militantly anti-fascist, failed to report, although *Ken* did, was the wire William Randolph Hearst sent to his editors telling them to "edit Winchell very carefully, leave out any dangerous or disagreeable items, leave out the whole column without hesitation." Hey, Walter?

*

Just a year ago the Spanish Ambassador visited Boston. He received no police escort, no public fanfare, virtually no publicity. Last month Fulvio Suvich, the Italian Ambassador, went to Boston. He got a big press, receptions, a police escort, and a banquet at which, according to the Boston *Herald,* "many figures prominent in the political life of the state and city were in evidence. Governor Hurley and Mayor Tobin both spoke, as did Manager Richard J. Haberlin and Admiral Walter R. Gherardi. Former Governor Curley was also present, wearing the star and ribbon of a Commander of the Order of Italy. . . . He was accorded an ovation when he gave the fascist salute."

*

AT-HOME-ABROAD NOTE: "Shanghai, May 17 (A.P.). British authorities today delivered a 'strong written protest' to Japanese officials against alleged mistreatment of E. S. Wilkinson, British naturalist, who was arrested last Friday while on a 'bird chase' through Japanese-occupied Hongkew."

*

The Brooklyn *Tablet,* a Catholic weekly edited by Patrick Scanlon, recently urged the deportation of Albert Einstein. . . . When twenty editorial workers struck at the Hollywood *News-Citizen,* Robert Montgomery and Ralph Morgan were among those present on the picket line. . . . N.B.C. recently banned a *True Story* broadcast dramatizing cooperative medicine; it was "too controversial." The program substituted that night was called Wife of Little Faith. . . . One of the clauses in the new democratic Communist Party constitution drafted for the coming convention forbids "personal or political relationship with Trotskyites, Lovestonites, or other known enemies of the party and the working class." . . . Last January 15 *The Nation* published Yale Needs the C. I. O., an attack upon labor conditions at the university; last week university maids quietly received an increase in pay and janitors' conditions were improved. But Yale insists that "pressure" had nothing to do with its recent benevolence.

Our Feudal Housewives

BY EVELYN SEELEY

THE housewife stands condemned as the worst employer in the country. She is worse than Girdler, Rand, the runaway factory owner, the manufacturer with a string of sweatshops; at best she ranks with Henry Ford, paternalist, without his scientific efficiency.

Civilization has progressed through three stages in labor relationships, as has been pointed out by Henrietta Roelofs of the Young Women's Christian Association—owner and slave, master and man, employer and employee. The housewife is still back in the master-and-man—or mistress-and-maid—era. "The slave had no independent life of his own," Miss Roelofs says, "no free time of his own, and therefore no social standing. In the relation of mistress and maid there is an advance in that either party is at liberty to terminate the relationship if unsatisfactory; but the mistress still feels that she owns the entire time of the maid once the relationship is established, and the granting of free periods of time to the maid partakes of the nature of a generous gift."

As employers housewives belong to one of three classes—rich mistresses of large houses, middle-class suburbanites, and women who work for their living or to supplement their husband's income. The wealthy group is the best, the middle-class group the worst. The wealthy woman with a staff of servants may be at least a benevolent despot; the suburban wife, straining to keep up with the Joneses, uses her maid to that end; the working employer may not know, or take time to learn, how much work can be done in her house in a certain time.

The housewives of the United States make their million and a half employees work an average of seventy-two hours a week and pay them lower wages than are paid in any other industry. (Comparatively good wages, $8 to $18 a week, are maintained in some metropolitan areas, but in most sections they average only $3 and $4 a week.) Housewives pay their servants whatever they can squeeze out of their budget after the grocer, the butcher, the laundry, the department store—with means of collection—have been paid; cut them when their own income declines; take from their pay maximum cash value for living quarters and give them minimum value—a room just off the laundry, perhaps, or over the garage; give them no vacations with pay, no sick leave, no insurance against accident, no security of any kind; permit them little freedom to see or make friends; treat them generally in such a way that a social stigma clings to the job of domestic worker.

At the bottom of the worker scale is the "slave market" as it exists in certain cities. New York has 200 slave markets, according to the Domestic Workers' Union. You can bargain for household help in the Bronx on almost any corner above 167th Street. Colored workers, mostly women, stand there in little groups waiting to be hired. Each carries a bundle containing work clothes and the lunch she will eat hastily on her own time. They work for 35 cents an hour, although 50 cents is the standard rate. Some who are desperate or cold or tired of standing will work for 25. They say that they are sometimes asked to go for 15. Most jobs last three or four hours.

That is the bottom. At the top are the domestic staffs of the big houses, who in many cases have reasonable hours, good pay, security, and some social life among themselves. Between the "cleaning women" and the "staff" come the great majority of domestic workers—those who are the only maid in a home, completely at the mercy of the kindness or carelessness or ruthlessness of the employer. The conditions of their employment are admittedly difficult to change, but certain movements, gathering strength slowly, are under way to help them. Legislation, unionization, training for workers, education of employers, promotion of the working agreement offer hope for the future.

More women are in domestic service in the United States than in any other kind of employment, yet only one state out of forty-three—Washington—makes its limitation of hours for women in industry applicable to domestic workers. Only three states—New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut—place household employees under the workmen's compensation laws, and Connecticut only if there are four employees working for one employer. New York considers domestics eligible for unemployment insurance only if there are four workers in a house. Wisconsin includes them in the minimum-wage law.

A year ago a bill limiting the hours of domestic work to sixty a week was introduced in the New York legislature. Placing the limit as high as sixty would seem arrogant in any other field, but the home is "different," and to many sputtering housewives, as well as to the domestic-employment agencies, the very idea was revolution. The Women's Trade Union League framed the bill. Such organizations as the Domestic Workers' Union, the National Consumers' League, the Women's City Club of New York, and the League of Women Shoppers generally favored it. The W. T. U. L. had heard many protests that the introduction of the bill was premature, that education for housewives on the subject was needed first, but it had not realized what a hornet's nest it was tackling. At a meeting held at the clubrooms of a civic-minded urban group the audience appeared unable to distinguish between legislation and unionization. The argument of the head of the Domestic Workers' Union, who spoke for the bill, was a red flag to her listeners. When she had finished, they exploded: "I've kept house twenty-five years, but I'll move to a hotel before I'll stand for it"—"We'll close our homes; we'll quit having children" —"My husband has enough troubles with unions in his business without having union trouble at home."

Assemblyman Muccigrosso introduced the bill in committee in Albany. Knocked down, it rose for resubmission so weak and shorn that the union could no longer support it. And even in that weak and toothless state it could not be passed. The only thing accomplished for household workers in New York during the past year was the amendment of the workmen's compensation act to apply to employers of two or more household workers.

Washington passed its sixty-hour law a year ago against tremendous pressure. Proponents of the bill had to shear off the six-day week and the $50 fine for violation and make its provisions practically unenforceable in order to get it through at all. Since its passage many housewives have been found to be "non-cooperative." They interpret free hours as hours when the maid is on call to answer telephone and door bell, or even as hours of light duties. Violation of the act, a misdemeanor, has to be reported by the maid. And naturally not many maids who want to hold their jobs report their employers. Some employers take the attitude that if an employee "doesn't like the standards of work her best move is to find another employer."

The Domestic Workers' Union is young and weak. In New York, where there are 100,000 domestic workers, it has not yet 1,000 members. There are unions in Westchester County, a suburban section near New York, Washington, D. C., Milwaukee, Chicago, Philadelphia, Oakland, Newark, and Cleveland, but most of them are small, and only a few are real unions; several have A. F. of L. charters and one a C. I. O. charter. The New York local strives for the sixty-hour six-day week, one full day off, higher wages, better conditions, social security and compensation. The union does not regard sixty hours as a reasonable working week, but it knows it is the best it can ask for now. It suggests working out the sixty-hour six-day week on the basis of two five-hour shifts a day. A ten-hour day seems a great stride ahead, since the average maid works fifteen to sixteen hours a day.

All persons interested in obtaining better conditions for domestic workers agree that education is essential, and this means education for workers and employers alike. The National Consumer's League, which is about to undertake a survey of the whole problem, believes that such education must precede legislation. The National Committee of Household Workers is committed to "recognition of housework as employment requiring skill and training and the establishment, through public-school systems where possible, of vocational training schools for houseworkers where they can be taught to schedule their work to fit into a normal work day." All over the country special schools are offering domestic training as a way to better standards. In most states the WPA is conducting household projects for those on relief who want to go into household work.

At the Philadelphia Institute of Household Occupations students ranging in age from seventeen to thirty study in a nine-room rented house, an actual home situation. The school board provides the teaching service, and the Y. W. C. A. pays the director's salary, furnishings, and overhead. Students with at least an eighth-grade education are preferred. They must be strong enough for housework, free from infectious disease, interested in housework, reasonably attractive. They study for three months—general cleaning, laundering, cooking and caring for food, service, child care, personal regimen, work attitudes. Graduates of the institute who "live out" are placed on the basis of a forty-eight-hour week, those who "live in" on a fifty-four-hour week. The school is willing to help employers to map out the work and checks the efficiency and welfare of the maid at the end of the first week, the first month, and after that every three months. The catch is that even the trained maid, knowing standards and schedules as well as her personal rights, is at the mercy of the individual housewife. The schools have no means of insisting on minimum standards from employers, for there is neither legislation nor public opinion to support them.

Educating the housewife employer is another matter. This is one of the jobs of Dorothy P. Wells, chairman of the National Committee on Household Employment, one of the best-versed and most realistic women in the field of domestic employer-employee relations. She is urging, through local councils on household employment, the general use of the working agreement. This is an agreement, made at the time of hiring, which defines duties, actual working hours, time on call, free hours, time off, vacations, wages. It may be written or oral and may be reviewed periodically if emergencies or unforeseen variations occur.

Mrs. Boardman of Scientific Housekeeping, who opposed the sixty-hour bill, believes that labor laws will solve nothing "when such demands as a sixty-hour week meet the resistance from housewives which this bill is meeting and must legitimately meet." "Let us educate household employers to their responsibility . . . as to regularity of outlines of work, time off duty, systematic

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ordering and entertaining, adequate equipment, nourishing food for maids, and constant developing of a maid's ability, responsibility, and intelligence. These are essential to maintain the household morale that makes life at home a complete joy for all concerned." Mrs. Boardman calls this "the new morale," and asserts that it "remains at all times the simple and complete solution."

Miss Wells often feels a bit grim about finding a solution. One hope seems to her to lie in training potential young employers in college. "Maybe," she says hopefully, "if you get them young—"

Is the Passementerie Pact Doomed?

BY FRANK SULLIVAN

IN SOME respects the world seems calmer but in others not so calm. Leslie Hore-Belisha, British Secretary of State for War, aroused mirth when he announced recently that he believes in mermaids, but nobody laughed when Chamberlain announced that he believes in Mussolini. Of course, the British are notoriously slow to catch the point of some types of joke.

In New York, James Woodhull wrote the President asking Mr. Roosevelt to drop everything and find him a wife. James apparently does not want to get married in a hurry or he does not read the papers. Doesn't he know that if Mr. Roosevelt were to pick a bride for him, her name would have to be submitted to Congress for confirmation, and the moment that happened, Representative John J. O'Connor, the greatest champion of the people's liberties since Father Coughlin, Jeremiah Cross, and Donald Duck, would rise in his wrath and send himself three thousand night letters demanding that Woodhull be preserved from the perils of dictatorship?

Somewhat more disturbing is the news about Mrs. T. Wallace Orr. Mrs. T. Wallace Orr purchased an emerald at a reported cost of a quarter of a million dollars. Probably felt blue and out of sorts one day and just went out and bought the kickshaw to cheer herself up. It weighs sixty-five carats and belonged to a maharajah for whom it had got too small.

Now, those lovers of peace and amity who have a tendency to sneeze in the presence of strong light can only hope that this purchase by Mrs. Orr will not upset the 5-5-5 Passementerie Pact of 1935 by which Countess Babs Hutton, Mrs. Edward B. McLean, owner of the Hope diamond, and Mae West, owner of the West (and also East) stomacher, agreed to limit the size of their diadems.

No statements have come from Miss West, Mrs. McLean, or the Countess regarding Mrs. Orr's acquisition, and we political experts, knowing the mettle of these three girls, cannot fail to construe their silence as ominous. In our opinion it is extremely likely that the three parties to the Passementerie Pact will regard Mrs. Orr's purchase as an unfriendly gesture, and unless someone intervenes who can speak with authority, such as Elsa Maxwell, and prevail on Mrs. Orr to take a hammer and break up her emerald into twenty or thirty smaller gems that will not threaten the balance of power already existing between La West, La McLean, and La Comtesse, we are undoubtedly in for a gem race that may well exhaust all the participants.

The strain of wearing heavy jewelry is an ordeal which is not always appreciated by the non-jewel-possessing classes, and society women who with no thought to their own comfort endeavor to bring a little sunshine into the lives of night-club waiters by displaying several pounds of precious gems often get no thanks at all for their pains, not even from the hold-up men who are the greatest beneficiaries of their thoughtfulness.

In our opinion, Miss West, Mrs. McLean, and Babs are in better shape for the coming emerald fight than Mrs. T. Wallace Orr, although I must admit I do not know much about Mrs. T. Wallace Orr and have no data at hand regarding her past performances as a jewel toter. However, I have seen her photograph, and she seems like a rather frail girl, scarcely strong enough to lift a quarter of a million dollars in cash, let alone a sixty-five-carat emerald.

The other three girls are experienced gem wearers who know exactly how to carry a diamond of the boulder type with the least expenditure of energy. All three, I understand from the managers of the safe-deposit vaults which handle their equipment, are in the pink today and would emerge from the most strenuous gem-wearing contest with scarcely more than a pain in the neck. Mrs. McLean, of course, will be particularly remembered for her courageous diamond-wearing feat of some years back when she went to Russia and flashed the Hope diamond on the Russians, frightening the mujiks into a proper appreciation of America's up-to-the-minute equipment in anti-aircraft searchlights.

Of course, Mrs. Orr may turn out to be a dark horse. There was a rumor that she is being coached by Peggy Joyce, but I have not been able to contact Miss Joyce to verify this. But if it is true, the parties to the Passementerie Pact had better look to their laurels, for Peggy Joyce is a force to be reckoned with as a diamond toter. Miss Joyce has done more for the diamond than Luther Burbank did for the potato, and when she really puts on all her ice, she causes magnetic storms on the surface of the sun, ninety-six millions of miles away. And she still holds the record for the twenty-pound-ruby put.

It will be interesting to see what happens as a result of Mrs. Orr's defi. At any rate, lovers of justice will have the satisfaction of knowing that no matter what happens, Cartier will win.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

BEFORE me lies a letter I have just received from an old friend in Munich, similar in content to many that have come to me in the last few years. Its burden is that I insist on saying harsh things about Germany which I must know "can only hurt deeply my old friends there." The writer then goes on to say: "I am certain that if you would only come over here and see for yourself, your strong sense of justice would compel you to judge us differently." Here we have again the puzzle of the unfathomable German mentality, which I confess I understand less and less as time passes. The writer of this letter has lived for years out of Germany—in England, the United States, and elsewhere. He has had the opportunity to know other peoples and their backgrounds and especially the Anglo-Saxon way of looking at things. Yet he too repeats this stupid statement that if I would only come to Germany I would quite change my opinion about the great and glorious rule of the Führer, Adolf Hitler.

Unfortunately that letter arrived at a singularly unhappy moment. I had just heard of the death of my noble-spirited, truly patriotic friend Carl von Ossietzky, done to death by years of torture in prison and concentration camp—a torture, it is only fair to say, that was begun under the republic in the pre-Hitler period—for the simple offense of revealing the truth about the way the German government was deliberately dishonoring its signature to the Treaty of Versailles by rearming secretly. This letter from Munich also arrived just after I had been called on by a young Austrian who for opposing the Hitler regime had been arrested in Germany and imprisoned for six months in a concentration camp. His body is a dreadful sight—a mass of scars from daily beatings. In addition, as a result of his injuries he has had to undergo no fewer than sixteen operations since his release. The doctors say that his lungs and kidneys are gravely affected.

So I was not exactly in the mood to be lectured by my friend in Munich. It aroused first my anger and then my pity and then my bewilderment that this intelligent correspondent could really believe that a visit to Germany would wipe out these memories and a thousand others, would make me think well of a government which has openly declared war upon civilization, upon liberty, upon all the humane aspirations of centuries. Of course I should see humming factories, a great army in the making, superb roads, a contented youth. I should behold marvelous changes since the last winter that I passed in Germany—that of 1930-31 when the weak and compromising Brüning was at the helm. I should attend wonderful pageants, circuses, parades. But witnessing these really remarkable achievements of a brutal but able government I should never be able to forget that this government has also declared war upon my own government, that it has appointed a Nazi leader to help wreck our institutions, and that it is spending millions of marks for that purpose in this country every year.

I resent the implication in this and similar letters that a superficial journey around Germany would make me faithless to my democratic faith, my belief that, as Lincoln put it, no man is good enough to govern any other man without that other man's consent.

One thing more: I wish that my German friends would realize that if everything else in Germany were in accord with my political and moral and spiritual ideas, I should never be able to forgive them for what they have done and are doing to the Jews, who have lived among them for centuries and made enormous contributions to the progress and especially the intellectual and artistic advancement of Germany. With an icy cruelty that beggars description they are being robbed of their all, denied the right to work, and turned out to die of slow starvation. After October 1 they are not to be allowed to take part in any business, and as they cannot get a labor certificate there is nothing left but immigration or starvation—and immigration is financially impossible. Never before has a great nation deliberately robbed and tortured more than half a million of its citizens; yet I am supposed to go over and see some stadiums and some happy workers on Strength-Through-Joy trips and forget all this!

I am sorry if stating facts like these hurts the feelings of my German friends, but the fault is not mine. It lies at the doors of the bloody-handed men who have made the Germany of today more feared and hated even than it was during the World War, who have flung ethics, morality, and justice to the winds. All my life I have sought to tell the truth as I see it. I have done so all my life about my own country and hurt many people's feelings. Why should I fail to tell the truth about the Germany of today? My critics were very grateful when I denounced the treatment of Germany at Versailles. I am the same man today and am exercising the same judgment today that I possessed then.

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THE APOLOGIA OF KURT SCHUSCHNIGG

BY FRANZ HOELLERING

KURT SCHUSCHNIGG, the half-hearted, pseudo-democratic, pseudo-authoritarian dictator of Austria, disposed of by the historic events of recent weeks, finished the manuscript of his autobiographical apology* for the clerico-fascist system of his government less than three months before his and Dollfuss's "new state" collapsed like a house of cards. He had thought independent Austria imperishable. But today Schuschnigg is a prisoner of the Nazis, forced to listen to the speeches of the brutal victor and to the "Heil Hitlers" of those who were shouting "Heil Schuschnigg" yesterday, and tortured by such casual bits of news as "You cannot see your father, he committed suicide." It is a sad duty to review the book of a man whose fate deserves as much sympathy as his work merits condemnation.

Born the son of an officer, Schuschnigg grew up in the patriotic atmosphere of the Austro-Hungarian army, where the struggle for national freedom of the many nations "united" under the Hapsburg scepter was little understood, and still less the fight of the masses for social and political rights. At the age of ten the boy was sent to a Jesuit college. For eight decisive years he lived under the subtle influence of clerical conceptions.

In 1915 he goes from school into the trenches. In 1919, after being kept prisoner for a year in Italy, he returns to the Tyrol. He goes to the university, becomes a lawyer, marries. He is conservative, with the aristocratic touch of the Hapsburg Catholic, provincial, longs for the glorious past, condemns the changes which have taken place, and accepts eagerly surface appearances of mass movements for their content. The masses are still the mob which must be put down by loyal troops. And if the new army is on the side of the people, then vigilantes have to be organized. So, after the Socialists have liquidated the worst features of the war inheritance, the reactionaries of all shades raise their heads again—helped by thousands of ex-officials and ex-officers of the old monarchy, who had all retired into poor Austria. The more materialistic and personal their claims, the more they feel the necessity for an ideology. Ignaz Seipl, a Catholic priest, a former member of the last imperial Cabinet, becomes Chancellor; ". . . without if's and but's he recognized the ideal of the fatherland." And Schuschnigg is his disciple.

This ideal of the fatherland is based on the conception of a *Homo austriaticus* with the profession of an "Austrian mission." A great deal of intellectual juggling and self-deceit becomes necessary. Out of the pleasant stuff of an idyllic landscape and climate and the pitiful remnants of an engulfed culture—it disappeared before and not because of the World War—the very reason for the existence of the artificial state set up by the stupid peace treaties has to be created. The more concrete content of the ideal was: no Anschluss (Germany had a Socialist President), away with the achievements of the "revolution" (including even the more liberal interpretation of a 150-year-old divorce law), and last but not least League of Nations loans to keep the state machinery and the ruling class going—loans on which the masses would pay the interest. For the masses, as their patriotic duty in the holy service of the ideal, was reserved a mere custom of the poor—to tighten the belt. To be sure Schuschnigg sees things differently. He is more concerned with the spiritual life; and such quotations as this from Goethe

> Heroes have often vanished,
> But who will protect the masses
> Against the masses?
> The mass has become the masses' oppressor!

are easily found. He asks in 1937 the now so tragic question whether the Socialist friends of the Anschluss would in 1938 regard it as an advantage if they had succeeded in 1922? But he does not ask the less demagogic question whether a progressive resistance to the peace treaties would not have helped to break them down in time and thus have prevented the rise of Hitler.

From 1927 on Schuschnigg develops a "modest activity" as a member of the Chamber of Deputies. In 1932 he becomes, as representative of the fatally ill Seipl, a member of the Cabinet and remains as Minister of Justice throughout the stormy period to come. In 1934 he succeeds the murdered Dollfuss as dictator. Dollfuss, more energetic than Schuschnigg, more politician than professor, had put Seipl's ideals into practice. His main thesis was that Austria could only be saved by the disappearance of the democratic constitution. In this formula the Socialists—representing 75 per cent of the voters in Vienna, 45 per cent in the whole country—had no trust. Schuschnigg complains: "I myself made every effort toward pacification . . . but they wanted the preservation of parties and party powers." In a word, they were not willing to commit suicide. Schuschnigg admits that the Socialists offered a truce and an alliance against the Nazis. But no, Dollfuss and Schuschnigg had the "firm conviction that in the abolition of parties lay the only possibility of a successful issue of the struggle for the existence of Austria." The legend is served that the Socialists prepared an uprising. Schuschnigg does not quote the speech of his colleague Fey, who addressed the private fascist army on Sunday, February 11, 1934: "Beginning tomorrow we will do a thorough job. I cannot say more, but I assure you, the Chancellor is on our side." The "thorough job" was the liquidation of the Socialists and of the democratic constitution. And the coup d'état started on schedule.

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* "My Austria." By Kurt Schuschnigg. With an Introduction by Dorothy Thompson. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

I have not enough space to go into details. Schuschnigg's presentation of the bloody February days of 1934, in which the Viennese workers made a last stand for democracy, is a falsification from beginning to end, even down to the figures of the dead and wounded. The author does not say that he himself, as Minister of Justice, allowed the heroes of the workers who fought for a free and independent Austria to be hanged. The deputy Koloman Wallisch, the engineer Weisl, the worker Münichreiter, who, severely wounded, was carried to the gallows on a stretcher, are not mentioned. In those February days, with those executions, the backbone of Austria's resistance to Nazism was broken. That so senseless and criminal a course could have been chosen by religious men who "believed" in the mission of a peaceful spirit can only be understood through the simple fact that the conservative admirers of Goethe, the Catholic church—which was behind every move of Dollfuss—and the owner class will, when forced to choose, always side with fascism against socialism, liberalism, and democracy. They will shoot workers in the name of culture, but they will capitulate before Hitler to avoid bloodshed. It is no excuse that they do not know what they are doing.

After the liquidation of Austrian democracy and the prevention, by Mussolini, of the attempted annexation by Germany in the summer of 1934, the authoritarian leader of the fatherland enjoyed some peace. He consolidated his position by unifying the armed forces under his command. Prince Starhemberg, the fascist playboy, disappeared, got a divorce, and married an actress. An agreement with Germany was signed in which Schuschnigg consented to take Nazis into his Cabinet—"personalities of his choice," Seyss-Inquart to come. He looked optimistically forward. To be sure there were still obstacles "which malice or short-sightedness heap up in the path," but the author is content to put at the end of his book the facsimile of the score which Beethoven wrote to the words:

"If she but will
Our Austria is always above all,
She wills, she wills!

And Schuschnigg repeats, "So be it then: she wills it!" Read today, it sounds like the swan song of a romantic mediocrity.

The style of Schuschnigg reveals mediocrity and dilettantism on every page. Taking into account the fact that an acting dictator cannot tell too much and must often be vague, too many platitudes flow too easily. Only a reader who really knows the history of the now defunct Austrian republic or one with a fine ear for the diction of a man unequal to his job will read Schuschnigg's *Dichtung und Wahrheit* without being confused. And with this we come to Dorothy Thompson's introduction. She gives mainly an arresting and well-informed account of the critical hours which led to the invasion of Austria by Hitler's army, plus an amount of excited phrases. No explanation of Schuschnigg's failure is offered. She calls his book "a memorial, with even the introduction written by one who would have died for Austria—not for Austria the state, but for Austria the idea: supranational, integrating, all-inclusive, Christian, and human." As an Austrian born I thought, "Take it easy, Dori, less would be more," but she did not stop:

> The Austrian idea is the Western idea—from Rome through the Middle Ages universalized by a common source of art and inspiration, to the very dream of the United States of America: the idea of mankind of many origins finding a common language and a common home: a Realm of Spirit. If that spirit wins through, Europe lives. If it perishes Europe dies . . . and we too, children of Europe, men and women of the Western world.

An analysis of the final defeat of Schuschnigg would have been more useful than such monstrous generalities. Austria perished because (1) it was, as a state, artificial; (2) reactionaries, however polished in comparison with the Hitler brand, succeeded in disarming and suppressing the only Austrians who really would have died for their independence; (3) Dorothy Thompson's "Western idea" is nowhere a reality.

The fundamental lessons, and the fate of the enlightened dictator, can all be learned again from this book. Put the cultured phrase-maker in power, and whether he be a professor, a high-minded politician, the son of a populist father, or a columnist for the *Herald Tribune,* he will act in the critical hour of social development like Schuschnigg. If the music of Beethoven and the poems of Goethe could have prevented modern barbarism, surely they would already have had that effect. Amend, reorganize, change the economic system which creates fascism! If they try to stop you, fight! There is no other way. A worker long unemployed loses his head, a frightened economic royalist forgets his culture however many books he has in his library. And do not trust the Christian human all-inclusiveness. Treason always starts with an embrace.

Composite Portrait

MY SON, MY SON! By Howard Spring. The Viking Press. $2.50.

IN CERTAIN respects Mr. Spring is a formidable author. On the jacket of his book the publishers declare he "probably has the largest following of any literary critic in England. His choice of the *Evening Standard* 'Book of the Month' carries the weight of an American book-club selection." He is a power in the literary world. If he approves of a novel, it is likely to be a success. And since, in the pursuit of his profession, he must have read scores, perhaps hundreds, of contemporary novels, it would be understandable if he had educed a formula for novel writing.

The successful novel must first of all be long—*vide* "Anthony Adverse" and "Gone with the Wind." Mr. Spring's novel has 649 pages. It must have a large canvas; lots of people, if possible more than one generation, and a variety of scene. Mr. Spring covers the lives of two men from boyhood to middle age, including their respective marriages and of course their families. It must be full of incident and lively incident at that; none of your milk-and-water mulling over ideas. Things must happen! And Mr. Spring in his events includes one war, one rebellion (Irish), one suicide, one death by an automobile accident, two murders, and one hanging. The characters, moreover, must be outstanding; the lives of ordinary people make dull reading. So we have a successful novelist, a star of the stage, a master-craftsman, a V. C., and inordinate amounts of physical beauty allotted to at least three characters.

The formula, in other words, ought to work. And indeed, it may. Mr. Spring may yet be worrying over the size of his income tax. But one wishes that he had worried more over each word as he set it down. Surely then he would have avoided the literary clichés with which his pages are filled; his beautiful men and women would have been a shade less beautiful; the long arm of coincidence would not have been stretched so far; the denouement would have been less obvious.

Although the book is long, the outlines of the plot are simple. Perhaps too simple. Two men resolve that their sons shall have lives very different from their own. One has known bitter poverty; when wealth comes to him, he spoils his son with indulgence. The other burned as a young man with zeal for Ireland, but success blunted the edges of his passion. He dedicates his son to the cause which he was not brave enough to espouse himself. Both boys meet a violent death, the one ignoble, the other ironic. As there are two fathers and two sons, there must be two morals. One is spare the rod and spoil the child; the other is don't force your son to be the martyr you would not be.

The best scenes in the book are the country scenes in Cornwall, where the two families spend their summers, and those dealing with troubled Ireland. The former are simple, full of domestic gaiety and pleasant descriptions of wind and weather. In the latter the Easter Monday rebellion, the Irish patriots, the bitter struggle with the Black and Tans are movingly described. As a newspaperman, Mr. Spring was there and saw those things. He writes about them with feeling and freshness. There was no need for a formula. For the rest, there are no surprises and very little freshness. Like a composite portrait of ten leading statesmen, the outlines are blurred, the picture looks like nobody in particular, certainly nobody of distinction. The formula, if Mr. Spring had one, was not enough.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Radio Romance—and Reality

HELLO AMERICA! By Cesar Saerchinger. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

CESAR SAERCHINGER'S "Hello America!" is crammed full of the excitement you felt when your radio first picked up a foreign country. It was probably well past midnight when most of the American stations had signed off, and you twirled your dials—there were three of them then—more or less aimlessly. Suddenly there was a hiss, a crackle, then a faint voice that you tuned up with care. Sure enough it was an announcer, and he was talking a rapid, untranslatable Spanish. Cuba, maybe, or Brazil. Or Mexico. Everyone in the room crowded around the loud-speaker. In the moment of silence between the end of the announcement and the beginning of the program you could have heard the ice in a glass tinkle. Then, across thousands of miles of sea and land, through wind and rain, defying national boundaries, came the breathlessly awaited music. A band in Havana, or Mexico City, or Rio de Janeiro shot through space an only slightly off-key "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

As radio's first ambassador, Cesar Saerchinger combed Europe for American bananas. When distance became a commonplace, America wanted names. When there was no news, there was Bernard Shaw, or H. G. Wells. After names, places. People, history, geography, broadcast across the ether; the mind of man reaching into space without touching the minds of men.

The radio ambassador knew what his listeners wanted. But he knew other things too. He knew that Dollfuss, the so-called Austrian martyr, fired on the workers' model tenements built by the Socialists instead of on the Nazis who later killed him. He knew that in Ramsay MacDonald the vanity of the second-rate statesman overshadowed the sincerity of the first-rate labor leader. In the tradition of Vincent Sheean, of Herbert Matthews, he knew his stuffed shirts, even though he was ready to risk his neck to peddle them.

After a hard day's work the rubber-tire salesman of Keokuk, Iowa, wants some of the excitement of reality with his Charlie McCarthys. He needs the vicarious thrill of adventure, and what adventure is greater than war. So the mike is carried by the intrepid radio reporter right to the field of battle. For two months Keokuk hears of the march through Ethiopia. Then the salesman gets bored, and the New York office wires, "Consider we have exhausted broadcastable material." But luckily war breaks out in Spain; new names, new deaths, new ideology. A reporter who doesn't say anything about Karl Marx to Keokuk tells a funny story of a girl dropping a hand grenade on her (and his) side of a wall while she explains what Karl Marx wrote. Saerchinger concludes that radio listeners take too much for granted. "They drink in a dictator's words or a roar produced in the African jungle as though these were being run off in an effects room around the corner. And when they've heard them, they say a-hum and turn over to the next selection of swing. Also, if the ether waves crackle, or your broadcaster (who may have braved death to tell his tale) has a cold, they sniff and turn the dial again."

Since neither tariff nor fortresses can keep out ether waves, they would seem to be the perfect medium for attack by propaganda. But the technique must be adapted to the medium. Shaw is quoted pointing out that the microphone gives the platitudinous political ranter away at once. (Announcers, please note.) Dawes adds that the personal magnetism that sometimes deadens intellectual perception is not transmitted over the radio. The dictators learned early, Saerchinger suggests, that the radio is proof against fascist arguments unless they are supported by the shouts of moron multitudes. And the democratic statesmen should profit by the lesson. Even the cheerful fireside talk, after two or three sessions, has to be followed by a dash of bicarbonate of soda if it is to be digested.

"Hello America!" makes good reading, but it presents a disheartening picture of modern civilization throwing away another birthright. Since the invention of the printing-press the two greatest advances in mass communication have been the radio and the motion picture, and both of them are largely wasted as amusing toys instead of being used as means of saying things worth saying. Propaganda in Europe and advertising in America poison the air, and as a result even truth has a phony ring when it pours out of a loud-speaker. It won't be long before some Will Hays of the radio boasts of that fact, instead of apologizing for it.

The future of radio is obvious. As technical development follows technical development, we will approach another breathless moment like the one that brought the first foreign broadcast to our living-rooms. It will be late at night again when the air is comparatively quiet, and the guests will stand around a combination microphone and receiving set. In the silence the host standing before the microphone will shout in a clear, vigorous, unashamed voice, "Nerts." An instant later, having crossed the seven seas, the two hemispheres, cutting through typhoons and mountain ranges, leaping wave lengths, the voice will boom again out of the loud-speaker. "Nerts" will have circled the globe. And then, dear reader, you can curl up, as every *Nation* subscriber should, with a good book written by an honest man who is perfectly satisfied with a sympathetic audience of, say a hundred thousand intelligent men and women. DONALD SLESINGER

Literary Past

THE WORLD AT MY SHOULDER. By Eunice Tietjens. The Macmillan Company. $3.

DIFFERENT people will enjoy this book for different reasons. It is a lively travelogue of a journey through several countries, and it is an anecdotal account of the years during which America was coming of age artistically. Eunice Tietjens, unlike Harriet Monroe in "A Poet's Life," writes very personally about herself and about everyone she knows. But she writes with almost too much good-will. She was and still is an editor of *Poetry.* She knew and helped Margaret Anderson in the early stages of the publication of the *Little Review.* She has had close connections with the American theater. She seems, to judge from this book, to be the type of woman who lives very actively if somewhat superficially, the type who sees everything sharply and dramatically but reflects very little about what she sees. She makes her story dramatic and entertaining.

According to her own statement, Mrs. Tietjens was reborn at the age of twenty-seven. Before that time she had not truly lived. She had, to be sure, been educated in Europe, been married, and had two children. But her awareness of her desire to write came late—not, in fact, until she joined Miss Monroe's staff on *Poetry.* Since then she has been caught up completely in literary activities and in travel.

Eunice Tietjens has lived in Japan, in the interior of China—where her sister, Louise Hammond, is a well-known missionary—in Tunisia, in various parts of Europe, and in the South Seas. She has been a romantic but fairly keen observer of the pattern of human life in these countries. During the World War, moreover, she was the only woman war correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News.* The chapters on her experiences in this role were to me the most interesting in the book.

Little personal stories about Harriet Monroe, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Sara Teasdale, and many other poets will interest any reader who knows American poetry. But in general Mrs. Tietjens remembers too consistently how very charming everyone is. One famous person after another (and some not famous) is the most satisfactory person she has ever known.

Together with her second husband, Cloyd Head, Eunice Tietjens wrote "Arabesque," which was produced in a very grand style by Norman Bel-Geddes and proved a famous Broadway failure. She is also the author of several books of prose and poetry. In Chicago she is still a leader of the literary groups. At fifty she began this autobiography, believing that she had been particularly fortunate in knowing so many people who are today recognized as America's foremost writers. EDA LOU WALTON

Russian Festival—New Style

TONIA. By Yuri Herman. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE LARGER VIEW. By Benjamin Kaverin. Stackpole and Sons. $2.75.

AT THE moment Herman and Kaverin represent the *avan-guardisti* of Soviet literature; their talent is recognized and coddled, but they have not yet dared to interpret the events of today as would Mauriac; they merely clarify yesterday. We must suppose that the millions of Russians who were able to read "Tonia" and "The Larger View" did so for the sake of the narrative, although both books have a certain obvious moral and are state propaganda of a pleasing sort. Yuri Herman is a young writer obsessed with the dream of a fair woman, Tonia, a parasite in any society, who becomes first appealing and afterward useful until she turns into the symbolical Soviet female. Actually the story is a rather clumsy excuse for a character study of charm which would be published and forgotten in a month if it were not out of Soviet Russia. The ties which bind the book to the contemporary scene are the honest administrator of a housing center who bullies Tonia into the light, a few saboteurs, and some good stinking villains. The description of the psychology of love and its moods is too muddy to be worth much; it lacks the sharpness of good analytical writing.

Kaverin, who is somewhat older, is a far more honest craftsman. "The Larger View" somewhat disappoints by its failure to seize and hold one firmly to an urgent idea, but it gains power from its historical parallels with the living Russian past and is intellectualized by a point of view in itself broad and deep. It is a study of students, a story of young men learning about life and feeling it at the same time. The characters are in line with the Decembrists, whom one at least, Trubachevsky, has made his study. One merit of the book is its engaging air of naturalness and the sureness of its characterization. On the surface here again the story is the thing. Placed in the turbulent year 1928 the scene is portrayed with quiet vigor. The moral, of course, is that the characters and Kaverin himself are Soviet by training and inclination, and this tacit conviction not only relieves the book of thumping purpose but gives it cleanness and force. The indoctrination is suitable for a Stalinite, and whatever "failure of correspondence" (to quote Trotsky) between subjective and objective there is resolves itself as the fountain source of the good life rather than of the comic and the tragic.

JOHN WALCOTT

"Grand Exit"

WALT WHITMAN'S POSE. By Esther Shephard. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

WALT WHITMAN'S naive and tasteless doings are common enough knowledge. We are familiar with his posturings, self-mystifications, ambiguous utterances, crude publicity stunts. We remember his reviewing his own books under other names; his contriving to use Emerson's famous salute as a noisy blurb; his self-important manner toward disciples. If we have chanced to forget any of this, here is Mrs. Shephard to remind us with underscorings and exclamation points, and to bring to our attention as unwinning a portrait of Walt Whitman as any detractor of his has ever painted.

Indeed, I had better not delay the dreadful tidings that Mrs. Shephard's book brings to the modern world. Mrs. Shephard has uncovered new evidence. She has discovered that sometime during the early 1850's Whitman read George Sand's "Countess of Rudolstadt," and from the epilogue to that book got his inspiration for becoming a poet of the people. George Sand had created a poet, an idealist of democracy; and Walt snitched him, tore his very mantle off his shoulders, tricked himself out in it, and so became the author of "Leaves of Grass." That is the less grisly half of Mrs. Shephard's horror story. The more blood-curdling sequel is this: having cribbed his poethood, Whitman was at the greatest pains to conceal his indebtedness, and never till his dying day did he tell anyone—not Traubel himself—about "The Countess of Rudolstadt."

Mrs. Shephard has taken 453 pages to lay bare this mon-

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strous fraud, and she has stroked and fondled it for all it is worth. For scores and scores of pages, though obviously ready to burst, she somehow holds herself in: one must pass through many outer chambers of pose and deceit before one is admitted into the dark, airless inner room of Whitman's master cunning. The whole performance smacks a trifle of Barnum's tactics, and I am afraid that Mrs. Shephard's sign reading "This Way to the Grand Guilty Secret" has more than a little in common with Barnum's celebrated sign reading "This Way to the Grand Exit."

There is something much too officious and self-congratulatory about Mrs. Shephard's performance, something that reduces it from a problem in research to almost a labor of hate. This does not mean that hers was originally a worthless discovery. Very possibly Whitman was influenced by George Sand's epilogue (he certainly was impressed in general by George Sand), and quite conceivably he may not have wished to acknowledge the debt. But that it was so decisive an influence as Mrs. Shephard insists is highly doubtful, and that, without it, Whitman would have remained a humdrum, plodding fourth-rater is utterly absurd. Whatever the shortcomings of Whitman's private life, whatever the deficiencies of his art, the vital and overpowering side of "Leaves of Grass" came, and could only have come, out of the man himself. If some measure of vanity and flatulence gives a fishy quality to parts of his poetry, all the same Whitman's pose was never the integral one of pretending to love a humanity he was indifferent to; it was the more superficial pose of pretending to love it in too picturesque and self-flattering a way.

Somewhere in the course of her exposé Mrs. Shephard handsomely stops for a minute to say of Whitman's poetry: "I, for one, am grateful for it, however it was produced." I for one must always be grateful to Mrs. Shephard for so endearing a remark. It has that tincture of humility about it that Margaret Fuller had when she accepted the universe.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Dance Documentary

COMPLETE BOOK OF BALLETS. By Cyril W. Beaumont. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.

THERE is a small bookstore on Charing Cross Road where for most of the last twenty years one man has done more to document theatrical dancing than anyone else living. He is Cyril Beaumont, and the ever-increasing world of ballet will forever be in his debt. There is no facet of the art of classic dancing which has not benefited by his attention. His monographs on the Cecchetti method are models. His studies of great dancers are standards. His attention to décor and costume produced a fine book; and now he crowns his labor with a remarkable encyclopedia of nearly a thousand pages. Beaumont has gathered the stories of the most significant dance-dramas of the past hundred and twenty-five years, and with attendant notes has outlined a history of the epoch's theatrical dance. It has not been his intention to make a historical philosophy, but until it appeared it would have been difficult for anyone else to do so. It opens up broad fields for speculation.

Subjects for ballets have been and are today more limited than subjects for plays or even for operas. The frame which best suits the classic dance is non-realistic, and there are not many backgrounds which easily submit to stylization. But within the categories of possible subjects infinite changes can be rung on a basic theme. In reading Mr. Beaumont's book it is fascinating to find the different treatments which, decade after decade down to the present, have been given to almost the identical subject. If we skim over a few names of ballets we can appreciate the pleasure audiences have had in the reiteration of a basic idea.

Classical legends have always provided suitable libretti from the Renaissance to the present. One of the earliest ballets in Beaumont's collection is Didelot's "Flore et Zéphire." Massine's "Zéphyr et Flore" was arranged for Lifar and Dolin in 1925. There were Vigano's "Prometeo" (1813), and Lifar's "Prométhée" (1930), both to Beethoven's score. The theme of love, death, and fairy madness, so popular in the romantic epoch, started with "Nina, ou la Folle d'Amour" in 1813, based on a source twenty-five years older. Then there was the vastly influential "Sylphide" of 1832, with nine subsequent imitations and variants every two years till 1850; the last of this cycle was the "Lac des Cygnes" (Tchaikowsky-Petipa-Ivanov) of 1895, which is still danced today. Fokine's "Sylphides" (1909) is not a dramatic but an atmospheric extension of this idea. The exotic or Oriental subject appeared in 1830 with Taglioni in "Le Dieu et la Bayadère," taken from Goethe's ballad, "The Maid of Cashmere." Then came "La Révolte au Serail" (1833), "La Péri" (1843, "Lallah Rookh" (1846), and in 1856 Théophile Gauthier's dance-play based on the Sacountala. We still see "Schéhérazade" (1910), and in 1934 the Soviet Ballet produced "The Fountain of Bachtiserai."

There have been ballets founded on great national tales, like the Commedia dell' Arte, Tyl Eulenspiegel, Don Juan, Don Quixote. The Bible has lent Joseph, the Queen of Sheba, the Prodigal Son, David, and Job. There have been ballets founded on stories and plays of Anderson, Perrault, Pushkin, Goethe, Aesop, Hoffmann, Gauthier, Victor Hugo, Cervantes, Byron, Walter Scott, Dante, and Shakespeare. A whole sequence of dance dramas founded itself on national subjects, which give free play for character or folk entrances; in this cycle there are a series of gipsy ballets, with at least two set mysteriously in the epoch of Charles II, the first of which, "La Gypsy" (1839), introduced the mazurka. Some social dances appear first on the stage, while others are theatricalized from folk dances or from ballroom forms.

The contemporary ballet has often been accused of an escape mechanism. The subjects are usually remote from the present and hence meaningless except as decoration, but there has been an uninterrupted line of "modern" ballets. "Les Deux Créoles" of 1806 was really "Paul et Virginie." "Ozai" (1847) showed the voyage of the explorer Bourgainville. "Robert et Bertrand" (1845) was a danced "Vie de Bohême." "Excelsior" (1881) glorified the electric light, as had already done "Electra, or the Lost Pleiad" in 1849. Nijinsky's "Jeux" (1913) started our own sport's cycle. Diaghilev's series of social satires started with Nijinsky's "House Party" (1924). In 1928 he saluted Soviet Russia in Prokofiev's "Pas d'Acier." There is Joos's "Life in the Big

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City" and "Green Table" (1932), and the extensive contemporary repertory of the American companies.

In short, the ballet has always drawn its life from the same sources as all the other arts, and is no strange parasitical overgrowth on court formalism, as John Martin would have us believe. For two hundred years it has been a popular form in the full sense of enchanting mass audiences, and hence is a typical and familiar phenomenon of Western taste and ingenuity.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

A Defense of Democracy

VICTORIAN CRITICS OF DEMOCRACY. By Benjamin Evans Lippincott. The University of Minnesota Press. $3.75.

THE beginning of the twentieth century was convinced that democracy was firmly established or at least victoriously on the march not only in Western Europe and the United States but even in Germany and in Russia. The growth of fascism after the World War has turned our attention to the foes and critics of democracy in the nineteenth century, who now appear as forerunners of the present violent attack upon democracy. Professor Lippincott has rendered a valuable service by collecting in one volume six able studies on Victorian critics of democracy. Some of them are well known for their literary works, the others practically unknown today to the wider public. It may be doubted whether they can be called as a group "the most vigorous and distinguished critics of democracy in modern times." But in their objections to democracy they are typical of many views expressed today in very different quarters.

The six representative thinkers examined in this volume are rather disparate in their intellectual attitude and in the direction of their attack. Carlyle and Ruskin are fascists in their temperament and doctrine. Economically, they are romanticists, longing in the midst of the travail of modern capitalism for the good old days of a paternalistic society. Carlyle attacked fiercely the competitive system of modern capitalism, but his own point of view made for self-assertion and for the realization of power, "and it acted as a kind of sanction for the tiger ethic" of early capitalism. Maine and Lecky were liberal capitalists, afraid of democracy and any approach to cooperative socialism which democracy may bring. Matthew Arnold, who is treated by the author with special consideration, is the only one of the six who laid stress on the discovery of the individual's humanity, a fundamental tenet of democracy. He did not look to Sparta for an ideal society, as Carlyle did, but "to a society like that of the Athens of Pericles, with the slaves left out." The other five thinkers discussed in the volume have one thing in common, a deep contempt for the common man and a concern for authority and order above everything else.

"Victorian Critics of Democracy" is to be highly recommended for the consideration of political and social scientists who, as the author aptly remarks, "in recent times overestimated the value of the argument from history and from technical analysis," and underestimate the importance of ethical and philosophical considerations. At the same time it will interest the general public which finds itself at a loss

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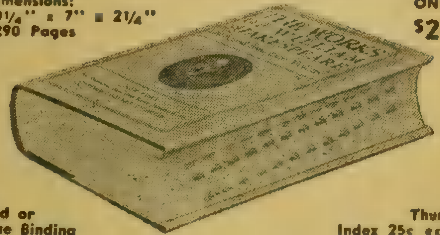

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in the present battle of words raging about the fitness of democracy for survival. The book, written in a clear and readable way, without too many technicalities, will show it that all the arguments used today in the struggle against democracy were used a century ago. They were then used sometimes with greater vigor and emphasis than today. Nevertheless, democracy has survived. Professor Lippincott renders the greatest service to the reader not so much by the presentation and analysis of the views of the six leading Victorian critics of democracy as by a most able, reasonable, and enlightened refutation of their viewpoints and arguments. Thus the book becomes a defense of democracy. In the growing flood of books about fascism, democracy, and old-time capitalistic conservatism it should certainly not be overlooked. The cases for liberty, equality, and the dignity of the common man, in their true implications, although no new aspects are developed by Professor Lippincott, have rarely been stated with greater clarity and convincing moderation than in the present book.

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Shorter Notices

A HISTORY OF WOMEN IN MEDICINE. By Kate Campbell Hurd-Mead, M. D. The Haddam Press. $6.

In 1890 Dr. Hurd-Mead was inspired by Osler, Welch, and Kelly at Johns Hopkins Hospital to undertake the preparation of a history of women in medicine based on careful search of archives and other original sources. Until 1925 private practice and social work allowed Dr. Hurd-Mead time for only limited application to this project. Since then she has covered most of Europe examining original documents. This book, which is the first of two projected volumes, takes the story up to the beginning of the nineteenth century. It is a detailed, carefully indexed work written with an enthusiasm that gives it a distinct vitality. The book is a valuable and unique contribution to the history of medicine.

THE PROTECTION AND MARKETING OF LITERARY PROPERTY. By Philip Wittenberg. Julian Messner. $3.75.

This is a well-planned and well-written manual which should have a place on every author's desk beside his Bartlett, Fowler, and Roget. Authors are particularly helpless when they are confronted with the necessity of dealing with their work as property. For a few dollars they have available here hundreds of dollars of legal advice offered by a lawyer who has had a great deal of experience with literary and dramatic contracts. Not only are the subjects of copyright and piracy treated but also libel and obscenity. The author is thus shown not only how to secure his interest in his work in the first place but also how to protect it against subsequent attack. The manual is curiously incomplete in one respect however: there is no chapter which treats of sedition, and there is no mention of criminal-anarchy or sedition laws. Apparently the manual is not intended for revolutionary writers. It is probably just as well since they almost never make money out of their work, and they don't believe in private property!

RECORDS

If I were religious I think I would be outraged by "Parsifal." As one without religious feeling I find its theme—its exaltation of chastity—sickening, and much of its dramatic detail painfully ludicrous even in intention, not to speak of the usual execution: Wagner's supposed genius for the stage was rather an extravagant imagination that functioned unrestricted by any understanding of the stage's terms and limitations, its capacities and incapacities. This imagination expressed itself successfully only in musical terms; but in "Parsifal" I am aware of both failing and heightened musical powers—in long stretches an enfeeblement of the powers of invention and development that are so prodigious in preceding works; in a few pages an idiom enriched and subtilized beyond anything in these other works. For me, then, three and a half of the four hours are a bore; but the Prelude is marvelous, and the Good Friday music a miracle. These two, played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Stokowski, are offered by Victor (four records, $8). Stokowski does well by the Prelude; and for two sides he also does well with the Good Friday music. But at the end of side six we have the first of the slackenings and hastenings of pace, the diminutions and impassioned augmentations of tone, with which he negates the calm and serenity of the closing pages. The performances have the characteristic tonal beauty which Stokowski alone achieves with this orchestra, and which seems to be all that most people care about.

Stokowski also gives us three excerpts from "Siegfried" (two and a half records, $5.50). First the forging of the sword, with Frederick Jagel as the tenor of the proceedings; then a few transitional measures, which I do not recall from the opera, take us to the concert version of Forest Murmurs; at its conclusion the labels and the description in the booklet lead us to expect the music of Siegfried's ascent of Brünnhilde's rock, her awakening, and all that follows; instead, with no further pretense at transition, Stokowski plunges us into the climactic and concluding vulgarities of the dreadful third-act duet, sung by Jagel and Agnes Davis. Except for Jagel's singing the performance is good, and it is clearly recorded. That annoyance of two or three years back, the fade-out at ends of records, is with us again in this set.

Two other Victor sets offer works in which I hear craftsmanship operating without the prompting of feeling: Bach's Concerto in C for two pianos (three records, $6.50), and Brahms's Sonata Opus 99 for 'cello and piano (four records, $8). Bach is only boring, because he is only a skilled workman doing a job; what makes Brahms irritating is his additional pretentiousness; and I know no work of his in which the effort to simulate great emotions that are not genuinely felt, the effort to elaborate notes out of notes by formula, is so great, so apparent, and so completely and dismally unsuccessful. But Casals and Horszowski play the sonata as though they believe in it; and Artur and Karl Ulrich Schnabel give a good performance of the concerto with the London Symphony under Boult.

Mozart's "Eine kleine Nachtmusik" is always played by a string orchestra nowadays; but one of the things the New Friends of Music did was to have the work played by a string quintet. What the Budapest or Roth or Kolisch Quartet would have achieved I can only guess; what the Pro Arte group did achieve is to be heard in a Victor two-record set ($4.50); and it is a convincing argument for buying the superb performance recorded by Bruno Walter with the Vienna Philharmonic (Victor: two records, $3.50).

Having found so little to get enthusiastic about in current releases, let me add that the final New Friends concert acquired distinction from the Budapest group's performances of Schubert's Quartet Opus 29 and Mozart's Quartet K. 465; that Victor issued these performances two or three years ago—the Schubert on four records ($6.50), the Mozart on three ($6.50); and that if you haven't them already don't lose another minute.

The most recent Benny Goodman records I have found deadly dull, except for an occasional solo phrase by Goodman (with the orchestra, not with the quartet) and Stacey's sensitive playing behind a singer.

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Letters to the Editors

Invitation to Crow Pie

Dear Sirs: Reading your leading editorial, Hull of Downing Street, in your current issue makes me wish I knew a good bird-fancier so I could come by the ingredients for a crow-pie party in your honor. Do you recall your memorable blast delivered on September 11, 1937, on Anti-British Hysteria, which began, "In the past few weeks there has suddenly arisen in certain circles a suspicion of British foreign policy which is almost hysterical in its intensity"? You had almost as much fun as your friend Sir Willmott Lewis would have been able to extract from "the suspicion . . . that England inveigled America into the World War to save its imperial interests." I was taken to task for writing a book which gave "very little space to a detailed analysis of England's shortcomings and a great deal to the vague assertion that the British Empire is consciously looking to the United States to pull its chestnuts out of the fire."

And do you recall your noble closing paragraph? It began, "Nothing could be more unfortunate than that this distrust should serve to prevent cooperation between the two countries when the closest unity of action is essential."

And now in your issue of May 21, 1938, you write, "One blinks one's eyes. [Indeed one does—at *The Nation* no less than at Secretary Hull, who now incurs your displeasure for continuing to act exactly as he has acted for the past six years.] Is this the Secretary of State of the Roosevelt Administration talking, or is it Neville Chamberlain's Foreign Secretary? There is not a single sentence in Mr. Hull's statement that might not with equal force have been written by Chamberlain or Halifax." And do you recall this statement: "If American neutrality policy runs counter to British interests, it will be rewritten to conform with them; likewise, if American devotion to the democratic principle inconveniences the British Foreign Office, on that score too Mr. Roosevelt will accommodate himself to Britain's convenience"? No, that statement did not appear in *The Nation;* it appeared in a book that was called "hysterical" and "biased" by editors who now write, "The sum of the matter is that the State Department has become an annex of the British Foreign Office in a sense and to a degree that has not been true since 1917."

In view of your record on the subject of Anglo-American relations I can't help wondering whether your present enthusiasm for "collective security," which you champion as ardently as you were championing collaboration with the Chamberlain government a few months ago, will not be overtaken by the same tragic fate. QUINCY HOWE

New York, May 19

Will the Nazis Go North?

Dear Sirs: Thwarted in the east, the Nazis are prepared to go north. A Nazi army double the size of the Danish army has been brought to the German-Danish border. Underground airports have been built pointing toward Denmark. Scores of athletic young Nazis are being sent to a school near Copenhagen where they will be in daily contact with some of the least educated and most dissatisfied Danish citizens. A Danish traitor has bought a large area of land in Jutland, and there in the courtyard of a huge house he drills the poor peasants who work for him in the ways of war while he publicly announces that he is training the new rulers of Denmark.

Denmark has butter, eggs, and meat needed by Germany, and no adequate protection. When Denmark is invaded, the present British rulers, in their shortsighted realism, will no doubt weigh a few Danish eggs against the heavy loans which British bankers have made to Germany. ROBERT MOREY

New Haven, Conn., May 18

Decimal Relief System

Dear Sirs: May I direct your attention to a vicious blow below the belt recently delivered to the workers on the cultural projects of the WPA and to the very projects themselves? Lester Bell, WPA budget director, has ruled that for each worker employed, a maximum of $1,000 per year is to be provided; out of this are to come a year's wages for the worker, the cost of supervision of the work, the cost of the material directly or indirectly consumed by the worker, and the rent of the quarters needed for the activity.

The wages of WPA workers are termed security wages and are viewed as supplying mere subsistence. Since the rates were established, the WPA has successfully resisted every attempt to adjust them to the mounting cost of living. The scheme devised by Mr. Bell, which has already resulted in the liquidation of many projects, is based on no consideration of humanity or reason. The figure of $1,000 has been arrived at not by any rational process but simply, one must conclude, because one thousand is a multiple of the decimal system.

Inasmuch as this arbitrary, bureaucratic, and inhuman provision of the budget director, if not checked, will inflict incalculable hardships upon thousands of workers and will disrupt and destroy activities that have called forth unstinted praise, I urge all who feel as I do to address themselves to the President, to Mr. Hopkins, to Congressmen, Senators, and to Mr. Bell himself.

ISIDORE EDELMAN

New York, May 16

Tragedies on Our Doorstep

Dear Sirs: It is natural that the attention of American liberals should be concentrated on China, Spain, and Czechoslovakia, but I am hoping that they will at least glance at the tragedies that are taking place on our doorstep—in the British West Indies.

A few weeks ago the petroleum workers of Trinidad struck for higher wages, and much blood was spilled. Next there was a "riot" in Barbados, which was also sanguinary and resulted in the illegal arrest of scores of workers. In Jamaica the unemployed of Kingston demonstrated on the race course and were met by armed police and ruthlessly dispersed. Later the canefield workers struck for higher wages and were attacked by policemen brought from Kingston. Cable dispatches report a clash between the workers of a sugar plantation and the police last week. The toll so far is five persons killed, fifty wounded, with nine of them expected to die, and seventy-three arrested.

It is customary to regard the British as models of efficiency in colonial affairs, but their record in the West Indies throws a revealing light upon British colonial methods when the profits of the landlords are threatened by the refusal of the impoverished people to work for 50 cents a day or less.

Feeling the need for improving conditions in their homeland, a group of Jamaicans in New York have organized the Jamaica Progressive League for the purpose of fighting for self-government—dominion status—for their country. Two of the fundamental principles of the league are universal suffrage and the right of labor unions to function legally. Many middle-class Jamaicans have been aroused to their country's needs, and today the struggle for self-government is definitely a part of the political consciousness of the million and a quarter people of the island.

The working people of the West Indies are in the American orbit, and they have a right to expect help from Americans. The searchlight of publicity should be thrown upon the islands, with their poverty, exploitation, malnutrition, illiteracy, and murder of unarmed workers. W. A. DOMINGO, Vice-President,
Jamaica Progressive League

New York, May 9

New Zealanders in Spain

Dear Sirs: The cries of the outraged, bereaved workers of Spain come across twelve thousand miles of ocean and continent to the workers of New Zealand. Some of our doctors and nurses, hearing the call of humanity and financially supported by free-will offerings from trade unionists in this dominion, are already in Spain, a small though efficient unit in the medical services. How many New Zealanders are serving with the Loyalist forces is of course only known to officials of the Spanish government, but we are proud that, in addition to those already serving in the International Brigade and the aerial services, twenty of our citizens last week decided to go to London at their own expense and thence to Spain to fight.

These young men from "down under," citizens of a free democracy, have thrown up their jobs, home comforts, and the privileges of a sheltered community to assist a glorious cause—that of a free people against fascist dictators.

ARTHUR O'HALLORAN

Auckland, New Zealand, April 17

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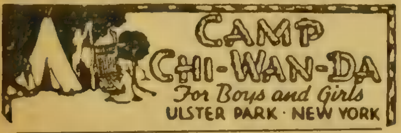

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The Shape of Things

IT IS IMPORTANT TO UNDERSTAND EXACTLY what has happened—and why—in Europe these past two weeks. War has been averted, but peace has not been secured nor any settlement reached on which peace can rest. War has been averted by the perilous expedient of a showdown, and in the light of a moment of crisis much has become clear. The showdown emerged from a sequence of critical events: provocations and threats on the part of the Sudeten Germans brought a section of the Czech army into action to patrol the German region and guard the local elections; two Henlein followers were shot by Czech soldiers; the German press rang with denunciations; rumors spread that the German army was mobilized near the border; the British took them seriously enough to warn the Nazi government that invasion of Czechoslovakia might mean a European war in which Great Britain might be involved, and a special car was ordered to remove from Germany the wives and children of British officials; the rumors of mobilization were denied; the train was canceled; the first elections resulted in large gains for the Sudeten Nazis; and Czechoslovakia settled down to a week of minor crises. The two dead Sudetens were buried to the tune of the Horst Wessel song, and the conferences between Henlein and the Czechoslovakian government were once broken off and then resumed, but the week ended in a relatively peaceful second election in which Henlein polled about 90 per cent of the German vote.

* * *

THE EVENTS OF THIS LAST FORTNIGHT in Europe have served to prove several important facts: first, that Czechoslovakia will fight to preserve its boundaries, its independence, and its internal order; second, that France and Russia will fight if Czechoslovakia is invaded by Germany; third, that Great Britain will fight if France is drawn in by such an invasion; and, lastly, that Germany will not fight to achieve the domination of Czechoslovakia or the autonomy of the Sudeten Germans. It may be goaded or tripped into military action, but unless that happens it will continue to press toward the conquest of Central Europe by "pacific" methods of propaganda, cold warfare, and bluff. None of those facts is surprising, but all of them were matters of anxious speculation throughout the world until suddenly the nations disclosed their real intentions in the blinding light of the Czech-German crisis. Each nation is now busy crediting itself with the wisdom that saved the day and sneering at the claims of the others. Actually credit is easy to assign. The firm and reasonable behavior of Czechoslovakia saved Europe from war and itself from Nazi attack. British warnings and Nazi moderation followed rather than produced Czechoslovakia's magnificent stand. The peace of Europe is still at the mercy of incidents on every border, but at least time has been gained. The terms of Hodza's nationality statute are not yet announced, but it is known that they will be generous. If Hitler can control Henlein and if Henlein can control his followers, now inflated by election gains as well as by propaganda, the tempo of catastrophe may be slowed down. And if Great Britain and France will now supplement their diplomatic efforts with a program designed to liberate Czechoslovakia from the economic clutches of Germany, the tide of events may yet be turned and Central Europe preserved from the designs set down in "Mein Kampf."

* * *

MR. ROOSEVELT'S ARTHURDALE SPEECH WAS a jolt to those who have been seeking to return the nation to the tax policies of Andrew Mellon. But so also were the pair of Supreme Court opinions last week on the federal taxing power. Mr. Roosevelt has had two aims in his tax policies. One is to place corporate taxation on a progressive basis; the second is to extend the scope of both federal and local taxation by breaking down the immunities that court decisions have built up around government salaries and bond issues. In a five-to-two decision in the case of salaries paid to officers of the New York Port Authority, Justice Stone held for the court that the salaries were subject to federal income taxation. This is a step toward the social objective of equal tax burdens for equal incomes. But it remained for Justice Black in a separate concurring opinion to make the issue about tax immunity clear. Justice Stone, following *Collector* v. *Day*, distinguished unessential from essential state-government functions. Justice Black challenged the whole doctrine, and stood squarely on the words of the income-tax amendment, which levies the tax on income "from whatever source derived." This clarity of Justice Black's is paralleled by Mr. Roosevelt's clarity on the issues of the undistributed-profits tax and the capital-gains tax in his Arthurdale speech. The new tax bill which has just become law represents a victory for big business because it allows for tax avoidance by the failure to distribute profits in the form of dividends, and because it allows capital gains to be taxed not at a progressive rate but at a uniform rate. It is to Mr. Roosevelt's credit that he has laid the basis for an ultimate victory by keeping the issue alive.

* * *

THE TVA INQUIRY IS NOW IN FULL SWING. The great exposé that the tories have been rubbing their hands over for months in advance has thus far proved a dud. Never did a man get such a build-up by the press for the fight he was waging as Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, and never has there been such an utter collapse both of charges and of militancy. Dr. Morgan's talk of dishonesty and corruption on the part of his fellow-directors has dwindled now to a question of shadings of opinion and interpretations of acts and omissions. Mr. Lilienthal, on the other hand, has not only made an effective answer to the charges against him, but has suggested lines of investigation that may prove anything but pleasing to Dr. Morgan and the utility companies. The inquiry has been hailed by the reactionary press as a means of shedding light in the dark places of TVA policy. We are confident the TVA can stand the light. But we believe the inquiry may also shed some light on the attempts to defeat TVA policy. The Morgan-Lilienthal controversy has gone beyond a dispute between two directors, and any comment on it must also go beyond an accusation or defense of any particular director. We want more light, specifically, on how and why the power companies were able to hold up the administrative processes of the TVA by what Mr. Lilienthal has called "an avalanche of suits" and court injunctions. We want light on Dr. Arthur Morgan's connection, if any, with this judicial obstruction of purposes that Congress had approved. We want light on the source of the money used to organize citizens' committees and propaganda groups attacking the TVA. We want light on the forces that have been opposing the whole program of rural electrification.

* * *

JERRY O'CONNELL WANTS ANOTHER TERM as Democratic Congressman from Montana. There is every reason to suppose that President Roosevelt would like to see him have it. O'Connell has championed every decent piece of legislation that has come before the House during his term in office and has been a tower of strength for the Administration. But while Roosevelt as head of the Democratic Party may look with favor on O'Connell, Frank Hague, who besides being mayor of Jersey City is vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, denies the Congressman the right to speak in a public park of his city, deliberately incites a mob against him as a red who ought to be shipped back to Russia, and finally orders his police to seize him and ride him out of town. No doubt Roosevelt would like to retain the support of both Hague and O'Connell and

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therefore regards political expediency as the better part of valor. But it won't do. Hague, as we point out elsewhere in these pages, is not merely one of a long line of parasitic political bosses who from time to time have emerged to impose racketeering law on American cities. He is an exponent of fascism in the making, and his tactics if tolerated in Jersey City are likely to be imitated by other reactionary city administrations eager to smash a rising labor movement. As top man in the Democratic Party, President Roosevelt should publicly repudiate the actions of his subordinate. As President of the United States he should order the Attorney General to make not a cursory, half-hearted inquiry but a thoroughgoing investigation into Hague's gangland, like that which led to criminal indictments in Harlan, Kentucky. And perhaps most effective, he might remove from Hague's hands the control of the New Jersey WPA projects, which the Hague machine now uses to tighten its grip on the entire state. Roosevelt must choose between Hague and O'Connell. We will continue to raise the issue until he makes known his choice.

*

THE PRESENCE OF THREE GENERALS AND TWO admirals in key posts of the new Japanese Cabinet tells its own story. Even more significant, however, is inclusion of the three men who more than any others represent the extremist element among the Japanese militarists. General Araki, the new Minister of Education, might be called the father of Japanese fascism. His firmest conviction is of the necessity of a war with the Soviet Union. Itagaki, who is slated to be War Minister, is the leader of the fascist element among the younger officers, while Admiral Suetsugu, who retains the post of Home Minister, is the chief representative of the same clique in the navy. The new Finance Minister, Seihin Ikeda, former governor of the Bank of Japan, is drawn from the group of financiers interested in the heavy industries who last year formed an alliance with the military extremists. The only moderating influence in the Cabinet is General Ugaki, the Foreign Minister. Ugaki's alleged liberalism is only relative, however, since he was involved in the military-fascist activities of 1931. The new Cabinet has undoubtedly been formed to speed up the campaign in China. Since it lacks the balance of its predecessor, there is a good chance that in its effort to achieve a quick decision it may plan a rash and costly adventure in the interior of China.

*

THE ARTICLE ON *KEN* BY GEORGE SELDES published in *The Nation* of April 30 contained this sentence: "The McClure Syndicate release for April 20 stated that Albert Lasker, head of the powerful Lord and Thomas advertising agency, has a financial interest in *Ken*." *The Nation* has received a letter from Mr. Lasker emphatically denying that he has any such interest, denying, in fact, that he had ever so much as heard of *Ken* until the article in *The Nation* was called to his attention. We accept without question Mr. Lasker's denial.

The Crisis Deepens

THE "recession" of 1937 has entered its tenth month. If the public is not as generally conscious of the gravity of the situation as it was in the depression that started in 1929, it is primarily because it has become callous to the existence of millions of unemployed and wholesale public relief. Cold statistics indicate that the country is actually worse off than in June, 1931, twenty months after the Wall Street crash. The Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial production in April, the last month available, was below that of May, 1933, and lower than the average for any year except 1932 and 1933.

Statistics of this sort are not particularly entertaining, but it is high time that they were faced. Industrial production in April was 77 per cent of the 1923-25 average. In the earlier depression this figure was not reached until September, 1931. Factory employment in April was 79 per cent of "normal." A year ago it was 102 per cent; in June, 1931, when the population was 6,000,000 smaller, it was 78 per cent. The index for construction contracts awarded was 47 as compared with 74 in June, 1931.

Put in human terms the picture is even more distressing. Three million persons have been thrown out of work since autumn. One family out of seven in the United States is receiving some form of public assistance. In Michigan the ratio is nearly one out of five. There are now about 2,600,000 men on WPA at an average wage of about $47 a month. These are the lucky ones. In addition, two million are on the local relief rolls. In February the average allowance to these families was $26. Since then several cities, notably Cleveland, Toledo, and Chicago, have suspended relief payments pending action by the state legislatures. In these cities some 150,000 families are kept alive only by the distribution of federal food rations.

That business conditions are getting worse rather than better is reflected in the sharp decline in stock prices in recent weeks. The New York *Times* index of stock dropped from 81.60 on April 26 to 76.26 on May 26, a loss of 6½ per cent. Dozens of corporations have omitted their usual dividends within the past fortnight; dozens of others have reduced their payments. With commodity prices tobogganing, business concerns are naturally restricting their purchases to bare necessities.

If recovery is to come within the next few months it will not be initiated by business. Since the beginning of the recession last September business has had but one solution to offer, a proposal that was clearly impossible in a period of economic decline—a reduction of taxes. Whether the Administration's spending program will get under way soon enough to turn the tide remains to be seen. It has already been before Congress for six weeks without action. Each week of delay lessens its chance of succeeding. As the crisis deepens, the financial reserves of both business concerns and individuals become progressively depleted. If Congress refuses to take the steps necessary to start the country toward recovery, the people should know it now so that they may take appropriate action in the coming campaign.

Yankee Communism

THERE is nothing halfway about the Communists. For years they entertained a crushing and well-argued scorn of "bourgeois democracy" and all its works, but now, seized by the sudden conviction that "the great majority of our people," as Earl Browder puts it, "are not ready to support a socialist reorganization of America," the party's ardor has been transferred in all its intensity to "American democratic institutions." Its tenth national convention has just adopted an amended constitution under which the party substitutes "affiliation to the Communist International" for its status as a "section" of that organization; demands citizenship or a declared intention of acquiring citizenship if possible as a prerequisite of membership; decrees expulsion for "advocates of terrorism and violence as a method of party procedure"; and directs all the party's power against "any clique, group, circle, faction, or party, which conspires or acts to subvert, undermine, weaken, or overthrow any or all institutions of American democracy whereby the majority of the American people have obtained power to determine their own destiny in any degree."

On the face of things American liberals, who for years have taunted the party with its lack of democracy, its monolithic structure, its ultimate reliance on force, and its blind obedience to Moscow, should rejoice at this accretion to their ranks, but if it gives them the feeling of being embraced by a bear they are hardly to be wondered at. They might first of all view with some suspicion the violence of the conversion. It would be one thing for the Communists to say frankly to the progressive and labor forces of the country: "We want a socialist America; you don't. We differ fundamentally from you about a lot of things, and your idea of democracy is certainly not ours, but if fascism comes we'll all stew in the same pot, so we propose to work along with you on particular issues where the combination can block the fascist advance. And in the meantime we intend to go on trying to convince you that socialism is the only way out." That would have been easy to understand and refreshingly honest. But in fact the Marxist internationalists, airily shoving their socialism into a vague future, have emerged as the only true, red-white-and-blue Americans, with Earl Browder and William Z. Foster as spiritual descendants of Jefferson and Lincoln, communism as the flowering spirit of '76, and Yankee Doodle about to supplant the "Internationale." They "extend the hand of brotherly cooperation" to "the great majority of Catholics" and rejoice in "fighting shoulder to shoulder with them for the same economic and social aims."

It would be presumptuous for us to pass on the motivations of the party in its present approach, but because that approach involves the cooperation of all progressive forces, it is not amiss to comment on the strategy involved. It is first a foolish strategy because it is too clumsy to be taken seriously and too devious to be practiced whole-heartedly. The party's protestations that it has always been in the main stream of the American democratic tradition have an *ex post facto* odor; the Roosevelts, LaGuardias, and even the sacred Farmer-Laborites might well ask with the poet: "Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me downstairs?"

But whether the party is believed or succeeds only in appearing slightly ridiculous is after all its own lookout. What concerns us far more is the danger of its infecting the labor and progressive groups, to which it appeals in the name of democracy, with its doctrinaire vendettas. Here the paradox of the party's position is most glaringly apparent, for despite its earnest efforts to convince the public that it is American and democratic to the core, it has the ignorance of American political *mores* to decree in its new constitution that "no party member shall have personal or political relationship with Trotskyites, Lovestonites, or other known enemies of the party and the working class." Since it is for the party to say who is and who is not an "enemy of the working class," this clause gives a political group an intolerable control over the most personal affairs of its members. If that is all right with the Communists it is all right with us, but as for the American tradition, we might remind Browder that this is a country in which even a du Pont may marry a Roosevelt. Politically, this constitutional stricture indicates that whenever a Communist joins a trade union or a popular-front group of any sort his first effort must be to bring about the expulsion of all Trotskyites, Lovestonites, isolationists, and other foes of the Communist Party's particular brand of democracy. This may be traditional Communist procedure, but shorn of the genuine and profound revolutionary objective which once was used to justify it, it can only add to what is already an oversupply of political bigotry on the left.

Tinder for Fascist Fires

ON THE eve of a Congressional inquiry into subversive fascist movements, we had better acquire some perspective. What the inquiry is likely to bring to light is the attempts by foreign governments to start fascist fires in America. But these attempts would lack significance if kindling did not already exist in our own institutions and our own ways of thought. By themselves the shirt-brigades, the Bunds, the anti-Semitic lies might be regarded merely as forms of paranoia—trivial delusions if we could count on the health of the state. But can we?

The most characteristic fascist form in America today is the power of the regional Führer like Mayor Hague of Jersey City. Huey Long was the great example of such regional tyrants, but while his ability has never been equaled since his death, his objectives have been copied by others. A local autocracy like that in Louisiana under Long, or Georgia under Talmadge, or Jersey City under Hague, or Kansas City under Pendergast, or Massachusetts under Hurley must be viewed as a rehearsal for a greater national effort to come. In ordinary times it could be dismissed as another instance of the familiar phenomenon of the local political "boss." But it often happens in history that the familiar petty tyranny changes, and takes on the form given it by current tensions and struggles. Regional fascism, as it is beginning to emerge today, is based on the local political machine; it gets its sustenance from graft, crime, and boodle; its terrorism is the necessary terrorism to ward off defeat and collapse under the pressure of united progressive groups. But in its meaning and direction it is incipient fascism.

Another focal center of fascist infection is the tyrannical corporation. Study the internal structure of the large corporation, watch it in action, see how mercilessly orders are given and enforced from the top down, see the truckling to the top man and the slavish fear of him, and you get a pretty good idea of our native *Führerprinzip* and of a totalitarian state that does not have to be imported from abroad. This applies wherever you see such a corporate structure, whether it is in Pittsburgh, Youngstown, Hollywood, Detroit, or New York. Today the corporation is engaged not only in the economic pursuit of profits. It has become politicized, and is fighting the democratic principle that still largely obtains in our governmental life. One has only to think of the bitter fight of Girdler and Ford against the Wagner Act, to read the testimony in the Harlan trial today, and to recall the Memorial Day massacre in Chicago just a year ago to understand the true nature of this resistance. When the corporation cannot win its fight against democracy by economic means, it may call in military and coercive means and attempt to become the corporate state.

It has such a coercive weapon at hand in our indigenous vigilantism. We are so close to the frontier that the vigilante spirit still slumbers in us. As a country that has grown through immigration, we have native resentments that can be stirred up against what is labeled alien and "un-American." As a large sprawling country that has grown too fast, we still nourish our sectional hatreds and our agrarian-urban rivalries. The recent history of strike-breaking movements, of the Mohawk Valley plan and the Johnstown plan, of citizens' committees and vigilante groups is a history that casts monstrous shadows on the future. And to it we may attribute the festering infection of our own racial prejudices—our anti-Negro and anti-Jewish feeling, the latter of which is growing alarmingly. In a fascist attempt the sinews of war are the funds furnished by the big corporations; the armies are gangsters that are enrolled from the unemployed, the muddled, the insecure; the martial spirit is the psychology of vigilantism, drummed up to a hysterical pitch with unscrupulous slogans and catchwords.

It is here that we come to the influence of the Catholic church. Nothing on the American horizon—not Southern reaction nor the reign of terror among share-croppers nor the tyrant corporations nor the cold suppressions of a Hague—is as dangerous for the next decade of our life as the organized propaganda of the Catholic hierarchy. We say the hierarchy, because we cannot believe that the workers and tradesmen that make up the rank and file of Catholics in America are represented by the Father Currans and the Father Coughlins and the Cardinal Hayeses that presume to speak for them. We shall have more to say in future issues about the way in which anti-labor, anti-progressive, anti-democratic hysterias are being stirred through the speeches and writings of members of the hierarchy. Here we want only to point out the connection between the fascist threat and the activity of this largest single minority group in the country.

These are the main centers of infection. They do not add up to fascism; they only form a potential fascism. The infection can be stopped, but not by fear, silence, inaction. To stop it we must make the majority will effective, in our economic as well as our political life. To stop it we must create employment again, strengthen our government, adopt an affirmative policy toward the attempts of democracies in Europe and Latin America to meet the same fascist threat. The health of our state must be an internal health, achieved at home; but it is also indivisible from the health of democratic states throughout the world.

Victory for the NLRB

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, May 27

I WAS absent from these pages last week, and a great many things have happened since I last wrote. It will be necessary to summarize. The Supreme Court declined to review the decision of the Labor Relations Board against Remington-Rand, and the board's victory appears to be final. In many respects this was the most important case ever tried under the Wagner Act. Rand's defiance of the act and the board preceded that of Ford and Girdler, and was equally bold and persistent. Moreover, he gave them lessons. The "Mohawk Valley formula," invented by Rand with some expert assistance, is the most systematically cruel, murderous, and effective strike-breaking technique ever devised. This bloody and brutal routine, successfully used against Remington-Rand employees in the company's upstate New York plants in 1936, received its final trial in the "Little Steel" strike just a year ago, culminating in the cold-blooded killing of ten strikers and sympathizers by Chicago police. Space will not permit a description of the "formula" here. Suffice it to say that it includes the formation of "citizens' committees" and "law-and-order leagues" and the use of all the fascist devices which were on display in Johnstown, Massillon, and Youngstown.

Rand has repeatedly boasted that he would never submit to the operation of the Wagner Act. Now we shall see. Why his defeat in the Supreme Court was virtually ignored by the daily press is an interesting question. It is possible that the boys just overlooked it, but I don't think so.

The ingenious brain behind the recent campaign against the Labor Board is disclosed to have been that of Frederick H. Wood, one of the shrewdest and most resourceful lawyers in practice, whose singular talents are currently in the pay of Henry Ford. Wood has been remarkably successful before the Supreme Court, but his methods in seizing upon the Kansas City stockyards decision as a precedent for cracking down on the board in the Ford case (they were emulated simultaneously in the Republic Steel case) have brought no comfort to the majority of that august tribunal. Indeed, I suspect that Chief Justice Hughes wishes that Mr. Wood would go away somewhere. And what the Chief Justice feels in that connection must be mild compared with the feelings of the Third Circuit Court of Appeals (at Philadelphia), which has just suffered the humiliation of being hailed before the Supreme Court to explain its curious conduct in enjoining the board from reopening the Republic case to correct possible procedural omissions.

The publicity results achieved by Wood and the Republic lawyers were impressive and spectacular, and some of us who should know better were momentarily deceived and alarmed. They may learn, however, that although a big story on the front page of the New York *Times* is gratifying, it butters no parsnips. The steps to prevent the board from reopening the Ford and Republic cases begin to look like costly legal misadventures. Republic stockholders, for example, might take note of the fact that, under the board's order, back pay to the strikers is accumulating at the rate of approximately $30,000 a day, and already has reached a total of more than $1,000,000. The Mackay decision indicates that the company stands little chance of winning a victory in the Supreme Court.

The same indications hold true in the Ford case. Indeed, it is possible that Mr. Wood may presently find himself in the uncomfortable position of saying to the Supreme Court, in substance: "We ask for a judgment because the board's procedure was imperfect. We know it was imperfect, because when they tried to perfect it, we stopped them." If that glad day arrives, I shall be interested in the comments of the Chief Justice. He has a salty tongue, and used it last week when the mandamus action against the Third Circuit Court of Appeals was argued. Alluding to that section of the act which provides that a case can be withdrawn at any time before the transcript is filed, he dryly remarked to the board's attorney: "Your contention, as I understand it, is that the statute means what it says."

Time may prove that the most brilliant single stroke of the Roosevelt Administration was the appointment of Hugo L. Black to the Supreme Court. Laymen as well as lawyers are beginning to realize that Black's solitary dissents, instead of revealing a perverse temperament and a lack of "legal craftsmanship," may well guide the court out of the metaphysical wilderness into which it has wandered. Already the court has reversed itself at least once to reach the position expressed in a Black dissent, and I confidently expect that it will do so again.

Black's fine common sense and his impatience with

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arbitrary and irrational precedents were never better exhibited than in his separate opinion concurring in the decision holding that the incomes of employees of the New York Port Authority are taxable by the federal government. His quarrel with the majority opinion—by Justice Stone—was that it didn't go far enough. It failed to rescue the court from that trouble zone in which it attempts to define "essential" and "non-essential" functions of local governments. It got into that quicksand by following the precedent set in the Day case, and it looks as if Justice Black would have to use a block and tackle to get it out. With merciless logic he pointed out:

> Conceptions of "essential governmental functions" vary with individual philosophies. Some believe that "essential governmental functions" include ownership and operation of water plants, power and transportation systems, and so on. Others deny that such ownership and operation could ever be "essential governmental functions" on the ground that such functions "could be carried on by private enterprise." A federal income tax levied against the manager of the state-operated elevated-railway company of Boston was sustained, even though this manager was a public officer appointed by the Governor of Massachusetts with the advice and consent of the Council. On the other hand, the federal government was denied the right to collect an income tax from the chief engineer in charge of New York City's municipally owned water supply. An implied constitutional distinction which taxes income of an officer of a state-operated transportation system and exempts income of the manager of a municipal waterworks system manifests the uncertainty created by the "essential" and "non-essential" test. . . . Uniform taxation upon those equally able to bear their fair share of the burdens of government is the objective of every just government. The language of the Sixteenth Amendment, empowering Congress to "collect taxes on incomes from whatever source derived"—given its most obvious meaning—is broad enough to accomplish this purpose.

Incidentally, this case provides a perfect illustration of the different methods by which Black and Stone approach the same problem. Stone believes that the court's errors should be rectified a little at a time—and he has been remarkably successful in persuading the majority to take those short steps with him. Black is opposed to any compromise. He believes that the way to resume constitutional government is to resume. Actually, it was this difference in method which formed the basis for Marquis Childs's amazing farrago in *Harper's Magazine* and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. Big articles from tiny intimations grow.

Diplomacy Hits a New Low

BY ROBERT DELL

Geneva, May 17

IN THE past England and France have been represented at Geneva by men with some claim to be considered diplomats and even statesmen—such men as Balfour, Austen Chamberlain, Robert Cecil, Arthur Henderson, Léon Bourgeois, Aristide Briand, Edouard Herriot, and Louis Barthou. The quality of their representatives has gradually deteriorated, and now to Eden and Delbos have succeeded Halifax and Georges Bonnet.

Lord Halifax did not make a good impression at Geneva. The tendency was to call him a hypocrite, but that, I am convinced, is unjust. He seems to me to be a mixture of the typical high-minded, God-fearing English gentleman and a Jesuit moral theologian. He is, I should say, one of those over-scrupulous persons who never take any action without having first convinced themselves that it is justified by the principles of moral theology, and who usually succeed in finding a moral justification for any action they wish to take.

Halifax's speech in support of the recognition of the Italian conquest of Abyssinia was an able piece of casuistry, but there were flaws in his argument. The argument was based on the Jesuit maxim that the end justifies the means, which does not, as is commonly supposed, imply that any means are lawful to attain a lawful end. The sense of the maxim is that, if the end is lawful, the means absolutely necessary to attain it must also be lawful. To justify the capitulation to Mussolini, Halifax should therefore have proved that there was no other possible way of securing peace. He did not attempt to prove it. He did not even attempt to support by evidence his assertions that the Anglo-Italian agreement would secure peace. Both he and Bonnet assumed that to be the case, although it is far from being self-evident.

Nobody could be more unlike Lord Halifax than Georges Bonnet—a professional politician, hampered by no definite principles or convictions. He was sent to Geneva to say yes to Halifax, and he duly said it on every occasion, not always very willingly. The French Socialists and Communists—particularly the Communists—have a weakness for Bonnet which to me is incomprehensible. Some of them went so far as to say that he was better than Delbos. For my part, he made me regret even Delbos, who notwithstanding his weakness and many blunders was an honest man. On the question of Italy he was much better than Bonnet, who has apparently been humbugged by Neville Chamberlain into believing that Mussolini can be detached from Hitler. At the end of the League Assembly last September Delbos had temporarily a firm attitude toward Mussolini. It is true that he was overruled by Chautemps and Léon Blum, who yielded to British pressure. But at least he was intelligent enough to see what the right policy was and conscientious enough to try to adopt it. Bonnet is quite as intelligent as Delbos, perhaps more so, but one has the impression that his main purpose is to stay in office, and that he would adopt any policy that would serve that purpose. At present he is, if possible, even more completely subservient to British influence than Delbos was.

Between them, the moral theologian and the professional politician made an important contribution at Geneva to the work of destroying what little is left of the authority and influence of the League of Nations. They were assisted by Mr. Munters, the Latvian Foreign Minister, who presided during the session of the Council. On May 10 Munters allowed Halifax to make a statement on the Anglo-Italian agreement—an unprecedented and quite irregular procedure, since the agreement was not concluded within the framework of the Covenant but on the contrary was based on a violation of essential principles of the Covenant. Halifax made the statement solely for the purpose of getting testimonials, which he had asked for beforehand, from the representatives of France, Rumania, Belgium, and Poland, so as to give British opinion the impression that the League Council had approved the agreement.

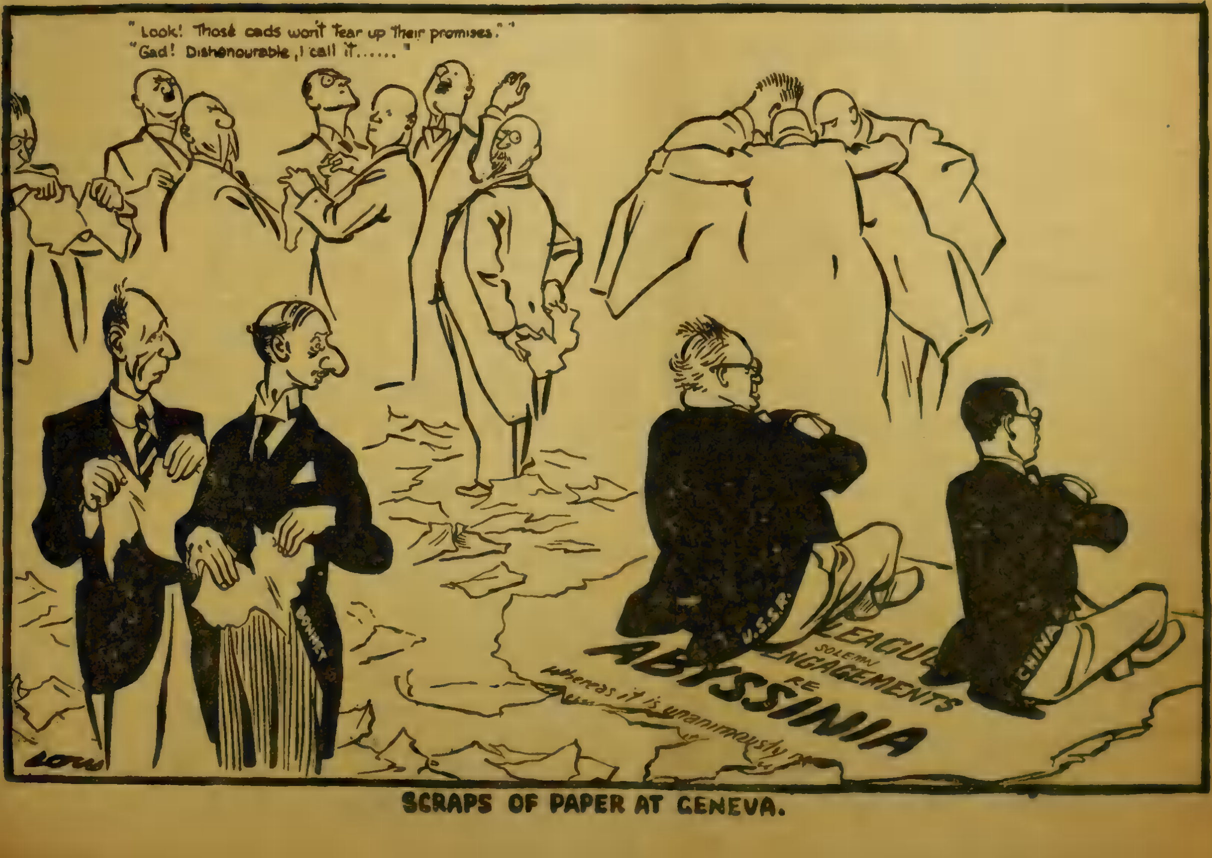
The same intention to shift responsibility to the League was shown in the treatment of the Abyssinian question on May 12. At a secret meeting of the Council on May 9 there was a maneuver to exclude the Abyssinian delegation from the meeting of the Council at which the question came up. It had been arranged in advance between Halifax, Munters, and Avenol, secretary-general of the League, that Avenol should read the decision of the Credentials Committee of the 1936 Assembly, by which the Abyssinian delegation was admitted to the Assembly, and say that there was a doubt about the matter. Munters, as president, was then to ask members of the Council to express their opinions, the majority of the members were to say that the doubt justified the exclusion of the Abyssinian delegation, and Munters was to decide in that sense. The maneuver, however, was defeated by Litvinov, supported by Wellington Koo, Jordan, and Costa du Rels, the representatives of China, New Zealand, and Bolivia, respectively, and after a long discussion it was decided that the delegation should be admitted, not as representatives of Abyssinia, but as personal representatives of the Emperor Haile Selassie. This absurd decision, which was suggested by Halifax, became still more absurd when the Emperor himself arrived in Geneva and attended the Council as his own personal representative. It was a pathetic scene when the Emperor, a small and frail but dignified figure, entered the Council chamber on May 12. Halifax, to do him justice, half rose from his chair when Haile Selassie came in, but as no other member of the Council followed his example, he sat down again. All through the two long meetings of the Council, the Emperor sat at the Council table, a silent, motionless, but accusing figure. His speech was read for him by a member of his delegation.

The procedure on this occasion was as irregular as on May 10. No doubt when Chamberlain promised the House of Commons that the British government would not recognize Italian sovereignty over Abyssinia without the consent of the League Council, he hoped to get a regular decision of the Council. That was found to be impossible, as there would have been four votes against a resolution approving recognition, and decisions of the Council have to be unanimous. The British and French delegations therefore decided not to propose a resolution, and members of the Council were merely asked to express their individual opinions. The Council thus decided nothing at all, and the situation remains unchanged. Abyssinia is still a member of the League of Nations. All that has happened is that a majority of the members of the Council have individually declared that they themselves and other members of the League may disregard the decisions of the League and their own obligations. This they had no right to do. As Litvinov said in his speech—his interventions last week were even more effective than they usually are—only the League collectively has the right to set its decisions aside.

When the Spanish appeal came before the Council for the first time on May 11, another little arrangement agreed on by Halifax and Munters fell through thanks to the firmness of Alvarez del Vayo, who insisted on an adjournment. Halifax and Munters had arranged to close the discussion. When the discussion was resumed on May 13, Vayo sprang a surprise on the British and French delegations. At the end of the best speech that he has ever made at Geneva he proposed a resolution which, after recalling the terms of the resolution submitted to the Assembly on October 4, invited the member states of the League who had voted in favor of that resolution to "envisage as from the present moment the end of the policy of non-intervention." The resolution in question was supported by thirty-two states—two-thirds of the members of the League—but was not legally adopted because Albania and Portugal voted against it and thus prevented unanimity.

The resolution of October 4, it may be recalled, demanded "the immediate and complete withdrawal" of the non-Spanish combatants from Spain and declared that if such a result could not be obtained "in the near future" the members of the League that were parties to the Non-Intervention Agreement would consider ending the policy of non-intervention. When the text of this resolution was adopted by the Sixth Committee of the Assembly on September 30, Vayo objected to the expression "in the near future" and asked for a definite time limit. Thereupon Delbos said that the British and French governments were just about to ask the Italian government to enter into negotiations with them with a view to the withdrawal of non-Spanish combatants. He objected to a definite time limit on the ground that it might have the appearance of a sort of ultimatum to the Italian government, but said that if a favorable reply was not received from the Italian government in about ten days, the French and other governments would consider ending the policy of non-intervention. Walter Elliot, the British representative on the committee, associated himself with what Delbos had said. It was only in consideration of this undertaking that Alvarez del Vayo accepted the resolution as it stood. The Italian government replied with a refusal to enter into any negotiations with England and France about the matter. Now, seven months later, nothing has been done to obtain the withdrawal of non-Spanish combatants, and the policy of "non-intervention" continues.

Vayo's resolution fell like a bombshell on the Council. Halifax was almost livid with rage, and Bonnet was greatly perturbed. The meeting was suspended so that the members of the Council might discuss the matter in secret. The Spanish delegates, who were not invited to the secret meeting, went down to the bar of the League building, where they were joined by the French Socialist deputy Grumbach, who urged Vayo to withdraw his resolution, which, he said, put Bonnet in an almost impossible position. Grumbach said to Vayo: "You cannot put the French government in the position of having lied." Vayo, however, was concerned to do his best for Spain, not to save the face of the French Foreign Minister; and if Bonnet did not wish to give the lie to Delbos's undertaking of September 30 and the vote of the French delegation at the Assembly on October 4, he had only to abstain in the vote on the Spanish resolution. He had not the courage to do that. He was fetched out of the secret meeting of the Council to talk to Vayo and Grumbach. The latter had drafted an alternative resolution. Bonnet urged Vayo to withdraw his resolution, but Vayo replied that he could neither do that nor agree to any amendment without consulting his government, and that would mean a delay of at least twenty-four hours. The conversation was cut short by the announcement of


"Look! Those cads won't tear up their promises." "
"Gad! Dishonourable, I call it......"
BONNET
U.S.S.R.
LEAGUE SOLEMN ENGAGEMENTS RE ABYSSINIA
whereas it is unanimously
CHINA
LOW

SCRAPS OF PAPER AT GENEVA.

the Secretary-General that the public meeting of the Council would be resumed at once to take a vote on the Spanish resolution. Bonnet had not the presence of mind to ask for an adjournment. He decided unwillingly, after consulting Daladier by telephone, to vote against the resolution.

The result of the vote was a terrible blow to the British and French governments and their "non-intervention" policy. Only the representatives of Poland and Rumania voted with them against the resolution. Litvinov and Vayo voted for it, and the other nine members of the Council abstained. Two of them, Bolivia and Peru, had abstained in the vote of the Assembly on October 4. The other seven—Belgium, China, Ecuador, Iran, Latvia, New Zealand, and Sweden—had voted for the resolution of October 4 and refused to go back on their vote. After the meeting a prominent French journalist publicly attacked Bonnet to his face for not having abstained. The Paris correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* reported on May 16 that "the resentment caused in France by Lord Halifax's attitude during the discussion on Spain at Geneva" was as great as ever and that "compared with Lord Halifax, M. Bonnet is pitied rather than blamed."

Daladier and Bonnet and their colleagues in the French Cabinet are no doubt to be pitied for the lack of courage and character that makes them the servile instruments of a British reactionary government, but they cannot escape the responsibility for the policy that they blindly follow, nor its consequences, which are already disastrous to France and to Europe. They are betraying not only Abyssinia and republican Spain and Czechoslovakia but the vital interests of their own country. Events have shown that when they visited London at the end of April Daladier and Bonnet were duped by British diplomacy. They allowed themselves to be drawn into negotiations with Italy, although the Anglo-Italian agreement in effect sanctions the continuance of Italian intervention in Spain until after the end of the Spanish war and is clearly an agreement to secure the victory of Franco, which would be a terrible menace to France. After the visit of Hitler to Rome the semi-official British and French press pretended that the conversations between Hitler and Mussolini had not strengthened the "Rome-Berlin axis," but rather the contrary. This official optimism was plainly unjustified. Exact information about the results of the conversations is lacking, but the information available suggests that Mussolini gave full support to German policy in regard to Czechoslovakia and that an agreement was arrived at for cooperation between Germany and Italy in Southeastern Europe. It seems probable that an actual military alliance was not agreed on, but if it was not, the fact may be due more to German than to Italian hesitation. The members of the German General Staff who accompanied Hitler to Rome were dismayed by the disastrous economic situation of Italy. Their dismay was reflected in an article published on May 6 in the *Militärwochenblatt*, the weekly organ of the German high command. The writer of the article said that Italy formerly received about 80 per cent of its imports by sea, that these imports had been reduced by half, and that no further reduction was possible. The writer continued:

> According to a declaration of Mussolini, the economic chances of the country are not bad, but it must not be forgotten that the present tension of the forces of the nation is not a normal condition. Moreover, the Duce himself emphasized that the resources of Italy are not inexhaustible. In these conditions Italy must aim at a strategy that, by the tension of all forces, will permit a final victory as rapidly as possible.

The reference is to a victory in Spain, and there is no doubt that Mussolini has asked Hitler for immediate help to obtain such a victory, as Italy has sustained heavy losses and the cost of the war against Spain is formidable. The help that Germany can give is necessarily limited, as the German economic situation is also bad.

Clearly the German annexation of Austria has put Mussolini more than ever at Hitler's mercy. If Mussolini tried to escape from the "axis," Hitler would seize Trieste, and it is hardly credible that the English and French peoples would consent to make war to save Trieste for Italy. Mussolini would be nearly at the end of his tether if the British government had not intervened to save him. His speech at Genoa on May 14 showed that Neville Chamberlain's "realist" policy in fact ignored realities and that Hitler's policy had his complete support. As the diplomatic correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* said on May 16, Mussolini supports Hitler's policy toward Russia and Czechoslovakia and also his conception of a five-power pact, which is the old four-power pact plus Poland; Poland being included to make the exclusion of Russia and the isolation of Czechoslovakia more complete. Further, by asserting the permanence of the Anglo-Italian agreement while throwing doubt on the possibility of a Franco-Italian agreement, Mussolini serves Hitler's purpose as well as his own and is trying in connivance with Hitler to drive a wedge between England and France.

The Genoa speech has caused intense resentment in France. Even newspapers of the right that have been consistently pro-Italian are declaring that France cannot tolerate Mussolini's arrogance. The speech ought to put an end to the Franco-Italian negotiations, but it is only too likely that Daladier and Bonnet will continue them under British pressure. French opinion, however, has to be reckoned with, and people in France who have hitherto been blind to realities are beginning to see that concessions to the dictators only make them more exacting and more arrogant.

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The Czechs Stand Guard

BY M. W. FODOR

ON THE eve of the Czechoslovak municipal elections a regrettable incident occurred on the German-Czech frontier. Two Sudeten Germans dashed across the border near Eger (Cheb), and Czech soldiers fired at them, killing both. Using this as a pretext the Germans started to move troops nearer to the Czech frontier. When French, Czech, and English representatives asked for information about this movement of troops, Berlin explained that it was only a seasonal maneuver, from winter quarters into summer barracks. The Czechs, however, were not satisfied, and to prevent a repetition of the events of March 12, when Austria was invaded and annexed, the government mobilized two classes of reserves. In turn it explained that this action was simply a police measure to prevent dangerous incidents during the elections.

The situation was extremely tense during the week-end, and the various European foreign offices were feverishly active. For the sixth time since 1918 the British Cabinet met on a Sunday. But the Czechs knew that the German threat was only an attempt to sound out France. When the German Ambassador called on the French Foreign Minister, M. Bonnet, he was assured that France would fulfil its treaty obligations if Czechoslovakia should be invaded by German troops. "This may mean war," remarked the German Ambassador. "It is up to Herr Hitler," answered Bonnet. The elections of last Sunday, the first of a series, passed without any disturbing incident. The Germans did not invade Czechoslovakia. But the Czechs kept their reserves under arms and have not yet demobilized them.

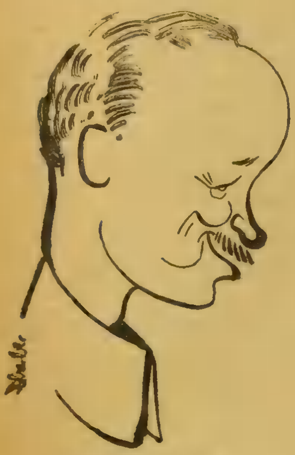
The success of Henlein at the poles was by no means so overwhelming as Berlin had expected. Hitler's first purpose in moving troops to the frontier had been to intimidate those Sudeten Germans who were still hesitating. If he created the impression that he would soon occupy the region, the hesitating elements would decide to vote for Henlein in order to escape probable persecution if the Nazis really gained the upper hand. But Benes and Hodza were not Schuschnigg. And thanks to their courage May 22 passed and the Germans did not enter northern Bohemia. In the balloting Henlein received, instead of the expected 99 per cent, only 82 per cent of the German vote, which was by no means a large increase over his majority in the elections of May, 1935. Moreover, the municipalities which voted were mostly small villages where the voters were more susceptible to the German terror than those in larger towns would be.

In its attempts to disintegrate Czechoslovakia, Germany is using a strategy not unlike that which Serbia and Russia used toward the old Austrian Empire before the war, namely, fomenting unrest among the subject nationalities. The fundamental fact about Central Europe is that a final and just solution of the question of boundaries on national lines is impossible. The writer of this article was a serious critic of the nationality policy of the old Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, but he pointed out during the war that the break-up of the empire would have serious consequences for the future peace of Europe. Though the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy was badly in need of reform, its partition damaged the very countries which promoted it. For the British balance-of-power policy the existence of an Austro-Hungarian commonwealth was a necessity, for France it was a bulwark against pan-German aggression, and for Italy it was a buffer against both pan-German and pan-Slav expansionist aims. It is strange that two formerly progressive journalists, Clemenceau and Mussolini, both of whom should have known better, helped directly or indirectly in the dismemberment of Austria.

In Central Europe, where large nationality groups live in close proximity or hopelessly intermingled, a federal system or commonwealth of nations is absolutely essential. It was a Czech scientist, Palacky, who declared in 1848 that if Austria did not exist, it would have to be invented; and only today we understand fully the wisdom of his utterance. To destroy is easier than to rebuild. The new Czechoslovakia created by Versailles, which took over the heritage of part of the old empire, was neither a just nor a clever solution of the nationalities problem, but at least the peacemakers attained one thing: they established in the heart of Europe a republic which has staunchly and courageously upheld the Anglo-Saxon ideals of democracy and parliamentarism and maintained the principles of justice, liberty, and free speech, principles which have been negated elsewhere in Central Europe.

The writer of these lines can also say that in the days when the Sudeten German, Slovak, and Hungarian minorities were seeking better treatment by democratic means in Czechoslovakia, he supported their claims with his pen. The democratic Czech government committed serious errors in the years immediately after the war when in the flush of victory it tried to impose its will too rigorously on the various nationals within the boundaries of the republic. But when this first wave of Czech nationalism subsided, the clever Czech rulers, both the late President Masaryk and his successor, Dr. Benes, tried to repair their mistakes, and the Prague government can boast that the Germans in Czechoslovakia enjoy more privileges than their blood-brothers in any other Central European state; certainly they have a better life than the Germans in Poland or in South Tyrol. Yet Germany counts Poland and Italy among its friends.

Why, then, was Czechoslovakia singled out for attack? The answer is simple. First, because it is the last democratic country in Central Europe and refuses to fall in line with the fascist authoritarian experiments; and, second, because it is connected with France and Russia by a system of defensive alliances. To terminate the rule of the last democratic government and to deliver a death blow to the Franco-Russian alliance are the two chief purposes of the German attack on Czechoslovakia. A high Czech official told me that if the Czechs would renounce the French and Russian alliance, Hitler would probably drop all support to Henlein; that is certainly the *clou* of the situation. But Czechoslovakia will not do this "favor."

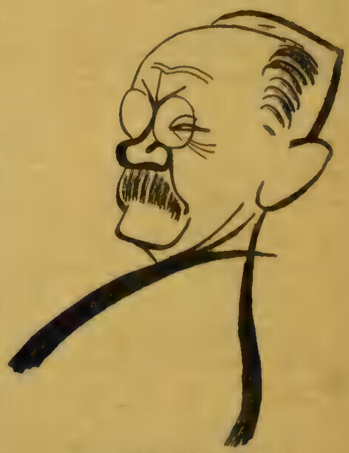


President Benes

Though I have always been animated by a pacifist spirit, I can rejoice that today the last Central European democracy will probably be saved by the fact that it has an excellent highly mechanized and well-trained army. The Czechoslovak Republic lacks practically all the raw materials which Germany lacks, but as it did not embark on the dangerous experiment of complete self-sufficiency, it has been able to maintain a favorable balance of trade and in consequence to buy the raw materials required for its armament needs. Despite the dangerous political situation in Europe Czechoslovakia has been able to maintain its favorable balance of trade even this year: the value of exports in the first three months of 1938 amounted to 2.85 billion Czech crowns against 2.5 billion in the same period of 1937; the value of imports amounted to 2.22 billion crowns against 2.33 billion last year. By buying in the free market first-class materials from the United States, Australia, the Dutch colonies, and elsewhere, the Czechs have been able to supply their army with excellent equipment made in their famous armament factories. Even before the war the Skoda factory in Pilsen manufactured heavy sixteen-inch mortars which the Germans had to borrow to conquer some of the northern French and Belgian fortresses. The traditional superiority of the Austrian Skoda works has been maintained under Czech rule. And the machine-guns of the Bruenn state factory are so famous that even the British have bought the latest model.

On the other hand, the invasion of Austria revealed that the autarchy program of Field Marshal Göring had caused dangerous defects in the equipment of the German army. Because of bad tires and bad lubricants the heavy guns and tanks of the German army were unable to reach Vienna, and even the lighter tanks and the motor lorries broke down on the road. The rulers of Germany know this and will scarcely risk a repetition of the Austrian experience in Czechoslovakia. An armed invasion is unlikely, despite the numerical superiority of the German forces. When the German troops entered Vienna, they might have pushed straight on to Bratislava and in conjunction with the German army in Silesia used the "pincers" movement to cut the country of the Czechs in two. Nothing of that sort occurred. On the contrary, Field Marshal Göring hastened to assure M. Mastny, the Czechoslovak Minister in Berlin, that Germany had no offensive designs on Czechoslovakia, and these assurances were repeated to England. Moreover, in confirmation the Germans promised not to bring any German troops in Austria nearer to the Czech frontier than fifteen kilometers. When I visited the Austro-Czech frontier in the middle of March, the German troops were in fact forty miles from it.

It is true that if the war were confined to Germany and Czechoslovakia, Germany, after a prolonged struggle, would emerge the victor. But the Czechs could probably defend their frontiers for three weeks and then, falling back to their second line of defense in Moravia, could fight the German armies for another three months. In that length of time even the most timid and hesitating French government would be forced by the pressure of public opinion to go to the help of Czechoslovakia. And if France went to the help of the Czechs, Russia would do the same. Soviet Russia cannot come to Czechoslovakia's aid before France decides to act, because according to the Russian-Czechoslovak treaty of May, 1935, Russia's help will become operative only if France fulfils its obligation under the Czechoslovak-French treaty.



Prime Minister Hodza

That Germany fully realizes the strength both of the

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Czech army and of the republic's system of alliances was shown before the events of May 22. On the night of the occupation of Austria the German army delayed starting for twelve hours after Schuschnigg's radio announcement that German troops were about to enter Austria. During that time the German government made repeated inquiries in Prague to find out whether Czechoslovakia had mobilized, and only when it received assurance that this was not the case did the German troops enter Austria on March 12.

The danger of German intervention in Czechoslovakia of course is not quite over, because there will be two more election days, one on May 29 and one on June 12. Nevertheless, it seems to be receding. The Czechoslovak government is determined to maintain its sovereignty and to give only such concessions to the Sudeten German population as will not endanger the safety of the republic. The demands of Henlein, which amount to autonomy, cannot be accepted by Hodza. To permit the establishment of a dictatorial Nazi regime (which, in reality, would receive its orders from Berlin) within the confines of a democratic republic, would be the best way to disrupt that republic. However, the government's minority statute, to be brought before Parliament within a few days, will give far-reaching cultural autonomy and allow Germans greater participation in the government and in the law courts.

At the same time much will have to be done for the economic improvement of the Sudeten-German industrial districts. The inhabitants complain, for example, that they have not been allotted a fair share of the War Ministry's orders. The Czechs say this is only because the factories in the Sudeten districts are within range of the heavy German guns. They are showing considerable understanding of the situation, and the new trade treaty with the United States has been drawn in such a way that the increased quotas will chiefly benefit the Sudeten German industries. The Prague government hopes that if work is found for the unemployed Sudeten Germans, they will be less eager to join extremist movements.

In the Shadow of the Capitol

BY McALISTER COLEMAN

Washington, May 23

THE bemused tourist visiting the national capital watches Congress in session, hears arguments in the Supreme Court, wrings the limp hand of his representative, and observes the Grand Army of the Pay-Rollers flooding homeward when the government offices close for the night. Those well-fed, briskly moving inhabitants of the capital seem to him as far removed from the dolors of the 1938 depression as are the loungers at the Willard cocktail bar from the queues of the hungry unemployed in Cleveland. His sightseeing trip has not taken him through "Washerwomen's Row," a grim alley in plain view of the Capitol lined with the rickety shacks of the desperately poor.

In this and other Washington slums unemployment, hunger, and bleak despair have made such swift conquests in the past few months that men and women who have gone backstage of the conventional Washington scenery talk seriously of the onset of "mass starvation." They contend, these sober social workers, church people, consumer and labor representatives, that the city to which the rest of America looks for leadership is failing to meet the elementary demands of its own unemployed. With the resources of private charities long since exhausted, with fifty thousand applicants registered at employment centers that can offer little work, with thousands of unemployables on the relief rolls, which must constantly be revised upward, a strangely economizing federal government approves only $900,000 for Washington relief needs for a year. And of this miserly sum, which comes not from federal funds but from the forty million dollars contributed annually to the federal treasury by unrepresented Washington taxpayers, the Bureau of the Budget now proposes to divert $200,000 to other than direct relief purposes.

Various persons in Washington, the bitter cries for help from the alleys drumming in their ears, have made determined efforts to obtain an adequate appropriation but have simply been shunted from one tight-fisted committee to another. Relief funds for the District of Columbia trickle through labyrinthine channels. The Board of Public Welfare initiates estimates for public relief; the commissioners who govern Washington revise these estimates; the Federal Budget Bureau usually cuts the commissioners' estimates; a subcommittee of the House on District of Columbia appropriations receives the bill from the Budget Bureau and reports its findings to the entire Appropriations Committee; the bill then goes to the House; when approved, it goes to the Senate subcommittee on appropriations for the District of Columbia, is referred to the entire Appropriations Committee, is reported to the Senate; any disagreements between the House and Senate reports are then ironed out in conference; and the bill finally goes to the President. The socially conscious, bearing stories of acute human misery, have been received by the hard-boiled committees with the suspicion usually reserved for bank defaulters, business chiselers, and members of the Workers' Alliance. After a long series of Star Chamber inquisitions, they have finally been promised an investigation of the whole relief situation; but the findings of such an investigation can have no result until Congress meets again next January.

Washington citizens are helpless before politicians from the sticks, as helpless as the chiefs of an Osage Indian tribe, for like the Osages they have no vote. They can only hope that the next group of commissioners set over them will be more liberal than the last. The Congressional attitude toward relief is illustrated by the report of recent hearings before the subcommittee of the House on appropriations for the District. Congressman Ross Collins of Mississippi is the chairman and to all intents and purposes the entire committee.

The Gentleman from Mississippi suspects audibly that such Washington unemployed as are lucky enough to receive $26 a month for relief are living in Babylonian luxury and sin. He questions social workers as to the extent of alcoholism among the recipients of this bounty. He says that he has heard that many homes receiving relief are "simply assignation houses." He wonders if the relief workers are not making things up. He speaks sneeringly of "de luxe relief."

Miss Alice Hill, director of the Public Assistance Department in charge of public relief for the District, came before Mr. Collins for cross-examination. Mr. Collins told her about Mrs. A, "a strapping young colored woman who got on relief when the doors opened in 1932. When all single domestics were cut off some time later, she adopted a baby and got back on relief as she had suddenly become a mother. . . . She was very large and ugly and had all the relief workers afraid of her. . . . Her mother and brother also were cases at the same address and were pulling down a nice sum altogether. The three cases were then transferred to a problem worker as mental cases, and she went out to see them."

Here Miss Hill interposed: "We have no problem workers on mental cases, Mr. Collins."

Mr. Collins continued: "Mrs. A had a new electric washing-machine and flew into a rage when the worker walked in on her, threatening to kill her if she interfered. The so-called problem worker was, in fact, thrown out of the house, and was badly razzed by her associates for her failure to get anywhere with Mrs. A. That is another case which, according to my information, came from cases in your office."

Miss Hill said: "I do not know anything about them at all."

But Ross Collins was now in full swing and told another about a colored man who had never been off relief though he had obtained various private jobs. When his history was shown to one described by Mr. Collins as "a good Public Assistance Division worker," the latter, according to Mr. Collins, said: "That's nothing. All the colored cases are like that."

Next, to the admiring murmur of Washington taxpayers out to whittle down relief funds, Mr. Collins wanted to know about the unionization of workers in Miss Hill's office. She told him that she had heard of the formation of a union some time back but that the organization had disbanded. Mr. Collins wondered if the union was a C. I. O. affiliate and asked about the degree of its redness.

After these scientific researches Mr. Collins rose on the floor of Congress to speak against any increase to the $900,000 appropriation for the fiscal year of 1939. Having asked who was in favor of an increase, he answered himself by saying, "A few social workers in the District." The people of Washington on the whole, he said, were against raising relief, and he cited a number of communications from the Washington Board of Trade and similar bodies to prove it. Among these organizations he included the Washington Taxpayers' Association, which he said represented 100,000 Washington residents. A more meticulous statistician might have been embarrassed when the head of that organization later stated that it had a membership of about 500. But Ross Collins was not embarrassed. By that time he had told so many funny stories about unemployed Negroes and spread around so much suspicion of the honesty of relief work that it was no trick at all to keep the appropriation down.

This notable triumph of the social views of Mississippi over those of the nation's capital means that some 6,000 unemployed must face the misery of destitution, that half of the city's 2,677 unemployable residents without means of support must be abandoned to their fate, that Washington jails must be enlarged to take care of desperate men who are not going to sit by while their families starve, and that Washington hospitals must somehow accommodate an influx of patients suffering from what are euphemistically called "deficiency diseases."

"Mass starvation"? Oh, a touch of it. But after all, isn't it incumbent upon Washington to show the rest of the country how practical statesmen can put an end to this nonsense of "de luxe relief"? And hasn't Mr. Collins a letter in his pocket from the civic groups thanking him humbly for his aid in bringing about the investigation?

The inadequacy of relief is driving home to more and more Washingtonians the disadvantages of their political impotence. At a referendum held recently District residents voted thirteen to one for national representation, seven to one for local suffrage. Incidentally, many ballots were spoiled by men and women well on in years who were confused by the novelty of the thing. The last time Washington voted was in 1874.

One hopeful feature of the otherwise depressing relief situation is the character of the man just selected to head the investigation of the whole unemployment picture, Burdette G. Lewis of Plainfield, New Jersey. Mr. Lewis's record as a hard-headed reformer and a big-hearted human being is a long and honorable one. He has had experience in welfare work, crime prevention, conservation, and unemployment relief. If anyone can do anything constructive about relieving the distress of "Washerwomen's Row" it is Burdette Lewis. He will of course be under constant fire from the taxpayers' groups and their Congressional allies. He has been under fire before, however, and recognizes by now the whistle of a propaganda bullet. If his report clings doggedly to the facts in the case, it will show that Washington deals out to helpless Americans as cruel and niggardly treatment as can be found the country over.

In the Wind

NORMAN DAVIS has been named chairman of the Red Cross, and the drive to obtain funds for relief to China is in full swing; but before it got started months passed marked only by discord and inactivity. When the question first arose, some Red Cross leaders—mostly the anti-New Dealers—violently opposed raising funds for China. They insisted that aid from the American Red Cross would "antagonize the Japanese" and that "invasion was not an act of God." These arguments led one Chinese spokesman to inquire: "Are you more afraid of antagonizing the Japanese by helping their victims than of antagonizing God by helping his?" Finally, just as things were being straightened out here, word came that a group of American missionaries in China were planning to form a "suicide battalion" to dramatize the desperate need for help.

HERE IS a sequel to the strange activities of the "Committee on Mexican Relations." Two weeks ago the story of a girl who, seeking a job, found that no "committee" existed at the address listed on material sent out by the committee to editors was printed in this column. It will be recalled that she wrote to the "committee" and received in reply an employment application blank from Standard Oil of New Jersey. Last week another person wrote to the same "committee" asking for material on the Mexican crisis. He received a booklet called "Expropriation," issued by Standard Oil of California and the Huasteca Petroleum Company.

FORD'S HIGH-PRESSURE attorneys have been firing questions at the National Labor Relations Board. They want to know whether the board, before ordering reinstatement of twenty-nine Ford employees, consulted Cohen, Corcoran, and company. To his friends Cohen commented mournfully: "I hope I'm not put on the stand to answer that. It would be humiliating to admit that the board just went ahead on its own—without consulting Corcoran or me!"

IN A PRIVATE letter sent out by the Institute for Propaganda Analysis from 132 Morningside Drive, New York, two post-mortems on the reorganization-bill fight are noted:

1. When Herbert Hoover returned from Europe, every newspaper except one quoted him as saying that he did "not consider [the bill] equivalent or nearly equivalent to dictatorship." The *Herald Tribune* quoted him as expressing "fear that [it] was a step toward an authoritarian form of government."

2. Not once, in any headline, story, or editorial, did the Chicago *Daily News* mention the "reorganization" bill. It was always the "dictator" bill—without quotes.

A GROUP of Communist marine workers recently gave Earl Browder a ship's clock as a birthday present. The ceremony was carefully planned; the presentation was made precisely at noon. The clock dutifully sounded eight bells. Everyone smiled jubilantly except Jack Stachel, solemn-faced central-committee member. He muttered glumly: "Sure, it's a nice present. But why does it strike eight at noon?"

AROUND THE WORLD: John Stuart Mill's "On Liberty," Bertrand Russell's "Roads to Freedom," Aldous Huxley's short stories, and novels by James Joyce and Thomas Hardy have been banned in Japanese colleges and schools. . . . The Canadian Press Service has abandoned a feature called "Bright Spots of the Week in Trade and Finance." Reason: insufficiency of items. . . . Apparently there wasn't much joy on the Nazi-conducted "Strength Through Joy" tour of Austrian workers through Germany. Many brought back critical reports; forty were so critical that they've been returned to Germany for another look—inside the Dachau concentration camp. . . . British owners of the Rio Tinto mines, hitherto ardent supporters of Franco, are reported to have cooled toward him. The general has compelled them to turn over the sterling proceeds of their mines, and take in exchange Franco pesetas.

CROSS-COUNTRY: Some people say that Germany's withdrawal from the World's Fair in New York was a subterfuge to escape a public boycott, and that individual German firms, backed by the Nazi government, are quietly bidding for concessions at a low price. . . . New York radio and theater artists have launched a pro-labor night club. It is held at New York's "Chez Firehouse" once a week, the program is emphatically anti-fascist, and the proceeds—$4,000 thus far—go to Spain and China. . . . On a recent visit to Washington Harold J. Laski spent many hours with Justice Black. Later he remarked that Black measured up to any of his colleagues now on the bench and would be "its outstanding figure in five years."

AMERICANS IN Paris recently discovered in *L'Oeuvre* two long quotations from American columnists on the Spanish embargo issue. One was from the New York *Herald Tribune*, and its author, said *L'Oeuvre*, was "Dorothy Lamour." The other, from the same paper, was by Walter Lippmann. Her jungle lover?

[*We warmly invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

EVERY liberal must rejoice at the defeat for renomination as governor of Charles H. Martin in the Democratic primary in Oregon. I am especially gratified that the victory is to be credited to organized labor, and that the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. stood shoulder to shoulder. That is an object lesson for the warring labor leaders throughout the country which they ought to take to heart. Governor Martin is a retired major general of the regular army, seventy-four years of age, whose pleasant sobriquet is "Old Ironpants." He is the man who last January started a campaign against some criminal labor terrorists which has resulted in the indictment of seventy-three persons, many of them A. F. of L. leaders, of whom thirty-seven have admitted their guilt. Now I do not deny that the labor situation in Oregon and Washington has been extremely bad, and that many crimes have been committed by organized labor. But there have also been serious wrongs and violence on the other side, the total result being that the great lumber industry has been tied up for months at a time. It is a situation which reflects upon the whole country and brings out clearly enough how shocking and costly is the present relationship between labor and capital. But the Governor has not tried to keep the scales even. He has been a tremendous partisan on the side of capital. Moreover, he has openly criticized or attacked liberals and of course all radicals. He has literally seen "red" at every turn. In other words, he has been the almost complete reactionary in public office.

Had he been renominated and then reelected there is no telling to what lengths he would have gone, for he would certainly have then felt that the voters had given him carte blanche to war on labor and anybody else whose views he did not like. In his eagerness to be renominated he wound up his campaign by claiming that he was a devoted adherent of the New Deal and allowed to be circulated a remark that President Roosevelt had made to him when they met at the Grand Coulee dam: "You and I made a good pair." The President promptly denied he said this. He could hardly do less, since the Governor had called the Secretary of Labor "that miserable Secretary," had also criticized Secretary Ickes and the National Labor Relations Board. This was being an upholder of the New Deal! Aside from his attitude toward the federal government, however, and even toward labor, General Martin was not the man to lead the state of Oregon along paths of progress.

This business of putting retired generals into civilian offices usually fails to work. Trained to army routine and red tape, to blind army obedience, without experience in meeting criticism and dissent, they become a danger in a high government post. There is another example of this—in Puerto Rico. Major General Blanton Winship, retired, has exactly the same mentality as General Martin and is nearly as old. Personally a kind and well-meaning man, he sees the dissent from our American policies which is so widespread in the island only as something treacherous and treasonable. When trouble threatened in Ponce he took seriously the statements that armed forces were going to converge on the town and dispatched thither a great force of police, with the result that there was the worst slaughter by the police in the history of Puerto Rico. The jury which was empaneled to try some of the survivors among the Nationalist participants acquitted them. Since then appeals have been made to Governor Winship to put the police on trial for murder, for if the civilians were not responsible the police must have been. That would be going contrary to his belief that authority must be upheld at every cost, and so nothing has been done. As I pointed out some months ago in an article on Puerto Rico, when Colonel Riggs, the admirable chief of police, was wantonly and wickedly murdered by two Puerto Rico youths, they were taken to the nearest police station and there shot down on the pretense that they had made a rush for arms hanging on the wall with which to attack their captors—an excuse whose absurdity needs no demonstration. When the policemen were acquitted, Governor Winship actually put two of them on duty at his own headquarters, which was naturally interpreted by the island as meaning that he entirely approved their lawless act.

The warning of these two governors is plain. If we should have a strong fascist movement in the United States, or an executive in Washington who desired to arrogate to himself extra-legal and extra-constitutional powers, the Martins and Winships would go along. Their training makes them ready to uphold authority at any cost and does not teach them how to deal with such criminal or misled labor elements as some of those in Oregon—or the decent labor leaders—save with the mailed fist. Yet these are the times when executives need to use patience, forbearance if possible, above all every other method of composing differences before resorting to blind force.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

ESCAPE FROM THE MOUSETRAP

BY ANTON KUH

AT THE head of this report I set my fear of ghosts. It will be seen how significantly it hangs together with the history of dying Austria.

For years ghosts have walked in friendly, gay, radiant Austria, and no one has seen them, no one wanted to see them. And just as my poor little country failed to see them groping about in the bright daylight and for that failure was ruined, so the whole world looks away from ghosts and believes only in realities. If this story of—I will not conceal it—my chronic fear, which at the same time is the story of a state without fear, instructs the politicians about "intercourse with ghosts," it will have achieved its purpose. The conclusion to be drawn is that the best weapon against the enemy is to believe that he is capable of anything.

LIGHTNING ON AN AUGUST NIGHT

The last days both of Austria and of my Austrian existence were preceded by an unforgettable night, as a storm is preceded by lightning. On that August night the sky was black and heavy with rain, which was not surprising as I was in Salzburg at the time of the festival. I sat with a friend, a lady from Czechoslovakia, under the protecting arcade of a huge beer garden. Instead of pleasant Austrian melodies, a peasant orchestra had been playing Prussian regimental marches the whole evening, to the enthusiastic applause of the guests. I knew therefore in what sort of place I was.

We were the last in the deserted garden; the waitresses were already taking off the table-cloths. Strange stillness after the tumult—one heard only shuffling footsteps on the gravel. We walked across a courtyard to the exit on the bank of the Salzach. But the door of the inn was locked. Someone had shown impolite haste in bolting the door before our very noses. Strange! We would have to go out the rear door, we were told, into the narrow alley which led directly to Bavaria and the Reich.

Outside, I looked up and down and wondered. In the alley, where the red lamp of the wine restaurant opposite glowed like a last traffic light, three men stood waiting, at some distance from one another. One was quite close to us; the two others were on the sidewalk opposite. They stood there with such artless nonchalance that I asked myself involuntarily, why are they so extremely unconcerned? At that moment my eye fell upon an automobile license plate which was illumined by the lamp opposite. It bore a big D. From Germany, was it? The powerful car stood in the shadow. I glanced quickly at the restaurant's sign. Yes, it was the Bristol Bar. Wasn't that the place to which I had been invited a few days ago by the friendly fellow whom the chief of police had warned me against? Quick, back into the dark hallway of the cafe. Explanations later. We run back, knock on the wine steward's door; he grumbles something in a sleepy voice (though he had shut the door only two minutes before). "If you don't unbar the front gate at once," I cry out, "I will report you." He asks no questions, calls me no names, is not curious about why I will report him. He steps out and silently opens the gate for us.

Without doubt my abduction was planned. I am surer of it today, after Austria's "last day." At that time Viennese warnings buzzed in my ears: I shouldn't trust myself too near the Salzburg border; in intercepted documents there was mention of me and of an intended coup. Quite credible now. The *Völkischer Beobachter* had often made friendly inquiries among its readers about how long I should be kept under observation.

I turn back to the bank of the Salzach, to which the wine steward's broad keyring has released me. The night is not yet over. I should not have described the first half of it in such detail if it had not led up to the real adventure, to a historic event I might say.

We feel we are not yet safe. In the pouring rain we hurry over the bridge to the cozy Cafe Bazar, which is always reassuringly crowded with prominent people.

In the downpour the cafe is deserted. But outside, in a little garden running down to the river, a belated group of people are sitting in an arbor. A man's voice calls to me, "Are you here again?" I step nearer and recognize Count Franz Eszterhazy, a well-known music lover—the composer Haydn lived and worked at the house of his great-great-grandfather. "Yes, I'm here, but only by a hair's breadth. I might have been over there"—and I point to the west, toward Germany. Then I tell my story, without looking at the other people at the table. A young man, unrecognizable in the darkness of the ivy foliage, interrupts laughingly, "Aren't you seeing ghosts?" Voice and accent are those of an Austrian aristocrat. I look more closely at the speaker.

"You precisely, Highness, should not say that. If your friend and leader, Dollfuss, had seen ghosts, he would be alive today."

The young man, with whom I there first became acquainted, was Prince Rüdiger Starhemberg, the former vice-chancellor and commander of the Heimwehr, forced into retirement by Hitler's and Mussolini's wish, but still the "first sport leader." In February, 1934, he had had the Viennese workmen shot down. He was then Schuschnigg's rival.

A memorable conversation follows. I say: "In these times a person who struggles against Nazism, or who simply shows no sympathy for it, must feel like a hare with a hunter on his scent. I have the instinct of the hunted hare. For I know the face of the hunter. Hunters have always the same type of face—incurably hard, malicious, ill-favored by nature—as we say nowadays, alas, a German face. In your place, Highness, I should have formed a special 'physiognomic' police corps for rooting all such faces out of Austria."

Starhemberg, who knows that I lean to the left, is surprised: Am I then in favor of a dictator?

Instead of giving a direct answer I refer to an article which I had written for a French magazine at the time of Starhemberg's retirement. "I took your part there, against the Chancellor. I wrote: 'A person who wars against gangsters should have no feelings, not even democratic feelings, certainly not national feelings. He must realize that it is war to the death; he must—' "

Starhemberg completed my sentence, smiling: "He must be a gangster himself."

"No, but he must have the gangster psychology. Schuschnigg is too much of a humanist. From his college days he has been sentimental about everything German. That may get him into trouble. He will do penance not for having been too much a dictator but too little. A dictatorship must spread fear and terror. If it doesn't, if it goes only half way, it will be gobbled up by a more thoroughgoing dictatorship. That is why I am now—for you."

Starhemberg looked quizzically from one to the other of us as if he wanted to say, "Is that a compliment or an insult?" Then his gaze roved over the ivy hedge to the bank of the Salzach, where strange forms were wandering around in the night. A mountaineer with a broad-brimmed hat and flowing beard who for a quarter of an hour had been unconcernedly collecting cigarette butts with his Alpenstock caught my eye. I pointed to him. "Look!"

Starhemberg looked and smiled again. "Don't worry, that is my bodyguard."

I answer: "I would be on guard against the bodyguard. One day the policeman dresses like a bandit, another day the bandit dresses like a policeman."

It was spoken in fun. But Starhemberg suddenly looked extremely serious and reflective. Undoubtedly he saw before him the day when his friend Dollfuss was murdered by criminals some of whom were dressed like policemen, some of whom really were the police. Before my eyes appeared another day, not in the past but in the future, the day when all Austria, like myself that night, would be running around a broad but suddenly too constricted courtyard—only then not simply the front but also the back gate would be locked. Laugh if you will, Highness; even your laughter will die away.

FIVE WEEKS—BETWEEN VIENNA AND PRAGUE

To go on with the story of the ghosts that haunted me—that is, with the story of dying Austria.

February and March of this year, the critical five weeks between the beginning and the end of the drama, I passed almost like a Pullman conductor, going back and forth between Vienna and Prague. My passport is stamped: February 2, departure from Vienna; February 11, arrival; February 15, departure; February 16, arrival; February 20, departure; February 24, arrival; February 25, departure; February 26, arrival; February 28, departure; March 9, arrival; March 11 (the end of Austria), departure.

Almost every one of these days is a historic date. On the fourth of February the Reichswehr revolt broke out; on the eleventh the conversation between Hitler and Schuschnigg was held at Berchtesgaden; on the fifteenth the Austrian half-Nazi government took office; on the twentieth Hitler made his great speech; on the twenty-fourth Schuschnigg made his; on the ninth of March he announced the plebiscite; on the eleventh German troops crossed the border.

The reader must not imagine that each of these events made me jump and then run at top speed to the railroad station. Often the new happening came after my arrival. The correspondence of the dates indicates rather a continuous and logical presentiment on my part—I was reporting for a Prague financial newspaper, and I deduced one event from the other in my characteristic way.

A person on the outside or one who believes the German accounts sees the true course of events expressed in this sequence of dates. Thus he says to himself: First the generals revolted; that made Hitler ready for a reconciliation with his neighbor; he invited Schuschnigg to Berchtesgaden; Schuschnigg, however, refused to obey; and so matters came to a head. In reality events succeeded each other as if by a kind of Ibsen technique, their presentation and their significance appeared in inverted order, just as each successive scene of an Ibsen drama first reveals what happened long before. The eleventh of March was implicit in the fourth of February. But to realize that, knowledge of another date is needed: two days before February 4 the plans of a conspiracy against the government had been found in Vienna, and they

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bore the signatures of Hitler's deputy, Hess, and of one of the highest German troop commanders.

At that time I was in Prague. Foreign correspondents had told me previously in Vienna that their embassies had exacted from them the promise that for the time being they would make no use of the Vienna revelations; Schuschnigg had asked it in the interest of peace. Mussolini had made it clear to him the day before, from Rome, that he should not exaggerate the matter.

The gist of these disclosures was soon known in foreign countries. Together with general directions for bringing about riots in order to provide the German military with a pretext for a "peaceful invasion," the plan—fabricated out of the spirit of the Dollfuss murder—provided that Austrian National Socialists, dressed as adherents of Kaiser Otto and members of the Fatherland Front, should force an entrance into the German embassy in Vienna and kill Herr von Papen: two birds with one stone—an excuse for punitive action and riddance of a man who shared too many embarrassing secrets. Since June, 1934, Papen had feared for his life and tried the more assiduously to curry favor with the Nazi regime. (The Nazis have denied they planned his murder. But the mysterious disappearance of Papen's secretary and counselor of the legation, Baron Ketteler, immediately after Hitler's entrance into Vienna and the discovery of his mutilated body furnish shocking confirmation. In Hitler's Reich this is the fate of one who knows too much.)

In politics monomanias sometimes serve for logical thinking. Because of the strength of my illusion that everything around me and around Austria was whirling, I knew at once things that only later turned out to be true. The high Reichswehr officers had resigned from the Führer's service on March 4 not at all on vague grounds of caste and *Weltanschauung*, as the world press supposed; the ostensible "basic differences" were rather the veil over a secret. The secret was Austria. General von Fritsch and his staff had got wind of the Vienna disclosures from the foreign ambassadors (that was apparently their high treason) and wanted to have no part in the affair. I ran from newspaper office to newspaper office and launched this new idea to many surprised headshakings.

My feelings can be imagined when a week later on my next trip to Vienna I read the headline in the evening papers: "Schuschnigg with Hitler." Was it a reconciliation in order to deny before the world the revelations about the Reichswehr and the Vienna plan? No, a hardened evil-doer would place no value on that. The Führer had found he couldn't get his Austria in twenty-four hours by a military *coup de main*. He held a court of terror among his officers. Twenty-five generals are said to have been killed; others fled—to Austria! One of those who saved himself—he is now living in Switzerland—has said that at the beginning of February he received a pressing invitation to come to the Reichswehr ministry in Berlin. He set out by rail. In the train, however, either because he had a presentiment of evil or because his wife had strongly urged him not to go, he began to feel that the affair was a little suspicious. He got out at the next station and returned home, where he found his wife overcome by terror and grief. She had just received a telegram from Berlin: "Your husband has met with an unfortunate accident and is dead. You can send for the sealed coffin at such and such a time." Now, in that way, thinks Hitler, we shall soon have the Reichswehr "clean." Then we can go back to Plan A (invasion of Austria). In the meanwhile, even though our heart is bursting with impatience, we'll try peaceful conquest by means of an "internal revolution," but that too must not take more than from four to six weeks. How can it be done in such a short time? The police and all the machinery of law and order must come into Nazi hands. Herr Schuschnigg can then make all the speeches he wants to, calling his people to a holy war.

I do not mean that I saw the content and the results of the Berchtesgaden visit so plainly all at once. I knew only that the invitation must have been accepted under compulsion, presumably at Mussolini's dictation—and that was enough for me.

[*Escape from the Mousetrap will appear in three instalments, of which this is the first.*]

Prelude

BY D. S. SAVAGE

This city is a mausoleum where stone
pavements are tombstones for the murdered dead
imprisoned trees stand stark in grimly inclosed
spaces gesticulate to torn hurrying clouds

Ixion of the black industrial day
the spirit of man is crucified on street-
railings the senses' tendrils amputated
in the harsh glare of purple arclamps where

the damned at midnight deathdance emaciate
metallic wristwatch tampering with pulse
among the somber wastes of grimy brick
the stucco palaces and cluttered yards

and slumped in rags on benches by the dark
swirling of waters hungry and shivering
do not remember pastoral days when rain
swept like bright steel over their fallow fields

sundered from sap without branch and root
stunted in prisoning stone until the dawn
blazes red in the acid cold morning sky
and shackled hands are clenched to strike.

BOOKS

Louis Adamic's America

MY AMERICA. By Louis Adamic. Harper and Brothers. $3.75.

AS AN immigrant from the small, village-bound world of Carniola in Slovenia, where caste rules and man is made for the state, Louis Adamic has had to work overtime to arrive at an understanding of the sprawling, fluid, continental nation of his adoption. The process of getting used to something of an entirely new order and scale has developed in him a preternatural awareness that escapes our smug Yankee stock; from a fumbling Menckenian he has developed into the most acute, the most sympathetic, the best, of our free-lance social commentators. "My America" is not a finished book, not an integrated book; it is pieced together out of diaries and magazine journalism and the good, rich letters which Louis Adamic inevitably draws from his friends. But it is worth a dozen more finished books, for it is alive and palpitating with the force of a genuine and uniquely honest personality on every page. Louis Adamic is one political and social analyst who doesn't play politics when he sits down to his typewriter.

Not so many years ago Louis Adamic's figure for America was "the jungle." Now he thinks of his adopted land as an organism with a split personality. In politics this organism is, or tends to be, democratic. But its industry is organized on authoritarian lines. The result of the cleavage is a deep uneasiness in most Americans. This uneasiness makes for a national neurosis, and in many people it provokes a temper that goes in for short-cut methods that always defeat themselves. When Louis Adamic first became interested in the American labor movement he ran across the story of the McNamaras and the dynamiting of the Los Angeles *Times*. An old California Populist-Socialist, Edward Adams Cantrell, told him the inside version of that amazing labor débâcle; and the lesson that conspiratorial violence means failure for labor in a middle-class country has been with Louis Adamic ever since. Distrusting the conspiratorial act, the extra-legal short-cut born of angry animus, Louis Adamic refuses to be Marxist, Leninist, Stalinist, Blanquist, Trotskyist. Arrogance, to him, is the beginning of evil. Other people talk of democracy; Louis Adamic has it in his bones.

Since democracy means patience, Louis Adamic believes in second thoughts and a subtle journalism. For example, he would never leap on Phil La Follette for being a "fascist" until he had heard him out and watched him give content to his slogans and his phrases. The chapter on Phil in "My America," written before the attempt was made to conjure the National Progressives out of the grassroots, is worth a dozen columns on the subject by Heywood Broun, who jumped the gun on Phil in a totally unfair way. (Incidentally, Louis Adamic warns Phil not to attempt to go too fast—which means, "Don't break with Roosevelt as long as the New Deal is in control of the Democratic Party.") But Phil is only one sympathetic portrait in a gallery filled with admirably caught nuances of character. Louis Adamic on John L. Lewis, on Harry Bridges, on Benjamin Stolberg, on Red Lewis and the various amusing contretemps in New York's "Literary Rotary" of 1935, is always searching and always just. His chapter on Maxo Vanka, the Yugoslav painter, packs a terrific wallop. And his ability to be on the scene when social strife is about to break—in Akron of the first sitdown strikes, in the anthracite country when "bootleg coal" was a new phenomenon—is uncanny. As a war correspondent on the home front he beats our John Spivaks all hollow simply because he broods, assesses, and relates as well as reports. The only time he goes wrong is when he is writing about the New Education; here he tends to see his heroes about five times life size, as in his chapter on Black Mountain. Education for life in a democracy demands more discipline and formal training than Louis Adamic seems to realize.

The sloganeers won't like "My America." They will call Louis Adamic a mystic. They will say that he has an unreal dream of America in his mind; they will call him an innocent in a world of power politics. But five, ten, fifteen years from now Louis Adamic will seem so right in most of his judgments as to be trite. Either that, or America will be the jungle Louis Adamic once thought it was.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

A Great Illinoisan

"EAGLE FORGOTTEN": THE LIFE OF JOHN PETER ALTGELD. By Harry Barnard. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $4.

WE HAVE long needed an adequate biography of Altgeld, one of the most misunderstood and falsely vilified of American political leaders. This book meets this need in every way. Mr. Barnard has spent years in gathering his material, and with the aid of the papers and memories of the late George Schilling and others he has given us not only a well-written and sympathetic but also an authoritative biography.

Altgeld's rise in Illinois politics was strikingly rapid. Coming to Chicago in 1875 as a penniless lawyer of twenty-eight, by 1892 he had not only become governor and leader of the Democratic Party in Illinois, but had also made a fortune of half a million out of real estate. It is one of Mr. Barnard's merits that while he properly admires Altgeld, he does not suppress but instead fully states some of the less scrupulous methods by which Altgeld sought and obtained power. These human weaknesses make us admire Altgeld's later heroism all the more.

The first great moral struggle which faced Governor Altgeld was whether or not he should pardon the remaining Chicago anarchists who, after an unfair trial and under a tortured extension of the doctrine of conspiracy, had been convicted of the Haymarket bombings, in which it is virtually certain they did not have any direct part. To pardon them would be an act of simple justice, but it would almost certainly ruin his political career. The crucial moment of Altgeld's life was that when, pacing indecisively in the governor's mansion at Springfield, he paused before the portrait of another black-bearded Illinoisan and, drawing strength

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from the face of Abraham Lincoln, determined to follow his conscience.

The attacks of the press and of the propertied classes were almost incredibly savage, and it has been generally believed that Altgeld slowly withered away under them. Mr. Barnard shows that this was not the case, that, on the contrary, he steadily became an even more energized battler for liberalism and the under-dog. In the following year he bitterly opposed the sending of federal troops into Illinois to break the Pullman strike. Once again the conservative press and public foamed at Altgeld, but here as well the sober judgment of time has vindicated him rather than them.

In spite of all such opposition Altgeld remained the undisputed master of the Democratic Party in Illinois, and he largely wrote the platform at the National Convention of 1896. This sincerely denounced monopoly, government by injunction, and the rejection by the Supreme Court of the income tax, and advocated progressive taxation and freedom of speech, as well as free silver. During the campaign which followed, Altgeld, next to Bryan, bore the brunt of the battle in a bitter struggle between classes which was not to be duplicated in American politics until 1936. Defeated for reelection, and with his entire fortune swept away by the collapse of real-estate values and the machinations of his enemy, John R. Walsh, Altgeld returned to Chicago as a bankrupt, to start life afresh.

Altgeld's third great act of heroism was when, during the concluding days of his administration, he refused a bribe of $500,000 from Charles T. Yerkes to let the infamous Allen bills become law. These granted Yerkes's traction company a ninety-nine-year franchise to the streets of Chicago, and the half million would of course have saved Altgeld and his beloved Unity Block. With certain bankruptcy facing him, Altgeld stood firm and in a stinging message to the legislature vetoed the bills.

At the same time Altgeld threw away another fortune by vetoing the Ogden gas steal, in which his cousin and business partner, John Lanehart, had taken a leading part. When Lanehart later left his share of the Ogden stock to Altgeld, the latter refused to accept a penny of it and devoted the entire amount to clearing up Lanehart's debts, many of which were legally and perhaps morally uncollectible. Mr. Barnard's sober record of these facts should dispose forever of the charges which Carter Harrison has recently made of Altgeld's share in this episode.

For a long time the causes for which Altgeld fought seemed indeed to be crushed beyond hope and he himself to be relegated to oblivion, while the moral standards of McKinley and Mark Hanna appeared to be in full triumph. But now it is they who are forgotten and Altgeld who lives. He lives because of the integrity and compassion of his life, and because these qualities have struck root in the souls of men. They caused the prairie poet, Vachel Lindsay, to write in Altgeld's memory his "Sleep softly—eagle forgotten," and they have caused the gifted author of the present chronicle to tell the truthful and moving story of Altgeld's life. One rises from this book with renewed faith in the ultimate judgment of history—provided that there are such careful and conscientious historians as Mr. Barnard with a passion to keep the record straight.

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The Old Japan in the New

JAPAN IN TRANSITION. By Emil Lederer and Emy Lederer-Seidler. Yale University Press. $3.

THERE is a general tendency to look upon Japan as a Westernized country, or as one that is being progressively Westernized. We are apt to think of Japan in terms of its drive on world markets, its modern battleships and air fleets, and its technically advanced cotton mills. These are the externals of Japan's striking modernization, much more apparent than the underlying continuance of old attitudes and processes in Japanese life. They are akin to the experience and outlook of Europeans and Americans, and so tend to occupy the foreground of the picture of Japan that presents itself to Western eyes. For such a point of view this searching analysis of Japan's culture and civilization during a transitional epoch comes as a healthy corrective. It is devoted in large part to showing the stubborn persistence of feudal ways in modern Japan, and, by virtue of this fact, the intolerable tensions and seemingly insoluble problems which a capitalist economy has brought in its train. As the authors indicate, these problems and tensions are as yet by no means resolved. Adaptation of the new to the old has taken place along lines of least resistance; the whole process, at the same time, galvanizes a reaction which strengthens resistance to further innovation or attempts to undo what has already been done. The full crisis of the transition is still ahead.

The authors have distilled the essence of the old Japan as it finds expression in the present. To this task they have brought philosophical comprehension, keen appreciation, and sympathetic insight. A brief opening chapter picturing the oneness of this land and its people is both artistic and moving. From the natural setting one turns easily to consideration of the union of religion, myth, and history in the corporate and individual life of the Japanese. This, too, has lost little of its influence in a modern age; it is buttressed by the cohesive effects of ancestor worship and the cult of the state, with the emperor at the apex of the pyramid. Equally notable chapters analyze the imprint left by the Tokugawa epoch; the great practical, artistic, and psychological importance of a script dominated by the character symbol; and the sway of conventional forms in artistic, intellectual, and social life. At many points these persistent elements of Japan's cultural and historical background conflict with the demands of a new age. The authors stress the atomization of the ancient society by capitalist methods of production, the danger of a proletariat increasingly divorced from the traditional family life and heritage, the difficulty of reforming the script without disrupting cultural continuity, the essential incompatibility of Western ways with some of the profoundest attributes of the Japanese race. They are content to frame these questions raised by Japan's era of transition—and the issues have never been put so cogently. The nearest answer, still in vague outline, is found in the last sentence: "It may well be that the only possible solution for this nation is to transform itself into a new Japan that will have nothing in common with the old except a name."

Perhaps the best clue to the future resides in the Lederers' clear revelation of the two differing strands woven into the life of modern Japan. The United States was once called half-slave and half-free; Japan is half-feudal and half-capitalist. The bourgeois-democratic revolution of 1853-68 was never completed. Emperor-worship and the emperor-myth still prevail; the state system is shot through with feudal survivals; industry is still in large part precapitalist and agriculture is feudal in everything but form. These older elements prohibit an untrammeled capitalist development and accentuate the likelihood of a catastrophic denouement.

Nevertheless, the system as a whole is dominated by the great industrial-commercial-banking combines, whose baronial chieftains form a common front with the landowners, army-navy leaders, bureaucrats, and the court circle. Economic crisis menaces the stability of this ruling bloc, and the response is not dissimilar to that in the advanced capitalist nations of the West. In Japan, also, the ruling classes refuse to make concessions to the impoverished masses and plunge into aggressive war. All the feudal elements are reinvigorated to give substance to the reactionary dictatorship. Parliamentary politics "peculiarly Japan's own" is all that will be admitted; no liberal theory of the emperor as an "organ of the state" can be tolerated; the emperor's godhead must be taken out and dusted off; in short, Japan's fascist dictatorship must clothe itself in vestments of a feudal past.

These feudal survivals, both in state and economic life, give Japan an appearance of cohesiveness and strength. They are, in the final analysis, elements of weakness. Nor can they be stripped away to allow a freer and more assured capitalism to flourish; any serious effort in this direction raises the specter of much more threateningly subversive social changes. The result is an instinctive withdrawal even farther into the feudal past. Japan's new-formed totalitarian regime tends to polarize the conflicting internal forces. It is forced to wager its future on a policy of military aggression. It gambles with fate, and risks all. In the clean sweep of a social revolution the prediction of the Lederers' concluding sentence might be fulfilled. How much of the old Japan would survive? Is it impossible to visualize a result in which the emperor—most powerful symbol of the old order—might disappear as thoroughly as in Russia or China?

T. A. BISSON

Truth or Legend?

WOMEN OF THE WILDERNESS. By Margaret Bell. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

ON THE jacket of "Women of the Wilderness," by Margaret Bell, the reader is informed that "the manuscript came to the publishers through Van Wyck Brooks, author of 'The Flowering of New England.'" In her foreword the author tells us that a phrase from Samuel Eliot Morison's "Builders of the Bay Colony" fastened itself in her mind. This phrase was the "dark yet unwritten history of the American pioneer woman." Subsequently Miss Bell devoted all her time to illuminating and writing this history, which, alas, remains unwritten.

On page fourteen Miss Bell says, "Truth or legend, what difference does it make? Since there is no definite substitute for it, we may as well accept the record as a symbolic fact.

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Surely we are justified, since time has so generously demonstrated its plausibility." Surely this is hardly the approach to historical writing which has given to Mr. Morison and Mr. Brooks their distinguished positions as writers and scholars. How exhaustive Miss Bell's research has been it is difficult to tell since there is neither bibliography nor footnotes and she runs her quotations unidentified into the text.

Her style seems to have been influenced more by Eleanor Roosevelt's than by any other; however admirably adapted to autobiography and journalism, it is definitely unsuited to seventeenth-century history. A few excerpts from Miss Bell's account of one of the best-known incidents in colonial history indicate better than can any critical analysis why a careful reader is bound to read sceptically her accounts of the lesser-known women of the period:

> How his lips trembled when he spoke, what worlds of passion were revealed by the mounting fires in his eyes! . . . Smiling, with her head a little on one side, she said slyly, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" . . . Myles Standish took his disappointment like a Spartan, congratulating his Newfoundland puppy, who even in the flush of his amazing good fortune did not lose an iota of the admiration he had for his unsuccessful rival.

It is a pity that so much enthusiasm, so much honest effort devoted to such an important and interesting subject should have resulted merely in a chatty, ill-arranged, synthetic narrative hardly to be dignified by the name of history.

MINA CURTISS

Mankind at War

THE CROWNING OF A KING. By Arnold Zweig. Translated by Eric Sutton. The Viking Press. $2.50.

IT IS a curious irony that in the midst of specialization the one activity which has come to include all of us should be that of destruction, the proper denouement of individualism being its great collective movement of organized warfare. And how much ingenuity and precision, embracing every resource and achievement, the combined magic of tongue and mind and hand, the total wealth of scientific research and religious aspiration, we have amassed in order to destroy one another! In "The Crowning of a King," originally intended to be the final volume of a trilogy in which "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" was the central piece, Zweig's elaboration of this thesis becomes clear. His work is not merely a study of the German nation in the grip of the Great War; it is an exposition of modern society in what Zweig assumes to be its characteristic action, murder.

In the present volume the scene of this action is shifted to the little-known Eastern front during the last half-year of the war. Here the German ruling caste, ignoring the clear signs of the destruction which was to follow, is pursuing its vision of conquest. General Clauss is the protagonist of this campaign, and in Clauss, whose Junker ethics, the sense of responsibility and justice which distinguished Lychow in "Grischa," drop away in the intoxication of beholding himself emperor of the east, Zweig has drawn his final and most effective condemnation of the German ruling class. Against Clauss Zweig has placed his three central characters—Bertin,

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the intellectual of "Education Before Verdun," Grischa himself, and Winfried, the middle-class man whose education is completed in "The Crowning of a King." Noticing these three together, as we can do now, the point of Zweig's message becomes evident enough: the long-suffering patience of these servants fighting in a battle not their own, their ingrained instincts of loyalty, obedience, belief wearing so thin before they can see what is there plainly to be seen. Yet Grischa comes to fruit at last in the bloody birth of the Russian Revolution, whose sound echoes in these pages and reaches the ear of the scornful Clauss. Bertin, reading the smuggled documents of the exiles and "traitors" to whom henceforth he must attach himself, thinks of the common task "to find the outlet from this slaughter-house into what is called society, where men can live together in good-will." And even to Winfried, this middle-class man more tightly held by convention and taboo, his brain going slower than his feelings, the realization comes, later than to these others but just as surely. "I have been bitterly deluded and so has Germany," he tells the conqueror Clauss in a fine last scene, "and all that remains of the dreams of my youth is the conviction that you are a dangerous and disconcerting luxury that we cannot afford. . . ."

Zweig is less read than many authors to whom he is comparable, and this is, I suppose, because he is essentially sociological in his manner. His characters are typical, representing points of view and cultural levels, and confining their existence to the exposition of his themes, Zweig sometimes ignores them as people. Zweig is again a little too cultured. With his aversion to intolerance and brutality in art as well as in life, he fails to portray the intolerance and brutality of the social order against which he is fighting. His work, nevertheless, must be considered a valuable record of this society, and in a way the lack of emotional force, the tonelessness, which keeps his books from becoming more vivid as fiction also gives them their distinctive quality. It is rather as if this calm and scholarly Zweig, setting down in all its intricacies the pattern of a nation turned into a unique and gigantic war machine, were sketching for some academic journal of the future the outlines of a world which once existed.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

Thrift Is Not Enough

INTRODUCTION TO THE THEORY OF EMPLOYMENT. By Joan Robinson. The Macmillan Company. $2.

WHEN CAPITAL GOES ON STRIKE. By Arthur Dahlberg. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

J. M. KEYNES'S last book, "The General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money," published only two years ago, has already exerted a great influence on economic thought and is now beginning to make itself felt in the shaping of economic policy. It was, however, a work addressed to professionals and, partly owing to the mathematical methods employed, was too tough a proposition for the lay reader. Hence, by writing a brief and lucid exposition of the "General Theory," by giving us Keynes without calculus, Mrs. Robinson has rendered a notable service.

The great merit of the Keynes theory is its firm basis in the economic facts of today rather than in those of the horse-and-buggy era. The theories of classical economics were formulated when capitalism was young and its great problem was the setting aside of the largest possible proportion of current production for the creation of new capital. Hence the emphasis placed by contemporary economists on thrift, for, postulating as they did a continuous state of full employment, they saw correctly that additions to the stock of capital goods could only be provided through curtailment of current consumption. Today we still find it difficult to grasp the fact that savings are no longer the controlling factor in promoting investment (meaning additions to real capital), and that so long as we have chronic unemployment, it is investment that controls the rate of savings. As Mrs. Robinson explains:

> There is unemployment when the decisions of entrepreneurs as to how much new capital it is worth their while to acquire fall short of the desire of individuals to save. Saving depletes the demand for consumption goods, for saving means not spending on current consumption, and the entrepreneurs fail to make up for it by creating a sufficient demand for capital goods to fill the gap.

That is the heart of the General Theory. It is not Mrs. Robinson's purpose to suggest remedies for the situation she describes, but her book indicates various lines of approach in such fields as the management of credit, public investment, and the redistribution of income, while she neatly explodes the theory, senile despite our business Voronoffs, that unemployment can be cured by wage-cutting.

Mr. Dahlberg, an engineer turned economist, has obviously been much influenced by Keynes, with whose analysis of the poor functioning of our system he largely agrees. He differs, however, in proposing as a solution for the problem the taxation of the holding of money so that people will run from "a money to a goods position." Mr. Dahlberg distinguishes between two forms of personal assets—wealth, which is real property or its representation in equities, and debt, which is a title to wealth usually with a reserve of assets behind it. Money he regards as essentially a form of debt particularly well fortified by reserves of wealth. Bank deposits, for instance, have behind them the security put up by those receiving bank loans—security which in the aggregate is normally many times the value of those loans. At moments of crisis people seek liquidity—they attempt to convert wealth into debt provided with a cushion of value. Unfortunately when everyone tries to do this at the same time, as in 1929-32, prices are smashed and the cushion loses its resiliency.

Mr. Dahlberg wishes to discourage these periodic scrambles for liquidity. Asserting that the effectiveness of money as a catalytic agent is being destroyed by its use as a store of value, he challenges the right to hoard, hitherto regarded as inalienable despite recognition that it makes for depression. The old remedy of luring the saver into investment in real goods is, he considers, useless. The only sound method is to force spending by putting a penalty on idle money.

It is impossible here to discuss in detail the ways suggested to achieve this end. They include a monthly tax on average bank deposits and dated depreciating currency. Elaborate proposals are made for stopping all possible gaps, but it is doubtful if they would prove elaborate enough.

There is little question that the adoption of Mr. Dahlberg's scheme would drive the money hoarders to a goods position, but it would not necessarily compel the investment of savings in new real capital. More probably it would induce a scramble for the less perishable commodities, which under the circumstances would acquire a liquidity-premium exceeding that of money, and lead to an exaggeration of the present inventories problem. In any case, the author seems unduly optimistic in claiming that his scheme would cure the major evils of capitalism and render unnecessary state planning or other forms of intervention. KEITH HUTCHISON

Five Long Stories

THE FLYING YORKSHIREMAN. Five Novellas. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

HOWEVER entertaining the five long stories in this collection may be, as novellas they scarcely measure up to the editorial references to such distinguished prototypes as "Ethan Frome," "A Lost Lady," and "The Turn of the Screw." If comparison is made beyond the specific examples mentioned to work in this genre by Jules LaForgue, Thomas Mann, Arthur Schnitzler, Franz Werfel, André Gide, Colette, or David Garnett, the little-magazine level of "The Flying Yorkshireman" stories is all the more apparent. The settings are varied, but the approach in each instance is rather pedestrian; nor is the authors' discursiveness lightened by any special insight. Even the most whimsical among them fly close to earth. The title farce by Eric Knight is amusing for half its distance. For those who appreciate realistic detail Helen Hull offers a meticulous investigation into the life of a *Hausfrau* turned novelist. Rachel Maddux's fantasy attempts to be a grandchild of Carroll out of Barrie; it emerges as a case history of retarded mentality. I. J. Kapstein's bucolic reminiscence runs out of charm midway. The most forceful story, Albert Maltz's "Season of Celebration," inevitably recalls Gorki in its depiction of derelicts; the obvious irony and the author's indignation weaken its cumulative effect.

The lack of cutting probably will not lessen the entertainment value for those Book-of-the-Month Club members who have chosen the anthology for May, but if the editors hoped to initiate a crusade for the novella, they were more generous than critical. GOULD CASSAL

FILMS

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VARIETIES of the Robin Hood story are as plentiful as blackberries on the thorny cane, or as green sprays on the ash. The hero was a Saxon who held out against the Normans; or he was much later than that; or he never lived at all. He did or did not have Maid Marian for a greenwood consort, he may or may not have fallen in with Friar Tuck, and there is no telling whether he ever saw Richard of the Lion Heart. But certain elements must be

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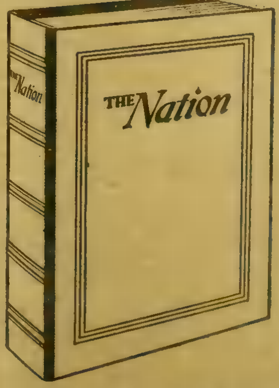

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found in any story of Robin Hood if the teller expects to be heard. The thickets must be bright with spring, the forest must be large and indeed illimitable, the deer must run, there must be bows and arrows, and Robin himself must be conducting a one-man revolution against iniquitous sheriffs, bishops, and prince-regents. The last of these features is doubtless the quintessential one. The setting can vary with the episodes, but Robin cannot cease from the fight he wages—he and his merry band—against gold braid and money bags.

Warner Brothers have put everything into "The Adventures of Robin Hood" that was necessary, and a few more things for good luck. The forest of the film is perhaps a shade too pretty, what with technicolor and all; the people, both of low and of high degree, look as clean as a Newport picnic crowd; and the costumes of the nobles, whether in a great hall or among the mighty trunks of oaks and beeches, have an unvarying splendor at which the eye loses strength at last to gaze. There will of course be a difference of opinion on this point; nor am I denying that "The Adventures of Robin Hood" is one of the prettiest things I have ever watched. To my taste, however, it has been overpolished, and it is too clean. Hollywood can learn something from Europe about the convincingness of a little disarray, a little honest disorder. I remember, for example, a Czechoslovakian film of more than a year ago which handled the Robin Hood theme with no prettiness at all. "Janosik" pushed on, to be sure, to a tragic conclusion; the hero, captured and condemned to die by impalement, leapt against the hook as he finished a wild song of freedom. But that is irrelevant to my point, which is that the background everywhere was trying to be veritable, and succeeding because nothing real had been removed from the camera's vision. Warner Brothers have swept their forest till it is as neat as a nut; the roadways look like bridle paths; and many of the merry men bring the air of the costume chamber with them to the picked trees they will climb.

"Janosik" conducted its one-man revolution also in a more plausible spirit. The audience never forgot that the hero was in great and indeed terrible danger. If "The Adventures of Robin Hood" arouses no anxiety in its spectators, the excuse might be that it is comedy whereas "Janosik" was tragedy. But Errol Flynn is perhaps too obviously safe at all times—even in a great hall full of nobles he has only to hack his way out or to push convenient tables in front of giants in red robes coming to crush him. At the gallows, in the greenwood, or fencing for his life with Sir Guy of Gisborne (Basil Rathbone), he has luck too visibly with him, he too plainly cannot lose. This means that the essential theme tends to disappear among a series of gay episodes—not quite as gay, either, as they would have been had Douglas Fairbanks returned to clown the fable. For Errol Flynn is not trying to be Douglas Fairbanks; he is trying to be romantic; and I think he would have been more so had he been able to make us catch our breath two or three times.

But the film is better than I have said. It is really charming; Claude Rains is an accomplished Prince John; and the recognition of King Richard (Ian Hunter) by Robin Hood is a great moment. "Robin Hood" has a whole summer before it, and I do not doubt that it will beautify the green season.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Letters to the Editors

The Communist Constitution

Dear Sirs: In its proposed new constitution the American Communist Party abandons the Bolshevik idea of a working-class seizure of power and goes in for preaching socialism to a democratic electorate. This seals the victory of Stalinism over the Bolshevik program—and was preceded, naturally enough, by the extermination of the old Bolsheviks.

The question arises: Having come over to the position of the democratic or Menshevik Socialists, why do the Stalinists keep up a separate organization? The answer is indicated in the clause describing disciplinary measures against "spies, double-dealers, swindlers, . . . Trotskyists, etc." and that providing expulsion for "betrayers of party confidence."

A party candidly going before a democratic electorate with a program of evolution toward socialism would have no occasion to introduce into its constitution journalistic billingsgate about "spies, swindlers, etc." Those are the names given in the party press to the critics of Stalin's dictatorship. The defense of that dictatorship is thus revealed to be a constitutional function of this allegedly democratic party. And the method of defense is revealed to be the same as that adopted by Stalin: slander and misrepresentation in the place of argument and debate. This method succeeds in Russia only because free criticism is suppressed. That the Communists will proceed to such suppression in America if they win power is obvious from both the tone and the meaning of this clause in their constitution.

Equally inappropriate to a peaceable political party in a democratic republic is the clause providing expulsion for "betrayers of party confidence." It says plainly that this is not an open political party presenting a candid program to the electorate but a secret society having plans not revealed to those who vote. Americans who really believe in democracy are entitled to know that the heads of this secret society were designated by a foreign dictator, are removable by him, and take orders on all vital questions from his headquarters.

The danger lies not there, however, but in the "Americanizing" of this same system which is now in rapid progress. Browder is already rewriting our national history to prepare the way for a native "beloved leader," native spy-hunts, and all the machinery of an American totalitarianism. In view of its own intolerant and conspiratorial character, so openly avowed in these clauses, the party's proclamation of its rabid allegiance to American institutions smacks rather more of the vigilantes and the Ku Klux Klan than of genuine republicanism. Its intensely patriotic zeal for "democracy" cohabits with a belief that Stalin's recently adopted constitution, which confirmed the absolute sovereignty of the Russian Communist Party, is "the most democratic in the world."

What the Stalin parties in general have done is to abandon the proletarian-insurrectionary aim of Lenin while retaining the conspiratorial habit, the centralized command, the jesuitical *mores*—in sum, the military tactics and the "war psychology"—which were justified, if at all, only by that aim. That is exactly what Mussolini and Hitler did. The difference between a fascist party and a Bolshevik party which has abandoned its militant class program is—aside from problems of European nationalist diplomacy—not vital. Hitler and Mussolini adorn their assaults on free culture with the same vaguely intended proletarian and socialistic ideals that the Communists use. They win therewith the support of the same soft-headed "radicals." Their real program is power for the party, obedience to the leader, and unlimited Machiavellianism as to ways and means.

In my opinion liberals who give support or tolerance to the Communist Party on the assumption that they are moving to the left are being decoyed by labels, and by a misunderstanding of recent history, into betraying civilization itself. They are aiding in the propagation of the Totalitarian State of Mind, which should be the chief enemy.

MAX EASTMAN

Croton-on-Hudson, May 26

Hull Not Despairing

Dear Sirs: A paragraph appeared in your "In the Wind" column of May 21 broadly intimating that I inspired a story in the Baltimore *Evening Sun* to the effect that Secretary of State Cordell Hull would soon resign. I did nothing of the sort. I did talk to Mr. Hull about that time, as I have done countless times. But I made no report to my editors, as stated, of Mr. Hull's "despairing mood." There was no such mood, nor was there in the conversation the remotest suggestion of a disagreement between Mr. Hull and the President. What was said had only to do with a certain type of "polecat journalism" that afflicts this town just now.

J. FRED ESSARY

Washington, May 24

Hague's Victim Asks Help

Dear Sirs: Your readers are familiar with the facts of Hague's reign of terror in Jersey City. The writer, long active in political, religious, and civic circles of Hudson County and New Jersey, was among those who openly protested against the wholesale denial of civil rights in our city and the brazen refusal of Mayor Hague to allow union labor to organize, and at the same time exposed the financial corruption that exists in Jersey City under Hague rule. As a well-known Catholic and official of a Catholic organization, I also took a firm and honest stand against Hague's false cry that the fight in Jersey City was that of "Hague versus Communists."

What happened after that is now a matter of public record. Ballot-box thieves, number runners, gamblers, and racetrack operators were overlooked by Hague's political grand jury, but I was indicted on a charge "so spurious," according to Congressman Jerry O'Connell, a Democrat of Montana, "that it would have been thrown out of court in any other state in the Union." Trumped-up evidence and intimidation of witnesses and even a packed jury were employed to convict me. Now there is a possibility of my receiving a sentence of fifteen years.

Vito Marcantonio, former Congressman from New York, defended me at the trial without receiving a cent for his brilliant and courageous work, but the sum of several thousand dollars is needed immediately for printing the briefs and records, and for the preparation of legal papers.

Your readers who may want to voice their indignation at this damnable practice of Hague's of jailing his opponents may do so by helping to raise this defense fund. Mrs. Ida E. Guggenheimer is acting as treasurer of a defense committee of New York citizens. Contributions or checks should be made to the Longo Defense Fund and sent to her at 205 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City. JOHN R. LONGO

Jersey City, N. J., May 27

Would Penalize Hoarding

Dear Sirs: The letter on Hoarding and Recovery by G. R. Walker in your issue of April 23 relates to a problem that is giving increasing concern both to economists and to other people—the simple problem of reducing hoarding. There are two methods by which money can be brought from hoarded funds into active investment: one is the lure of profits, and the other is placing a penalty on hoarding. A great deal of our New Deal legislation and many other proposals relating to tax modification are based upon the idea of luring money into investment.

The idea of penalizing hoarding was presented by Hertzka, an Austrian social reformer and economist of the '90's. Silvio Gesell, a German-Argentinian, gave the idea development, but a full logical presentation, combined with a practical plan, was lacking until this year. In "When Capital Goes on Strike" Arthur Dahlberg has developed a thesis indicating the final necessity of influencing demand through influencing the flow of money which I think both Marxians and non-Marxians will accept. He has coupled it with a practicable working device for collecting a tax on all hoarded funds, which may be increased or diminished in inverse ratio to the speed of spending. JACOB BAKER

Washington, D. C., May 23

College Reorganization Plan

Dear Sirs: A miniature reproduction of the scenes which preceded the defeat of President Roosevelt's reorganization plan is now being enacted on the campuses of New York City's colleges. As *The Nation* noted editorially some time ago, a liberal bloc of the Board of Higher Education which governs the city colleges has attempted to introduce into the by-laws of the board certain modifications in the direction of democratizing the college set-up. The proposed "reorganization plan" calls for (1) elected department chairmen, to serve for three years, with no tenure in their administrative offices, (2) a faculty council, elected by the entire permanent staff, which shall act as an executive council of the faculty, (3) an elected faculty committee on personnel to review appointments and dismissals, and (4) departmental committees on appointment and promotion, elected within each department.

Faculties and departments in the city colleges have for the most part been organized like industrial organizations, with the presidents as all-powerful general managers and department heads under them, dominating their several subordinates. This autocratic arrangement has led to such basic evils as a lack of appreciation for student problems, arbitrariness in appointment, promotions, and salaries of instructors, and cheap labor policies.

The New York College Teachers' Union and other local organizations of the staffs, such as the Hunter, Brooklyn, and City College Instructors' Associations, as well as prominent liberals on the campuses, such as President Klapper, of Queens College and Professor Harry A. Overstreet, are whole-heartedly supporting the new proposals.

HOWARD SELSAM
Vice-President of the New York College Teachers' Union

New York, May 25

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The Shape of Things

THE TRIUMPH OF THE LENDING-SPENDING bill in the Senate by a 60-to-10 vote constitutes the week's best news from Washington. Despite widespread tory opposition, only seven Republicans and three Democrats voted against the bill, while four Republicans cast their ballots in favor of it. The Senate bill is substantially better than that which passed the House. An extra $175,000,000 was added to the pitifully small appropriation for the WPA; a new item of $212,000,000 was inserted for farm-parity payments; and $300,000,000 was tacked on to the appropriation for loans by the United States Housing Authority. All efforts to limit the President's discretionary power by earmarking the amounts for specific purposes were, with one minor exception, decisively defeated. The exception was an amendment introduced by Senator McAdoo setting aside $50,000,000 of the WPA money for the purchase of seafood and farm commodities for distribution to the needy. Many of the other changes, such as Senator Thomas's amendment raising the minimum wage on WPA projects from $21 to $40 a month, were a welcome improvement. While not all the Senate amendments are likely to be accepted by the conference committee, the bill which emerges is certain to be better than the House bill and to incorporate the main features of the President's original measure. If prompt action is taken to get the appropriated funds into circulation, an important step toward recovery will have been made.

*

THE SOVIET UNION HAS AGREED TO BRITAIN'S proposal for the withdrawal of the "volunteers" from Spain by four general categories—army, navy, air force, and civilian. This concession has pushed the negotiations of the Non-Intervention Committee one short step ahead, but infinite difficulties still lie in its path. The Chamberlain government is desperately anxious to have the foreign troops withdrawn so that the Anglo-Italian pact may come into force, and to this end it is backing the Italian demand that the French frontier be closed. To this the French and Russians have also agreed, but their acquiescence is hedged about with so many conditions that it

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amounts to little more than a talking point. The most important condition made by the Soviet Union is that the other borders and all the seaports be as effectively patrolled—a demand that Italy is unlikely to accept even in return for promises of loans. The situation is an awkward one, with delay working to the disadvantage of the Chamberlain government and the fascists and helping the Spanish Loyalists. At the time the Anglo-Italian agreement was signed both parties to it assumed that the rebels were on the verge of victory. When it became apparent that this was not the case, Chamberlain revived the talk of mediation to end the war after the foreign troops were removed. There is no doubt that not only the Spanish but the Germans and Italians are tiring of a struggle in which success for either side seems far away. But how to bring it to an end without sacrificing both prestige and the material fruits of victory has not been discovered. Mussolini's abrupt termination of the French-Italian negotiations indicates that he is playing along with the Non-Intervention Committee only because he sees a chance of shutting off supplies to the Loyalists while he continues to pour in reinforcements for the rebels. A few weeks ago it looked as if he might achieve this. But the stiffening of the Loyalist lines has led to a corresponding strengthening of the democratic front in the London committee. Barring a sudden collapse of the rebel or Loyalist arms, the powers will probably still be jockeying for position on the volunteer question three months from now.

*

FATHER HLINKA'S DEMAND FOR SLOVAK autonomy has come, like Job's boils, as one more tribulation for the long-suffering Czechoslovakian government. Unlike the German, Polish, and Hungarian minorities, the Slovaks are not motivated by irredentist sentiment; they have no ties across the border. Nor are they united in their demands. The enthusiastic reception given to Premier Hodza, himself a Slovak, at Bratislava on the day after Hlinka's speech, suggests that the majority of the Slovaks are probably behind the government. The Slovak Clerical Party, of which Father Hlinka is the leader, is an extremist faction which has never reconciled itself to the necessity for a unified state. At the present time negotiations are under way between the Czech government and the minorities with regard to the nationalities statute. Important concessions concerning language and local autonomy are certain to be granted, but the Czech government has made it clear that it will not yield an inch on issues involving national unity. It has not given the slightest intimation of weakness toward Germany despite a revival of the campaign of vituperation in the Nazi press. Indeed, the Czechoslovak leaders are furnishing an example of moderation tempered with firmness which other democracies might well copy.

"BLOODY HARLAN" IS ON TRIAL BEFORE A jury composed mainly of hill-billy farmers on whose minds appeals to local pride and prejudice may have as strong an effect as appeals to logic—if not stronger. They are less likely, moreover, to be shocked at tales of violence, conditioned as they are to the rugged and extra-legal *mores* of that backwoods community. (Our favorite testimony so far is that of the man who was allowed by the local deputies to run an illegal wine business, which they patronized, until he committed the crime of joining the United Mine Workers.) The lawyers for the sixty-six defendants—mine officials and law-enforcement officers of Harlan County—have already introduced the appeal to local prejudice and will undoubtedly put on a show in which "outside agitators" will be cast in the role of villains, with the government, "this Administration Department of Justice," as co-villain and persecutor. The defense is putting up a brazen fight, invoking every technicality in a way that certainly does not indicate any consciousness of innocence but only a determination to fight to the last ditch. Their most ominous move so far is their contention that the Wagner Act protects only the actual employees of a corporation and does not affect "outside organizers." The presiding judge seems to be competent and fair and the testimony is overwhelming, particularly since the court has held that the transcript of the hearings before the NLRB is admissable.

*

REMINGTON RAND STOPPED AT NOTHING TO break the strike of its employees, members of an A. F. of L. union, which began in 1936. It invented the Mohawk Valley formula, a nine-point program including a "back-to-work" movement and a company union which has since become the classic formula for strike-breaking. Since then it has gone to similar extremes in its fight against the NLRB, which exposed the formula and ordered the reinstatement of 4,000 strikers in the company's various plants, charging "wholesale violations" of the Wagner Act. Some months ago James H. Rand, Jr., and his distinguished codefendant, Pearl Bergoff, who has called himself king of the strike-breakers, were acquitted of violating the Byrnes law by a federal-court decision in New Haven that cynically ignored the overwhelming evidence compiled by the Labor Board. But the Supreme Court recently refused to review the board's order—and on June 4 the Circuit Court of Appeals in New York reaffirmed it in peremptory terms—that the strikers must be reinstated. Whereupon the country was presented with the spectacle of an employer so bent on defeating the Labor Board and its former employees that it condoned "stand-up" strikes by the strike-breakers, now organized into an association which the board has labeled a company union. On June 1, 6,000 workers in four cities

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stopped work, for one hour, in protest against the Supreme Court's action, which they said would throw 4,000 of their number out of work. And the company said magnanimously that it would do everything it legally could to have the Association of Remington Rand Employees recognized as the sole bargaining agent for Rand workers!

*

THE NEW FOOD-AND-DRUG LAW PASSED BY the House is the worst in a long line of fruitless attempts to regulate a shameful area of business irresponsibility. The enthusiasm with which lifelong enemies of effective legislation are greeting the measure is easy to explain. Though presumably the product of arduous research, inquiry, and debate, the bill suffers from a fatal flaw—it cannot be enforced. Its weakness is apparent in a clause providing for an unprecedented system of judicial review, transparent in its intent and devastating in its effects. Within ninety days of the issuance of any regulation by the Secretary of Agriculture, anyone adversely affected by it—manufacturer or dealer—may seek an injunction in any federal court. If granted, the injunction applies throughout the nation. Another hearing must thereupon be held, another regulation issued, and then the violator can once more set the merry-go-round in motion by appealing for a second injunction. Even if the injunction is voided by an appellate court, the government can still be thwarted; for at that point a bloc in the industry under fire can demand repeal or amendment of the ruling. A new hearing is mandatory. As soon as the government issues a new edict or sustains the old, the grotesque procedure of injunctions and appeals can be renewed. This caricature of the democratic process can be invoked at every turn. It is not surprising that the fake medicine-men have given the bill their blessing and that no newspaper publisher has proclaimed that the inalienable right to be poisoned is in danger. We share Secretary Wallace's opposition to the bill and trust that it will be buried without honors in conference. We prefer our poison straight.

*

CURRENT ISOLATIONIST PROPAGANDA HAS been described as an effort to keep us out of the last war; the description might also be applied not unfairly to the Anti-War Congress which recently met in Washington. Although the press virtually boycotted the proceedings, the congress represented wide areas of isolationist, pacifist, and socialist thought. Its tone and emphasis broodingly reflected the failure of 1917; its decisions reinforce our fear that the road to a new war may be paved with post-mortems on the last. Adopting a six-point "united-front" program, the thousand delegates opposed increases in naval and military outlays, demanded withdrawal of ships and marines from war zones, indorsed the Ludlow amendment, assailed M-Day plans, condemned "alliance or joint action with any other nation for war," and stressed the necessity of meeting domestic crises at home. While many of these points are worth making, the program as a whole represents the familiar isolationist strategy of evading uncomfortable realities. Its premise—that we can build a stable world at home while war sweeps the rest of the globe—has frequently been challenged in these pages. What concerns us is the readiness with which persons like Norman Thomas, who understand the implications of the struggle in Spain and China, agreed to ignore these issues in drafting the congress program. We know the reason; it was that same quest for unity which has permitted Frederick J. Libby and other isolationists to hamstring previous anti-war meetings. But can progressives afford to barter the fact of fascist aggression for a resolution on social justice in general? Is the fate of Spain and China—and Czechoslovakia—crucial to world peace and democratic principles or is it not? The Washington congress is more likely to be remembered for its silence on these living issues than for its affirmation of faith in the coming of a good society.

The G. O. P. Expects—

THE Republicans expect every Democrat to do his duty in the primary campaigns. That, borrowing from our friend Quincy Howe, is the best way to describe the touching interest of the Republican press—in fact, of the entire tory press—in the current struggle betwen the New Dealers and old-line Democrats. It has been evident for some time that John D. M. Hamilton has moved his field headquarters over inside the enemy's lines, since his own are too attenuated to amount to much.

The tempest that is raging over the primaries has in it a kind of mad Wagnerian music. One detects two themes. The minor theme is concerned with the corruption of WPA politics and the sinfulness of "playing politics with human misery"; the major theme has to do with the "purge" that is being carried on in Democratic ranks by the New Deal inquisitors.

We discussed the minor theme editorially two weeks ago (Relief as the Devil). The major theme is also worth attention. All kinds of phrases are used about the "purge." General Johnson speaks of "Corcoran's benzine board for the rubbing out of resisters to personal rule." In his calmer moments he confines himself to calling it a "Cheka," and "a ruthless political immorality on about the levels of the more carnal political purges and pogroms of Europe." And other writers in the press, while lacking the General's explosive verbal artillery, do pretty well along the same line. What has provoked these outbursts? Mr. Roosevelt, acting anonymously through his lieutenants, is making an attempt in the primaries to get New Deal Democrats nominated in the place of Senators and Congressmen who have opposed the New Deal program and premises during the past two years.

Has the President a right to do this? We contend that it is not only his right but his duty. We said repeatedly before the 1936 election that the President's biggest mistake was helping to bring a Democratic majority back into Congress which included many who were in no essential respect different from the Republicans.

The President, under the American political system, is both head of the state and leader of his party. This is a healthy thing. It makes him root his policies in the party process, and it makes him gear his politics to the needs of the state. The great difficulty is one of language. The President must always talk as President and never as party leader. In this respect we maintain a fiction just the reverse of that supported in England, where the Prime Minister talks as party leader and not as the head of the state. Since the President is expected to maintain a decent respect for political fictions, he can do little else than profess neutrality about certain things that concern his Administration crucially. Woodrow Wilson was rash enough in 1918 to break with that fiction, and he called for the selection of Democrats who would support him. He was broken in turn.

But while the President plays the political game in preserving the fiction, he has learned also that the survival of the New Deal will depend on the composition of the next Congress. And his major advisers know that, too. Hence the struggle going on now between Farley and Garner on one side, who are Democrats without being New Dealers, and Hopkins, Ickes, Corcoran, and Jackson on the other, who are New Dealers whether they are Democrats or not. And like all party struggles, it is being fought with political weapons—indorsements, semi-indorsements, patronage, and the prestige of big names. Those who raise their hands in horror at this spectacle can have little conception of the history of the American party system.

To say that the entire campaign today is being waged as a vendetta over the defeat of the court-reorganization plan is to distort the picture. The fact is the Administration is throwing its weight against the men who have opposed its basic labor and social legislation. And when issues such as this are involved, any attempt to muzzle Ickes or Hopkins—whose political value lies in the fact that they are members of the President's inner council—is equivalent to asking the New Deal to commit political suicide. Party politics is a rough-and-ready game, but it is the essence of the democratic process. Reject it, seek to place political power on some other base, and your alternative is a moneyed plutocracy or a dictator.

The Supreme Court Revolution

HISTORIANS will describe the Supreme Court term which has just ended as crucial in the history of both court and country. With the quickening pace and tension of social change, "periods" in the court's history are now shorter than they have ever been. In the six years since 1932 we have witnessed the following periods: the tendency to construe governmental power broadly in the midst of depression, the sharp swing against the New Deal, the reorganization battle, and the present liberal trend.

This is no place for a detailed discussion of the past term's achievements. Briefly they fall under four heads. The first and most important, despite the efforts of the tory press to play down their significance, are the labor decisions. From its sensational reversal of itself in the Washington Minimum Wage case over a year ago up to the most recent order in the Republic Steel case, the court has given judicial sanction to a new legal framework in which labor can carry on. The decisions have completely upheld the NLRB, cut the ground from under the attack on the board's personnel and methods, and placed the designers of the Girdler-Ford resistance to the Wagner Act in a humiliating position. The second important series of cases was the tax decisions. While less sharp than the labor decisions both in their formulation and their consequences, these showed the court moving toward a firmer assertion of the federal taxing power and toward a whittling away of unsocial tax immunities. Thirdly, the court upheld the New Deal on a scattering of fronts—in allowing PWA loans for the construction of municipal power plants; in upholding, in the Electric Bond and Share case, the registration of public-utility holding companies with the SEC; in affirming the municipal bankruptcy act; in fighting off attacks on government monetary policy in three new gold-clause cases; and in strengthening the anti-trust drive, the Federal Power Commission, and the Home Owners' Loan Corporation. Finally, in a series of rate-valuation cases, the court, while still in considerable confusion, has shown a movement toward the liberal doctrine of prudent-investment cost.

Much of this has been given in newspaper and Sunday-section summaries, which do not weary of relating to their readers their discovery of the new Supreme Court liberalism. Other aspects of the past term of the court have also received publicity—the dispute over Justice Black's competence, for example, and the tilt between Secretary Wallace and Chief Justice Hughes over the powers of administrative boards.

What has been less noticed is the meaning of the

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doctrinal struggle now going on within the court's own ranks. A "new left" has emerged in the decisions of Justice Black, reaching farther in its implications even than the "new left" of Justice Brandeis in 1916. Justices Brandeis, Stone, Cardozo, and Reed represent a social liberalism sharply defined against the reactionary background of the court's tradition or the grudging "liberalism" of Justices Hughes and Roberts, but primarily they have aimed at a decent amount of judicial restraint and self-limitation. This is an excellent principle when contrasted with the history of the court's previous thirst for power. So, also, is the present majority's courage in overruling past decisions, which was revealed most dramatically in *Tompkins* v. *Erie Railroad Company*, where the court declared it had been wrong for nearly a century on the question of recognizing the construction of general law by state courts.

But the weakness of this attitude is that it is negative and belated. It lacks the clear-cut and affirmative outlines of a fighting faith which can keep pace with changes in governmental power. Such a faith has emerged in Justice Black's opinions. The real doctrinal struggle within the court is no longer one between a "broad" and a "strict" construction of federal power. The Supreme Court revolution has, at least for the present, decided that struggle in favor of the broad construction. What we have now is a struggle between a negative and an affirmative attitude toward the process of governmental activity, between two views as to the pace of social change. This struggle is best illustrated in Justice Black's dissent from the *per curiam* opinion in the Indianapolis Water Company case, in which he sought to get for once a sharp definition of the court's attitude on rate valuation in public-utility cases in place of its traditional floundering in a bog of metaphysics. It is illustrated also by the contrast between Justice Stone's opinion and Justice Black's dissent in the New York Port Authority tax case, in which Stone sought to narrow the base of the court's opinion as far as was consistent with his liberalism, while Black called boldly for a declaration that the Sixteenth Amendment meant what it said.

It is here that the real meaning of Justice's Black's much-discussed dissents lies. Leafing through the court records for the term, one is impressed by the courage, integrity, and consistency of his position. He has proved himself potentially the most significant figure for the future of the court. His position corresponds, in terms of constitutional doctrine, to the emergence of a militant left-democratic and labor movement and its bid for continued national power.

But another revolutionary cycle in the court's history is beginning. What we have at present is a breathing-spell in constitutional politics. Constitutional crises are not made by judges alone. They emerge out of a battle fought on two fronts—a doctrinal clash within the court and a political and economic struggle outside it, to which the court responds. The past Supreme Court term testifies that the New Deal has won the court war up to now, although it lost the reorganization fight. But the next phase of the constitutional struggle will be over the question of the government's power to enter upon the decisive program of economic planning which is necessary to meet the problems of collapse. And the progressive group on the court will be the group that considers the court's function to lie in administering justice to individuals within the framework of what the President and Congress decide rather than in setting limits, however enlightened, to their power.

An Unsavory Alliance

THE renewed bombing of open Chinese cities following the establishment of a Cabinet in Tokyo dominated by extremists calls for a reexamination of the undeniable facts of American aid to the Japanese war machine. The extent of American economic participation has hitherto been generally underestimated. A recent careful study of the Japanese economy, the most exhaustive yet attempted, shows that in recent months the United States has supplied no less than 54.5 per cent of the war materials essential to the Japanese invasion of China. Only in very small part have these consisted of actual munitions of the type covered by the Neutrality Act. The one exception is in the field of aircraft. The United States contributed $1,000,000 worth of planes and parts to Japan in April alone.

Far more important, however, from the standpoint of Japanese military efficiency are the huge shipments of American scrap iron, oil, copper, and machinery. Before the war Japan's imports from the United States consisted primarily of raw materials for its textile industry—cotton and wood pulp. In the past year these commodities have practically dropped out of the picture as Japan has concentrated on primary military necessities. April saw 40 per cent of our petroleum exports and 40 per cent of our copper exports go to Japan. Many of the American airplanes used in bombing Chinese cities can only be flown with American high-grade gasoline. Scarcely a week passes without the shipment of three or four cargoes of scrap iron and steel from New York alone. The development of Japanese heavy industry for war purposes has also brought a tremendous increase in the purchases of iron and steel products. In 1937 Japanese steel imports from this country rose to nearly a million tons, an eighteen-fold increase over the previous year. Machine exports, which are the foundation of Japan's future strength, have likewise skyrocketed. Last year contracts were signed for the sale of three complete continuous sheet-and-strip mills, the most efficient equipment of its kind to be found in the world.

The most effective weapon for destroying America's partnership with Japan in the rape of China is the consumers' boycott. Japan cannot buy if it cannot sell, and the United States still absorbs some 25 per cent of Japanese exports. The boycott is unquestionably growing in scope and effectiveness. Reports from New England, the South, and the Middle West testify to its increasing popularity. It is in large measure responsible for the 45 per cent decline in imports from Japan in the first four months of this year as compared with the corresponding period of a year ago. Silk, the most crucial of these imports, dropped 31 per cent in quantity and 40 per cent in value in the first quarter of the year.

The refusal of longshoremen and sailors to load or carry war supplies to Japan offers another promising method of stopping American aid. If carried out by the United States alone, the effect would be unimportant, since Japan could shift most of its orders elsewhere. But the longshoremen of England, France, the Scandinavian countries, and Australia have already indicated their willingness to participate in united labor sanctions. There are strong intimations that some of the American unions are already prepared to tie up shipments of war materials if they can be assured of general support, and the resolution adopted by the executive committee of the Federal Council of Churches last week indicates that this support will be forthcoming. But it is important that neither longshoremen nor hosiery workers should be asked to bear the brunt of the responsibility. The rank and file of the people who hate war must share the burden to the extent of providing a peace chest for persons thrown out of work by either form of boycott. If this is done adequately and efficiently, there is no reason to fear that labor will not do its part. The price is a trivial one if it severs this country's unhappy alliance with the war-makers.

Democracy at Harvard

THE Walsh-Sweezy case at Harvard, now more than a year old, continues to be volcanic. The committee of full professors appointed by President Conant to inquire into the case has just issued its report. It is an impressive piece of work—exhaustive, closely reasoned, geared to unshakable facts, tempered in its judgments and conclusions, cutting deep into the basic issues of tenure and teaching at American universities. The committee worked for a year, meeting weekly, sifting evidence scrupulously. Some will feel that its report leans backward to be fair to the administration on the issue of academic freedom, but that is only a sign of the committee's anxiety to steer free of anything conjectural. It places the blame for the whole incident on an over-rigid ruling by the president, confused administrative procedure, and mechanical criteria in the selection of a teaching staff. It recommends that the injustice accorded Walsh and Sweezy be at least partially remedied by their reinstatement.

In the face of this, President Conant's rejection of all the committee's conclusions except that on academic freedom and his curt refusal to reinstate the men are breathtaking. He takes the reasoned conclusions of men like Professors Ralph Barton Perry, Felix Frankfurter. W. S. Ferguson, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Kenneth B. Murdock, Harlow Shapley, and treats them with a whimsical impatience that would scarcely be accorded to a letter to the editor in an undergraduate newspaper.

To follow the committee's recommendation, he says, "would be both unwise and impractical." Just that. And why? Because it would "reverse the president's basic policy." But it is exactly that "basic policy" and its applications that were the object of the committee's investigation and report.

Why would reinstatement be "unwise"? The president had himself, in appointing the committee, admitted "the existence of substantial doubt within the university as to the justice or wisdom of the university's action." Has the situation changed? And why "impractical"? Is it too late? Last year, in writing to the Board of Overseers about the committee of inquiry, the president said, "Since the appointments of Dr. Walsh and Dr. Sweezy run for two years, there is ample time for me to reopen their cases if the committee's report warrants it." Yet now he offers not a word to refute the committee's conclusions. His only comment is to take pride in the fact that the report regards Walsh and Sweezy as "men of real ability whose services were highly valued in this university—facts which have never been questioned by the department, the dean, or me." May we remind Mr. Conant that in his news release on April 6, 1937, he rested the decisions against both men "solely on grounds of teaching capacity and scholarly ability"?

As far as Walsh and Sweezy are concerned, all of Mr. Conant's belated praise will not wipe out the fact that a pair of promising young economists, alone in their leftward tendency on the economics faculty, have had their academic careers finally and emphatically blasted. As far as Harvard is concerned, the last word has not been spoken. Associate Professors Mathiessen and Prall, who headed the original petition for an inquiry, have just stated that the administration has fallen "far short" of "any conception of democratic justice or wise educational policy." The committee itself has another report to submit, on the wider problem of tenure and teaching at Harvard. It is up to them and to the faculty to make it clear that democracy is not merely an ornamental word for Commencement addresses.

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Jersey—a Storm Signal

ON ANOTHER page of this issue the story of Frank Hague is told in terms that reveal the weakness as well as the menace of his personal power. It must not be imagined, however, that because Hague is under fire and may be driven to back down from an untenable position, the battle for civil rights has been all but won in Jersey. Hague represents more than himself, as events of the past week-end prove; he represents a dangerously contagious attitude toward law.

Consider the following facts: Hague successfully checkmated Congressman O'Connell's second attempt to speak in Jersey City. A monster "patriotic," "anti-Communist" demonstration was held in Jersey City to demonstrate the people's support of Hague, under pressure of whose machine the WPA workers and the political employees of city and county, and, at the urging of their employers, workers in private establishments joined the ranks of the patriotic marchers—this in a city where those same workers pay more for corrupt machine government than anywhere else in America.

The Hague machine deliberately created a mob to provide an excuse to prevent the O'Connell meeting. On Saturday the same tactics were successfully applied by the same politicians in Newark. In that city, which has heretofore had a pretty good record for free speech, Norman Thomas tried to address a Socialist meeting for which a permit had been duly granted. The meeting was broken up before it started—by mob violence. Competent policing could easily have protected the speakers. Instead, either deliberately or through amazing inefficiency, the police assisted the mob to break up the meeting. The mob itself was not very large. It was composed almost entirely of hoodlums, most of them carrying flags and armed with eggs, tomatoes, electric-light bulbs, and other missiles. They acted like men who would break up any meeting for a dime or a drink. There were a few vociferous veterans on hand; apparently some veterans' organizations had sponsored the affair and hired the band. The signs came from Jersey City. Most of the politicians really responsible kept out of sight. The immediate effect of the affair was the announcement of the Commissioner of Parks—a Hague man—that henceforth he would not issue permits for such meetings for fear of violence.

The picture is not yet complete. These North Jersey mobs have had the direct or indirect blessing not only of politicians but of A. F. of L. leaders and a large section of the Roman Catholic church. The A. F. of L. leaders presumably are acting primarily out of hatred for the C. I. O. Most of them, however, like other Jersey citizens, have had occasion to feel the force of Hague's displeasure when they offended him and the benefits of his favor when they were "good."

The role of the Catholic church is even more sinister. Hagueism has been vigorously denounced in certain Catholic papers, notably the *Catholic Worker.* Nevertheless the Boss enjoys the favor of the church. A few weeks ago in Newark a dinner was given in honor of a certain Father Toohey. At this dinner, which was attended by the Governor and other prominent politicians, John A. Matthews, described as Advisory Master in Chancery, Papal Chamberlain, and Knight of Malta, declared: "If you, Thomas, and your ilk, come into New Jersey to de-Christianize Christianity, the great Catholic mass will ride you out, whether by ferry, subway, or other means."

And while all this goes on, where are the courts? Where are the other agencies of government? Let the facts speak for themselves. The C. I. O. began action in the federal court last December. The first case is only now before Judge Clark. If he grants the injunction requested by the C. I. O., it will be appealed to an exceedingly conservative circuit bench, and the questions involved will probably have to go to the Supreme Court. Mr. Thomas, desiring to leave no stone unturned, applied to the Chief Justice of New Jersey, commonly understood to be Hague's man, for a writ of mandamus to permit him to speak in Jersey City. He has just been informed that the hearing will be held next October. Whatever inquiry the Federal Bureau of Investigation has made, its representatives have never interviewed any of the people primarily affected by recent events in Jersey City. And the federal district attorney has been somewhat less than lukewarm in pushing the formal complaints that have been made. The President of the United States still stands on his declaration that the whole matter is a local police issue. The La Follette committee has not yet acted.

We do not intend to labor the obvious moral of this tale except to say that if public sentiment cannot stop mob violence in New Jersey, the United States is well started on the road to its own brand of fascism. The President of the United States, the president of the American Federation of Labor, the commander of the American Legion, the responsible heads of the Catholic church —all these have a direct obligation to intervene, but in the end the responsibility for action falls upon the good people of New Jersey. There is some hope in this connection in the reaction of important Newark groups to the Thomas affair. A citizens' committee, which includes professional and even some business leaders, has already been formed to protest to the City Commission, and the ultra-conservative Essex County Bar Association promptly adopted a resolution condemning the failure of the authorities to assure the right of free speech.

[*Owing to unavoidable circumstances Paul Y. Anderson's article failed to reach us in time for this issue. His dispatch will appear next week as usual.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Why Hague Will Quit

BY ALLEN BRYAN

Jersey City, May 31

THE theater of war in Jersey City shifted last week from Journal Square to Pershing Field, but for all of Washington's threat of a Department of Justice investigation, that is about the only change in the situation. To liberals the seizure of Representative Jerry O'Connell, Montana Democrat, his detention by the police in an arc-lighted room usually reserved for criminals, and his "deportation" to Newark seemed to provide ample ground for a federal probe of the suppression of civil rights on the west bank of the Hudson. But it is an open secret among Hague men that the G-man inquiry is nothing more than a deft move on the part of President Roosevelt—stung to action by mounting criticism from the right as well as the left—to whitewash not only the Hague administration but also the national Democratic organization, of which Hague is still an important part. Shortly after Attorney General Homer S. Cummings announced a "thorough investigation" of the Jersey City situation, Hague was reported to be in conference in New York with at least two other members of the Democratic National Committee. It is understood he received assurances that the "non-intervention" policy of the President, who needs New Jersey's Congressional votes, is still in force, despite the Cummings announcement.

While his enemies rejoiced at headlines that seemed to spell his defeat, Hague hastened back to Jersey. He entered his mahogany-paneled office at the City Hall just as Commissioner Daniel Casey, director of the Department of Public Safety, was about to sign a one-page letter, again denying Norman Thomas a permit for an open-air speech. Hague read the letter, crumpled it up, and tossed it into a wastebasket. When the letter appeared later in the press, it had been stretched to four pages full of the usual Hague bombast. The incident is not the only one cited by Hague's henchmen to prove that the Justice Department's investigation is a whitewash. They recall that when reporters asked Roosevelt what he intended to do about his New Jersey vice-chairman, he told them to "see Jim Farley." Farley sees eye to eye with Hague in matters political. When the Jersey dictator was avoiding the rigors of a recent election probe, it was Farley who golfed with him on Miami's sunny links. Finally, John J. Quinn, United States district attorney in Newark, who usually conducts the government's investigations in New Jersey, is Hague's political leader in Monmouth County. He handled the recent mail-tampering charges brought by the American Civil Liberties Union against Hague, charges on which the federal grand jury failed to return an indictment. It was Hague who went to Hyde Park in September, 1935, to get the job of United States district attorney for Quinn—one of the few large plums handed to Hague by the New Deal.

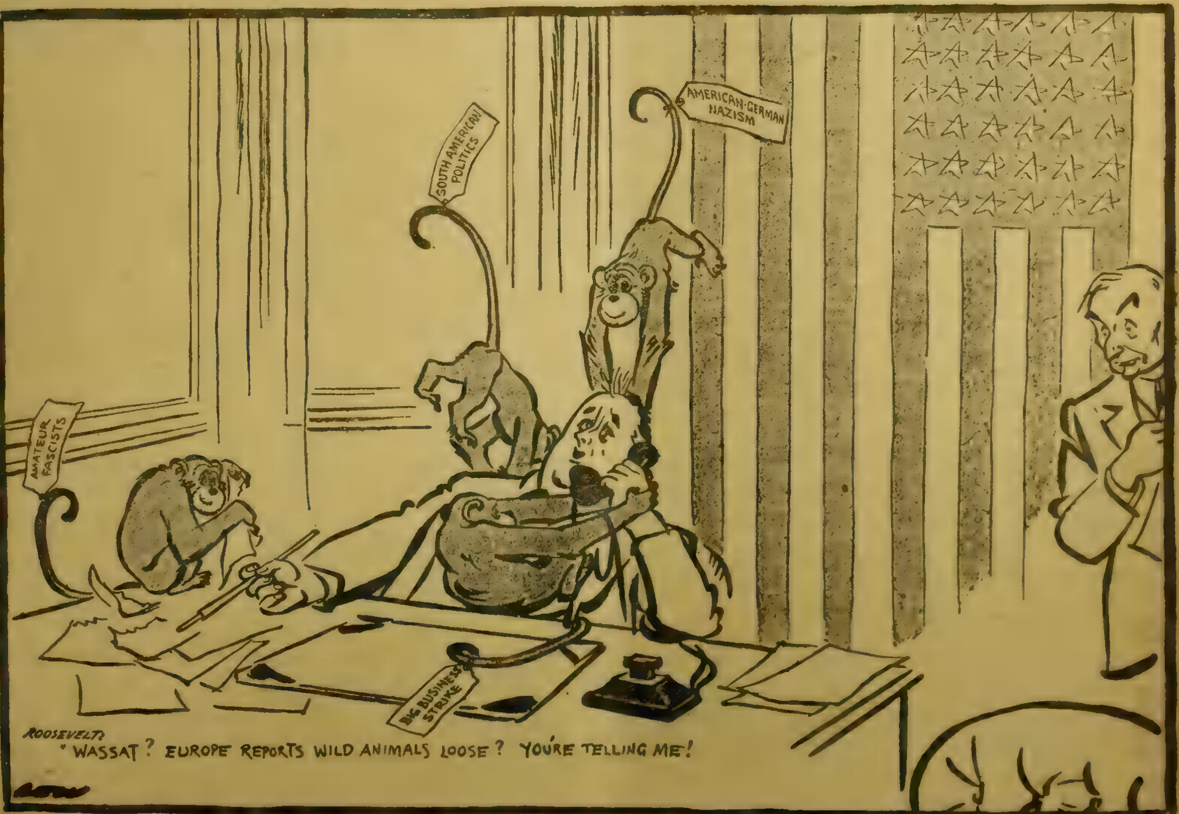
But for Hague's own followers, too, there is disappointment in store. When the present tumult dies, Hague intends to retire from the mayoralty, a position he has held since 1917. Political observers say he will remain as state boss. His current red scare may have caused him to postpone his retirement, but it is believed that he will be out of the City Hall within a year, although his present term does not expire until 1941. He fears that his expensive, top-heavy political machine may eventually crash over his head. Municipal bankruptcy haunts him. Jersey City, according to Hague's own figure, has a gross bonded debt of nearly $75,000,000 and a net bonded debt of more than $58,000,000. The Census Bureau of the Department of Commerce has a somewhat higher version. According to its figures the net bonded debt is $93,317,513. By way of comparison, Cincinnati, which is larger than Jersey City by more than 100,000 population, has a net bonded debt of $35,334,617, and the comparable figure for Indianapolis, slightly larger than Hague's metropolis, is as low as $9,258,320. Although the revenue in 1937 was $31,000,000, it cost $38,000,000 to run the city, a per capita cost of $110. This year's appropriation of $42,000,000 will increase the bonded debt considerably.

With a fake red cry and a campaign against the C. I. O., Hague tried to entice industry to his open-shop haven and failed. Ready to get out whenever the place becomes too hot, Hague doesn't want to be in the mayoralty chair when the crash occurs. He is more than sixty-two years old and buckling under the strain. That he still hopes to forestall an end to his organization is evidenced by the frantic lucubrations over the city's books of his financial expert, Comptroller Raymond Greer. One wag remarked recently that the only red in Jersey City was in the municipal ledgers.

The heir-apparent to Jersey City's shaky throne is Hague's nephew, Frank Hague Eggers, who recently resigned a judgeship to take the position of private secretary to the Mayor, a job of less remuneration but far greater prospects. It is not to be assumed that Eggers's role will be that of a scapegoat. Hague believes that if the crash cannot be prevented, it can at least be minimized by the only man he can trust. Eggers has a reputation for honesty and would be, Hague believes, "beyond reproach." Hague is realistic enough to know that any other Democratic leader might knife him. Already there is a growing undercurrent of hatred against Hague within his organization. More than one ward leader has had ambitions which Hague squelched. There is Freeholder John Kenny, for example, head of the powerful Second Ward organization. Kenny once sought the post of police commissioner, but Hague, fearing he would acquire too much power, turned him down. While the Mayor was on his last trip to Florida, a revolt that developed into fisticuffs broke out among Hague leaders at the City Hall, and Eggers had to send an SOS to his uncle telling him to hurry back to subdue it.

Revolt also seethes beneath the surface of Hague's labor organizations, the powerful Central Labor Union and the Hudson County Building Trades Council, affiliates of the A. F. of L., which have indorsed the Mayor's fight against the C. I. O. and "radical elements." Several months ago a leader in one of these organizations supplied the *Daily Worker* with information for a series of articles attacking Jersey City's dictator. Another union leader, who served on a committee organized in behalf of striking seamen a year ago, listened with a bitter smile as a speaker at a recent Hague rally denounced those same strikers and their "red supporters." And despite their indorsement of Hague, neither the leadership nor the rank and file of the A. F. of L. will easily forget how Hague smashed several of their unions by throwing them into receivership, how Hague's police broke up A. F. of L. picket lines, how Hague double-crossed the A. F. of L. by secretly promising he would back the liberal anti-injunction bill and later publicly attacking it in a letter written on stationery of the Democratic National Committee. Only fear keeps the A. F. of L. unions in line, as it keeps the ward leaders in line. Open revolt will surely break out if Hague, in relinquishing the mayoralty, does not remain behind the scenes to pull the strings. Eggers possesses neither the experience nor the personality to hold the organization together. A likable sort of man, he lacks the power that seems to flow from Hague. Hague can command awe. He can instil fear.

But if fear rules Hague's organization, it likewise rules Hague. His most harrowing fear is of death. On one of his European tours he was accompanied by an expensive specialist whose job was to see that the sensitive Hague throat did not develop a serious ailment. On another occasion one of his personal physicians received a frantic telephone call from the Hague summer residence in Deal. The conversation led the doctor to believe that Hague was dying. Dressing hurriedly and jumping into his automobile, the doctor traversed the sixty miles between Jersey City and Deal at breakneck speed. At the mansion he found the atmosphere tense and hushed.



Entering Hague's room, he discovered the Mayor lying on a couch in an agony of terror. He asked him what was the matter. Incoherent with dread, Hague pointed a trembling finger at one of his feet. The doctor examined it—and found a blister!

Next to death Hague fears ridicule. One day a petty jobholder at the Hudson County courthouse decided to entertain fellow-employees by giving an imitation of Mayor Hague delivering a speech. His mimicry was excellent. The bystanders laughed heartily. But as soon as the man returned to his office he was told to answer a phone call from the City Hall. A few days later he was transferred to what Hague cohorts call "Devil's Island," a county institution in the town of Secaucus. No grammarian, Hague goes into a fury when his advisers dare to question the English he uses in his speeches.

Hague fears weakness, physical and moral. He does his "daily dozen" religiously. He never smokes or drinks. He never overeats. He admires men with big muscles, appoints them to top positions in his police department. He loves prize fights. He likes to impress people as a "big shot." The word "I" is a popular one in his vocabulary. When he addresses his constituents he studs almost every paragraph with "I, as your mayor." Once he said in a public speech, "I was a poor boy once—today I'm the First Man of Jersey City." When he dines at a swanky New York hotel he ostentatiously peels off five-dollar bills from a large roll, and in tones audible to those at nearby tables says to the four or five waiters who have attended him, "That's for you, and that's for you, and that's for you, and that's for you." Told by a detective that a certain woman was "knocking" him, Hague sighed and replied, "It's all right, my boy. When you get as big as me, you've got to expect those things." Emerging victorious from the Case probe ten years ago, he declared: "One thing I possess in this world is fearlessness. Your mayor showed them babies!"

Hague is a desperate man. He has summoned to his aid every resource in his fight against the C. I. O. Ultimately his stand on civil rights may be defeated, but because he controls a portion of the New Jersey judiciary, it may be one or two years before the issue receives fair consideration. Delay, that is all he wants. He will be quite content if he can retire from office with his tattered banner flying. In the interim, with the support of the fear-ridden A. F. of L., a police department handy with the nightstick, and the horse-trading policy prevailing in Washington, Hague rides the crest.

Medicine's Misalliance

BY JAMES RORTY

AMERICAN medicine has two faces—a political face and a professional face, both, of course, belonging to a common economic body. On April 4, at the annual convocation of the American College of Physicians and Surgeons, the professional face confronted the political face and said: "The behavior of the American Medical Association is political. It is partisan behavior. It champions a cause. At the present time the cause is something close to standpatism. . . ." The speaker was Professor James H. Means of the Harvard Medical School, retiring president of the college.

The New York *Times* gave the story the headline, "Nation's Doctors Called to Revolt," quoted Dr. Means at length, and curiously enough appended the reply, not of the president of the American Medical Association, but of an A. M. A. employee named Fishbein who was never once mentioned in Dr. Means's address. The *Times* apparently took it for granted that the other face Dr. Means was talking to was the face of Dr. Fishbein. So, in all probability, did everybody else present. Later in his address Dr. Means identified "political bigotry" as the chief danger of our time and quoted Voltaire—*"Ecrasez l'infame!"*—again without any personal reference.

Was this the opening gun of a revolution in American medicine, as the *Times* intimated? Dr. Means in a subsequent statement deprecated this idea, and in the writer's opinion he was right, even though the new president of the college, Dr. William J. Kerr of San Francisco, joined Dr. Means in publicly demanding democracy within the A. M. A. and a forthright, scientific discussion in its press of the social and economic problems facing the profession.

Though the medico-economic pot has been simmering more or less briskly for the past twenty years, the majority of American doctors are still unprepared to face any such fundamental transformation of their relationship to society as would be involved in either "state medicine" or a system of compulsory health insurance. Most American physicians, being in private practice on a fee-for-service basis, are both business men and professional men. More unfortunately, their covering organization, the American Medical Association, is both a professional association and a business, a publishing and advertising business primarily—the *Journal* of the A. M. A. grosses annually nearly $800,000 from its advertising contracts. That is the economic body to which the two faces of American medicine are attached. That is the reason why the majority of American doctors are unlikely to accept any form of "socialized medicine" willingly; although they may be dragged into compulsory health insurance, state by state, within the next five years by the pressure of lay demand, especially the demand of organized labor.

A mere list of the outstanding developments on the medico-economic front during the past year will be sufficient to show the extent of the need, the growing strength of the lay demand for changes in the organization of medical care, the growing revolt of the medical progressives—especially the teaching and research groups—against the dictatorial methods of Dr. Fishbein, and, finally, the power and intransigence of the dominant group in the A. M. A. The list is, of course, not all-inclusive—a medico-political fight of one sort or another is currently in progress in almost every state in the union—but it will serve to indicate the trend.

As far as the doctors are concerned, unquestionably what started the ball rolling was the publication a year ago of "American Medicine," the two-volume report of the American Foundation in which the élite of the profession, almost for the first time in history, washed its dirty linen publicly. Out of the conferences of the progressive physicians who sponsored the study grew the now famous Committee of 430 and its "principles and proposals," which in a modified and unauthorized version were presented and defeated at the June, 1937, convention of the American Medical Association. From the point of view of Dr. Fishbein the activity of the progressive group represented a breach of discipline. It was a break in the dyke which he and his followers had built up against any relaxation of the "ten commandments" adopted by the A. M. A. in 1933. Since that document in effect forbade practically any change in the organization of medical care, Dr. Fishbein printed an editorial in the October 16, 1937, issue of the *Journal* demanding "prompt disclaimers" from the signers of the "principles and proposals."

Possibly to the dismay of the brilliant physician-editor-advertising executive who has so long ruled the destinies of the A. M. A., this editorial aroused a hornets' nest. Within two weeks the committee published the "principles and proposals" and its list of distinguished signers, including Surgeon General Thomas Parran, Jr., on the front pages of the metropolitan newspapers. Free speech and freedom of discussion in the official medical press became the issue within the profession. On that issue the organized Committee of 430 had become, by the time Professor Means made his speech, the Committee of 770. The free-speech issue, together with "the principles and proposals," will be fought out furiously at the next A. M. A. convention to be held this month in San Francisco, with results that no one can predict. But that there will be an open split in the American Medical Association, followed by the creation of a rival organization, is highly improbable since neither side wants it to go that far.

None the less, the struggle within the profession is today intense. Attack has been followed by counterattack on a dozen medico-political fronts throughout the country. In California a Medical Society committee emasculated a report of Professor Paul H. Dodd on California's health deficiencies which pointed clearly to the need of radically changing the organization of medical care in that state. Professor Dodd fought back, obtained both lay and medical backing, and hopes soon to publish his report in full. In Oklahoma Dr. Michael Shadid, director of the Farmers' Union Cooperative Hospital of Elk City, has apparently clinched his victory over the state medical society. In St. Louis the attack of the A. M. A. on "contract practice" as represented by the Missouri Pacific Hospital Association, owned and operated by the employees of the Missouri Pacific, received a definitive setback on April 19 when Attorney General Roy McKittrick ruled that it would be against the public interest to deprive the association of its charter, as the St. Louis Medical Association had demanded. After this decision the recently formed Wage Earners' Health Association of St. Louis also breathed easier. Although staffed by physicians of excellent repute, this association, which provides medical service to 300 families at from $2 to $5 per month, had been charged in the local medical press with lack of competence and ethics.

In Washington, D. C., the Group Health Association, a medical cooperative composed of HOLC employees and empowered by its terms of incorporation to serve other categories of government employees, found itself furiously attacked before it was well under way. Representatives from the national headquarters of the A. M. A. poured into Washington. The District Medical Society brought pressure both on individual doctors who had joined or contemplated joining the Group Health Association's staff and on the directors of local hospitals. As a result, the struggling medical co-op had infinite difficulty in hospitalizing its member cases; one patient, according to officials of the Group Health Association, had just received a morphine injection preparatory to an operation for appendicitis when the hospital suddenly refused the use of its facilities to the association's surgeon. The patient had to be removed to her home and later operated on by another doctor at another hospital. This and similar episodes were cited by the Group Health Association in its demand for a Congressional investigation of both the District Medical Society and the A. M. A. Such an investigation was, in fact, called for in a resolution introduced in the House by Representative Byron Scott. Whereupon the American Medical Association procured the introduction of a counter-resolution calling for an investigation of the Group Health Association.

About the same time Senator Robert Wagner introduced in the Senate a resolution calling for an expenditure of $50,000 on an investigation of the adequacy and cost of medical care in relation to income and ability to pay; the provisions of this resolution show clearly the influences of the "principles and proposals." A similar resolution, sponsored by Robert Wagner, Jr., was recently adopted by the New York State Legislature and signed by Governor Lehman.

Many studies of the problem of the cost of medical care are likely to be authorized by state legislatures during the next few years. They represent the last line of retreat of well-meaning legislators harassed by the fire of the A. M. A. legislative lobby. They are doubtless useful in focusing public attention, although the facts have been gathered and analyzed a hundred times, and the picture of medical need, waste, and disorganization is always the same. For example, the recently published findings of the study conducted by the Institute of Public Health were remarkably close to the findings of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care published in 1932—the situation was found a little worse, if anything, because of the accumulation of unmet medical need during the depression years.

Now that both the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. have indorsed health insurance, the chances that it will eventually be made compulsory are fair. In Wisconsin, where the Milwaukee Medical Center, a group-practice unit organized to serve the employees of the International Harvester Company, has won round after round of a four-year battle with the State Medical Society, the Milwaukee Trades Council has recently entered the fight. As a result of the action of the State Medical Society in expelling members of the center's staff, only two hospitals remain in which patients of the center can be hospitalized. Hence the Trades Council has raised the issue of "free choice of hospitals by union members of the center." The unions have also announced that they will boycott the Community Chest, which subsidizes from publicly subscribed funds the very hospitals that have canceled the staff privileges of the Milwaukee Medical Center doctors. In addition, it is probable that the State Federation of Labor will reintroduce in the 1937 legislature its very strong bill designed to prevent such abuses —a bill which may well be copied by other states.

To understand what is going on, it is important for the layman to remember that with the exception of the relatively small League for Socialized Medicine there is today no organized medical group advocating either state medicine or compulsory health insurance. The Committee of 430—now 770—wants, first, government subsidies for medical research, education, and care of the indigent; second, a democratic regime with full liberty of discussion and publication within the A. M. A.; officially, at least, it wants nothing more at present.

At the recent annual conference of the American Association for Social Security the writer made his own minor contribution to this free-for-all. It took the form of a paper entitled "Some Economic Opposition to Health Insurance," embodying research which a dozen magazines, fearing libel suits, had previously declined to publish. After pointing out the inevitable "community of interest" which the A. M. A. has developed with the advertisers in the official medical press, I cited the advertising of the Philip Morris Company which has appeared every week for the past three years in the *Journal of the American Medical Association.* This advertising cites research, subsidized by the Philip Morris Company, in support of its claim that Philip Morris cigarettes, because of the use of diethylene glycol as the hydroscopic ingredient (moistener), are less irritating than other cigarettes. Other published research, most of it, to be sure, subsidized by the glycerine interests (glycerine is the competing moistener), flatly contradicts the findings of the Philip Morris research.

Since the advertising contracts of the *Journal* also constitute an indirect subsidy of A. M. A. activities, the function of the A. M. A. bureaus and officials in censoring advertising for the protection of the profession and the public, no matter how honestly it may be exercised, also leads to embarrassing situations. This appeared clearly in the discussion of the writer's paper already mentioned. In answer to a question by the writer, W. F. Greenwald, chief chemist of the Philip Morris Company, in describing the procedure which he followed in obtaining acceptance by the *Journal* of the Philip Morris advertising, said: "Now, Dr. Fishbein was very helpful to us in telling what we should do, how we should do it, how we should advertise, that we should keep our advertising ethical, dignified, and proper; and we appreciated that. We had imposed upon his good nature, we felt, and at one time I said to the president of our company, 'I feel somewhat embarrased asking for so many courtesies from Dr. Fishbein. I think it would be wise on our part, and I would like to compensate Dr. Fishbein for any services he might render our company.' I was authorized by our president to offer Dr. Fishbein a retainer, which I did; and Dr. Fishbein thanked me for the offer, and told me that his one job was editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, and any courtesies that he could extend to us would be his pleasure." Mr. Greenwald later stated, in response to a further question: "I was authorized to offer $25,000, but I did not offer $25,000."

In the opinion of the writer, the embarrassment experienced by Mr. Greenwald in this matter would have been largely avoidable if cigarette manufacturers as well as drug manufacturers were licensed by an appropriately staffed federal bureau authorized to control in some measure both the production and advertising of such products. The introduction of public control at this point might well operate to reduce the net income of the A. M. A.; it might also shake Dr. Fishbein's domination of A. M. A. policies, which rests on his de facto control of the A. M. A. as a business.

By this time it should be clear that the "marriage of convenience" of medicine and business has turned out badly. As the "better half," the profession theoretically dominates the relationship. Actually it does not. In attempting through its councils and committees to "license" after a fashion various commercial interests, the A. M. A. merely compromises itself and lays the basis for the type of internal political control from which it is now suffering.

Italy from the Inside

BY FRANK C. HANIGHEN

Paris, May 12

THE Anschluss is no joking matter for the Italians. In serious conversation they admit that they do not like it at all. The farther north in Italy I traveled, the more worried I found them. Nor does their leader like it any better.

Why, then, did Mussolini, who had prevented Anschluss in 1934 by mobilizing at the Brenner, put up no opposition in 1938. Briefly, it has been a story of a rake's progress. Mussolini's Abyssinian adventure transformed the friendship of Britain and France into hostility and threw him into the arms of Hitler. It made Italy a Mediterranean rather than a Continental power. Mussolini did not like Hitler—and still does not—but he needed German friendship to help him carry out his designs in Mare Nostrum. The first real evidence of the new set-up came in 1936. In that year Schuschnigg visited Mussolini in Venice seeking aid against the encroachments of Hitler. Correspondents stationed in Italy told me they knew the worst when they saw the Austrian Chancellor after the conference drooping unhappily over his coffee in St. Mark's Square. He had received a warning that he could not any longer count on Italian help against Hitler.

As time went on, Mussolini's prolonged feud with Britain, his difficulties in unpacified Ethiopia, his heavy investment in the Spanish War increased his dependence on Hitler. In addition, the military situation had altered. In 1934 the German army lacked the strength to fight Italy in Tyrol. In 1937-38 the new fast-moving, mechanized and motorized German forces could not be lightly challenged. These forces could now cross little Austria in a trice, as events later proved, and check the Italians at the Brenner.

Contrary to opinions generally held, Hitler did not notify the Italians that he was going to crack down on Schuschnigg at Berchtesgaden. Mussolini, as a matter of fact, did not need this warning. He had seen what was coming when the Reichswehr was purged in January and had immediately started to talk in earnest with Lord Perth. While haggling with Britain, he told Schuschnigg to accept Seyss-Inquart, for he expected that the Anschluss process would take many months, and meanwhile, he thought, he would enjoy a good bargaining position with Perth. For the same reasons he did not encourage Schuschnigg to announce the fatal plebiscite, although Ciano publicly showed his satisfaction with Schuschnigg's rash gamble. But although Anschluss was seen to be inevitable, real consternation struck the Palazzo Venezia when Hitler swooped down on Austria. On the day that the famous "Adolf to Benito" letter was made public, the bewildered Italian officials actually called in a number of foreign correspondents and asked them what the world's reaction to the matter would be. The correspondents assured them that the world felt that Italy "had been done in."

Small comfort in that, and less in the reaction throughout the country. I heard one little Balilla girl declare that her section would not salute Hitler when he came to Rome in May. Students hissed Virginio Gayda, the Fascist editor, when he attempted in a lecture to apologize for the Anschluss. An Italian business man who had devoted an hour to telling me of the greatness of the Duce and the success of Fascism admitted that this time Mussolini had made a grave mistake and that the Anschluss was a real danger to Italy. In his April speech Mussolini attempted to reassure his people by a florid recapitulation of Italian military strength, but so far as I could gauge public opinion in Rome during the week following, Italians remained depressed.

One part of Italy asked for special reassurance. The ports of Trieste and Fiume, which had been doing a very lucrative business, found themselves seriously menaced by Hitler's conquest. Trieste, for instance, had seen its trade rise from 3,019,322 tons in 1935 to 5,386,700 in 1937. Presumably Austrian trade would now be diverted to Hamburg, and Czechoslovakian trade to either Hamburg or Gdynia. The Italian Adriatic ports foresaw the loss of perhaps 25 per cent of their business. Mussolini promised to make a visit (of condolence?) to Trieste and Fiume.

The Cardinal Innitzer incident did little to calm Italian fears. When this Austrian prelate—actually, I learned, against Vatican orders—rashly urged Austrians to vote for the Anschluss in Hitler's plebiscite, he stirred the Vatican to action. He had to recant. But meanwhile he had provoked the remarkable Vatican broadcast in German rebuking him. Although the Vatican reneged on the matter afterward, no one in Rome doubted that the broadcast was authoritative. This had profound repercussions on opinion, both Italian and German. On Sunday, April 10, I saw numerous Germans descend from the Naples express at Gaeta to vote on the German battleship then anchored in the harbor. But I did not know until later that many of these were Catholics on their Easter pilgrimage and that they registered a surprising number of votes against the Anschluss.

Il Duce

Pressure of public opinion made Mussolini hasten to conclude an agreement with Britain. But besides the popular prestige which he hoped to gain, he had a number of more material objectives. Not the least of these concerned Ethiopia.

In Rome I found opinion, even among foreign observers, almost unanimous that Italy was meeting little resistance in the consolidation of its new colony. The military attaché of an important democratic power said he considered it "a normal colonial operation." He pointed to the Ethiopian casualty report for March, which stated that only sixty-two Italians, soldiers and colonists, had died from all causes. However, this list took no account of the undoubted losses among the army's native troops. Outside Italy one hears that Mussolini is still fighting a serious war in Ethiopia. These reports, while exaggerated, contain, I believe, some truth—at least enough to explain Mussolini's eagerness to obtain recognition for the Italian Empire. Such recognition, besides salving his pride, would assist in the pacification. Foreign observers, however, believe that Ethiopia will remain for some time a distinct economic liability. Italy has obtained few raw materials from its new province, and explorations for that one which Mussolini needs above all others—oil—have proved a flat failure. Recognition may pave the way for the foreign financial help without which Italy cannot develop its empire.

An understanding with Britain on Spain seemed necessary to Mussolini as a counterpoise to the Anschluss. Although the Spanish war has aroused little enthusiasm among the Italian people, I feel that it is not as unpopular as observers outside of Italy declare. Many of the "volunteers" are less conscripts than mercenaries. I know of one reserve officer who in private life had been earning 800 lire a month. For enlistment in Spain he received 2,500 lire a month from the Italian government, not to mention an additional salary from Franco and the customary looting privileges. I am of the opinion that the Spanish war worries the people less than it does their rulers. The cost of the war comes high. With large sums expended on the "volunteers" and on supplies for Franco, Italy has so far failed to make the books balance. Italian firms have, it is true, received great commercial and mineral concessions, and some raw materials have been sent from Spain to Italy, but so far these have fallen far short of paying for the military investment. A complete victory, of course, for Franco may make the picture more promising.

Economic facts fill in this picture of a situation which spurs Mussolini to make his position stronger in the Mediterranean as it grows weaker in the north. But the real facts are not immediately apparent. On the surface Italian industry seems booming. Heavy industry and many factories of light industry are doing a big business on munitions orders. Unemployment, one critic of the regime told me, is not a problem. This, I discovered, is not entirely true. In Naples I heard reports of substantial unemployment, and in Modena in the north an otherwise enthusiastic Fascist said that while the big centers had no unemployed, small towns like Modena had quite a few. On the whole, business has been earning big profits, and business men profess to have confidence in the future.

After some delving, however, I found that the prosperity now seems likely to recede. In Milan a sudden and serious crisis has developed in textiles, normally Italy's largest industry. No figures on this have so far appeared, and few persons abroad have taken notice of it. But manufacturers of cotton, artificial-silk yarns, and textiles freely admit that since February orders have declined sharply. The artificial-fiber market, thriving in 1937, has started to follow a similar course. Manufacturers of these products complain of losses in the Chinese market caused by the war, of Japanese competition throughout the world (Rome's political friendship for Japan is becoming distinctly cooler), and of overstocking by domestic buyers. All textile manufacturers expect to be operating on a two-day or three-day week before summer. Such a reduction in employment will be a serious matter.

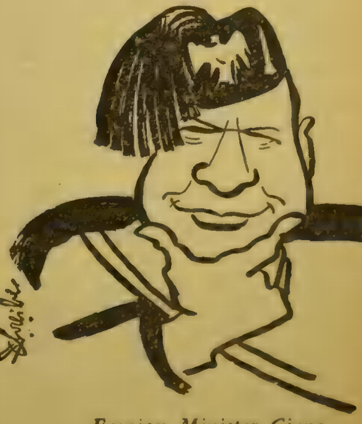
A little calculation indicates that other factors than Japanese competition and overzealous buyers are at the bottom of this situation. Italy's closed economy and enormous rearmament have formed a vicious circle. The self-sufficiency program has fallen ludicrously short of meeting raw-material demands. I hear that many of the sequestered foreign securities once held by Italian capitalists have been sold to obtain foreign exchange. Italy's gold reserve is rapidly diminishing. The very large trade deficit last year surpassed any since 1930. All these factors, plus the devaluation of the lira, have sent prices rocketing. Unofficial studies which seem to me quite fair indicate a 40 per cent rise in the cost of living. Against this the government has raised wages approximately 20 per cent. It has also frozen rents and the cost of water and electricity at pre-devaluation levels. The middle classes are bearing the heaviest burden, for the rise in prices has been sharpest in commodities bought by the higher income groups. In general, one can say with assurance that a margin of from 10 to 20 per cent lies between the increased cost of living and the rise in wages. In short, the standard of living—and with it the buying of textiles and other consumers' goods—has suffered a serious decline.

This is especially apparent in rural Italy. I have never seen any peasants in Western Europe more poverty-stricken than those in the area south of Naples. They were clad literally in rags and tatters, and their houses looked like animal hovels. Even government statistics paint a picture of distress in the south; the death-rate has risen sharply in the five southernmost provinces, where from 40 to 50 per cent of the population have between one-half and one hectare. Big latifundia predominate. Even Virginio Gayda declared in the *Popolo* last fall that the productivity of this area rated better in the time of the Saracens than today, that the peasantry live like troglodytes, and that the landlords have to keep armed men to maintain order.

In central and northern Italy the present drought looms as a serious danger to the peasants. Business men in the north with interests connected with agriculture say that the wheat harvest—last year eight million metric tons—will fall to five million or less unless timely rains come to the rescue. Corn and rice, which according to government regulations must provide a 10 per cent filler for flour, have suffered similarly. An even larger importation of wheat than last year is forecast. What this will do to Italy's already swollen trade deficit must worry Fascist economists.

These, then, are the gloomy realities behind the cheers of the crowds outside the Palazzo Venezia and the dauntless orations of Mussolini to his people. Do they suggest, however, that Mussolini and Fascism are cracking up? It is not difficult to find symptoms of discontent to support this view. For one thing, jokes about the Duce and the regime—non-existent a year ago—have begun to appear. Also, in Rome I saw photostats of the record of a trial of some score of armament engineers, convicted of selling plans and technical secrets to the agent of a foreign power. This hardly indicates that Fascism has rendered Italians 100 per cent loyal. Finally, one can discover many grumblers. Yet I have the impression that the man in the street complains, when he dares, about specific unpleasant developments — the Anschluss, the rise in the price of bread, and other things—but does not criticize the regime as a whole. I could discover no confirmation of reports of unrest, strikes, a growing underground movement, or Communist activity. The *mystique* of Mussolini and Fascism still blinds Italians to the realities of their condition.

It is well to realize also that Mussolini possesses considerable resources for combating discontent. He has his secret police, who can effectively stamp out signs of rebellion. He has an extremely efficient intelligence service, which informs him of the first symptoms of discontent. Thus warned, he quickly applies palliatives—a new road built here, a new workers' rest house there, a "House for Mother and Baby" in another place, a job for this grumbler, a notification of army service to another. He has great gifts, too, for utilizing foreign opposition to consolidate patriotic sentiment behind him; he did this consummately at the time of sanctions. If a depression comes, he can accelerate the pace of the armament industry. He can impose another capital levy to pay for it. The last capital levy, incidentally, was not as unpopular as is supposed. It hit small business men and forced many into bankruptcy; but big business, fat with profits from armaments and devaluation, rejoiced that it came only to 10 per cent. While Mussolini cannot impose further tax burdens on the masses, he has hardly scratched the surface of taxation of the rich. The best estimate of his position is that it is not so strong as during the sanctions period and right afterward, but stronger than just before the Abyssinian war. Most observers in Rome concur in this view.



Foreign Minister Ciano

Will he maintain this position in the face of the increasingly tense foreign situation? Seemingly, he occupies good bargaining ground between Germany on the one hand and Britain and France on the other. Yet the heavy weight of Hitler pressing down from the north, with its military threat to the Brenner and its economic threat to Trieste, may prevent the Duce from soaring too far in the ether with Lord Perth. The Perth agreement has enabled him to recoup some of the prestige he lost by the Anschluss, but the Italians have analyzed its provisions no more than have the British and are just as unprepared for disappointments. Impressed by the façade of its numerous clauses, they fail to recognize that its efficacy depends on how the two parties act in the near future. Will London, for instance, grant Mussolini the credits his strained economy so badly needs? The rumor persists that he wrung an unwritten promise of credits from Perth, but these may be withheld until Britain sees whether Mussolini is going to "be good" in Spain and the eastern Mediterranean. Past master of *combinazione* that he is, Mussolini may play a game during the next few months that will create as critical an international situation as Hitler created by his invasion of Austria.

In the Wind

A NEW PHASE of the anti-New Deal drive is being quietly prepared and will break immediately after the Congressional elections. The sponsor is Political Intelligence: League of American Business Men, one of whose representatives is already soliciting funds. Emphasis will be placed on an attempt to "detach President Roosevelt from his left-wing advisers." As the first step, advertisements denouncing the National Labor Relations Board will be placed in 110 newspapers at a cost of $500,000. One of the men raising the war-chest claims that he is a Hearst newspaperman. He also insists that both Vice-President Garner and James A. Farley are sympathetic.

EVER SINCE *The Nation* reported the censorship of columnists on the Scripps-Howard *World-Telegram*, Roy Howard has been receiving inquiries. In at least one reply—written personally and by hand—he flatly denied the charge. But one of his subordinates at the Cleveland *Press*, another Scripps-Howard link where censorship has occurred, has been more candid. When the *Press* banned Pegler's column supporting the Loyalists, which the *World-Telegram* also omitted, this explanation appeared: "Due to transmission delay there will be no column today." Shortly afterward the *Press* published a letter asking why the column had been left out, to which the editor frankly replied, "The column in question was omitted because in our editorial judgment it was unnecessarily offensive."

SOME YEARS ago, when Henlein's Sudeten German Party professed democratic ideas and even admitted Jews, Leo Benedict, a Czech Jew, willed the party about six million dollars. Three months ago Benedict died; the Sudeten Nazis are now inheriting a Jewish fortune.

NEWSPAPERS FAILED to report an unprecedented incident at Columbia University's recent commencement exercises. When Thomas Mann received the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters, there was a tumultuous demonstration of approval in place of the usual polite ripple of applause. When George Sokolsky received a university medal for "useful or exceptional service in public or professional life," there was a persistent, audible outbreak of hissing.

DURING THE last Moscow trials Ambassador Davies, who attended them, steadfastly refused to comment publicly. But in a confidential cable to the State Department the Ambassador reported that his own experience as a trial lawyer and his observation of the proceedings convinced him that the defendants were telling the truth.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS narrowly escaped making a serious blunder last week. The New York office received a report that a terrific explosion had occurred at the Panama Canal. War Department officials in Washington immediately denied it. But inquiries and reports flew back and forth over the agency's private wire. Finally the truth was tracked down. The A. P.'s informant had heard a South American radio broadcast dramatizing a mythical explosion at the Canal.

CROSS-COUNTRY: *Fortune* stirred wide comment with its anonymous plea to business to make peace with the New Deal. The author of the piece was John Chamberlain. . . . Advance predictions that Senator Barkley will defeat Governor Chandler in the Kentucky primary are less confident now that the Republicans are pouring money into the state to swing the Democrats to Chandler. . . . Ellery Sedgwick, *Atlantic Monthly* editor for thirty years, whose recent pro-Franco dispatches aroused many protests, has retired. . . . A few months ago political surveys showed Secretary Hull to be the strongest candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1940, but more recent tests indicate that his popularity has diminished sharply. . . . Los Angeles Nazis have forced a large department store, owned by Jews, to ban Phyllis Bottome's "The Mortal Storm" from its counters.

AROUND THE WORLD: An executive of the Japanese Sumitomo Chemical Industry Company recently visited Germany to learn the reactions to Japanese policy. He reported that "German capitalists, because of conflicting business interests, are anti-Japanese although the Nazi Party members are pro-Japanese." . . . Police forbade mention of the word "communist" at a youth conference in Montreal; representatives of the Young Communist League spoke, and were addressed as members of "an unmentionable organization."

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE plight of the railroads grows more serious every week. The net operating income of Class 1 railroads in the first four months of the current year was $28,791,805. During the corresponding period of 1937 it was $195,872,531. The Association of American Railroads in giving out these figures announces that sixty-five Class 1 railroads failed to earn expenses and taxes in the first quarter of 1938. The return on property investment was only at the rate of 0.44 per cent compared with 3.01 per cent in the corresponding period of last year. This showing is the more interesting because operating expenses were 12.6 per cent less this year than last and taxes were $5,000,000 less. But gross operating revenues were $1,081,603,138 as compared with $1,382,679,318, a decrease of 21.8 per cent. In April alone, gross operating revenues were $268,268,919 against $351,506,791 in April, 1937. It is true that the railroads have not had the advantage of an increase in rates during the whole of this period, but since increased rates in times of depression make for decreased traffic even more than in good times, it is plain that the situation would not have been much altered had there been the higher rates from January 1.

The truth is that more and more railroads are facing bankruptcy, in addition to those now undergoing reorganization. The stocks of most of them are at low-water mark. The first recommendation one hears is that the government should lend them more money to tide them over, but lending more money merely adds to the burdens under which the railroads are already staggering. Moreover, Senators La Follette of Wisconsin, Wagner of New York, and Wheeler of Montana have declared that they will oppose legislation for additional government loans to the railways if the railways persist in demanding the right to lower wages. To this the railways retort that they need an increase of net earnings far more than government loans; the more money they borrow the more they must earn in order to meet the new and old interest charges.

Well then, how can earnings be increased? The railroads insist that the only way is to decrease wages, since the increase in rates granted by the Interstate Commerce Commission is insufficient. It is hard to answer this logic. Of course many reformers truly say that the trouble with the railroads is their swollen capital structure, representing years of frenzied finance and generations of failure on the part of banker-managed railroads to reduce their indebtedness. A reform of capital structure is being undertaken in the case of those railroads that are seeking reorganization, but it is a slow and costly process and does not, of course, help the roads which have not yet declared bankruptcy and are striving to keep their heads above water. Some of these have been well managed and honorably conducted; given normal times they could survive.

Any temporary government aid to worthy roads, with or without the promise of non-interference with railroad wages, would obviously be merely a stop-gap measure. It would not go to the heart of the problem, which is further complicated by President Roosevelt's announcement that he is opposed to government ownership. He made it clear, however, that government ownership might be forced by additional bankruptcies, a universal financial breakdown. This the government will hardly wish to permit since it would further decrease the purchasing power of the great investing classes, the insurance companies, and the philanthropic institutions of all kinds, which have invested heavily in railroad securities. The railroad companies are of course delighted that the President has come out against government ownership. But as the *Railway Age* has again pointed out, with the hourly wage increased by 170 per cent since 1916 and the hourly output of the workmen increased only 72 per cent during that time, Mr. Roosevelt needs to do more than oppose government ownership if the railways are to escape ruin.

I am very sorry that the President has come out against government ownership, for I have long held that no other solution is possible and that the railroads ought to be freed from Wall Street control at the earliest possible moment. I am well aware of all the difficulties, such as the fixing of a fair purchase price, but sooner or later that will have to be done. As long as the railroads are in their present condition we have an open and dangerous sore in the body economic. The only remedy is a radical surgical operation. If Mr. Roosevelt would put himself at the head of such a movement and really seek to push it through, he would be taking a tremendous step forward toward a solution of the railroad problem. Moreover, the spirits of many of his disheartened followers would be revived and the business situation would certainly be clarified after the first shock was over. At least one railway president has admitted to me that no other outcome is possible. So why delay?

ESCAPE FROM THE MOUSETRAP

BY ANTON KUH

II

ON THE day of the Berchtesgaden meeting no one in Vienna had any idea of its real significance. In fact, an interpretation contrary to the true one prevailed. Even now I am moved by it; the Nazis, thinking their Führer had forsaken them by inviting their arch-enemy, went around hanging their heads, while those with Fatherland leanings and the Jews, after the first shock, wore a confident air.

If they had been able to see Schuschnigg on the evening of that day in a hotel room at Salzburg—the same Salzburg where half a year before I had seen ghosts—venting his emotion in a burst of tears before he continued to Vienna, they would have packed their trunks precipitately. For our fate is not safeguarded by the tears of those who rule us so surely as by their weapons of defense.

What Schuschnigg experienced in those days he immediately wrote down in a memorandum. This invaluable document his deputy, Minister Zernatto, who succeeded in reaching the border on the evening of March 11, is believed to have deposited in a safe place. (This is probably one of the chief reasons why Schuschnigg is today undergoing the torture of arrest; this memorandum was his "high treason.") Outside Austria much of what had occurred was known by the next day; how the Austrian Chancellor, an inveterate smoker, was not allowed to light a cigarette while his host talked on for hours, ostensibly because Hitler was sensitive to smoke, in reality however, to break Schuschnigg down; how the Chancellor handed to the German Führer the plan of the plot signed by Hess and General Reichenau—whereupon Hitler opened wide the door to the next room and admitted three generals, to whom he said, "Gentlemen, assure Herr Schuschnigg that you are ready to march"; how Hitler during this conversation demonstratively received a delegation of Austrian fugitive traitors and said to them in a ringing voice, "Children, I shall not forsake you any longer. You will go back to Austria." But many more striking details were not learned and are not known today. Finally Schuschnigg saw that the conversation, which was really a six-hour monologue by Hitler, had become hopeless. He demanded to be taken to his car. Hitler looked at him and said with emphasis, "You will travel, however, in *my* car." With great dignity Schuschnigg asked, "Am I then already your prisoner?"

Three days later Vienna was seized. The enemy had been let into the city, his Trojan horse the ministry of police and security, which had been handed over to the National Socialist Seyss-Inquart. But in contrast to the Greek warriors, the attackers did not wait for night before emerging from their hiding place; they came out in broad daylight, wearing the swastika and uttering cries of victory.

And the easygoing heedlessness of the citizens?

It was a game of chance between fear of ghosts and trust in the world (really, trust in Europe), a new kind of parlor game played in the old dining-rooms, in the bars and cafes of the town, in which people asked one another, "Are you an optimist or are you a pessimist?"

With each speech, with each new event, the strength of the opponents, optimism and pessimism, varied. After Schuschnigg's pledge, "So far and no farther," a new sun seemed to rise on Austria. Then after the ensuing speech of the Nazi Minister, Seyss-Inquart, "You young National Socialists fought like devils," it was quickly darkened. While these speeches and counter-speeches were being made, I sat almost continually in the train between Prague and Vienna.

I was born in Austria; more deeply than many others I had been agitated by each convulsion of its existence. I wanted to be there when it sank into the grave.

IN THE MOUSETRAP

But the voices of my friends multiplied; they said, "Better not come back again." For slowly the feeling grew upon them all—optimists and pessimists, Catholics, Jews, and patriots—that they were caught in a mousetrap.

The optimists, to be sure, still believed in a power which to the world's misfortune has never materialized in the whole five years since 1933, an international public-health police which would prevent the spread of political leprosy from one country to another. As Christians and good Austrians they thought: "They can't make us into a different people without our consent, even if we do speak the language." The Jews thought further: "Even if it happens, we shall be for the 'deliverers' an alien race; and they must at least ask us what we want to do, go or stay, and grant us free passage."

Shortsighted wretches! To be deprived afterward of their citizenship, not by their compatriots, the Austrians, but by the victorious invaders, was the least they had to bear. Even in the worst nightmare they could never have pictured to themselves with what means and to what ends not only their dignity but their property would be taken from them, could not have imagined that a financially rotten state, in order to repair the consequences of its own failures and to obtain indispensable goods, would coolly rob them—partly by law, partly by breaking into their homes at night and committing crimes beside which the terrors of St. Bartholomew's Night grow pale—of the wealth they had accumulated by centuries of civilized bourgeois industry. Inconceivable was the formula, "Vienna's Jews shall pay for Germany's sins."

To understand this one must know, as all travelers do whose journeys have taken them to Austria in recent years, that Viennese Jews, in their customs, their appearance, their spiritual qualities—skeptical and ironic like the best Europeans—formed one of the finest strata of society in the world. They were strongly mixed with aristocratic blood, were neither narrow-minded nor boastful; they kept their eyes and hearts always directed to the rest of Europe, felt with justification that they were an élite dating from the old empire. There is no need to enumerate the famous names in art, science, and industry which this small group of scarcely 200,000 people has given to the world.

Now they were all trapped. But what was uncanny was that in this whole time, yes, up to the last decisive day, the word Jew was not heard from a single sneering mouth. Hitler's mills grind smoothly. No sudden outbursts of emotion accompany the work of vengeance. Even cynical bestiality is executed with military order. Characteristically the Germans have adopted the equivocal expression "individual acts" (*Einzelaktionen)*, a catchword which conceals from the world the identity of the police with gangsters and at the same time among themselves brings about a better division of the booty. Those who knew how to listen, in the anti-Semitic stillness of the last Vienna days, felt the more fearful.

Many of the victims might still have been able to save themselves. But now (March 9, when Schuschnigg announced the plebiscite) begins the real tragedy, which is at the same time an instructive example of how the weakness of rulers works the ruin of the governed. For the Viennese Jews the course of events contained another more important lesson—that one should never accept the protection of a forced sympathy.

Schuschnigg, half dictator, half democrat, had the terrible role of seeing his love, not his hate, bring ruin to those committed to his protection. Without his knowing it he had been allotted by destiny the task of turning his country into a mousetrap and himself springing the trap.

Among the thousands who after Berchtesgaden packed for a journey and studied maps in their rooms the joke went around, "What is the most valuable *Wertpapier?* A foreign passport." But they changed their mind after Schuschnigg's first speech. The announcement of the plebiscite raised their confidence to new heights. They stood fast and remained.

If only they had merely waited. But they provided the conqueror with the opportunity to justify himself, to throw them into prison, and to rob them of their possessions. All the powerful and famous of the country realized this as soon as the enemy marched in. They had themselves furnished the excuse for their persecution—their names were found on the list of those who had contributed to funds to be used for propaganda for the plebiscite. Jews had reached deep into their pockets to strengthen their protector—for the enemy that was a symbol of how rich they must be.

But the trap was not yet quite shut. True, no one could get out of it very easily, but people could get in without difficulty. Schuschnigg's diabolical popularity brought it about that people who had lived outside the country for years, for decades even, journeyed to Vienna at the last moment to discharge their patriotic duty of voting in the plebiscite. Many of these were never seen again; their relatives appealed in vain to the diplomatic representatives of the countries where they had resided. Jews were by no means the only ones who met this dreadful fate. Most shocking is the story of some honest labor leaders who had fled to Brünn in Czechoslovakia in February, 1934, at the time of the mass murder of the Vienna workers. For the years of their banishment they had kept the faith. Austria no longer existed for them. Then Schuschnigg opened the door to them so that they might win over their followers for the plebiscite. On the day before the last they tied up their bundles for the journey with a backward glance of gratitude at the new homeland which for four years had given them safety and a living. They too were never seen again.

I came from Brünn at the same time and sat with some of them in the train. Their joy depressed me. Was it not against their principles to answer the call of their former enemy, who now because of a common need sat, so to speak, in the same galley? Did they not recognize that this strategic good-will was no dependable anchor?

Even toward the Socialists Schuschnigg now had a divided heart. When he was Minister of Education in Dollfuss's Cabinet in 1934 he was surer of his position. Today he needed them—too late—to save the state, regarded them as the "lesser evil." But his love for them, like his love for the Jews, was a defensive love. He wanted to bargain with them, make concessions to them in return for a *Ja* vote in the election. But he made his offers with half-willing hand and mind.

As I sat in the Brünn-Vienna train and heard Austrian

Socialists for the first time in many years talking openly to one another, confident of the future yet vitally bound up in the hopes of the man who had sent for them, in that moment, though I was quite unaware of it, the bell of my deliverance rang. One thought occupied me. It gnawed at me and wouldn't let me loose. This thought, through which it seemed to me I could save the fatherland, was actually, by a joke of Providence, to be the means by which I should save myself.

I wanted to play the game of world politics, to throw myself as a man of letters into the political current. Who listens to persons like us, persons rich only in delusions and presentiments, mocked at as cafe Bohemians? Who has ever asked our advice? Our simple wisdom, because it is too direct, passes as impolitic. Our twice-two-is-four has never reached the ear of rulers. The guild of politicians bars the way to our too direct knowledge and observation as if they offered a sordid competition. Perhaps the extraordinary character of the times would allow me to accomplish something extraordinary—not like that talk with Starhemberg in Salzburg which had pleased the prince in him more than it had enlightened the politician.

How could one tell Schuschnigg, the half-dictator, remote from the world, what I had heard here in the train? How could one open his eyes to the need and the despair?

[*The third and concluding instalment of Escape from the Mousetrap will be published next week.*]

BOOKS

The Great Humbug

THE SYNDICAL AND CORPORATIVE INSTITUTIONS OF ITALIAN FASCISM. By G. Lowell Field. Columbia University Press. $2.75.

HAD he limited himself to the description of the so-called syndical and corporative institutions of Italian Fascism as they exist on paper in official Fascist documents, Mr. Field would have given us a perfectly useless work, since many other "social scientists" have already dedicated themselves to this particular type of sociological "hobby." The author of this work, on the contrary, has wished to go beyond the written paper to see how these institutions function in reality. Hence the interest of his book.

There exist in the Fascist dictatorship a Chamber of Deputies and a Senate. These two bodies are supposed to perform the duties of national representative assemblies. In what degree do they perform these duties?

The answer to this question is contained in the twenty-four pages summarizing the reports of the "debates" held during several meetings of the two houses. In the course of these "debates," if ever any member of the Chamber advances some humble suggestion which might be construed as a criticism, he accompanies it with unconditional approbation of the government and long-winded adulation of the Duce and the ministers who enjoy his confidence. As a rule those "debates" consist of "vibrant manifestations of homage to the head of the government," "very hearty, prolonged, and general applause and loud cries of 'Long live the Duce,'" "imposing demonstrations for the Duce," salutes "in Roman fashion" and batches of "bills approved without discussion" or "by acclamation." Only in the Senate is dissent sometimes weakly voiced by some old man, nostalgic for the past, whose nomination to the Senate goes back to the pre-Fascist regime and who has not yet decided to give up the ghost.

After having described how the Fascist Parliament functions, the author relates how the so-called "syndicates" work, that is to say, the associations of employers and professional classes and the unions of employees. His researches reveal that the directing officers of the organizations are not elected by and are not accountable to the membership of the organizations they represent and that they are subject to removal at any time by the government, in other words, by the ruling personnel of the Fascist Party. However, the officials directing the organizations of the employers have more intimate connections with that ruling personnel, and the employing group counts many of its members among the leading political figures of the regime, whereas the workers are under the strict control of the Fascist politicians and have no say in any matter.

The fundamental task of the officials who run the associations of employers and the employees' unions is the drawing up of collective labor contracts. Once those contracts—be they good or bad—have been drawn up on paper, what happens to them? The author devotes a chapter of his book to this subject, which "social scientists" as a rule are careful to overlook. The gist of his findings is given in the report of a discussion he had with a minor official. The author made the following remark: "It seems to me that most of the industrial controversies are brought by workers already dismissed." The official answered that that was "fair enough" and went on to explain that "it would be impossible in a time of such great unemployment for an employed worker to sue his employer since he would necessarily fear dismissal."

> This situation he [the union official] considered to be a necessary inequality between employer and worker that could not at present be overcome. At any rate it was insoluble while there was a surplus of workers. . . . In the very distant future . . . this situation will not be acute. But this is a long way off. We must have confidence (nodding in the direction of Mussolini's picture). We cannot know what he sees [p. 132].

Thus the worker, after having been deprived of his trade-union rights with the promise that the Fascist-controlled unions would grant him "social justice" in labor contracts, is now told that labor contracts cannot be enforced so long as there is a surplus of workers. There was no need, it seems, to make so much noise about Fascist "social justice" if this was to be the upshot of the whole matter.

The last section of the book deals with those "corporations" which have been established above the organizations of employers and employees and which are expected to control the

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machinery of production. In this field also, after having described the organizations in question, the author wished, with his usual impertinence, to see how they function not on paper but in reality. He has gathered in the last chapter of his work the results of his inquiry.

The results are that the members of these bodies owe their appointment not to the membership of the organizations but to the leaders of the Fascist Party, and can meet, discuss, and arrive at decisions only if they obtain permission from Mussolini. The corporations are advisory councils which may facilitate to a considerable extent the tasks of the administrators' end of the regime, but they consult and agree probably in the same manner as all advisory bodies used to in the past and would do in the future under any kind of political regime, whether democratic or dictatorial.

If the present writer is not mistaken, this conscientious and thorough book will not be bought by thousands of copies by the Fascist propaganda bureaus for distribution among the "social scientists." It should therefore be widely circulated among those people desiring correct information about the Fascist Corporative State—the greatest humbug of the twentieth century. GAETANO SALVEMINI

Rimbaud and Abyssinia

ARTHUR RIMBAUD IN ABYSSINIA. By Enid Starkie. Oxford University Press. $3.

THE enigma of Arthur Rimbaud has always been singularly tantalizing. Even yet little concerning him has been published in English, and the recent biographical study by Enid Starkie, which deals primarily with the obscure facts of his African career, comes with a peculiar timeliness. During the past fifty years, in France as well as in England and America, the influence exerted by Rimbaud's work has been increasing. In his great poem "Le Bateau Ivre" symbolism and even surrealism first found literary expression. From Rimbaud's technical researches into language, particularly from the Vowel Sonnet with its theory of sound-color, sprang the germ which has fecundated our own era. As Ozenfant wrote recently. "From Rimbaud's sun issued Mallarmé's moon, and from that practically every other ultramodern asteroid."

Although this biography is concerned chiefly with Rimbaud's life in Abyssinia, it has a dual interest. For in tracing his adventures Mrs. Starkie found that they would be unintelligible without an understanding both of Abyssinian history and of European colonization on the Somali coast. In assembling her facts the author consulted all available works by travelers and explorers of that time; also consular reports and numerous secret reports by British agents. Through the courtesy of the British Foreign Office she was given access to certain unpublished records of the so-called "closed period" between 1885 and 1890. In France this privilege was denied.

So inexplicable was Rimbaud's life and so strange and obscure were its last tragic years that it has never been easy to disentangle truth from fiction. Contradictory rumors circulated concerning him even in France. He was pictured as a friend and favorite of Menelek, living in Oriental luxury surrounded by a harem that Mohammed might have envied; as a dealer in slaves and ivory and peacock plumes; as a gun-running bandit or as a potentate among the blacks. But the truth was very different.

Long before reaching Africa Rimbaud had finished with his youthful extravagances, and with this change his creative work ended. At the age of nineteen the flamboyant savage, the evil genius of Verlaine, the mad visionary whose precocious poetry had baffled and scandalized all Paris, turned his back on literature. Disgusted with civilization, determined on amassing wealth, he vagabonded through Europe, sailed to Java, and finally drifted to Aden, where he obtained employment with a French shopkeeper, Bardey, who eventually sent him to Harar in charge of a newly opened trading post. Here, determined on saving enough money to allow him to embark on independent trading ventures, Rimbaud's existence was as penurious and wretched as that of any peasant in his native Ardennes.

The end was wretched failure. For all his determination to win fortune, Rimbaud lacked the trading instinct, the capacity for flattery and intrigue so necessary in dealing with the ignorant yet wily native chiefs. But his story is absorbing. Rimbaud is pictured as an intrepid explorer, a man who cared nothing for physical hardships, irascible in temper and a savage recluse. At the risk of his life he penetrated into the southern part of Ogaden, where before him no white man had set foot. With the explorer Borelli he was the first European to make his way across country from Entoto to Harar, along much the same route as that now followed by the Jibuti railway, which was then an untraveled wilderness infested by hostile tribes. The account of his one independent trading venture, of the ill luck that dogged his terrible four months' trek up-country to Ankober, of his meeting with Menelek, who outwitted and fleeced him so unmercifully, of his illness and terrible death at Marseilles, is vivid and absorbing.

What Rimbaud did, not what he may have thought or felt, is the substance of Mrs. Starkie's book. To those interested in Rimbaud the narrative is of intense interest. But beyond this the author gives us the concise history both of Abyssinia and of the struggle for power among England, Italy, and France for dominance on the Red Sea coast that culminated finally in the Italian invasion. And this is equally illuminating. RUTH PIELKOVA

American Heroes and Rascals

AMERICAN YEARS. By Harold Sinclair. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.75.

MR. SINCLAIR, in his admirable fictionalized history of the town of Bloomington, Illinois—which he calls Everton—in the years 1830 to 1861, has the following significant sentences:

> A fourteen-year-old . . . walked through a magic forest on his way to Hobbs's school: a forest of burr, white, red black, and chinkapin swamp oak; of linn, honey locust, hackberry, coffee nut, sassafras, ironwood, black cherry, choke cherry, white elm and slippery elm, black and white walnut, shell-bark hickory, pignut hickory, sugar

> maple, white maple, blue and white ash, sycamore, cottonwood, aspen, mulberry, box elder, buckeye, red bud, red haw, black haw, willow, service berry, sumach, prickly ash, blue beech, pawpaw, crabapple, wild plum, elder, wahoo, cedar, and, occasionally, persimmon. . . . And for the unseeing eye of this hypothetical fourteen-year-old . . . : black bear, Virginia deer, opossum, racoon, otter, red and gray squirrels, prairie wolves, foxes, rabbits, and an occasional elk; wild turkey, prairie chicken, partridge, quail, sandhill cranes, snow geese, Canadian geese, mallards, pintails, wood duck, butterball duck, teal grebe, mud hens, Virginia rails, water rails, golden, ringed, and Kildeer plovers, woodcock, curlews, snipe, and pigeons and turtledoves.

That was in 1836. The settlement which began with a few log cabins in Maple Grove in the twenties was incorporated as a town and county in 1832. Already land speculation had begun. The hardy pioneers who thought of creating a county seat thought also of selling to the new taxpayers a desirable group of lots in the center of the town. The rich, black, knotty prairie had not yet been broken to the plow. No plow had been invented to break it. But the steel plow came in time. The forests fell. The game, which had been invaluable for food, was driven out as relentlessly as were the Indians. The sections and quarter-sections were green with corn. The fat hogs were on their way to the raw village of Chicago, growing so incredibly fast. A man named McCormick was doing well in the reaper business. And in 1852 came the railroad.

For the ordinary citizen, the man who had laboriously broken his little spot of wilderness and built his little cabin, who had endured winter cold and summer heat, who had by sheer brute strength and the new plow edged out the prairie grass of ten thousand years' growing, the end had already come. A few men in the town were rich. They had bought land and held on to it until the price went up beyond anybody's wildest dreams. They invested in the railroad—and made the taxpayers pay. The division between the haves and have-nots was, a couple of decades away from the wilderness, wide enough to drive a team through. Some of the more fortunate ones were out-and-out rascals and thieves; some were, within their limits, honest men. Some of the little fellows were mean to their wives and set their children at the plow too young; some were good, far-sighted, hard-working farmers or lawyers or artisans; a few Germans came whose fathers had known Beethoven or who could play Bach; the railroad brought Shanty Town, the Irish ditch-digger who was the despair of the farmers no more than of his own priest. There were a couple of wars: the disgraceful Black Hawk War in 1832, which finished off the Indians; the equally disgraceful Mexican War in 1846, which finished off the Mexicans, in Texas at least. There were politicians: Free-Soilers, Abolitionists, Prohibitionists, Whigs, Democrats, Anti-Nebraska Democrats, Anti-Nebraska Whigs. There was a tall, ugly man whom everybody seemed to know and like. His name was Lincoln.

Mr. Sinclair has handled his material not as an ordinary novel with a central plot and a single hero, but as a series of case histories, brief vignettes of this citizen of the town and that one. The town itself is the hero; the drama is the discovery and exploitation of the American land. Although he calls his novel fiction, he has not hesitated to use real characters. Lincoln is perhaps the least successful of them. But the story is real enough. And in spite of individual cases of heroism, generosity, honorable dealing, it is not a happy story. It makes, however, a book to be read. The humor of the soil is in it, the color of the land, and the unending variety that is man. DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Life of Fanny Burney

BE LOVED NO MORE. By Arthur Bernon Tourtellot. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

"BE LOVED NO MORE," Arthur Bernon Tourtellot's study of the life and environment of Fanny Burney, gives rise to a number of interesting speculations on the art of biography, particularly on its development in the last twenty years. For it was in 1918 that "Eminent Victorians" was hailed as the book that would change the course of biography, and with the publication of "Queen Victoria" and "Elizabeth and Essex," Lytton Strachey was recognized as the arbiter of contemporary biographical writing. Yet now, only six years after his death, there appears a nearly four-hundred-page life of one of the most documented women in literary history without the slightest trace of the Strachey influence.

It was the custom to say, after the market was flooded with biographies by the less gifted, less scholarly imitators of Mr. Strachey, who borrowed his more obvious qualities of style and thought without understanding either, that the "new" biography grew out of hate rather than love of the subject. Doubtless many of Mr. Strachey's followers did choose their heroes and heroines largely for the pleasure of shooting them off their pedestals, but Mr. Strachey's own mechanism was far more complicated—a kind of Freudian love-hate that heightened his perceptions and gave him an understanding of persons long dead, unique in the history of biographers.

Mr. Strachey's distinction lay most of all in the economy of his technique, his unprecedented use of implication and ellipsis, his delicate and usually just irony. The fact that many of his imitators were superficial rather than economical, sarcastic rather than ironic, may explain the reaction against him, the curiously nineteenth-century quality of Mr. Tourtellot's book.

That it is a labor of love there can be no question—uncritical, exhaustive love. To a person unfamiliar with the late eighteenth century, with Boswell's "Life of Johnson," with the whole mass of documentation that grew out of Johnson's circle, this book is a pleasant and easy introduction, an adequate survey of the period. To the more critical reader, the student of biography who demands form, or at least a new focus on old subject matter, the book is not illuminating. The problem of Fanny Burney's character, why a woman who spent her youth in the most brilliant intellectual society of her day, who was a successful novelist at twenty-six, should at the age of thirty-two relegate herself to the position of lady-in-waiting at one of the dullest courts in the history of England, Mr. Tourtellot explains by only the most obvious and external reasoning. The thesis from which his book takes its title, that ". . . Time the Destroyer echoed after her all through her life the command, Be Loved No More—by relatives that had died and friends who had gone and a world which had forgotten," gives no clearer explanation of her character as a whole, her inner psychological processes, than the ordinary reader could derive from her letters and diaries.

One can only conclude, then, that for some private reason of his own, Mr. Tourtellot fell in love with Fanny Burney after all these years, that everything connected with her enchants him and, he thinks, may equally enchant those readers who like to listen to lovers' tales. The book has a very useful bibliography and a careful index. MINA CURTISS

Gorki's Last Novel

THE SPECTER. By Maxim Gorki. D. Appleton-Century Company. $3.50.

"THE SPECTER" is the last of Gorki's novels and the final section in the tetralogy of which Clim Samghin is the central figure. The preceding volumes having traced his reactions and thoughts from the period of the coronation of Nicholas to the unsuccessful uprising and Bloody Sunday of 1905, "The Specter" carries him through the crescendo epoch from 1906 to the revolution of 1917. Important as must be any book about the events of this crucial period by a participant of the stature of Gorki, "The Specter" is nevertheless a peculiarly lopsided piece of writing. It is, in fact, not so much a novel as an inordinately full recording of the talk of an era—a vast ear laid to the ground to catch all the voices that rose from Russia (and particularly, of course, from the intellectual proletariat) in those troubled days when revolution was fomenting.

There is, to be sure, the usual Gorkian parade of strongly drawn characters—blood descendants of the creatures of Dostoevsky and Chekhov—and also the various events in which Clim is occasionally involved, but these are, as it were, interludes between conversations. Gorki's key to the period—as to all Russian character, for that matter—is its talk; "The Specter" bulges and overflows with enormous gobs of it: vodka talk, samovar talk, salon talk, grapevine talk, railway-carriage talk, and always, of course, of all the gigantic intangibles beloved of Russian talkers—life, the soul, religion, ethics, the state. Aloof and critical, Clim moves in many circles but is a part of none; through him we listen to every type and faction, to schemer, revolutionary, farmer, and worker, to Bolshevik, Menshevik, Populist, Social Democrat, and Anarchist. Unrest not yet having reached sufficient proportions, indecision and factional discord are rampant; action is ground up into a choking dust of mouthed phrases, speeches, harangues.

Although it is formless and impressionistic, "The Specter" catches in its talk—as it could perhaps in no other way—every shift and vacillation, all the temporizing and uncertainty, that marked the thinking of Russian intellectuals in the years that preceded the most radical social change of our time. MILTON RUGOFF

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DRAMA

Benediction

AT LEAST half a dozen plays of more than passing interest were produced on Broadway during the season just finished. If you add several revivals well worth the doing and rather more than the usual number of pleasant diversions you get a total very respectable indeed. To me the best play of the year was Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" and not, as my colleagues of the Critics' Circle proclaimed, John Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men." If there were a prize—there shouldn't be—for continuing promise, it would go to Clifford Odets's "Golden Boy," and if there were another for the most interesting production of the year, Orson Welles would take it with either "Julius Caesar" or "The Shoemaker's Holiday" even if he didn't have both on which to rest his claim.

The enthusiasm which Mr. Welles and his Mercury Theater provoked seems to me the most significant symptom which analysis could discover in a year more remarkable for the diversity of aims among the most successful playwrights than for any obvious trend. Despite "Golden Boy" and "One-Third of a Nation" the collapse of the Theater Union made for less activity than we have been accustomed to among the proponents of left-wing agitation, and it would require more ingenuity than I possess to discover a common denominator between "Our Town" and "Of Mice and Men." Something might be made of the remarkable fact that at least six new plays dealt with the supernatural in some form or other, but if that is more than an accident, it is, like the success of the Mercury Theater, only another indication that the public has become less literal-minded than it was a few years ago.

That, indeed, seems to me a phenomenon worth considering. I doubt whether this public knows exactly what it is that it wants, but audiences are no longer complacently superior to whatever is not realistically prosy in matter and manner. Two of the most popular plays of the year, "On Borrowed Time" and "The Star Wagon," seemed to me rather silly, but fantasy is merely imagination not powerful enough to convince itself, and an audience which acclaimed them is an audience which would like to be convinced if it could. Much has been made of Maxwell Anderson's recent experiments in poetic drama, and at least two of his plays are as good as anything the theater has recently produced, but they are no more important as symptoms than the rediscovery of Shakespeare as a popular dramatist or the success of a play so unconventional in form and theme as "Our Town." Perhaps there was a touch of mere preciosity in both the bare walls of Mr. Welles's "Julius Caesar" and the obstreperous informality of Mr. Blitzstein's skeletonized opera, "The Cradle Will Rock," but the fact remains that both paid audiences the compliment of assuming that they were capable of imagination.

The contemporary drama may not be going anywhere. The very fact that no two playwrights seem to be aiming at quite the same thing may possibly mean that it is frittering itself away, since as my friend Mark Van Doren once maintained, the very best plays seem to be written when everybody is trying to write the same one—when a Congreve finally achieves, in "The Way of the World," the work a whole generation had been laboring at, or when a Shakespeare manages to stand on the shoulders of a race of poets whose similarities are at least more significant than their differences. But if the modern drama is going anywhere at all, I venture to predict that it is going away from simple realism in the direction of something more intense. Mr. Welles, Mr. Wilder, and Mr. Blitzstein have discovered that the shortest distance between two points may often be by way of an artificial convention. Mr. Anderson is trying to learn that men may most truly reveal themselves in language better than any they have ever actually spoken.

Officially the season was closed with the production of two musical entertainments, "I Married an Angel" (Shubert Theater) and "The Two Bouquets" (Windsor Theater). The first was received rapturously by the critics and seems to please the public mightily, though I must confess for myself that I found it, except for the two comic ballets in the second act, dim, hesitant, sluggish, and annoyingly uncertain just how much it ought to depend on the Hungarian farce upon which it is based. "The Two Bouquets" I found much more entertaining with its pastiche score of nineteenth-century melodies and the rich Victorian costumes conceived in a spirit nicely balanced between satire and seriousness. But I should warn my readers that the languor of "I Married an Angel" is supposed to be smart in some subtle way.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

COLUMBIA continues its fine series of re-pressings of foreign subscription sets with a third volume (seven records, $14) of Bach's music for organ played by Albert Schweitzer. This time it is three more Preludes and Fugues and the Fugue in A minor without its Prelude—superb music, of which the volume offers impressively honest performances that are faithfully recorded.

I cannot say all this of some other recent Columbia releases. In the eyes of a record company anything it issues cannot be less than a masterpiece; and it takes this view of many things that are considerably less. Mozart was one of the greatest of composers, but not in every work, and not in every symphony in G minor. The Symphony K. 183 which Alfred Wallenstein has recorded with his small orchestra (three records, $5) is a work that a properly adventurous conductor would play once and a properly adventurous concert or radio audience would want to hear once—not the number of times that justifies recording. Nor is this because it is an early work: I have been hoping to find in Columbia's recent communications an announcement of the exquisite Symphony K. 201 which Beecham has recorded, and of which I regret to say there is still no sign. For the rest, Wallenstein has done a capable job with the performance of K. 183, and the recording is clear.

LIBRARY

Nor can I see the point in a recording of Schumann's String Quartet in A; but for those who do see it I will report that it is a good recording of a good performance by the Leners (four records, $6). There is more point in a record ($.75) of "Hora Staccato" made by Dinicu himself, which gives us the gipsy tune in its natural state, whereas Heifetz in his Victor record ($1.50) gives it to us tricked out in the glitter and style of a concert violinist's virtuosity and art. For Heifetz to play "Hora Staccato" as though it were the last movement of Mendelssohn's Concerto is no better than it would be for Dinicu to play the concerto as though it were "Hora Staccato."

I have also been looking in vain in Victor's communications for an announcement of Mozart's Piano Concerto K. 467; and if Victor had released it the handsprings would be forthcoming; but I cannot get up any enthusiasm for Bach's English Suites Nos. 5 and 6 (five records, $10), or for Yella Pessl's performance of them. And for me the greatness of Beethoven is not revealed in the Scene and Aria "Ah, perfido" which Flagstad has recorded with Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (two records, $4). But I have had great pleasure from the Schubert *Ländlers* that Cortot plays on a Victor single ($2). And on another single ($1.50) is a superb performance of Brahms's Academic Festival Overture by the Vienna Philharmonic under Walter.

The second volume of Victor's recording of the St. Matthew Passion conducted by Koussevitzky (eight and one-half records, $17) begins with the closing chorus of Part 1, "O Mensch, bewein' dein' Sünde gross," and ends with the chorale, "Wie wunderbarlich ist doch diese Strafe!" in Part 2. The question having arisen, I inquired of the Boston Symphony's librarian whether the Bachgesellschaft original text edition or the Franz arrangement had been used in the performance, and was informed that the Franz parts had been used but had been made to conform to the Bachgesellschaft text. But this text directs that certain woodwinds and strings accompany the chorus in the chorales; and in Koussevitzky's performance they are accompanied only by organ. And there are other departures of this sort. Koussevitzky gives us an effective performance; but he might have given us the effects that Bach wanted.

The Commodore Shop has issued a re-pressing ($1) of two early Louis Armstrong records: "I Can't Give You Anything but Love," which opens with one of the finest and most celebrated of Armstrong's trumpet solos, and the extraordinary "Knockin' a Jug." The following are also worth your attention: Count Basie's "Don't You Miss Your Baby" (Decca), for the piano and trumpet solos; Mildred Bailey's "I Can't Face the Music" (Vocalion), for her singing and the sensitive accompaniment; Billie Holiday's "Back in Your Own Back Yard" and "When a Woman Loves a Man" (Vocalion), for the improvised instrumental obbligatos to her affected singing; Gene Krupa's "Grandfather's Clock" (Brunswick) for its vitality without noise. And if you enjoyed Harold Rome's clever songs in "Pins and Needles," you will enjoy the Decca records of "Sing Me a Song of Social Significance," "Chain-Store Daisy," "Nobody Makes a Pass at Me," and "One Big Union for Two."

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Praise for "The Politicos"

Dear Sirs: I found Louis M. Hacker's review of Matthew Josephson's "The Politicos" in your issue of May 14 offensive in its unfairness, its studied attempt to disparage, and its far-fetched excursion into literary red-baiting.

An example: Mr. Hacker wrote, "One notes that Lincoln's name is frequently coupled with either Stevens's or Sumner's, *the implication* being that during the Civil War Lincoln stood shoulder to shoulder with the Radical Republicans. This is due either to ignorance or to Mr. Josephson's adherence to the current line of the Communist Party, which has it that the Civil War was won by a People's Front government." The italics are mine; the implication is Hacker's.

On page 5 of the book one reads: "Lincoln, the Moderate Republican, had put forth in December, 1863, a tentative plan for the restoration of semi-civil local government in three of the conquered provinces; Congress, led by the Radical Republicans, Senator Wade of Ohio and Representatives Henry Winter Davis and Thaddeus Stevens, offered in July, 1864, a different, harsher plan in the Wade-Davis bill, to which Lincoln gave a 'pocket veto.' " Does that sound as though Josephson intended to imply that Lincoln and the Radicals "stood shoulder to shoulder"?

I see liberal and left-wing publications of many different shades, but this is the first time I ever read that the Communist Party was pulling its own leg by claiming that the Civil War was won by a People's Front. The book makes no such statement, and if that is, indeed, the Communist "line" on the Civil War, Josephson nowhere adheres to it.

One would think from the review that "The Politicos" was largely concerned with the Reconstruction period. Its theme is much broader. In his "Robber Barons" Josephson showed us the economic overlords of a triumphant American capitalism. In "The Politicos" he studies their puppets. The task was important, and Josephson brought to it much fresh material drawn from unpublished letters and papers, a sense of high comedy, and a gift for vivid portraiture. The story of American politics from the battles of Reconstruction to the defeat of Bryan in 1896 is told with power and insight; the annals of a period largely ignoble and obscure become exciting and instructive. In "The Politicos" Josephson has again made a substantial contribution to our understanding of American society.

I. F. STONE

New York, June 3

Man's Moral Progress

Dear Sirs: The review of J. B. S. Haldane's book "Heredity and Politics" by Melville J. Herskovits in the May 14 *Nation* is both interesting and informative. Especially was I interested in Haldane's quoted proposal to substitute Kavirondo and Mbonga for the actors in some of the more blood-stained pages of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. Would we dream that such people would in five hundred years' time be capable of such advances, etc.?

The World War demonstrated pretty conclusively that whatever may be the intellectual attainments of European man, the emotional and moral development of his leaders has not advanced much since the days of Alaric and Theodoric. Perhaps the operation of genetic principles may be seen in this!

The "refining of man's moral nature" has actually received more conscious and intelligent attention in the intellectual life of China than of Europe. This task, which primitive Christianity once undertook, it speedily abandoned for a thousand years of obscurantism, dogma, and thaumaturgy.

DAVID T. RAY

New York, June 1

Montana Opinion

Dear Sirs: The friends of the Roosevelt Administration in this part of the country find no difficulty in defending its general attitude and policies on domestic, social, and economic questions. But the President's announced stand on the invasion of primary constitutional rights in Jersey City and Secretary Hull's policy of aiding and abetting the Chamberlain effort to insure a fascist victory in Spain meet with nothing but condemnation by liberals around here. The only person I have known to defend them is the local Catholic priest.

WALTER AITKEN

Bozeman, Mont., May 28

Aid for Chinese Fighters

Dear Sirs: News from China in the world press increasingly refers to Chinese "guerrillas" or "partisans." This news speaks of partisan attacks both day and night on Japanese garrisons, on the flanks and rear of Japanese invading columns, of railways and highways blown up, of bridges destroyed.

Large numbers of people in America do not know what these partisans, or guerrillas, are, do not realize that these men are chiefly farmers and workers, often students, apprentices, and small merchants. Wherever Japanese armed rapers, looters, and murderers leave a trail of blood, the partisans arise to protect what is left to them. Hungry, ill-armed, freezing in the winter cold, barefoot in the summer's heat, these common men of China fight to prevent themselves from being turned into slaves.

The Chinese government is shouldering a gigantic burden. Its resources must of necessity be given chiefly to training and arming the regular army. The task of clothing and supplying the partisans is left largely to their families. The Northwestern Partisan Relief Committee exists for the purpose of organizing aid for the partisans of northwestern China. Money is needed for food, for sandals and shoes, and for medical supplies. Since just now the greatest need is for shoes, the committee hopes to set up small mobile production units behind the front. These units can serve two purposes: they can supply the fighters with shoes and stockings, and they can absorb the refugees from villages and towns that have been wiped out.

In May the Northwestern Partisan Relief Committee was able to send to the Wutaishan region in northwestern Shansi one foreign doctor, Dr. Richard Brown, equipped with money and medical supplies to serve the 300 wounded in that region.

Contributions should be sent to the China Aid Council, New York City, and clearly marked for the Northwestern Partisan Committee. If letters informing the committee of the contributions are sent to it at Hankow, China, 116 Chung Gai, it will send receipts.

AGNES SMEDLEY

On Behalf of the Committee

Hankow, China, May 9

THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

*

THE WAGE-HOUR BILL HAS EMERGED FROM conference badly mutilated but retaining most of the essentials of the President's original proposal. Liberals will receive the bill with mixed emotions. Recognition of the principle that every worker is entitled to a living wage and protection against long hours is of major significance. Of equal importance is the termination of the long struggle to obtain federal legislation restricting child labor. But the wage provisions of the bill are bitterly disappointing. For the first year the minimum wage is set at 25 cents an hour for a maximum of forty-four hours. This means a wage of $11 a week, or $572 a year, for the hundreds of thousands of workers for whom the minimum will be the standard wage. The lowest estimate of the amount necessary to feed, clothe, and raise a family of four decently is at least three times this amount. Nor will the situation be materially improved in the second year, when the minimum is raised to 30 cents an hour for forty-two hours—which provides a wage of $12.60 a week, or $655 a year. After this transitional period the minimum wage will be fixed by special boards in the various industries, but it is not to be in excess of 40 cents an hour for a forty-hour week. These boards are specifically instructed to take into consideration such factors as transportation, living, and production costs, and wages in similar industries which have been determined by collective bargaining. Regional differentials are thus tacitly permitted, although they may be kept relatively small by honest, capable administration. In fact, the whole bill, like the Labor Relations Act and much other New Deal legislation, may be effective or worthless, depending on the quality of its administrators.

*

THE DRIVE AGAINST CASTELLON APPEARS, after great losses, to have given the insurgents control of that important coast town. But in contrast to the situation earlier in the spring, there has been no letdown in Loyalist morale, and a full price has been exacted for every inch of territory yielded. Steeling the government troops in their defense is the knowledge of the fate of their families in the event of rebel victory. Some indica-

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tion of that fate may be found in the report by an investigating judge of the terrorism in Teruel during the period of rebel control of the city. According to the report, as summarized by Lawrence A. Fernsworth in the New York *Times* of June 12, the number of persons killed in cold blood in the Teruel district "could not be less than three thousand, to which must be added the unknown number headed by Don Francisco Martinez, the civil governor, who were deported to Saragossa and shot." Among the dead were two priests from nearby villages who were accused of not cooperating with the military. If there was any disposition on the part of the civilian population to discount these reports, it has been banished in recent weeks by the merciless aerial bombings conducted by Franco's Italian and German allies. Instead of hastening the end of the war, as planned by Mussolini, the bombings seem only to have stiffened Loyalist resistance. They have certainly created a coolness between Italy and its new friend, Great Britain. Even Mr. Chamberlain is finding it difficult to maintain his complacence in the face of the continued bombing of British merchantmen.

*

WHAT PROMISES TO BE ONE OF THE GREAT government investigations in our history has finally been given a green light to proceed by the Senate. There was, of course, the usual jockeying and the usual fears. The Senators and columnists who have been fighting for the right of business to remain free of government scrutiny went back to the Tudor and Stuart tyrannies to prove that the nation's liberties would perish if Congress gave up control of the purse-strings and let the President distribute $400,000 of the half-million voted for the monopoly inquiry among the six government agencies that will be represented on it. But while it is not clear whether the Senate as a whole had more sense or less history than the columnists, it voted to keep the purse-strings in its own hands but to give the apportionment to the President. The House will probably do the same, and this summer will see the beginning of the inquiry. The conductors of the probe have a chance of making it rank with the Pujo and Pecora investigations. Or it may prove just another good idea. The great danger, however good the inquiry may turn out to be, is that we will regard it as a solution of our problem of price and production control. No inquiry can be a solution. Its function is to give us the detailed knowledge of industrial processes that will root a planning program in the soil of reality.

*

A STREAMLINED MODERN MONOPOLY IS being subjected to government battering in the federal courts, where the monopoly suit against the Aluminum Company of America is being tried. Counsel for the company, aided by the press, are trying to build up the impression that it is a benevolent despotism, far different from the odious trusts of the past. But government counsel, headed by Walter L. Rice, who have been working on the case for over a year, are prepared to show that there are only two basic differences. One is that there has never been a monopoly in this country as complete as that of the Mellon-dominated Aluminum Company. The other is that the methods the aluminum trust has used to stifle competition and maintain prices have been far more subtle than those of the oil and tobacco trusts, which once were the objects of popular indignation. But though subtle they have been none the less relentless and effective. Fifty or sixty firms are today complete subsidiaries of the parent holding and operating company. It has dotted the country and even the world with its bauxite mines, processing plants, and water-power sites. By a tight cartel system it keeps foreign competition within easily manageable limits. It has been infinitely fertile in circumventing the anti-trust laws. And it has seen to it that during the past quarter-century, in a period of rapidly expanding uses for aluminum, the price has not been lowered; it stands at twenty cents a pound, where it was in 1911. Profits in a depression year, 1937, were $27,000,000. In the past anti-trust suits begun under one Administration have been dragged out through legal delays until they have collapsed under another. The aluminum suit, it is not unreasonable to hope, may serve to symbolize a new era and give expression to a new sense of urgency.

*

MAYOR HAGUE'S EXCESSES APPEAR AT LAST to have reached the boomerang stage. In Newark hearings continue before Federal Judge William Clark in injunction proceedings brought by the C. I. O. and the American Civil Liberties Union to restrain the Hague machine from forbidding the distribution of pamphlets and from interfering with union activities in general. At the same time two investigations of the riot in Newark, which police permitted to break up a meeting addressed by Norman Thomas, are under way: one is being conducted by Deputy Police Chief Frank E. Brex and one by County Prosecutor William A. Wachenfeld. A full investigation, preferably by a grand jury, was demanded in a resolution adopted by the Protestant Ministerial Association of Essex County and read from the pulpit last Sunday in practically every one of Newark's 300 Protestant churches. Even more impressive are the efforts of veterans' groups to absolve themselves of responsibility for the deluge of eggs and tomatoes which descended on Thomas when he attempted to speak in a Newark public park. The Essex County Council of the Veterans of Foreign Wars branded the affair a "disgraceful exhibition of rowdyism," Goodfellowship Post No. 189 of the American Legion published a written state-

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ment denying participation "in any shape or form in the recent unpleasantness," and a delegation from the East Orange post went a step farther by proposing that the county convention of the Legion invite Mr. Thomas to address its membership. All these repercussions are healthy signs; they should serve as a red light to Hague and as a warning to other two-penny dictators that there are limits. But at the moment there is only one power which can really loosen Hague's strangle-hold. Its restraint so far has done it no credit. How long, Mr. President, how long?

* * *

RICHARD SCHMITZ, THE FORMER MAYOR OF Vienna, has died in the Dachau concentration camp—according to German press-agency dispatches—following an operation for cancer. Schmitz was one of the most energetic personalities of the new Austria. He was a clerical, but he stood for a program of no compromise and was Schuschnigg's opponent behind the scenes. As a devout Catholic and an enemy of Prussia he was against every external or internal political concession to the National Socialists; he advised the strong hand and often journeyed to Paris—where in his youth he had studied at the Sorbonne—to obtain support against German threats. After Austria signed the "Kultur" pact with Germany on July 11, 1936, his name was always mentioned when difficulties arose in the Cabinet and a possible successor to the Chancellor was considered. In the end when Schuschnigg's tactics had proved fatal, Schmitz wanted to take an extreme step—distribute arms to the trade unionists. He had become burgomaster in February, 1934, after the bloody "disarming" of the workers and the expulsion of his Social Democratic predecessor. Now only by arming his former antagonists could he ward off a similar fate. But it was too late. Burgomaster Schmitz was the first to be arrested by the Nazis, on the very evening of the conquest. One can imagine how many hands had a part in the cancer operation. It is, indeed, a subject for a Goya—a cancer operation in a concentration camp.

* * *

A ROUND-UP OF JEWS BEGAN IN AUSTRIA in the last week of May. Its purpose apparently could be explained only by Nazi sadism. The terror did not abate for nearly three weeks; each morning Jews between the ages of fifteen and fifty—to a total of several thousand—were snatched from their homes and transported to an unknown destination. When relatives frantically demanded an explanation, the Nazis were evasive. Now postcards from the victims, visibly censored, are arriving from the Dachau concentration camp announcing that things are fine; but simultaneously the Jews of Vienna have learned that seven of the prisoners are already dead. The others, according to the Jewish Telegraphic Agency, which has excelled the other news services in reporting this episode, are at work enlarging the camp, presumably for war-time use. None of the victims were even accused of committing any crime. We hope that prompt steps will be taken by the International Refugee Committee, organized by Secretary Hull, to meet this crisis. The democracies sold Austria cheaply; the least they can do now is to salvage some part of the human wreckage they helped to create.

* * *

PRIVATE CHARITIES NOW APPEALING FOR donations justifiably stress the existence of a deepening depression. It appears that at least one major agency is unimpressed by its own arguments. In announcing his resignation from the board of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, Dr. John A. Kingsbury has challenged practices which are as questionable as they are traditional. In the depth of the present slump the N. A. I. C. P. boasts a capital of $20,000,000, more than one-third of which has been stored away since 1933, when federal relief got under way on a large scale. What goes for relief is the income from the capital fund plus a varying proportion of the money donated each year. Dr. Kingsbury is especially indignant because the board's latest annual report affirmed the essentials of tory economics, assailing relief as a threat to private employment and deploring talk of redistributing wealth. It is Dr. Kingsbury's contention that these pronouncements are a method of attracting private benefactors who might otherwise be less generous. He plausibly insists that such judgments come inappropriately from an association which has failed to dig into its huge capital in a period of great emergency. We too are concerned over what seems to us a callous and illogical attitude. If public relief is dangerous, then surely the N. A. I. C. P. should use a generous proportion of its resources to mitigate the effect of the present emergency. If private funds are to be hoarded while relief is curtailed, mass starvation appears to be the inevitable outcome.

* * *

SIX WEEKS AGO WE PRINTED AN APPEAL TO *Nation* readers to contribute to a fund for the purpose of buying an ambulance for Spain. We quoted a telegram from Louis Fischer in Paris describing the desperate shortage of ambulances and saying that a good one bought in Paris would cost $1,200. Since then about half that amount has been contributed. This is not a bad response to a single request, but we hope that readers who have not yet sent a contribution will provide the $600 required to round out the sum. The need is as great as ever. Checks should be made out to the Nation Ambulance Fund and sent to the Medical Bureau of the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Profits on Slaughter

EVENTS of the past few weeks have shown that the new Japanese Cabinet is likely to stop at nothing in its effort to terrorize China into submission. Never in history has the civilian population of a great city been subjected to such merciless bombings as Canton has undergone in the last fortnight. Starting on May 28 the Japanese have made daily raids against the virtually defenseless city. In the first twelve days of this period more than 3,000 civilians were killed and at least 5,000 wounded. Protests from Great Britain, France, and the United States have been brushed aside with the curt retort that the bombings will go on "until the Chinese . . . realize the futility of their anti-Japanese attitude." From a military point of view the raids are not worth their financial cost, to say nothing of the penalties that may be imposed by an outraged world. While it is obviously important for Japan to disrupt traffic on the Canton-Hankow railway, the city of Canton is only one very small link on that line. A much more effective attack could be made on the long stretches of the railroad outside Canton. Many of the bombs have fallen a long distance from any conceivable military objective, as, for example, the three which hit the American-endowed Lingnan University several miles away from the city.

The relentless aerial attacks on Chinese cities have been accompanied by a powerful offensive along the Lunghai railroad in the north. After months of blundering, caused by underestimating Chinese resistance, the Japanese have finally thrown their full force into the drive. Kaifeng has fallen and the vital city of Chengchow is endangered. It is probable that the Chinese will fall back some miles to a chain of hills where it is hoped that Hankow may be successfully defended. Whether China's temporary capital can actually be saved has become doubtful. The Chinese troops suffered staggering losses in the defense of Hsuchow, both in men and material. With several of his crack divisions decimated, Chiang Kai-shek must fall back on relatively untrained reserves. It is difficult to see how these reserves, inadequately equipped and lacking in trained officers, can withstand the full fury of the Japanese war machine.

Although the immediate prospects are dark, the situation is far from hopeless. The war is going very much as the Chinese leaders have expected from the outset, except that Japan has been delayed much longer than anyone dared to hope. Chiang Kai-shek's plans, drawn up months before the outbreak of hostilities, called for the surrender of the entire coastal region, including Hankow, and withdrawal into the rich Western provinces of Yunnan, Kweichow, and Szechuan. This may yet be necessary, but probably not for many months to come. Meanwhile, the Chinese have developed, in guerrilla warfare, a technique for minimizing the value of Japan's conquests. In the north the Eighth Route Army has virtually recaptured the province of Shansi and dominates the greater part of Hopei, in which Peiping and Tientsin are located. It has set up in the heart of this supposed Japanese area local governments which foreign observers report to be among the most efficient and progressive ever known in China. In addition to disrupting communications, organizing peasant resistance, and wiping out isolated Japanese garrisons, the Eighth Route Army has scored several major victories over large Japanese armies. Its influence reaches even into Manchuria, where Japan is experiencing increasing difficulties with its mixed Manchurian brigades.

It is only natural that the recent Japanese victories should again provoke talk of an early peace. Most of these rumors are Japanese propaganda. After the fall of Nanking the Japanese "news" agencies issued a barrage of reports of an early settlement. Undoubtedly a few Chinese, even in high places, would welcome an early peace on any terms. But Chiang himself is determined to resist to the end, and he seems to have the support of an overwhelming majority of the Chinese people. It is useless to deny, however, that the situation is critical. China may be able to win out ultimately in a straight fight against Japan. But it cannot defeat Japan if the latter continues to receive essential war supplies from the United States and other powers. Shipments from this country can only be embargoed by act of Congress. No legislation exists which would give the President authority to act it he so desired; the Neutrality Act applies only to primary munitions, of which we send Japan very little. The steady flow of gasoline, oil, scrap iron, copper, and machinery from the United States to Japan in recent months can be stopped only by special legislative action. Ultimately the American people will demand that American firms cease making profits through the slaughter of Chinese women and children. If this demand can make itself felt before Congress goes home, many thousands of lives may be saved.

Bombs—Real and Verbal

GOVERNMENTS, especially reform governments, have always had a knack of talking one way and acting another. But our State Department has put a new crinkle into this age-old pattern. It talks two ways and acts not at all.

Consider Mr. Welles and Mr. Hull and Mr. Sayre. They have all made speeches in the past few weeks. And each of them, on the occasion of his speech, has been to all intents and purposes Secretary of State. First, Under Secretary Welles made a speech in Baltimore. It was confused and abject, warning Americans to hold their tongues about the "domestic policies" of foreign nations. It was naive of Mr. Welles, with all his "realism," to think that in anything as closely woven as the texture of fascist policy the international could be separated from the domestic. Does the conquest of Austria come under the head of "domestic policy"? If not, do the cruelties inflicted on Jews in Vienna today become domestic once the conquest is achieved? How about the attempts to dissolve or dismember the Czechoslovak state? How about the persecution of Catholics and the barbarities of the concentration camps? How about the entire fascist policy of murder and terrorism within and treaty-breaking and the fomenting of civil war without? If these are no concern of ours, had we not better give up any pretense of working for a secure economy and a decent culture?

A week later Mr. Welles—or was it someone else with the same name?—speaking as Acting Secretary of State, made another statement. This time he talked about the "barbarous" methods of making war in Europe and China. America, Mr. Welles said, "while scrupulously adhering to the policy of non-intervention," had nothing but "emphatic reprobation" of acts which violated "the most elementary principles . . . of humane conduct." That same night Secretary Hull, speaking at Nashville, deplored again the breakdown of international law and world order and the "license of fighting at which even barbarians might blush." He declared that isolation was illusory and dangerous, by which he must have meant that the American State Department will never sign away its right to utter moral protests against ungentlemanly wars "carried on without reverence for any divine or human law." Three days later Assistant Secretary Sayre, speaking over the radio, declared that "the United States cannot afford to be a cipher at this crucial moment of the world's history." "Supine inaction in effect means siding with the evil against the good."

All of which leaves us where? We must protest, but we must be quiet. We must not be isolationist, but we must adhere scrupulously to a policy of non-intervention. America cannot afford to be a cipher, but when it comes to specific action such as lifting the Spanish embargo we are paralyzed with fear.

It is time that the various State Department spokesmen stopped trying to lead this double life. And it is time also that they stopped trying to run a seminar on high morality in a vacuum. It is a real world—a world of political action. It is not verbal bombshells that have in the past year been dropped on Canton, Guernica, Alicante, Barcelona, but actual engines of death, high explosives that tear relentlessly through concrete, brick, iron, human bodies. In Canton the dead and injured in the last series of air raids totaled over eight thousand. After a single raid the bodies laid out on a street formed a row a hundred yards long. In Barcelona three thousand have been killed in air raids in a single month. The raids have no military objectives nor do they make any sense from a military standpoint. Their victims are civilians, and especially women and children. The bombs are dropped wherever they cluster in the largest numbers—in movie houses, department stores, market-places.

The State Department and the President must decide whether their policy will be one of "supine inaction" sweetened by "emphatic reprobation," or whether America will take the few actions of elementary justice and self-interest that will mean more for world order than all the words that officials can utter. If Mr. Hull and Mr. Welles (in his second role) and Mr. Sayre want their words to be taken seriously, let them cooperate with the progressive sentiment of the country which is demanding specific action.

First, let them reopen the question of lifting the Spanish embargo. Nothing that we can say about the Spanish bombings will speak half as eloquently as action to give the Spanish government the right to buy from us the means for defending itself. Secondly, let us clamp down on sending war materials to Japan. Secretary Hull's statement that he is "taking measures" to discourage the sale of American airplanes to Japan is but a transparent means of dodging the issue. Experience has shown that it is difficult enough to stop shipments which have the authority of law behind them. They cannot be stopped by sermons on morality. Let the State Department act in accordance with the principles of its recent statements. Then and only then is it entitled to indulge in the luxury of preaching on justice and world order.

What Every Young Man Should Know

COMMENCEMENT addresses are an uninspired phase of campus folklore, as conventional as their authors, as inevitable as the academic procession. What distinguishes them this year is the fiction they strive so earnestly to perpetuate. Throughout these ceremonies one detects a stubborn nostalgia, a reaffirmation of values which were supreme in the boom years, an exhortation to hold firm until there is room for one more at the top. The orators mourn the present; they also exalt the past with fond backward glances.

Surely the threat of economic despair and moral emptiness needs no reiteration. If anything, repetition dulls its impact. What concerns us here are the images so tenderly resurrected. Does the real frustration of the new graduate lie in his inability to become a captain of industry or a second lieutenant to Tom Girdler? The Commencement orators too often say yes; and inadvertently their answer points to an essential failure of our higher learning. For its premises have been too dominantly the vanishing rainbows of capitalist achievement. Why does no one rise to challenge those premises? It is true that the boys of 1938 face hard and bitter days; but did those older boys so generally make good, even in their own terms?

Throughout the years the fate of university graduates, the paths followed, have been necessarily varied. But the standard of achievement has remained fixed and its pattern has been accepted by the majority. Our colleges have turned out industrial chieftains, talented union-busters, tired business men, literary vassals, and the hosts of little, ambitious men who have sought so earnestly to mimic the big shots. All of them were caught in the competitive merry-go-round; wealth was the inevitable barometer of attainment; Money Bags was a nice fellow personally, and the country club epitomized success in life. These strivings were officially sanctified with honorary degrees for the chief victors. But where are the conformists now, with their system of values withering, and even financial success reserved for the few who have learned to profit from a declining economy?

Why do our universities offer no set of affirmative values. They implore one to keep a stiff upper lip. They point with pride to the past, romanticizing the once stuffed shirt. The tragedy of the graduate of 1938 is real, but it cannot be measured accurately by the dubious success of his predecessors. It is part of an incalculably larger process in which millions of lives and a whole social system are at stake. And here, indeed, is the slender hope which the orators do not define. For if there are trenches ahead, there are at least no ruts of smugness and self-deception. What remains, if only it can be perceived, is the discovery that personal safety is inseparable from the survival of democracy. If there is solace, it must be found on expectant faces in Steeltown and Madrid. To be a part of that company, to sense a mutuality of aspiration—that is the only surely available success in life. But this is alien to the traditions and caste feelings so neatly rationalized on Commencement platforms. The ultimate peril in the graduate's plight is his possible demoralization in the absence of understanding, his loss of dignity, the slow disintegration of his skills. Out of contempt for life come Storm Troops seeking revenge.

No single address could have adequately prepared for the days of suspense ahead. It might have offered a minimum of perspective, an awareness of the immensity of the pattern and the sweep of events, a renewed faith in the possibility of an equitable society. Instead, the orators thumbed frayed pages. They decided that the speeches which were good enough for their fathers were good enough for the boys of 1938. They sent young men in pursuit of shadows whose substance has long ago departed and whose grandeur exists only in memory.

Blockade

WALTER WANGER, Hollywood producer, released on May 14 a copy of a cable he had received from the London publicity director of United Artists, which distributes his films. It read as follows:

> Understand here from reliable source Franco will bitterly resent any adverse criticism in your Spain picture "Blockade." Fear retaliation in Spain and Italy on future films after war is over. Suggest you contact Italian film envoy now in New York and reassure him. Gossip here is that Hollywood is hotbed of political adventurers reporting on current film production. What is actual status of "Blockade"?

Mr. Wanger, who was not impressed, made the following comment:

> Efforts are being made to force me to change certain sequences in "Blockade" which, if done, would change the entire connotation of this picture.
>
> I do not intend to be coerced, and will resist any attempts to force me to curb or alter my picture. I not only feel my huge investment in the picture demands this protection, but am determined to make a stand to obtain for Hollywood producers the freedom of pictorial creation to which our industry is entitled.

"Blockade," which is scheduled to open in first-run moving-picture houses all over the country this week, is Hollywood's third and only important attempt at a film based on the present war in Spain. According to preview reports from Hollywood, it is a moving presentation of a people fighting for the right to live in peace and freedom on their own land, and while it mentions no names it leaves no doubt that its hero is the Spanish Loyalist Republic.

Despite Mr. Wanger's firm stand, the release of the picture is said to have been delayed by pressure from within the industry, and it is widely rumored that the Legion of Decency and the Catholic church will give Mr. Wanger a battle. So far the pressure has not been overt or public—perhaps because the pro-Franco forces find it difficult to think up plausible reasons for protesting against a film which portrays the foreign invasion of a sovereign nation. Perhaps the pressure will continue to be under cover. In which case the best counter-pressure is public support of the film. One pressure Hollywood cannot resist is money in the box office. We have not seen "Blockade" and therefore cannot pass upon its merits as a picture, but Mr. Wanger's courage deserves support. By going to see "Blockade" you can kill two ravens with one paid admission: support Mr. Wanger in his resistance to General Franco's "resentment" and encourage the production of films dealing with important issues. For if such films pay, Hollywood will make them.

Congressional Fade-out

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, June 13

THE suffering inflicted on correspondents by the necessity of getting out a periodical on time is something which the average mortal never even suspects, much less endures. I have a fairly clear notion of what is likely to happen around here in the next three days, but a man would be a fool to gamble much on it. Congress probably will adjourn before the end of this week, and the things Congress can do in the days immediately preceding adjournment would cause anyone to pause. The relief-recovery bill apparently will pass in acceptable form. All the schemes for earmarking and delay have been frustrated, including one proposed by the ineffable Doc Copeland which would have converted the public-works section into a flagrant pork-barrel measure.

As for the wage-hour bill as it stands, the most to be said in its favor is that it serves as a declaration of policy and a long-delayed start in the right direction. Restored purchasing power and the more abundant life cannot be very near if they are to be reached by such stages as that which guarantees a minimum wage of $11 for a forty-four-hour week during the first year and of $12.60 for a forty-two-hour week the second year. With differentials to be fixed by industrial boards, the bill obviously is full of dangerous possibilities. It will require further analysis when it takes final form. Certainly the Administration should not have been intimidated by threats of a filibuster. That kind of filibuster can cut both ways—and would.

Much more valuable to labor than the wage-hour bill, in my judgment, was a little measure which slipped through the Senate by unanimous consent one day last week. While the watchdogs of the special interests slumbered at their posts, the Senate adopted an amendment to the Walsh-Healey Act providing that no person or concern shall be *eligible to bid* on a government contract in excess of $2,000 who has been found guilty of an unfair labor practice. I described this measure in *The Nation* of April 9. At that time it was in the form of an amendment to the Wagner Act. On its face it would outlaw as bidders on government contracts such haughty industrial giants as Bethlehem Steel and Bethlehem Shipbuilding, New York Shipbuilding, Newport News Shipbuilding, Ford Motor, Republic Steel, Inland Steel, and Remington-Rand. It would apply to nearly all construction under the naval-rearmament program and to most of the contracts to be let under the relief-recovery bill. But not so fast! It was hardly on its way to the House before the wolves were hot on the trail. It has been favorably reported by the majority of the House Judiciary Committee, but there remains John O'Connor's dread firing squad, the Rules Committee.

Drawing by A. Sopher

As a matter of fact, it did not get out of the Judiciary Committee without becoming the innocent cause of a scandalous episode. The minority opposing it submitted a report urging that all such legislation be deferred on the ground that President Roosevelt has recognized "the unsatisfactory operation of the National Labor Relations Act, and has announced that a special commission will be appointed by him to study the whole problem." This atrocious falsehood the President proceeded to nail promptly and publicly in a letter to Chairman Sumners. What he had actually done was to propose the appointment of a commission to report on industrial relations in Great Britain, "in order that certain misconceptions may be clarified." As lawyers, members of the Judiciary Committee—even minority members—should know enough to read papers before signing them.

In connection with that general subject, let me point out that if the officials of the Columbia Broadcasting System are eager to hasten censorship or government operation of radio, they should keep right on supplying time to such persons as Representative Clare Hoffman of Michigan for such scurrilous, hypocritical attacks as the one he delivered Saturday night against the C.I.O. Readers of *The Nation* and others will recall that Hoffman made a speech in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, when the notorious "Citizens' Committee" was "restoring law and order" through the use of funds supplied by Bethlehem Steel. In the course of it he said: "What we need in the White House is a man with the capacity of Mayor Shields." Mayor Shields, an ex-bootlegger, had already served one term for tampering with evidence in a prohibition case. He has since been indicted on a bribery charge arising from the very activities for which Hoffman would have made him President. A few days ago Hoffman charged in the House that a union paper had printed a decision by the Labor Board before the board handed it down. Investigation immediately showed the charge to be false. Moreover, complete evidence of its falsity was contained in the paper on which Hoffman purported to base it. The board felt constrained to issue a statement calling attention to Hoffman's "irresponsibility." To allow a man of his demonstrated character to use public radio channels for a tirade of the kind he delivered Saturday night is an offense against decency.

Well, there was a primary election in Iowa, and it probably is just as well it turned out as it did. If the story editors and columnists were not able to scratch up a crumb of comfort now and then, they might simply swell up to fantastic proportions and explode, scattering showers of boiling spleen and smoldering punk over the landscape. For those who may be interested in the facts, here they are: The leading contenders for the Democratic senatorial nomination, Senator Guy Gillette and Representative Otha Wearin, both ran as ardent New Dealers. The chief difference in their records was that Gillette had voted against the court-reorganization plan, whereas Wearin said he would have voted for it if he had voted. Gillette had the solid support of the Democratic state organization, headed by Governor Kraschel and Senator Clyde Herring, the national committeeman. He was indorsed by the A. F. of L. and the railroad unions. Wearin, who is thirty-five and virtually unknown outside his own district, had the doubtful benefit of a statement by Harry Hopkins that, if he voted in Iowa, he would vote for Wearin, and the equally doubtful benefit of a letter in which Jim Roosevelt alluded to him as "my friend." That's all. If he had anything else, I haven't heard of it. Gillette won in an extremely light vote (the kind in which organization counts). On the basis of that, I hear that the New Deal once more is "on the rocks."

However, while the children amuse themselves with the Iowa results, I invite the attention of adults to the fact that a very genuine and valid test of New Deal popularity is coming soon in Kentucky. There will be no casual left-handed pats on the back when the Administration starts going down the line for Senator Barkley. The chips are down in Kentucky and everything will be strictly business. On the other side is Governor "Happy" Chandler, an adroit politician and a very successful vote-getter, backed by a powerful state machine. If Barkley loses, I think it will be doubtful whether Roosevelt can control the next national convention.

A New Loophole for Tories

BY I. F. STONE

TREATMENT of the Kansas City Stockyards case in the press gave the ordinary reader the impression that another Administration official had been rebuked by a vigilant Supreme Court for denying the right to a fair trial. Though the distortions seemed mild after the mendacities of the campaign against the reorganization bill, the newspapers—with a few honorable exceptions—sacrificed the facts to their hatred of the New Deal. No one would have guessed that the importance of the case lay in the appearance of another of those ingenious doctrinal contrivances by which corporation lawyers succeed in throwing legalistic monkey wrenches into the machinery of our regulatory agencies. The protest of counsel against "totalitarian tactics" was thought more worthy of publicity.

A National Labor Relations Board anxious to avoid the noose of any technicality acted to withdraw from the courts five cases—including those against Ford and Republic Steel—for further action consistent with the rule the stockyards decision seemed to lay down. Headlines implying that the NLRB, as well as the Secretary of Agriculture, had come under judicial disapproval were its only reward. That the stockyards rate inquiry had been initiated under Hoover, in accordance with the terms of a law passed under Harding, was mentioned in few news columns and on few editorial pages. The impression that the proceeding had been arbitrary could hardly have survived if the press had called attention to the three years of investigation and hearings before the Department of Agriculture, the 13,000 pages of testimony taken in those hearings, the 1,000 pages of exhibits submitted. Few persons knew that the lower court had on three occasions declined to upset the rate order finally handed down by the Secretary. No stress was laid on the fact that the New Deal had come in only on the tail-end of the proceedings, and that there was dispute whether the error found by the Supreme Court had been committed by Mr. Hoover's or by Mr. Roosevelt's Department of Agriculture. The circumstance that "all those who worked on the order were 'holdovers' from the Hoover Administration" was hidden in a footnote to the brief submitted on behalf of the commission men affected by the order. Their counsel, one of the country's outstanding corporation lawyers, Frederick H. Wood of Cravath, de Gersdorff, Swaine, and Wood, the attorney who won the Schechter case against the NRA, paid tribute—though for reasons of his own—to the rules by which Secretary Wallace has been governing rate hearings in his department since 1936. The tribute remained a secret, so far as the newspaper reader was concerned.

To place the Kansas City Stockyards case in perspective one must go back to the publication in 1890 of a report by a Senate committee investigating the "meat trust." The revelations in this report helped to force passage of our first federal anti-trust law, the Sherman Act, in that same year. Prosecution under the anti-trust laws was successful in obtaining judicial decrees against the packers, but a protean agility enabled them to maintain the benefits of combination while changing its forms. In 1919 three decades of effort to curb monopoly practices in meat-packing were summarized in all their futility by a famous Federal Trade Commission report, and a new legislative gesture was in order. There was talk of making the industry a sort of public utility. The result was a sleight-of-hand performance, the Packers and Stockyards Act, which conferred power on the Secretary of Agriculture to regulate rates in the less important end of the business, the stockyards, but gave him only the blunderbuss of the cease-and-desist order in dealing with the packers. The law was passed in 1921, but enforcement was slow. The fall in livestock prices after the 1929 crash led to the first vigorous attempt to reduce the rates charged by the men who sell livestock on commission in the stockyards. In April, 1930, under pressure from farmers, Hoover's Secretary of Agriculture began an investigation into the rates at the Kansas City yards. Eight years later the rate reduction resulting from this inquiry is still in litigation, another testimonial to the efficiency of regulation under our system of judicial review.

It sometimes happens, in cases destined to play a great role in constitutional law, that contemporary opinion is focused on a point of minor importance, and the true significance of the decision does not appear until its potentialities have been developed in litigation. At the time of *Marbury* v. *Madison* the refusal of their commission to the "midnight judges" appointed by the Federalist Adams seemed of more moment to partisans than the assertion by Marshall of a right to declare laws unconstitutional. In the stockyards case attention has been concentrated on the question of whether administrative and quasi-judicial agencies using trial examiners to take testimony must serve defendants with an intermediate report for argument before making their decision. The Supreme Court's own opinion on the matter has the ambiguity characteristic of oracles. In 1936, in the first Kansas City stockyards decision, the court said that "while it would have been good practice to have the examiner prepare a report . . . we cannot say that that particular type of procedure was essential. . . . The statute does not require it." This year, in its second decision on the case, the court held that the absence of an examiner's report, at least under the circumstances of this particular controversy, was the "fatal defect." But a few weeks later in the Mackay case the Supreme Court held that it was not necessary for the National Labor Relations Board to provide an intermediate report of this kind.

The significance of the stockyards decisions does not lie in their vague rule on examiners' reports; the practice of providing them, which is a good one, was adopted by the Department of Agriculture in 1936 and by the Labor Board after the second decision. The significance of the stockyards case lies in the development of a new method for hamstringing regulation. The effect of the court decisions is to hold the regulatory responsibilities of the Secretary of Agriculture—and by implication any other administrative or quasi-judicial officer wielding similar powers—personal rather than departmental; to make it possible to interrogate the official on the part he personally took in any particular case and to argue the question whether what he did was sufficient to fulfil his personal obligation under the statute. A new source of litigation is thus tapped by the decisions; they come freighted with the troublesome and unrealistic assumption that the regulatory process is a kind of criminal proceeding, bound by the same rules and to be held within the same mold.

The principle that the Secretary's regulatory duty, though he may employ assistants and examiners, is ultimately a personal function raises interminable problems for regulatory officials and boards. It is without precedent. In the case of the Secretary of Agriculture the Kansas City stockyards are only one of 160 stockyards the rates of which he must regulate; the Packers and Stockyards Act itself is only one of nineteen laws which give him regulatory duties to perform, in addition to his other work. The lower court ruled that these regulatory duties were, as had always been assumed before, a departmental, not a personal, function; that to hold otherwise would be to make the Secretary's task impossible. To Mr. Wood, representing the commission men, the fact that to decide otherwise might lead to a breakdown of administrative law was (we quote his brief) "a mere argument of convenience." An examination of the seventy-four interrogatories addressed by him to the Labor Board in the Ford case shows what use can be made of these new principles in harassing regulatory bodies. In addition to demagogic inquiries as to whether the board had communicated with Corcoran, Cohen, John L. Lewis, Maurice Sugar, or other bogymen before reaching its decision, the interrogatories include brain twisters, time wasters, and argument breeders of this sort:

> 62. Describe accurately, specifically, and in detail the nature and character of each summary, condensation, abstract, analysis, synopsis, note, report, memorandum, or other written comment with respect to each exhibit.
>
> 63. State as to each document mentioned in the answer to the preceding interrogatory whether it was read or inspected by the board or any member thereof, and if read or inspected in part only, specify which part, by whom, and when.

A reference to "full hearing" in the statute is skilfully extended until it becomes a method whereby the accused may become the accuser; we wonder whether a judge would consent to interrogation on what help was given him by his legal secretary in preparing a decision. The stockyards decisions, echoing Mr. Wood's able pleading, adumbrate a complementary and equally dangerous principle—that regulatory orders may be invalidated by a defect in procedure. "The question is not simply, or even primarily, one of due process," Mr. Wood argued. "The statute itself requires a 'full hearing' before the officer to whom the rate-making function was delegated—in this case the Secretary of Agriculture. In the absence of such a 'full hearing' the order is void, even though the findings, conclusions, and order are sufficiently supported by the record, because otherwise the statutory conditions upon which the order must rest have not been met." The Supreme Court held this year, "As the hearing was fatally defective, the order of the Secretary was invalid."

From June, 1933, when the Secretary's order was issued, until November, 1937, the stockyards men went on charging their old rates, but the difference between them and those fixed by the Secretary was impounded. (In November, 1937, they reached a consent agreement with the Secretary on a new schedule identical with the Secretary's on hogs and sheep but differing from it on cattle.) Between 1933 and 1937 a total of $700,000 was impounded by the lower court. To whom should the money go? The farmers or the commission men? Mr. Wood claims that the money should be returned to his clients because the order has been held invalid, even though it was held invalid only on a procedural defect and even though the lower courts have three times held the order valid on the merits of the case. "The common law courts," the government objected in its unsuccessful plea for a rehearing in the Supreme Court, "struggled for centuries to free themselves from the conception that a false step in procedure warranted termination of a lawsuit without regard to the merits." The Supreme Court remained silent on the question. What if corporation lawyers now establish the principle that the orders of regulatory bodies can be voided on the basis of a procedural defect? What if the Labor Board's decision in the Ford case can be invalidated, not because it violates reason, justice, or the Constitution, but because some board member was guilty of a breach of judicial table manners?

The history of regulation in the United States is a heart-breaking race between an intermittently aroused public opinion and the tireless ingenuity of the corporation lawyer. It usually takes the reverberations of a great scandal to bring long-projected reforms out of well-lobbied legislative committee rooms, but the enactment of the law is rarely the correction of the evil. The corporations to be regulated seek first to control the agencies set up to regulate them; the deplorable state of our public-utility commissions shows how often they succeed. New devices are invented to replace those forbidden; thus the merger and the holding company replaced the trust. The bar invents, and the courts sooner or later accept, doctrines tending to emasculate regulatory legislation: the "rule of reason" took the heart out of the anti-trust laws; the concept of a "confiscatory rate" which could be enjoined by judicial review dragged utility rate-making into endless intricacies. The task is best accomplished by widening the jurisdiction of the courts, a forum in which the sterile ratiocinations of the corporation lawyer are assured of a respectful hearing. The concept of a "full hearing" as brought to light in the Kansas City Stockyards case seems as innocuous and undebatable as the idea of a bar against "confiscatory" rates. But who would have dreamed when the idea was first accepted by the Supreme Court in 1890 that the simple concept of confiscation would be extended to the point where a water company can claim a right to a 6 or 7 per cent return (I now echo Justice Black's dissent in the Indianapolis Water Company case) on an estimate of $200,000 as the cost which the company would incur if called upon to discharge an imaginary duty to improve a stream for imaginary sailors? Who knows, after a glimpse of the Ford case interrogatories, to what lengths the concept of "full hearing" may not be carried in clogging the course of administrative action and particularly the activities of the Labor Board?

The Kansas City Stockyards case illustrates anew two formidable obstacles to the democratic process. One lies in the control of the chief agency of information, the press, by those whose power social reform would curtail. The other lies in the control of the chief agency of enforcement, the courts, by judges more at home in dialectics than in facts. We have seen thugs beat Frankensteen and his fellows in Dearborn. Striking employees of Girdler were shot down by the police. But for Ford and Girdler the scales of the law are being adjusted to the last split hair.

BLIC LIBRARY
ur. ngame, Cal.

How Free Is Our Press?

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

TODAY it is not considered at all significant that publishing a newspaper is a business, a legitimate business, which in certain of its higher realms may be reasonably called big business. But I came into the newspaper business fifty years ago and more, when journalism was passing out of its status as a trade and becoming a profession. As a profession it lasted for a generation or two. And in that period what once ideally might have been called a noble calling was transformed into a fairly safe 6 per cent investment.

Before the Civil War, back to Benjamin Franklin's time, an editor was generally an emeritus printer. The rules and traditions of his trade guided him, and the mechanical end of his day's work often interested the editor quite as much as his editorial policies. Which was natural enough. For often his editorial policy was a nice compromise between blackmail and begging. In my day, that is to say, beginning with the middle 1880's, the newspaper business began to merge into what was called in highfaluting terms "journalism." We reporters and editors fifty years ago scorned the term. But it prevailed over us. Journalism became a profession, not exactly one of the learned professions but a profession of sorts. It was still recruited, even at the turn of the century, largely from the composing-room of the printing office. Horace Greeley's festive phrase for college graduates—"other longhorn critters"—still echoed in the American newspaper offices in McKinley's day. Fifty years ago a fast-talking printer could borrow money from his friends or from a political banker and could establish a newspaper in a town for a sum that might be roughly estimated as a dollar for each five of the town's population. The country editor in a town of anywhere from a thousand to fifty thousand made about as much money as the local lawyer or doctor or grocer, not so much as the banker or the merchant prince of the drygoods store, and rather more but not much more than the preacher. The editor of McKinley's time belonged to the ruling class and took off his hat only to the town banker or maybe the men who owned the street cars and the waterworks. But he was a free man, this American editor of the last quarter of the old century. And being a free man, barring the tentacles of his mortgage, he ran a free press, restricted only by his courage, his honesty, and his intelligence. No outside influence restrained his powers.

With the turn of the century something new appeared in the country newspaper business. It was the linotype, the mechanical typesetter, and along with it came the rotary press, both expensive contraptions and both made necessary by expanding business which came to the editor's door. Common schools were increasing his subscription lists, and merchants found that by advertising they could create wants where no wants normally existed. So under the impulse of more subscribers and bigger and better advertisers, slowly in the first two decades of this century the costs of producing a newspaper began to rise. No longer could a man go to a county seat with $1,500 in cash and a good line of talk and buy or start a newspaper. When the armistice of the World War was signed, the business formula of the mechanical requirements of a country newspaper changed, and it required something like $10 for each head of population to buy the machinery, the typesetting machines, the press, and the stereotyping equipment, and to provide the working capital necessary to go into competition with the established newspaper in an American rural community, say a town of from one thousand to one hundred thousand population.

Obviously the young man whose father had breezed into town with a good line of talk and had persuaded the country banker to put up from $1,500 to $2,000 to start a newspaper could not get into the newspaper business himself as a proprietor in the machine age. And the old itinerant printer of Horace Greeley's day who according to the colloquialism of that ancient time could start a newspaper with a shirttail full of type and a cheese press had gone to join the troubadours, the mound builders, and the gay dancers in the Dionysian revels.

The trade which had become a profession turned into a business, and there it is today. And now an editor in a little country town all of whose inhabitants could be herded into a good-sized skyscraper comes before you as a small business man with a pay roll of $1,200 a week. When I bought the Emporia *Gazette* the pay roll was $45 a week, and twenty years before that the pay roll of the country newspaper in my town was less than $25 a week. Behold a miracle of the machine age.

In the next ten years the press may change again—certainly in its material aspect. Rotary presses, linotypes, stereotyping machinery may join the crossbow, the neckyoke, and the portcullis upon the ashheap of forgotten gadgets. But the merchandising of the news for a long while to come will be affected as it is now with a strong property interest. It will require machinery to assemble the news. It will require capital to distribute the news.

And capital today or tomorrow always has a lively sense of its own advantage. Capital is instinctively, for all the noble intentions of us capitalists, class conscious. It is that class consciousness which is discrediting the press of the world today, particularly the press of the English-speaking democracies. Any newspaper in any American town represents a considerable lot of capital for the size of the town. The owners of newspaper investments, whether they be bankers, stockholders of a corporation, or individuals, feel a rather keen sense of financial responsibility, and they pass their anxiety along to newspaper operatives whether these operatives be superintendents known as managing editors, foremen known as city editors, or mere wage-earners known as editorial writers, copy-desk men, reporters, or what not. The sense of property goes thrilling down the line. It produces a slant and a bias that in time becomes—unconsciously and probably in all honesty—a prejudice against any man or any thing or any cause that seriously affects the right, title, or interest of all other capital, however invested. It is not the advertising department that controls the news. Newspapermen may lean over backward in their upright attitude toward the obviously unfair demands of advertisers and the moronic prejudices of subscribers, and still may be poor miserable sinners when they discuss problems affecting the stability of institutions that are founded entirely upon the economic status quo.

We editors realize that we have lost caste with the American people. We are on the bad books of public esteem, not heavily in the red but teetering back and forth between the right and the wrong side of the ledger. Labor as a class distrusts us. It wouldn't distrust us entirely without reason. The labor press sneers at us—that is to say, those class-conscious newspapers that are circulated entirely in what is known as labor circles. But one discounts frankly labeled class papers. It is a shame that the public also has to discount certain areas of the plug-hat section of the newspaper gallery, which is supposed to be impartial, high-minded, absolutely dependable. One should quickly qualify this statement. It is not true of *all* papers or of any paper at all times. Moreover, in the last three years great improvement has been made by the metropolitan press as a whole. Trained reporters who know the implications of labor's struggle are now used by certain great newspapers to get at the exact truth. But reporters trained to handle labor struggles are few, and the struggles are many. And much room remains for improvement in the handling of labor news by the American press.

The deficiencies of American journals in treating the news of what we might as well frankly if regretfully call the class struggle in this country are found largely in unconscious political attitudes. It is so easy to "policy" the news. Indeed, it is so hard not to policy the news when the news is affected with a vital bread-and-butter interest to the capitalist who controls a newspaper, great or small. And strangely and sadly enough, capital is so fluid that a threat to the safety of any investment seems to be a threat to all investments. Therefore newspapers which represent sizable investments are tempted to shy off and shiver when in Congress, in the legislature, or in the City Hall a man or a group threatens an investment in any kind of patent medicine, in any kind of holding company, in any kind of misbranded food, in any kind of railroad security, in any kind of banking affiliate, good or bad. It is no longer the advertiser who puts on the pressure. It is not even the boss back of the pay roll who begins to quake. It is the whole middle and upper structure of society. Sooner or later the truth about any social abuse is gladly received by the middle class and by those who own and control newspaper investments. But off the bat, the newspapers representing the innate conservatism of property interests which crystallize middle-class psychology are sometimes unfair in their treatment of men or movements that threaten to disturb property in any form.

Which is only another way of saying that every new day produces its own peculiar threats to liberty. A decade or so ago it seemed likely that the direct pressure of large advertisers, as for instance department stores, might affect the press with a bias. Probably that danger is decreasing. The newspaper publisher stands the economic equal of his largest advertiser, and today the average publisher is wise enough to know that in the newspaper business it pays to be honest. But today we are faced with a new menace to the freedom of the press, a menace in this country vastly more acute than the menace from government. And this menace may come through the pressure not of one group of advertisers but of a wide sector of newspaper advertisers. Newspaper advertising is now placed partly, if not largely, through nation-wide newspaper advertising agencies. Some of these agencies have lately become advisers of great industrial corporations, which also advertise. These advertising agencies undertake to protect their clients from what the clients and agents may regard as real dangers from inimical social, political, or industrial influences. As advisers the advertising agencies may exercise unbelievably powerful pressure upon newspapers. There is grave danger that in the coming decade, as social, industrial, and economic problems become more and more acute, this capacity for organized control of newspaper opinion by the political advisers of national advertisers may constitute a major threat to a free press.

And while we are on the subject of a free press this black mark must be put down against editorial judgment in general: it rises in the circulation department—a low subconscious lust to acquire circulation and hold it in the moron latitudes of the population. It affects all editors more or less. I am guilty of this sin for all my noble protestations. And because I am guilty I realize that the circulation department of a newspaper is as dangerous as the advertising department in menacing the ultimate freedom of the press. It is not that we play up sex crime like Bernarr Macfadden or amplify the details of murder. Our sin lies deeper than that: we do not use the same talents to expand and elaborate good news that we almost instinctively use in writing and displaying human weaknesses and depravity. For instance, I had to find the news of the Scandinavian Neutrality Pact on the seventh page of my favorite newspaper, which is commonly accounted a decent newspaper. As far as I know, it was not in the press report that came to the Missouri valley. If it came here, the *Gazette's* telegraph editor, who is trained to look after such things and play them up, missed it. Yet the news that Sweden, Norway, Iceland, Denmark, and Finland had signed a declaration pledging their forces to a common neutrality policy in the event of war between other states was worth more than any rape in the country that day, worth more than the story of any lovelorn lady who shot her man to death, worth more than the news of capers cut by any Hollywood star or Long Island socialite. It is because we overlook opportunities like this that the people have a keen and accurate sense that much of editorial anxiety about the freedom of the press rises out of editorial greed.

The problem of the American newspaper today is to open its channels of cordial reception to new social ideals and to insure fair treatment for any reform or any reformer who is obviously honest, reasonably intelligent, and backed by any considerable minority of the public. How can this be done? How can the newspapers become open-minded? I don't know. They might try to hire as doorkeepers in the house of the Lord, at copy desks and in editorial chairs, men who are free to make decisions about newspaper copy, guided by their own instincts, following their own hunches, and not controlled by an itch to move to the next higher desk by pleasing his High Potency who sits in the mahogany-paneled room in front of the front of the front office. If owners would encourage a little chronic arthritis of the knee in the lower realms of reporting and copyreading we might come out from the clouds of suspicion that envelop our noble profession at the moment. But I suppose in the end newspapers cannot be free, absolutely free in the highest and best sense, until the whole social and economic structure of American life is open to the free interplay of democratic processes.

Austria's Outcasts—a Who's Who

BY EMIL LENGYEL

AUSTRIAN culture has been driven into exile at a faster rate than Germany's. Not quite five weeks after Hitler's occupation of Austria, the Vienna edition of the *Völkischer Beobachter* celebrated the cleansing of its literature, stage, music, and press. Books were burned symbolically by removing them from the public shelves. The intellectual capital of the Danube valley has been reduced to the status of an East Prussian garrison town. Vienna's cosmopolitan tolerance, *Gemütlichkeit,* and genius have been outlawed.

In the annihilation of Austrian culture with such lightning speed Hitler's personal animus was a factor of importance. In his youth he conceived a deep hatred for the intellectual life of his native country, from which he was excluded. It was in Vienna that this unrecognized artist collected his obsessions. In "Mein Kampf" he poured forth his invectives against *verjudete* Vienna, "the incestuous city."

Today Austria can be talked about only in the past tense so far as science, art, and literature are concerned. Professor Sigmund Freud, the eighty-two-year-old father of psychoanalysis, left Vienna for London early in June. The Nazi coordinated press referred to the Freudian psychoanalytic school as a "pornographic Jewish specialty." Freud's fortune and publishing house have been seized and many of his books have been destroyed. Three Nobel Prize winners have also incurred the Nazi wrath. Professor Otto Loewi, winner of the prize for physiology and medicine in 1936, whose fame rests chiefly on his pioneer investigations in the field of transmission of nerve impulses, was jailed. Professor Erwin Schroedinger, winner of the prize for physics in 1933, and Professor Victor G. Hess, 1937 prize winner, noted for his cosmic-ray research, were removed from their university positions. Professor Ferdinand Blumenthal, internationally known cancer specialist, who had been forced to leave Germany and Yugoslavia, was arrested. Professor Heinrich Neumann, one of Europe's greatest ear specialists, was also imprisoned for a time. He had been consulting physician of the Spanish dynasty, the Duke of Windsor, and the King of Albania. His arrest may have been due to a jocular remark. He is reported to have said that only liars can have the type of throat trouble from which Hitler is said to be suffering. The intervention of the Duke of Windsor on his behalf was not successful, but pressure from the London Foreign Office eventually brought about the release of Loewi and Neumann, both of whom are now safely abroad.

Suicide has taken a heavy toll among Austria's leading scientists. The list is incomplete because of the prohibition against publishing obituary notices of prominent suicides. The head of the second clinic of medicine, Professor Denk, killed himself. So did two famous gynecologists of the University of Vienna, Professors Nobl and Oscar Frankl, the former head of the children's clinic. Dr. Knöpfelmacher, Dr. Gustav Bayer of Innsbruck and his daughter, and the mathematician Albert Smolenskin were also among this number. Dr. Knöpfelmacher, a man in his middle seventies, sought escape in death from torture and humiliation. Young S. S. men had forced him to drink huge doses of castor oil.

The long list of prominent Austrian scientists arrested by the Nazis includes such well-known men as Dr. Armand Kaminka, founder of the Vienna Maimonides Institute, Professor Othmar Spann, economist at the University of Vienna (curiously, he had the reputation of being a reactionary); Dr. Sigmund Strauss, one-time collaborator of Heinrich Hertz of "Hertz wave" fame; Dr. Julius Schnitzler, professor of surgery; and Dr. Ernst Sträussler, the criminologist. In the group of prominent Aryans purged from their positions because of their pronounced Catholic views are found the noted psychiatrist, Professor Otto Pötzl, successor of the Nobel Prize winner Professor Julius Wagner-Jauregg; Professors Kerl and Jagic, prominent in the medical world; and Professor Oswald Redlich, president of the Austrian Academy of Science.

In the arts the devastation is just as great. The finest interpreters of the music of Bach, Mozart, Schubert, Beethoven, Brahms, and Strauss are outlawed in the birthplace of so many musical masterpieces. The violinist Bronislaw Huberman was described by the Vienna newspaper *Das Deutsche Echo* as "the Polish music-Jew from Czencstochau, who violated Vienna art for years." Arturo Toscanini was referred to as "the music-king of the *mishpoche* [Jewish for family], who is thrown out from everywhere. It is generally known that Toscanini is married to a Jewess and his daughter is mated to the piano-Jew Horowitz." Austria's best-known contemporary composer, Erich Wolfgang Korngold, whose opera "The Dead City" was a favorite of the Vienna Staatsoper, has become taboo. The Nazis confiscated his country estate on the pretext that his debts were unpaid. The songs, ballads, and musical poems of Austria's representative modern composer, Arnold Schönberg, no longer appear on the programs of Vienna concert halls. He has been proscribed as an exponent of "cultural bolshevism." Bruno Eisner, the piano virtuoso, must also stay away from his native land. Hermann Leopoldi, composer of the "Song of Youth," the Austrian equivalent of the "Giovanezza," was sent to the Dachau concentration camp.

The Opera itself has dismissed at least twenty-five orchestra players with "tainted blood," although they are masters of their art. It has also dismissed Else Flesch and Margaret Boker, featured singers. Dr. Lothar Wallerstein, the director, the conductor Josef Krips, the first concert master, and the first ballet mistress have received their discharges. The century-old Vienna Philharmonic has lost its chairman, Dr. Hugo Burghauser, a close friend of Toscanini. His place has been taken by a double-bass player. It is believed that about 70 per cent of this famous Austrian institution is "tainted," racially or politically. The Symphony Orchestra, the new Vienna Conservatorium, the Musica Viva Orchestra, and the Cantorum Society have passed into "proved national hands," the Vienna press reports. Fritz Löhner, who has written many librettos for Franz Lehar, the operetta king, is in Dachau. The fate of Erich Meller, the pianist, is unknown. Hermann Leopoldi, composer of innumerable comic songs and embodiment of Vienna's humor, is a suicide. Bruno Walter, one of the world's great conductors, got out of Austria in time, but his daughter was arrested.

At one blow Austria lost its position as a theatrical center. Salzburg's fame remains, but the festivals under Nazi rule can never be the same. Max Reinhardt, probably the greatest contemporary figure in stage management, is so hated by the Nazis that they have confiscated his château on the heights beyond Salzburg. The head of the Reinhardt School of Acting, Rudolph Beer, committed suicide. The school has been "coordinated" under the name of the Schönbrunner Theater. The lessee of Reinhardt's Josefstädter Theater, Dr. Ernst Lothar, has disappeared from the scene. Vienna's magnificent state-subsidized theater on the Ring, the Burgtheater, has dropped its director, Friedrich Rosenthal, and several of its featured players, including Hans Wengraf and Franz Strassni. Albert Basserman, considered by many to be pre-Hitler Germany's greatest "elder" actor, may have to leave Austria because of his Jewish wife, Else Schiff, as he had to leave the Reich a few years ago because of his refusal to divorce her. He is an Aryan.

The Vienna theaters now put on safe plays, and whenever there is the slightest suspicion about an author's race, the program writer omits his name. The Viennese will also have to go without their favorite Hungarian authors, who have had great vogue in the Austrian capital for many years. Nor will they be allowed to hear any more public performances of the music of Goldmark, Mahler, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Offenbach, so dear to their hearts.

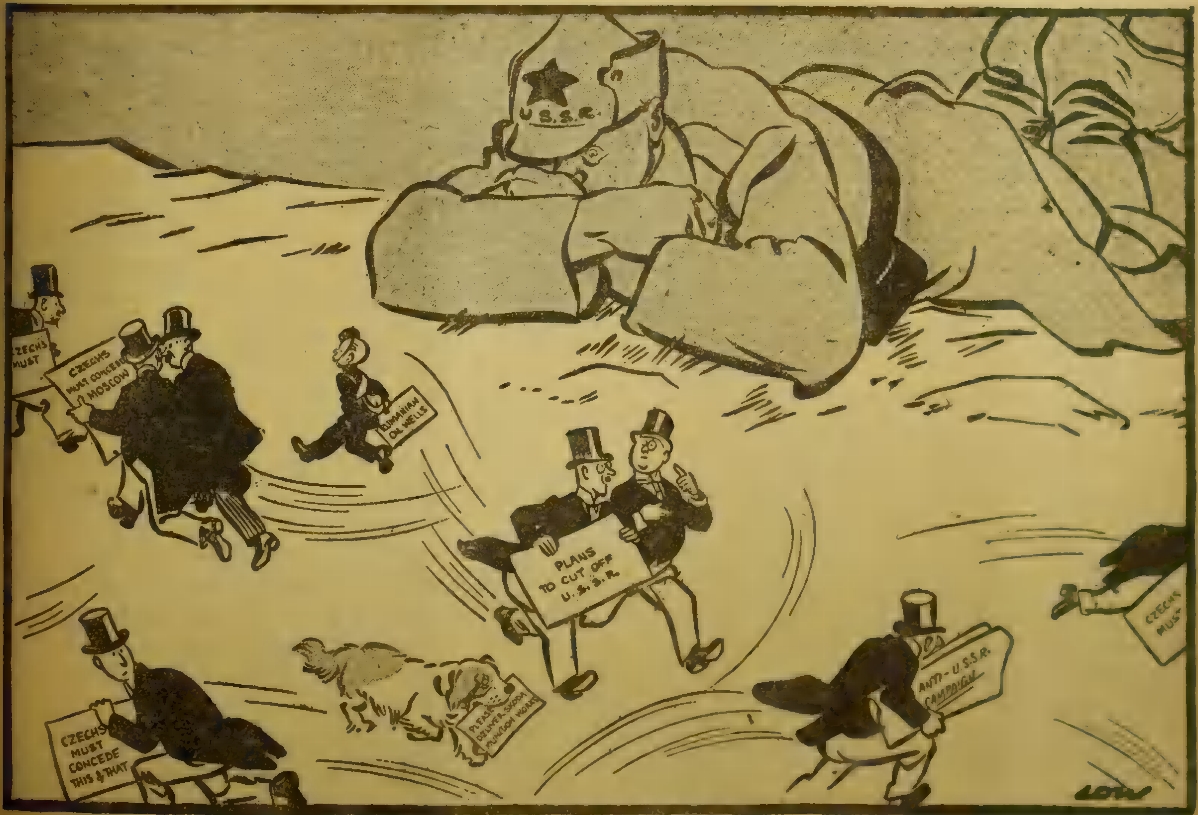
The Vienna Jews, who until Hitler's coup furnished a disproportionately large number of the theater- and concert-goers, must now either stay at home or attend the performances of their *Kulturbund,* in which none but non-Aryans may participate as spectators and players. The Bund has no right to produce plays by German Gentiles, even those of Goethe and Schiller, who belong to the whole world.

The damage done to Austrian literature is beyond repair. The works of the men who have made Vienna renowned are on the index of forbidden literature. Arthur Schnitzler, master-painter of pre-war Vienna in play and novel, is considered a "typical example of Jewish decadence." Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Austria's greatest twentieth-century poet, is humiliated posthumously because of his part-Jewish origin. Franz Werfel's "Forty Days of Musa Dagh" may have been an international best-seller, but its author is in exile just the same. The books of the late Jacob Wassermann, author of some of the most penetrating psychological fiction in modern German literature, are forbidden to the youth of his own Austria.

It is impossible to mention more than a few of those who only yesterday were headliners and today are outcasts. Raoul Auernheimer, erstwhile rival of the great Schnitzler, was jailed by the Nazis on some impossible charge. Siegfried Geyer, author and translator of Ferenc Molnar's plays, was also arrested, along with the witty publicist, Ludwig Hirschfeld, who has entertained Austria longer than some old-timers like to remember. Richard Bermann, better known in Germany under his pen-name, Arnold Höllriegel, was caught by the Nazis while trying to escape to Czechoslovakia. On the way back to Vienna he fell seriously ill. Finally, he was released and is now out of the country. Anton Kuh, author and lecturer, escaped to Prague and thence to the United States.

Some fleeing authors took the longer route to Switzerland, thinking that the Nazis would at first seal the nearer frontiers, which are within street-car distance of Vienna. Among those who reached the border before it was too late were Gina Kaus, author of a highly praised biography of the Empress Catherine; Alfred Polgar, popular essayist; and René Kraus, author of the romantic biography "Theodora," and former aid to Chancellor Schuschnigg. Not so lucky were Marienne Trebitsch-Stein, Jewish author, and Dr. Kurt Sonnenfeld, editor of the *Neue Freie Presse,* pre-Hitler Vienna's leading daily paper. Both committed suicide.

A large number of important political figures committed suicide or were caught. Many were leaders of the Fatherland Front or pro-Hapsburg legitimists. Several Socialist Defense Corps leaders were sent to the redoubtable Dachau concentration camp. Among those arrested was Dr. Karl Renner, aged Socialist leader and first Chancellor of the Austrian Republic. Karl Kautsky, eighty-five-year-old Marxist theoretician and former political leader, had to leave Austria by night to seek shelter in Holland. Some years ago he fled from Germany in the same way. Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, founder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ANTI-U.S.S.R. CAMPAIGN
CZECHS MUST
LOW

THE WATCHING EYE.

of the pan-European movement, got out of Austria just in the nick of time. He is accused of having worked for the realization of the United States of Europe. Some years ago his idea so fascinated the famous French Minister of Foreign Affairs, Aristide Briand, that he incorporated it in his program and joined the movement.

Vienna must be written off as a cultural capital of the world. It must also be written off as a tourist center. Foreigners find no attraction in a German provincial town purged of talent. In the first two months after Hitler's conquest of Vienna, the number of non-German visitors amounted to less than 5 per cent of last year's figure. At long last Hitler has had his revenge. The city which treated him so lightly in his warped youth has been punished.

"Yussel" Jacobs Okays the Nazis

BY I. Q. GROSS

JOE JACOBS, known to his intimates as "Yussel," has had a colorful career as a fight manager. He has had such great clients as Mike McTigue, André Routis, and Frankie Genaro, all world champions. But nothing in his career matches his relationship with his latest and greatest champion, Max Schmeling. Persons who know them cannot understand how Schmeling, the Nazi, can love Jacobs, son of an orthodox Jew, for his business shrewdness and still be loyal to Führer Hitler.

Now Joe Jacobs is in a dilemma over his Nazi boxer. With Schmeling scheduled to fight Joe Louis for the world's championship at New York's Yankee Stadium on June 22, Jacobs realizes the possibility of a million-dollar gate and a good share for himself. But he knows that thousands of fight fans who ordinarily would flock to the stadium to see whether Schmeling can knock out the Brown Bomber, as he did two years ago, will be restrained by the boycott campaign which anti-Nazi forces have directed against the bout.

Yussel has made his choice and is working desperately to get Jewish support for the fight. His one-man attempts to effect the appearance of a rapprochement between Jews and the Hitler regime began with a series of visits to Germany in the course of which he spent lavishly in the leading night clubs and hotels along the Kurfürstendamm. The climax was reached on the night of the Schmeling-Hamas fight in Hamburg when Yussel was photographed in the act of giving the Hitler salute.

On his return from his last jaunt to Germany Jacobs spoke ecstatically of the happy times the Jews were having in the Third Reich. "Most of the trouble with the Jews over there," he told newsmen, "is caused by the Jews in this country. Why, everybody's happy over there. Everybody's spending money like it was water, and tal of war makes the Germans laugh. Why, they even hav synagogues still open over there. I know because I wen to one three times one day. No one said anything to m because I was Jewish. They treated me like a king, and I acted like one, too, and spent $1,000 in nine days."

Herr Jacobs's remarks astounded other America Jews. They could not believe that he had made them. They hurled a barrage of questions at him concerning the reported atrocities and oppression in Germany. Yussel would not answer, nor would he comment on whether his wild spending spree of American dollars had anything to do with the attention he received in that land. Jacobs said he did not see any concentration camps, but admitted he did not look for them. He did not see non-Aryan business men being stripped of all their earning power or Jewish professional men forced to wash the streets on their hands and knees. He wasn't looking for that type of Nazi entertainment. The ears of Yussel, the son of an orthodox Jew, were deaf to any mention of the hundreds of his coreligionists who had committed suicide in the new Great Germany or been reported dead from unknown causes.

Joe is not the only Jew who wants to see the Schmeling-Louis fight a bang-up affair. There is Mike Jacobs, the promoter of the bout, who is becoming worried over the picketing of the Yankee Stadium and other ticket offices by boycott supporters. Mike has a big investment in the bout. He is counting on a million-dollar gate. In a last-minute move to camouflage the issue and break the boycott he offered to contribute 10 per cent of his club's profits to the committee for aiding refugees organized by the Roosevelt Administration. The 10 per cent would be computed on the profit remaining to the club after all expenses and all the fighters were paid.

The leaders of the boycott, the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League, expressed their appreciation of the promoter's offer, but because Schmeling's purse will not be affected by Mike Jacobs's proposal, the boycott will continue. They will withdraw the boycott only if Schmeling, whom they consider a Nazi commodity, contributes the major part of his purse to refugees from Hitler's oppression. The league is stressing to the public the fact that the more dollars are paid at the gate of the fight, the more Schmeling will take back to Germany and the more his close friend, Hitler, will be able to use to crush democratic Spain and persecute Catholic and Jews at home.

Mike Jacobs is asking for "sportsmanship to a friendly, foreign athletic representative who has nothing to do with the policies of his country." But Billy McCarney, who recently returned from Germany, reports that Schmeling is scheduled to take a leading post in Hitler's Cabinet as director of physical education for German youth, presumably to make them fit for the next fascist aggression.

BLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Cal.

Schmeling is pleased at the advance estimate of a million-dollar gate. He will receive 20 per cent. Max has the unfailing habit of hurrying back to Germany on the first boat available with the money he earns in this country. He leaves not even a few stray dollars for remembrance, except what the government relieves him of in the way of income tax. The pungent sports observer, Joe Williams, paid his respects to Max's generosity in this respect when he wrote: "The financial situation locally should take a sharp upward turn with the arrival of Max Schmeling. . . . In some sixteen trips to this country it is estimated the Nazi hero has spent all of forty cents in round numbers. . . . And very little of this on gaudy luxuries." Max's purse from the coming bout will bring his total earnings in this country well over the two-million-dollar mark. This sum includes fight purses and the profits from radio and movie rights, theatrical engagements, exhibitions, personal appearances, and indorsements. He has taken more money out of the country than any other foreign athlete.

How much effect will the boycott have? The directors of the movement insist that its strength will be shown at the box office in lowered receipts. And they insist that a blow to the gate receipts will be an effective means of showing the antipathy of Americans for the Nazi terror. They have advised the public that thousands of Nazis, many in Storm Troop uniforms, have been ordered to attend the fight by officials of the German-American Bund.

In the Wind

THE ROMANCE of Schuschnigg, Austria's last Chancellor, and Countess Vera Fugger has been dramatically featured in the world press. When the Nazis seized Schuschnigg, it was reported that she alone of all his friends was permitted to see him; now they have been allowed to marry. But important foreign correspondents who have just arrived from Europe say that they know why this romance has been tolerated. Vera Fugger, they insist, is a Nazi spy.

IN THE OFFICES of Time, Inc., women may do research, scrub floors, answer letters—but they may never write copy, presumably because they don't know how. Recently this column disclosed that a group of women research workers at *Fortune* had submitted a memorandum protesting against editorial distortion of their findings. Now it is reported that the memorandum was so well written that it made a deep impression on the managing editor. He has been asking, "What man wrote that letter?"

THE COMMITTEE report on the Walsh-Sweezy case has focused attention on Harvard's internal conditions. Recently a member of the Harvard Corporation told his intimates of a left-handed joke perpetrated by some conservative alumni. In response to pleas for money, they wrote: "I am hereby fulfilling my pledge for $25. I am subtracting $12.50 for Felix Frankfurter, $7.50 for James Landis [now dean of the law school], and $2.50 for Granville Hicks. I inclose check for $2.50."

AN AMATEUR baseball team made up of employees from several Wall Street houses went to Sing Sing recently to play the prison team. At each crucial moment a rooter behind third base was heard vigorously cheering the Sing Sing team. It was Richard Whitney.

THE NATION periodically conducts surveys to find out the reasons for lapsed subscriptions. More than 60 per cent of those replying to the last inquiry said they had dropped out for lack of funds. The others disclosed an interesting variety of political objections: five thought *The Nation* too radical; one, too reactionary; five, too pro-Russian; five, too Trotskyist; one, too doctrinaire; one, too vacillating; one, too pro-Roosevelt; one, too anti-New Deal; one, too pro-Ally; one, unfair to England; one, not truly liberal; one, too un-American; one, too pro-labor.

LAST WEEK'S press carried long accounts of the "spontaneous" demonstration by Mayor Hague's Jersey City followers. The Legion's participation was widely publicized, but actually few Legionnaires were on the scene. The men wearing Legion caps had been provided with them by the Hague machine—the caps can be bought wholesale. The "Legion bands" were simply hired. The New York *Herald Tribune* gave front-page display to a picture of a little girl embracing the Mayor; buried in the *Times* account was this note: "A photographer grabbed a little girl from the sidewalk and pressed her into the Mayor's arms while the flash-bulbs flared."

A CHAIN LETTER which won't amuse Hitler is now circulating quietly in the United States. It reads in part:

> A Nazi with heart disease must not use digitalis, discovered by the Jew, Ludwig Traube. If he has a toothache, a Nazi will not use cocaine or he will be utilizing the work of a Jew, Solomon Stricker. Nor will he be treated for typhus by the discoveries of the Jews, Widal and Weill. If he has diabetes he must not use insulin, the discovery of a Jew, Mikowsky. If he has a headache he must shun pyramidon and anti-pyris, discovered by Jews, Spiro and Eilege. Nazis with convulsions must avoid chloralhydrate, the discovery of a Jew, Oscar Liebreich.
>
> Nazis with syphilis must not allow themselves to be cured by salvarsan, discovered by a Jew, Ehrlich. They must not even try to find out whether they have syphilis, because the Wassermann reaction used for that purpose is the discovery of a Jew. Likewise, if a Nazi suspects he has gonorrhea he must not investigate because the method used is the discovery of a Jew, Neissner.
>
> Nazis with psychic ailments must not seek to cure them because Freud, the father of psychoanalysis, is a Jew. . . .

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

AN OLD, old dream of mine is coming true, and because it is I am forswearing this week any comment on politics or foreign policy, on the stupid old world which won't take my advice anyway—to go down to the sea. At historic old Ipswich in Massachusetts a certain William Albert Robinson is reproducing one of the famous Baltimore clippers and has her well on the road to launching. Not reproducing exactly, of course, for there will be a Diesel engine and other modern improvements. Nor has he slavishly followed any model. The new craft is not to be a copy, but she is, Mr. Robinson writes, based largely on the brigantine Swift, which was built about 1778 as an American privateer for our undeclared war against France. She will only be seventy feet long over all, not much longer than a motor lifeboat on the Queen Mary, and only fifty-nine and a half feet on the waterline, with a beam of a trifle more than eighteen feet and a draft of nine, but when she is afloat she will, it is certain, be the safest craft of her size anywhere. More than that, Mr. Robinson guarantees that she will be "uniformly beautiful, from her carved figure head, trail-boards, and head-rails to her beautiful old-fashioned stern with its Great Cabin and its stern windows and quarter windows"—windows, not portholes.

All my seagoing life I have wondered why we ever dropped this beautiful American type of ship, just as all my shore-going life I have wondered why we ever discarded our own original colonial type of home for slavish imitation of other styles or for disgusting gingerbread, turreted Queen Anne and Mary Anne types of dwellings. Those little Baltimore clippers of ours ranged the seven seas for years and were the admiration of the nautical world. They went everywhere, into the Antarctic, into the Mediterranean, into the Pacific; I have no doubt some reached China. Africa was a favorite destination—they often went there, I am sorry to say, to take part in the most horrible of all traffics, the slave trade. It is unbelievable how many poor wretches were stretched out on those hard decks and crowded below into little ships only a hundred feet long.

But, then, the high-sterned ships our Puritan ancestors took to this country were hardly larger. Have you ever seen the wreck of one in the Plymouth Museum, dug out of Cape Cod sands some years ago? She was only seventy feet long, yet had a hundred or so souls aboard when she went ashore. There will be safety on Mr. Robinson's boat as nearly as it can be furnished—always barring some all-destroying hurricane or other manifestation of nature. In this day of flimsy yachts and ocean racing I have long hoped that someone would come along and do just what Mr. Robinson is doing—resurrect the finest, safest, speediest of small ships, and the most American. If we had an American Legion of Honor, as Maury Maverick has urged, I should nominate Mr. Robinson for it.

Oh, yes, I know how successfully the ocean has been sailed by our modern yachts, but I also know how narrow have been the escapes from serious disaster and how many incompetents have sailed the seas in cockle-shells and how many lives have been lost. Never was there a more needless and sickening tragedy than the loss of Mr. Ames of Boston and his two sons from their new—brand-new—schooner; the father was washed away from the wheel and his brave sons died in a futile effort to save him. Again if anybody has read in a recent *Yachting*—that old creation of mine—Lincoln Colcord's account of the voyage to the West Indies made last fall by him and Professor Samuel E. Morison of Harvard in a new schooner yacht designed by the most fashionable firm of shipbuilders, and of the incredibly unsatisfactory and dangerous condition of this modern gimcrack, he would find every possible argument for Mr. Robinson's venture.

So there the new craft is taking shape—a boat that will be a really safe ocean-going yacht; she is planned for a trip around the world. She is being rigged "with the utmost simplicity to enable ease of handling with a small crew," in the lovely topsail-schooner style familiar in the prints of our great seafaring days. Mr. Robinson thinks that the happiest voyages are made "with as few as possible aboard besides the owner and his family"—such is human nature!—so he has designed a couple of spacious rooms in order that "the owner and his family could live aboard indefinitely with every comfort and privacy." The Great Cabin in the high stern will be above the engine room, its forward windows looking out over the deck; it will include the navigator's quarters and a general living-room with a nice fireplace. The galley is on deck, as of old, astern the foremast, and there will be nearly twice as much deck space as your rail-less yacht of 1938, which has to rig lifelines whenever it blows hard. The deck will have a permanent awning in the tropics, and storage facilities are so great that the yacht will be able "to remain at sea almost indefinitely." Indeed, she will be "unbelievably spacious." Who is to be the fortunate owner? If I were only thirty years younger!

ESCAPE FROM THE MOUSETRAP

BY ANTON KUH

III

THE ELEVENTH OF MARCH

ON THE morning of the eleventh of March I sat at breakfast in a Vienna coffee house. Though it will scarcely be believed, I had come back to vote. Or rather, for my previous fears had not been entirely senseless, I had come back to decide whether I should vote or go away again. A lady at my table spoke pleasantly; I did not hear her. "I have an idea," I said. She laughed: "You always have ideas."

This idea of mine I had propounded on the day before n the Hotel Bristol to a friend, the translator of Bernard Shaw, who like all intellectuals was optimistic (I met him later in flight). It had aroused his enthusiasm. I should take it at once to Schuschnigg, he thought. Oho, not so fast. Even in normal times makers of aphorisms do not easily come into the presence of chancellors. Hardly then today, two days before the plebiscite. Very well, said my friend, but I should at least try to present my plan to a certain lady whom he named—I must surely know her personally, the wife of Schuschnigg's best friend, the poet Franz Werfel.

I did in fact know Frau Mahler-Werfel, the widow of the composer Gustav Mahler. And there at the coffeehouse table, at half-past eight on Friday, I turned the thought over in my mind. "Shall I bother the wife of a poet with politics?"

I called her up. Frau Werfel asked me to meet her at a private residence. I should be there at eleven.

Eleven o'clock. The inner town, in the center of which is the appointed house, is overflowing with people—with people and ghosts. Most of the people are young men in recruiting cars, riding through the streets in endless columns and calling out "Heil Oesterreich!" They are hailed joyfully by persons on the curb. (I see before me the honest shopkeepers with wet eyes who waved to them imploringly. In what prison are they now scrubbing the walks and toilets?) Among these people in the crowded streets specters walk also, fellows in puttees and riding trousers, with the swastika in their buttonhole, slinking along, with pudgy, cheese-like faces.

The poet's wife receives me, hears my plan. Yes Schuschnigg must learn of it; but how? She will telephone a Cabinet minister who more than anybody else has Schuschnigg's ear. Ten minutes later the Minister stands before me—a small, delicate man, still young, whose face and bearing show pleasing traces of his humanistic Jesuit education. He sits on the arm of a chair. My name suggests to him, very vaguely, literature, night life, anecdotes.

I explain my plan. I begin by saying that most submissively and with all due respect for the government I doubt Schuschnigg's knowledge of the real temper of the working classes.

The Minister pricks up his ears.

"Yes," I say. "The remembrance of February, 1934, goes too deep. All these people, who only by necessity are neutral or have swung over to Hitler, would come out not 30 or 40 but 100 per cent for Austria if they were offered something solid, popular, real, such as the propaganda of the other side offers them—something to wake them up. Instead of that the government turns and twists in bureaucratic phrases, offers halfway measures, half-heartedly. And for that sort of thing those who were struck down yesterday have sharp ears. They think they are being 'done' again."

What did I have in mind as something solid, popular, sensational?

My idea can be expressed in a sentence: Karl Seitz, the former burgomaster of Vienna, who was imprisoned in February, the most popular, most incorruptible man of the Social Democratic Party, must speak to the workers over the radio; and he will do it if he is allowed to say what he wants to.

The Minister ponders the proposal. I interrupt his reflections with the question: "Does the Chancellor know that many of the guard in the automobiles which accompany the demonstrating Nazis give the people the Hitler salute?"

The Minister is startled. Have I seen that with my own eyes? With his mind more made up, he comes back to my suggestion, and we discuss it from all angles.

At this point in our talk I could scarcely free myself from a haunting thought: I was sitting there and the Minister was listening to my advice; the dream of the "idle literary man" had come true—the government was listening to him, was asking him what to do. When dreams come true, the worlds in which they were dreamed usually end. Is it also to be so with my dream? I should almost have preferred a reserved, unapproachable minister who knew himself what he wanted to do without listening to others.

The Minister rises. My proposal will not only be considered but probably be acted upon. In this moment someone knocks loud three times on the door—as in "Don Giovanni, Act 2." We both jump involuntarily. A man appears; on his entrance the Minister is visibly relieved. The man says something in his ear. And now the Minister becomes white as chalk. He forgets to say goodby and is already outside.

"What was that?" I ask the lady of the house. She tries to reassure me while she plays nervously with her brooch: "Probably it was the police inspector who accompanies each minister; the automobile may have got into a crowd of demonstrators." But she doesn't believe it herself and soon prepares to go.

A few minutes later when I leave the house I see a man standing at the gate. As he lounges there, leaning his head peacefully against the post and puffing at a cigarette, he looks like the figure in the silent films of twenty years ago who used to wait sinisterly before a house until the victim came out. I look at him. He makes no sign. I hurry across the street.

That the man had been sent to watch the house seemed clear. What it was that the unknown man had whispered to the Minister was not less clear. He had come at one o'clock, the precise hour that the first ultimatum from Berchtesgaden arrived at the chancellery. That was what he had whispered. No wonder the Minister had turned pale and hurried off.

I set out toward home by the shortest way. The next train goes at two. I have no time to lose.

Truly I should have liked to stay; the street made such an attractive varicolored picture—for all the admixture of dangerous colors; it was so gay, and the acquaintances I met on the way laughed at me for my hurry. But at long last the unexpected happened: my Salzburg experience revealed in this hour its unmistakable meaning.

A young man sent up his name to me in my room. He called himself the merchant W— (a Jewish name) from Prague. He had heard from the concierge that I wanted to go to Prague this afternoon and invited me to accompany him in his car.

I examined Mr. W—, the merchant from Prague, and concluded that he was a Sudeten German, not a Jew and not from Prague. Suddenly I seemed to see the car in the lonely Salzburg alley, the light of the red lamp, the big D.

I took leave of the young man as if I had not yet decided. As I came down the steps the concierge and one of the house servants—two brave followers of Hitler's who had never had much conversation with me—poured out upon me a stream of talk: how extravagant I was not to accept the offer of the fine gentleman who had just by chance heard of my intention to depart, said one; while the other seconded him in falsetto, his tongue at a gallop —such a piece of luck and I declined it; the trip to the station would cost me so much, the baggage extra, then there would be the trip from the station and again th baggage; such an opportunity and such lack of sense! I was a quarter of two. I had only time to say: "Herr W promised me a speed record, but I don't want to break my neck." That was my farewell to Vienna, to Austria A quarter of an hour later I sat in the Prague train The many hundreds who started by the next train, a eleven in the evening, were pulled out of the compartment by storm troopers at the border and thrust into a dungeon in Vienna.

EPILOGUE

That evening I had supper at a friend's house in Brünn. The eleven-year-old boy of the house turned on the radio to hear the philharmonic concert in Vienna We listened—and shuddered.

Schuschnigg's farewell words: "I yield to force." Music. Again a voice. And again music. All through the night between Haydn and Mozart the little instrument spat out world history.

On the next day when I took the train again to continue my journey to Prague I found people sitting in it with their heads so wound around with bandages that only their worried noses showed. Their appearance suggested undreamed-of horror. They refused to talk or to give any information, for their families were still in Vienna. And yet one found out a good many things—police chronicles and history mixed together. President Miklas had refused to sign the nomination decrees, though the Nazis held a revolver at his head; for that reason his sons are now in prison. Schuschnigg had been forced to say, "No bloodshed"; actually General Zehner, who shortly afterward "committed suicide," had been named troop commander against Germany. Hundreds of writers, artists, journalists—among them many of my friends—had been thrown into prison. Slowly we learn what became of them. The greater part of them were sent to Dachau. A famous theater producer was arrested, taken to the Vienna Forest, and castrated. He died as a result. Others committed the "German suicide." But most symbolic was the fate of Egon Friedell, the Bernard Shaw of Vienna, whose more reactionary than liberal history of civilization had been accepted even by the enemy. The Nazis had no hand in it, but it is characteristic of them that this story in which they appear only as a ghostly menace is more heartrending than any other. Friedell lived in his own three-story house. Also living there was a young girl who had two S. S. men as friends. One evening after the establishment of the new regime the two young men came to the house in uniform to take out the girl, but they made a mistake in the door and rang the wrong bell. Dr. Friedell opened it, saw them, and without asking what they wanted rushed to the window. An instant later his powerful 200-pound body crashed three stories to the ground.

That was almost my own experience of twenty years, crowded into a second and with a tragic outcome. They look—and plunge into nothingness. One cannot express any better the content of the New Germany. Woe to him who has no fear of ghosts and invites them to drink, to talk, or to sign a treaty.

[*This is the third and concluding instalment of Escape from the Mousetrap.*]

Loew's Sheridan

BY CHARLOTTE WILDER

Nature returns to me, in pictured show,
Here, on the screen, bland-white, and chalked with death;
The piping frogs, among the rushes, sound
Faint echoes of a lost sweet evening breath

Heard at the edge of being. O my youth,
My mountain fastness, and its thicket shade,
Lie down, within my memory, as a lamb
Might sleep with lions in a common glade.

The rush of ocean water, and its spray
Whipped into storm, is blown across my cheek
From sterile linen; on a hungry lack,
Stirs, in the darkened hall, my drudge's week,

Moving, like pavement, in the weary mind.
The birds' fresh speaking, here, is cruel and kind.

BOOKS

Padded Shelves

HOUSE OF ALL NATIONS. By Christina Stead. Simon and Schuster. $3.

MISS STEAD has set herself the task in this long book (787 pages) of describing the swollen world of international finance which reached its high point in the early '30's, before England went off gold, American banks announced a moratorium, and Hitler came into power. Praised in many quarters as a wit and a mistress of fantasy, Miss Stead has in this work given the freest possible rein to her evidently thoroughly self-believed-in gifts. "Fantastic material, fantastic treatment," she can be imagined as saying to herself, and the result of her decision is a book from which the reader turns completely bruised and exhausted, for several reasons, including prolonged astonishment and laughter.

The announced theme is the effect of money upon people. The main scene is a private bank in Paris, through which pours a horde of characters touched with the colors of both the nightmare and the harlequinade. Miss Stead during the early part of the book (the first 400 pages or so) is out to startle the reader with the fertility of her invention, her knowledge of the great and the "half" worlds, and her literary sleight of hand. Jules Bertillon, her main figure—"chic," frail, mercurial, capricious, enigmatic—heads the bank. He is a bear on the market, a "rider of the storm." Around him swirl innumerable fancy clients: Greek, Balkan, Dutch, German, South American dupes and swindlers; Hollywood actresses and drunken, Lesbian comtesses; "society figures," "addled lawyers," English financiers "with Cunard-colored eyes"; "touts for pools" and "richissimes" (a millionaire is always a "richissime" to Miss Stead). Slightly solid virtues are embodied in the figures of Alphendéry, an economist who leans toward communism in his off hours, and William Bertillon, a partner-brother who lives with a Chinese nightingale. The action, swerving into the private lives of the characters, runs through rooms and lobbies of Grand Hotels, foyers of both petty and high bourgeoisie, workshop flats, and at least one country haunt of intellectuals. It also goes up and down secret stairways and into the private vaults of an Amsterdam bank. (Other private hoarding places, in Oslo and Switzerland, are left unexplored, for reasons not explained.) On page 637 a customer's man gets hold of the private books, and applies the screws to Jules. Miss Stead really hits her stride at this point. Her style clears as she gets into action. Swindlers back up swindlers, and the ambiguous Alphendéry gives up addressing comrades in his hours of ease to hold the fort against the inquisitive police. Jules Bertillon absconds, with quiet success. "His old friends . . . hoped that he went and made immediately a shining new fortune. . . . For he had now benefited by the immorality as well as by the mythomania of the financial world and had begun to be relacquered in the minds of the rich. For others, though, it is true, he still remained a rankle and a hurt, the charmer who deceived."

The book ends on this comparatively quiet note. But the action begins at a pitch considerably higher. A captain of finance and his girl of the moment, on page 2, appear, to the cynical gaze of a customer's man and a customer's woman, from either the same or adjoining bathrooms in a suite in the Hotel Lotti "in the Rue de Castiglione." The girl of the moment—summed up in the list of characters thoughtfully provided at the end of the volume as "Mme Ashnikidzé, a prostitute"—is then described. "Her eyes, large as imperial amethysts, roved in an insolent stare of proud imbecility. . . . In the exalted fashion of Paris whores she singled out and courted the husband in the presence of his wife." The startled reader falls back on the hope that this is Miss Stead guying the life out of her material. Not at all. This is, as it turns out, Miss Stead being Miss Stead.

From this point on the language and the action merge into one preposterous whole. Characters sneer in various ways, laugh with childish glee, and act "with insulting insouciance." Even the silences are "bizarre." People arrive at destinations "ineluctably." There are numerous glimpses of a "half-gilded demi-monde," and the word "whore" is plentifully used, both as a noun and a verb. The author's confidence never deserts her. "The responses that Alphendéry made to him were only legatos in the sonata of his reflections: he heard what was said faintly as an echo. . . ." Well, that is a good try. If Miss Stead did not hit "obbligato," she at least staggered it.

What "House of All Nations" chiefly proves is that the audience for Ouida and Gothic romance has not yet been completely absorbed by the movies. Its members cast glances up and down the padded shelves of circulating libraries, on one of which this novel will, no doubt, have a long and profitable stay. LOUISE BOGAN

Behind the Far Eastern War

JAPAN IN CHINA. By T. A. Bisson. The Macmillan Company. $3.

IN THE flood of books on the Far East which have deluged the market in recent months Mr. Bisson's stands out as the only one which can be said to answer the question: What are they fighting about? That the war should have been going on for nearly eleven months before a good book appears explaining it is not perhaps surprising. No book comparable to this one has yet been written on the Spanish conflict, and no book on the World War of this quality appeared during the first two or three years of the war. In fact, only the accident of Mr. Bisson's having been in the Far East last year made this volume possible.

The first half of Mr. Bisson's survey deals with the political evolution of China from the signing of the Tangku truce with Japan on May 31, 1933, to the outbreak of the present undeclared war in the late summer of last year. During the earlier part of this period the Chinese government at Nanking retreated steadily before ever more insistent Japanese demands. Increasing resistance became evident, however, in the late summer and fall of 1935, when Japanese leaders first began to speak of making China's five northern provinces "autonomous." The turning-point in Sino-Japanese relations—and what may well be the pivotal point in Chinese history—occurred at the Sixth Plenary Session of the Kuomintang (Nationalist Party) in November, 1935. On that occasion China announced the launching of a new monetary policy which involved the abandonment of silver and the establishment of a "managed" currency tied to the pound. Although this step might seem to be merely a normal exercise of China's sovereign right to regulate its currency, it occasioned a storm of protest in Tokyo, where it was interpreted, possibly correctly, as a deliberate affront. A fortnight later pressure by General Doihara, chief of the Kwantung Army's Special Service Section, for the immediaate separation of North China collapsed when the regular Japanese diplomatic authorities told Nanking that Doihara was in North China merely in a "private capacity." December brought the spectacular student demonstrations at Pieping, which, as Mr. Bisson points out, "were destined to exert a unifying influence which speedily overcame political cleavages that had existed for ten years." In the following year the peaceful settlement of the threatened civil war between Nanking and the Kwangsi generals Li Tsung-jen and Pai Chung-hsi was the signal for a much firmer attitude toward Japan. The influence of the growing nationalist spirit among the common people began to be evident at Nanking.

Despite this unmistakable trend toward unity, Chiang Kai-shek was determined to carry on his campaign against the Communists when he went to Sian in December, 1936. His "arrest" by the Young Marshal and subsequent decision to call off the campaign and to prepare to resist Japanese aggression represented the culminating effect of the rising patriotic spirit among all groups in the population. This unity probably was the immediate cause of the war. For the Japanese military felt that they could not tolerate a strong, unified China, capable of defending its legitimate interests. And Japan's policy of piecemeal encroachment, pursued by threats and cajolery with a minimum use of military force since 1933, had reached the limit of its possibilities. China was too strong to tolerate a continuation of these tactics. Japan's only hope for expansion lay in resort to arms.

In succeeding chapters Mr. Bisson shows how the pressure for expansion arose out of the Japanese political and economic situation. At first the financial and commercial interests of Japan opposed the pan-Asiatic policies of the military. But gradually, under the leadership of men like Kuhara and Aikawa, the capitalists interested in the heavy industries joined with the conservative military clique in an ambitious program of military and industrial preparedness. The recent Hayashi and the first Konoye Cabinet were dominated by this combination. The brake on the military's expansionist ambitions formerly exercised by the light industries became inoperative. Further disturbances in China were welcomed as a justification of the military's "emergency" program.

Perhaps the most striking chapter in Mr. Bisson's book is the last, which depicts the situation in Manchuria after six years of occupation. He shows how every avenue of indoctrination—education, press, and radio—is employed to keep the Chinese people passive in the face of declining living standards and an almost complete absence of civil rights. For somewhat the same reasons the sale of opium is encouraged. Budgetary appropriations for education are only one-half as large as under the former Chinese regime, and have declined in the past four years. There is not one bona fide university in the whole of "Manchoukuo," the half-dozen colleges which existed under Chang Hsueh-liang having been closed.

In view of Japan's claims to have liquidated banditry in Manchuria, Mr. Bisson's disclosures regarding the "protected villages" are particularly illuminating. Beginning in 1936, Japanese authorities have forced the population of whole areas to live concentrated in walled villages where they could be carefully supervised. Outlying farmhouses have been burned to the ground. Villagers unable to produce residence certificates are summarily executed. The head men of the village are held responsible if any bandits are discovered. About once a week a detachment of Japanese troops visits the villages. It has to be welcomed by a reception committee and quartered and fed for the night at the expense of the villagers.

If the Manchuria of today is a prototype of the China of tomorrow, the picture is not particularly encouraging for either the Japanese or the Chinese. Despite the drastic measures utilized to suppress "banditry," which have forced thousands of Manchurians to emigrate south of the Great Wall, bands of anti-Japanese marauders roam the countryside. They are unquestionably supported by the peasants in the "protected villages." The Japanese garrison is engaged in almost constant warfare with these bands and has never

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succeeded in establishing its control far from the cities and main lines of communication.

One can only wish that every person who has at one time or another sought to justify the Japanese invasion of China on the ground that it brought "law and order" could be compelled to read the final chapter, if not the whole, of Mr. Bisson's invaluable study. Facts are a useful antidote for propaganda. MAXWELL S. STEWART

A Village Epicurus

EARTH MEMORIES. By Llewellyn Powys. With an Introduction by Van Wyck Brooks. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.75.

AS A person, Llewellyn Powys suggested to Van Wyck Brooks "some shaggy god in exile, an Apollo playing the shepherd in a far-away land." It would not be difficult to find labels that apply to him as a writer: an Epicurean mystic, a dun D. H. Lawrence, a rustic vicar turned atheist, a village antiquarian with a fund of Latin eloquence. None of these phrases, however, conveys the qualities that distinguish him as a literary figure, which are an uncommon rigor of style and an extraordinary persistence as an amateur philosopher.

His style is not without its irritations. It has at times the slickness of the professional Englishman of letters: there are subdued preciosities, and the mechanism is almost too perfect. But at its best it is a clear and strong prose, which becomes diaphanous and reveals the object. Its chief lapse is tediousness, a fault that is not exclusively nor even primarily stylistic. Mr. Powys is obsessed with the background. When the background is dramatic—the African forests in "Black Laughter" or the history of the planet in "Impassioned Clay"—the prose is interesting. This volume of essays, however, is concerned very largely with the flora and fauna of the English countryside, and with none too picturesque local history. Accordingly, it will hold spellbound few but those in whom it evokes some recognition of the things with which it deals.

The "earth memories" which Mr. Powys seeks to impart are mystical experiences in which some commonplace object causes a sudden and powerful intensification of feeling, possessing for the writer a "sacramental quality." The cultivation of such experiences constitutes for him our natural faith, "a heightened awareness of the stream of earth-life as it moves past in our moment of time." The stimulus may be a beach at dusk, the flight of an owl, a copper kettle, or even a banana skin buried in the sand. When Mr. Powys, who can be a very keen observer, takes the pains to recreate in its manifold relations the object that he is writing about, he is justified in calling the resulting experience poetic vision. This usually occurs, paradoxically enough, when he chronicles his less rapturous moments. Describing an earth memory, he is ordinarily content to name the stimulus, tell us that it gave him an intense mood, and exhort us to have it too. All of which indicates that his ecstasies are more akin to hypnosis than to poetry.

Mr. Powys's philosophy might have seemed both more pertinent and more adequate a generation ago, when modern intellectuals were rediscovering Lucretius's perception that naturalism need not be an unemotional doctrine. Like other Epicureans, he tends to give cosmic awe a larger place than it holds in a rational scheme of life. When he turns to survey the human condition, he has little to offer except a frenzied life-worship, which cannot be wholly explained by his long struggle with tuberculosis: "We can do nothing better than to fling our bodies and souls before the god of life, passionately and without reserves, as oblations of golden wine are thrown from a cup."

The dominance of the background, furthermore, causes him to be either sentimental or surly when he is writing about people. The dons of Corpus, whom he knows, are dear old things; the dons of Merton, whom he has met for the first time, are dead fish. The gipsies are wild and beautiful people, like Shakespeare's fairies. The football hero of Mr. Powys's youth, encountered years later, is still a "radiant" and "noble" being. He is even able to wax hot over social injustice when he recalls a philanthropic clergyman of the last century. His most convincing treatment of character is found when he writes of remote or imagined folk, such as Peter Breughel's peasants, in the essay which to my mind is the best in the volume, or of himself, whom he has analyzed dispassionately. PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Britain and Europe

INSANITY FAIR. By Douglas Reed. Covici, Friede. $3.

> Spain has shown once again that at the moment when the masses in any country are within grasp of real emancipation and freedom, the army and church and royalists and aristocrats and white-collar classes will turn on them with cannon, and if necessary call in foreigners or even black troops to help suppress them.
>
> For some reason Franco is popular in England. Madrid is an execrably bad propagandist, and the word "red" is coming to have such hypnotic force that it blinds people to all reason, and produces such oddities as the letter written to an English newspaper by a rabbit-trapping reader who said, "All this talk about the inhumanity of spring-traps is nonsense and in my opinion Bolshevik money is behind it."

THE man who wrote these sentences is no red. When he lived in his English home he used to vote for the Conservative Party, and perhaps he will do the same thing at the next election. Nor is he a contributor to the labor press or to any left-wing publications. He is an editor of the most respectable and venerable newspaper that comes out in the Anglo-Saxon world. He is Douglas Reed of the London *Times*, and this book which contains so much cruel truth is "Insanity Fair."

The market of insanity is our Europe of today with its displays of dictatorship, militarism, and mass hysteria. As a correspondent of the London *Times* Reed lived in Germany from 1927 to 1934. He witnessed the agony of the unhappy German republic and then the rise of Hitlerism from the Reichstag fire to the slaughter of June 30, 1934. Afterward he became the representative of his paper in Vienna and had to report on the death of independent Austria. He left Vienna immediately after Hitler's triumphant entrance.

His book combines very nicely the personal experiences of the author with the great trend of world policies. One will not agree with Reed on every detail; for example, he underestimates the dreadful plight of the European Jews because some Jews were able to do business as usual in Germany even after 1933 and because he met some successful Jewish emigrants abroad. But nevertheless he has a real knowledge of Germany and the Nazis and of all the perplexing problems of modern Europe.

Perhaps the most important passages of this book are not the long chapters on Germany, Austria, and the Nazis but the shorter and more casual remarks on England. Reed is a pitiless critic of the weakness and the contradictions of the British foreign policy, and he shows its roots. The English are certainly neither cowards nor decadents nor fools, but a small and influential group within the English upper classes likes the military dictators. Reed sees that the Nazis are today the natural and most dangerous enemies of the British Empire. But the whole question is befogged by the smoke cloud that the dictators give out: "Come in with us and save the world from Bolshevism!"

Reed found in London in 1937 that most of the "snobs had gone fascist." He gives a characteristic description of the British diplomat Sir Nevile Henderson. As British ambassador in Yugoslavia, Henderson favored the dictatorship of King Alexander, and now as British ambassador in Berlin he is, according to Reed, sympathetic to German expansion. Reed met in Prague young British diplomats with a strong dislike of Czechoslovak democracy, and he tells us of the same tendency among the British officials in Madrid.

In a surprising passage, he discusses the possibilities of fascism in England:

> If there were a republican labor movement in England, and it seemed likely to get a majority at an election, the same thing might happen there. Don't believe the cliché about "it can't happen in England." It can. . . . You already have in England some of the stigmata of a fascist regime—a parliament with an enormous majority returned on a false issue and a dummy opposition, a press that in part is already subordinated to German and Italian wishes—and the rest of the change-over might be quickly made if the working-class masses became really restless.

Reed is a bit unfair to the Labor members of Parliament, who certainly have not been dummies during the last year, and his own book contradicts a too gloomy outlook on the English future. Can you imagine any conservative editor in Germany writing such a book, even before Hitler? There is in England today not only the enormous labor movement; there is also the Conservative Party, which retains its grip on the British voters because there stand within its ranks beside the pro-fascists many thousands of proud and sincere democrats like Reed himself. Should a really decisive crisis arise, the English people would emerge stronger than the snobs. Perhaps the Czechoslovak problem, every aspect of which is vividly described by Reed, will bring the acid test very soon.

Sometimes books should be written where black is named black and white is named white and a murderer is named a murderer. Reed deserves our thanks for his strong and courageous work.

One last word: If Reed ever looks into the index of his American edition, he will find something to laugh at. For a funny hand put there the immortal "Blimp, Colonel," between the ordinary mortals "Bismarck" and "Blomberg, General von."

ARTHUR ROSENBERG

Career of a French Reformer

MALESHERBES, DEFENDER AND REFORMER OF THE FRENCH MONARCHY, 1721-94. By John M. S. Allison. Yale University Press. $2.50.

THE name of Malesherbes evokes no response from the general reading public and only a bare recognition from students of European history. As a result of the labors of Mr. Allison this significant, though little-known, figure of eighteenth-century France has been rescued from oblivion. Mr. Allison's book, the first biography of Malesherbes, is an authentic and interesting study of the career of the French reformer, based for the most part on unpublished material.

Malesherbes belonged to the wealthy class of hereditary judges known as the "nobility of the robe." A monarchist, an aristocrat, and a pillar of the old regime, he was nevertheless active in undermining its foundations. And it was not at all as one "boring from within" that he attacked the evils of his day, but rather in the sincere belief that he was spreading enlightenment among those in power, who would thereby be moved to save the monarchy by abolishing the abuses of the old regime. As president of the Cour des Aides, a court that had power "to register" royal decrees concerning taxes, he drew up the "Remonstrances" of the court, which were severe indictments of the fiscal and administrative policies of the government. These Remonstrances were widely circulated and did not a little to undermine popular confidence in the monarchy. As Director of Publications he was chief of a body of censors that supervised all publications in France. Instead of using his position to enforce the censorship, he did what he could to circumvent it. Being something of a *philosophe* himself, he took an active interest in the publication of the "Encyclopedia," secretly advising and cautioning the editors, Diderot and D'Alembert, and protecting the banned enterprise from his own agents. Had it not been for Malesherbes's aid and encouragement, the continued publication of the "Encyclopedia" would in all likelihood have been impossible.

With Malesherbes's appointment as chief associate of Turgot when the latter became Minister of Finance, the hopes of the *philosophes* rose high. The government was "now filled with philosophers" who acted as the brain trust of the "benevolent" Louis XVI. According to Mr. Allison, the famous reforms of Turgot "would eventually have transformed the whole appearance of French society." But Turgot's efforts ended in failure, and the old regime moved swiftly toward its doom.

During the French Revolution Malesherbes was a loyal adherent of Louis XVI. He became one of the counsel to defend the king before the convention. A quick change in public opinion now took place in regard to Malesherbes. His services to reform were forgotten, and he was thought of only as an aristocrat who had defended the hated Louis.

At the age of seventy-three Malesherbes was condemned as a traitor, and "eager to be gone from a world which he did not comprehend," he went, calmly and even gladly, to the guillotine.

Mr. Allison's book is a welcome addition to the growing literature of liberalism. He has revealed, in Malesherbes, a type of liberal that was widely prevalent in eighteenth-century France. Liberals like Malesherbes were convinced that civil liberties could be established without political freedom by a process called "benevolent despotism." An all-powerful monarch "enlightened" by philosophers would willingly establish civil liberties and continue to remain all-powerful. The alert Voltaire, no less than the profound Turgot, shared in this delusion. And this despite the plain record of English history, whose pages were open before them to tell how civil liberties had been won only after centuries of struggle, and how they had to be constantly guarded by parliament. The delusion vanished only after the French Revolution had destroyed all faith in arbitrary government of whatever kind.

J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO

Shorter Notices

GYPSY WATERS CRUISES SOUTH. By Don Waters. Sheridan House. $3.

Here is a tale for anyone who has ever owned or cruised in a sailboat, or dreamed of so doing. Its author, reared in the tradition of the old whaling vessels and thoroughly disheartened with the ways of men on land, invested most of his small capital in an ancient, dismasted Chesapeake bugeye, and rebuilt her himself from the frame up. Expenses were kept at a minimum by the simple expedient of doing all possible labor himself. This included, among other things, the selection of suitable live trees for the masts, which he cut and trimmed to size by hand in his own back yard. Foraging expeditions to wrecks up and down the Chesapeake yielded many usable bits of timber and hardware. The end of two years' work saw the Gypsy Waters ready to nose her way southward. The skipper with his wife and daughters then moved aboard and have lived there for several years. The book describes a leisurely cruise from the Chesapeake down the inland waterway to Florida, around the keys, and up the Florida west coast. Although the description of a hurricane which crossed their path is magnificent, the accent is not on excitement and high risks, but on the adventure of living simply. Interspersed in the narrative is much technical information on cruising equipment for tropical conditions and on single-handed navigation in Florida waters. However, the Gypsy Waters is more than a fine example of the art of shipbuilding, and her skipper is more than a clever craftsman and an able navigator. He has found a satisfying way of life for himself and his family.

THE PROLETARIAT: A CHALLENGE TO WESTERN CIVILIZATION. By Goetz A. Briefs. McGraw-Hill Book Company. $3.

This is a study of the base on which the modern social pyramid rests. It sees the proletariat as a propertyless wage class created in its present form by capitalism, an "estate" whose

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members are demarked from others by the fact that they sell their labor as a commodity in the market. But while starting with this essentially Marxian concept the author of this book doubts that the eventual philosophy of the proletariat must be Marxian or its destiny socialist or communist. He points out that the "proletarian potential" of American labor is still low and its fate linked with the middle class. He disagrees with Werner Sombart's earlier statement (Sombart, turned Nazi, would not say it now) that "Marxism is cut to the measure of the proletariat." He is rather inclined to follow Nietzsche's lead, thrown out in his "Genealogy of Morals," that the socialist society is propertyless because of the "resentment" of the creators of socialist doctrine—the resentment of a "slave morality" that glorifies its own lack of property by wiping out all property. He thus erects what is at best a shabby literary half-truth into a principle of social theory. It is not surprising that the *Wall Street Journal* finds this part of the book the most exciting, and has taken it as an occasion for introducing stockbrokers to Nietzsche's anti-massism. The book presents the now common paradox of starting with Marxian premises and ending with an anti-Marxian animus. The author's own thought is much concerned with the "human worth" of the proletariat, and leans toward the re-propertying of it and toward the distributism of the Catholic thinkers. But on the problem of how the restoration of property may be accomplished the author is silent.

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ART

Two Schools for "Technicians"

IN East Sixteenth Street, New York City, are two interesting schools. One of them has been holding its yearly exhibition. This school is the "Design Laboratory." The objects on display would seem difficult to classify under a single head. They range all the way from gold-mining machinery for Russia to electric appliances for a doctor's office, and from abstract sculpture to a streamlined tourist cabin. As objects of "art" they would seem too diverse to make much sense; but the point is that these designs are entered not as "art" but as design in industry. And in industry there is no point at which good design can end without bringing a loss.

Few displays in the exhibition can be said to be remarkable in themselves, but the purpose that they all serve is a novel one—they are designs not by students but by teachers, shown in response to a challenge from the students. The "Design Laboratory" began as one of the many WPA projects that opened entirely new channels for American creative work. It was later dropped by the government, but continued in association with a trade union of technicians, and now has emerged as an independent cooperative on its own.

In the same building with the Design Laboratory there is conducted another school, of a parallel kind. This is the Federation Technical School, operated by a union whose name matches the complication of its pursuits, namely, the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists, and Technicians, a C. I. O. affiliate. The courses cover a wide range of technical subjects. In addition to operating the school the federation publishes a lively periodical called *Technical America.*

In its way, therefore, the Design Laboratory is the twentieth-century equivalent of the medieval guilds. In the guilds the master taught the apprentice, that is, the advanced craftsman taught the beginner; today it is the advanced technician training the beginning technician. Such a school differs enormously from the nineteenth-century institutions for "workmen's education." One need only reread Ruskin's "Fors Clavigera" to realize how astonishingly paternalistic were the minds of even the best men who supported such institutions. The new schools represent organized self-education.

In schools such as these the newly organized technicians and white-collar workers are maintaining the best tradition of organized work. Housing projects in New York City and its vicinity are certain to reach a higher level of excellence because a large number of men—not all chiefs and not all directors, but ambitious draftsmen, architects, and emerging planners—are here acquiring a background that will carry sound technique through from the top to the bottom. Despite the limited funds, the school, through its integrity, is able to command the services of planners such as Clarence Stein, and it houses the Henry Wright Memorial Library, one of the best single collections on housing.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Letters to the Editors

The Voice of Our Readers

[Some weeks ago we asked readers to contribute comments on The Nation, *its purposes and contents, and to suggest subjects for our attention or points of view that should be expressed. We print below selections from these, some in full and some in part. From time to time we shall publish others, giving preference to those which offer constructive suggestions.]*

Dear Sirs: I do not expect an avowedly partisan magazine to maintain the same level of objectivity as a learned journal. I am aware that certain institutions and personalities have two strikes already called on them before most of the articles or editorials are written. Still, a little less characterization as black or white would be more convincing even to one sympathetic with your general philosophy. As it is, I have to use my salt-shaker rather liberally.

On the whole question of the U. S. S. R. I note that you have been pretty much on the fence, perhaps wisely so. Of late you have become somewhat more critical of the Stalin regime. To me the lesson of Soviet experience has not been as a test of an economic system but as a warning that any form of dictatorship, whether of the "proletariat" or otherwise, cannot be trusted to evolve of its own volition into a democracy with civil liberties for the individual.

There is powerful motivation for any organized, self-conscious group to put its own immediate welfare above that of the general public. Organized labor is no exception to this tendency. It often tends to forget (somewhat understandably) that the ultimate purpose of an economic system is not jobs but goods and services. I realize that there is a circular relationship between employment and the national real income. Yet inasmuch as job security is the primary aim of trade unionism it is going to be increasingly important to strike an optimum balance between job security and such things as industrial efficiency, technological progress, promotion with regard to ability as well as seniority, and the interests of the consumer. Labor should be counseled against taking the narrow view.

HENRY S. SHRYOCK, JR.

Princeton, N. J.

Dear Sirs: Fifteen or twenty years ago *The Nation* was a good "radical" paper. Not so now. It seems to have got all the sense and originality ironed out of it—bought off. You have fallen in line nicely.

I am a farmer. I am quite an old man—seventy-six. I believe that most writers suffer from a great fear. They try to write what the people would like to hear.

A farmer is quite different from a city man. His horizon is a long way off. The city man seldom sees any farther off than a block. The lunch counter, the automat, and the obsequious waiter are doing their share in the destruction of men and our boasted civilization. Here we grow our own wheat and make it into our own bread. We raise our own beef and follow it up all the way until it goes into the glass jars. But it is a hard life. To come through needs soul and body too, resourcefulness and no fear of death.

I also know the city. I lived in it long enough to get the necessary experiences. I know London and New York. Also I know when a man is writing out of his life, his experiences, or for a loaf of bread. The wise, the inventors, and the over-studious are hurrying to knock down and make a pile of dust and ashes of our boasted progress. They need half a day at the wood pile.

ROBERT ALEXANDER

Pacific, Mo.

Dear Sirs: It has occurred to me that you might be able to do even more than you do for the adjustment of Negro problems. I recall articles about strikes in Harlem, share-cropper crises, and general labor problems from the Negro's point of view; and most of all your devotion to the Scottsboro case. All of these have been splendid. I wonder, though, if it would be possible to mention in greater detail some other problems of the Negroes, the way Langston Hughes does in "Not Without Laughter." But the most important point to emphasize is that the Negroes' enemies are the enemies of civil liberties, therefore everybody's enemies. That realization is needed throughout America—so that all types of labor, all professions, all arts will see the common foe.

MARGARET C. CLARK

Hackensack, N. J.

Dear Sirs: I wish to take this opportunity to tell you how much I look forward to *The Nation* and also to make a few suggestions. First, I think an article or a series of articles on farmers' organizations—their policies, the number of their members, how many farmers remain "rugged individualists," and how wide a disparity in understanding exists between farmers and organized labor—would be very helpful. Second, I wish *The Nation* would publish more articles about the relief crisis in various cities, particularly in Chicago. I should like to see not only an analysis of the situation but also constructive criticism.

JESSIE K. HERKIMER

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: I have been reading *The Nation* for many years and agree with almost everything therein. I think it is the most intelligent, fairest, and most really democratic magazine I know of, and it makes me sick at heart to see that its writings are not followed by our politicians or statesmen. So I feel you are just wasting your energy trying to civilize our country, and reading *The Nation* just makes me feel discouraged. I have decided not to subscribe for a while at least, to see whether I will feel better in heart and mind and be like the masses who do not or cannot think. I do not think democracy can survive.

H. W. NOTH

Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sirs: I have had a long experience in both industrial and educational employment, from floor sweeper to proprietor in one, and from teacher of subnormals to teacher of postgraduate students in the other. The first step in aiding labor is to recognize the fact that many employees in our large plants are quite as intelligent, quite as well read, and quite as capable of passing judgment on current affairs as any other group—even editors. The next step is to recognize the fact that there are in all plants persons utterly devoid of any ethical or moral standards, who are willing to take up with any line of action that promises them some personal return or advantage; and then keep in mind that it is this latter group that you are supporting when you support the Wagner Act or John L. Lewis or the A. F. of L. or the NLRB.

The activities of these strong-arm groups are forcing employers to decrease production and employment. You are in a position to bring the facts before the public, but I can see no likelihood of your doing so.

FRANK HENRY SELDEN

Lundys Lane, Pa.

Dear Sirs: Those slanderous articles about the Soviet Union in the form of book reviews by Edmund Wilson that you published several months ago hurt me. I believe, with all true progressives, that the Soviet Union is truly the "land of hope." Its mere existence will lead the masses to seek a better life in all other countries.

Your editorials on Europe and America, however, have been enlightening. The only way to prevent another world war is through concerted economic action against the aggressors. The repeal of the Neutrality Act and the passage of the O'Connell peace act will go a long way to put the prestige of our country on the side of peace.

I believe that a victory for fascism in Spain or China affects labor throughout the world. Therefore I believe that progressives everywhere should cooperate to smash fascism wherever it arises. Hearst has been in favor of isolation for years. Isolation and a big navy have been his pets. But we know whom he represents.

M. B. TOMPKINS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Your general letter to *Nation* subscribers regarding their laxity in keeping in touch "with the family" was interesting; but did it ever occur to you that the majority of your readers are perfectly satisfied with most of your editorial policies, news items, special features, and book reviews? As a rule you are voicing our thoughts and expressing our feelings; so, why clutter up your desk with a "Voice of the People" department? Your readers are not a herd of crackpots who are seeking to get their names in print. Let's leave that sort of stuff for *Time* or the Chicago *Tribune*.

T. F. RYLANDS

Chicago, Ill.

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The Shape of Things

*

BY CUTTING THE YELLOW RIVER DIKES AND allowing the muddy waters of China's "river of sorrows" to inundate a vast area just being occupied by the Japanese troops, China has apparently checked Japan's main drive on Chengchow and Hankow. Whether by accident or design, the timing of the Chinese retreat could not have been bettered. When the retreat started, the Yellow River was relatively low, but the retirement had scarcely begun before heavy rains set in which would have caused a flood even if the dikes had not been breached. The flood has not only given the Chinese time to reorganize their troops for the defense of Hankow but, in saving Chengchow, has permitted them to maintain direct rail connections between Hankow and the western provinces of Shensi and Kansu. While it is impossible to estimate the loss of life caused by the flood, it is certainly much less than is claimed in Japanese statements. Most of the inhabitants are known to have withdrawn with the Chinese armies well ahead of the flood waters. Frustrated in their long-prepared offensive against the Lunghai railway, the Japanese are attempting to drive up the Yangtze toward Hankow. In this, however, they face great obstacles. There are no railways or roads, and the Yangtze is blocked in at least two places by booms. Japan has now warned the powers of its intention to extend military operations over a vast area to the south and west. But Chinese morale seems, even in the face of these threats, to be improving. Should the Cabinet be reorganized, as reports say it will be, to include T. V. Soong and Eugene Chen as Finance Minister and Foreign Minister respectively, China will have the strongest government in its history, one which has an excellent chance of ultimately winning the war.

*

THE CROSS-SECTION POLL IS HERE TO STAY. Its value as a corrective to the rationalizations of a minority-minded press in a democracy is beyond question. The *Fortune* Quarterly Survey has just published the results of a nation-wide sampling of opinion on President Roosevelt. The answers are all the more im-

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pressive because *Fortune,* as an organ of finance and industry, has never shown much love for the President. The editors report that a clear majority of the people still favor the President in general; a vast majority of all classes and sections like his personality; a clear majority support his economic objectives and his wages-and-hours legislation; a large majority agree with him that nothing would be gained by wage cuts; and an even larger majority stand with him in his rearmament policy and his foreign policy. While opinion is lukewarm on the President's attitude toward unions, business, and the TVA, it is generally with him; more people approve than disapprove. The division in this field is along class lines, with labor, farmers, Negroes, and the unemployed strongly favoring these policies. A similar cleavage is shown in the vote on whether the President has too much power and whether Congress should work more closely with him. Sentiment on his advisers and on the reorganization bill tends to go against him. A disquieting disclosure is the apathy of Americans toward foreign events, with 35 per cent of the voters expressing no definable attitude and, more important, with 67 per cent opposed to the admission of refugees.

*

THE SADISTS OF BERLIN ARE CAREFUL TO hide from foreign scrutiny the economic and political difficulties of the Third Reich, but the savagery of their latest attack upon the Jews undoubtedly reflects an acute inner strain. The regime needs money; the Czechoslovakian coup having failed, it also needs a scapegoat. So it subjects its Jewish population to systematic hold-up and beats its victims as they run, while the world is treated to a spectacle of cowardly brutality refined to the point of insanity. Thus before he can leave the country a Jew whose property is taken is required to pay an emigrant tax amounting to one-fourth of the capital value of the confiscated property; homes are entered at any hour and their occupants carted off to crowded jails or concentration camps without explanation or charge; insults in yellow paint scream from shop windows, sidewalks, and park benches; and the whole dirty business is declared to have been caused by the Jews' "insolent and provocative" attitude. Meanwhile the Nazis count on feeding the fires of anti-Semitism everywhere by dumping upon a world in depression thousands of penniless Jewish refugees.

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NEVER ADDICTED TO THE BELIEF THAT *nihil nisi bonum* should be spoken of the dead, we have no editorial wreath to offer the late Senator Copeland. By virtue of his committee memberships his chief work as a Senator was in connection with merchant-marine problems and food-and-drug legislation. Yet among seamen he was cordially detested as author of the notorious "fink-book" proposal, which would have provided the most vicious blacklisting device known in labor relations; and his ardor in whitewashing shipowners accused of stinting safety-at-sea devices was equaled only by his zeal in getting those same shipowners fat government subsidies. As guardian of the purity of food and drugs, the Doctor-Senator was instrumental in weakening every genuine attempt to curb irresponsible labeling and advertising, and even hired himself out as a regular speaker on radio programs sponsored by food manufacturers. But if his life was politically uninspired, his death at this moment is politically important. It opens up a whole slate of new possibilities and combinations in New York State, which in the fall will for the first time in many years elect two United States Senators as well as an entire state ticket. It may mean that Governor Lehman will be urged by his party to run for the Senate along with Senator Wagner, and that Solicitor General Robert Jackson, Representative Mead, or Judge Poletti may be put up for governor. With Lehman disposed of as a candidate to succeed himself at Albany, the Republicans are more likely to nominate District Attorney Dewey, which in turn will pose a problem for the American Labor Party, now grown several degrees cooler toward Mr. Dewey. Even Mayor LaGuardia is not to be overlooked in what now may easily prove the outstanding election battle of the year.

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MORE THAN TWO YEARS HAVE ELAPSED since the night when Joseph Shoemaker, S. J. Rogers, and Eugene Poulnot were mercilessly flogged, tarred, and feathered in Tampa. Members of the "Modern Democrats," a moderate left-wing group, they were seized by police in a private home, taken to headquarters, then carried to a remote spot where they were tortured; nine days later Shoemaker died. Now the last of three trials of their assailants has ended with the acquittal of all five former policemen, and the Tampa authorities announce that the case is closed. They are wrong. Judicial whitewash does not remove such stains, and the latest trial has merely demonstrated that federal intervention alone can shatter the corrupt structure responsible for Shoemaker's death. By invoking judicial technicalities the defense succeeded in barring vital evidence, by character assaults on Poulnot and Rogers it discredited—to the jury's satisfaction—much of the admitted testimony, and by appealing to every current of sectional prejudice it won its verdict of acquittal. That verdict is a ringing summons for the La Follette committee. In a moment of wish-fulfilment we recently included Tampa in a list of investigations made by the committee; the announcement was premature but the need is greater than ever. Florida's authorities should not be allowed to forget Joseph Shoemaker's last words—"I did not know that men could be so mean."

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The Seventy-fifth

WHEN the Seventy-fifth Congress folded up and passed into history, most American citizens were far more interested in another historic event—Johnny Van der Meer's feat in pitching two successive no-hit, no-run games in major-league baseball. Which is, perhaps, as it should be. The Seventy-fifth Congress in its second and third sessions was too equivocal and too confused to leave any sharp imprint on the lives of the common people.

It passed the wage-hour bill and the relief-recovery bill. It put through a huge armaments budget. It enacted a new agricultural act. It passed a series of minor but none the less important regulatory measures, such as the law affecting over-the-counter securities and revisions of the food-and-drug law, the bankruptcy act, and tax legislation. It initiated immensely important investigations, particularly those of monopolies, the TVA, elections, relief, civil liberties, un-American activities, lobbying. It adjourned leaving the usual quota of unfinished business. Compared with the disastrous first session, which was dominated by the rise and fall of the court plan, the special and final sessions of the Seventy-fifth were pretty good. Measured against the opportunities that Congress had, they were shabby. Which leaves the verdict, in the final analysis, pretty much run-of-the-mill.

Above all else the Congress talked—freely, copiously, noisily, mostly foolishly, but it talked. That, and not only the enactment of legislation, is its function as a parliament. Despite the new sense of urgency that comes from economic collapse, a Congress will never be an efficient lawmaking body. Only rarely and under the stress of great crisis, as with the Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth Congresses, is a succession of important laws quickly enacted. For the rest Congress operates as an arena of opinion and a battleground of shifting party alignments between elections.

The Seventy-fifth was an arena of opinion, but a bad one. Many times it was prepared to count Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal out, but the voters—speaking through the primaries and the new institution of informal polls—did not allow it. One can only conclude that Congress did not, to start with, adequately represent its constituencies; and that it was, in addition, an easy prey to business pressure groups and opinion-forming machines. Hence the necessity for the party battles that went on in the Seventy-fifth Congress. So far from deploring the emergence of a sharp cleavage between the tory and progressive wings of the Democratic Party, we welcome it. To have made this cleavage clear was a historic contribution. It points the direction for future social action. And the current ***Fortune*** poll, which we discuss elsewhere, leaves little doubt what the people will say when they speak.

Only one thing further. Even when Congress is confused, government goes on. For in the modern world the real axis of government has shifted to the administrative agencies.

Accelerated Surrender

FOUR months have passed since Anthony Eden resigned as Foreign Minister of England in protest against Chamberlain's policy of conciliation toward the aggressors. At the outset there was a deceptive plausibility about Chamberlain's strategy. It was argued that since both Italy and Germany have legitimate complaints and since they would not hesitate to throw the world into war to achieve their ends, it is the part of wisdom to make concessions. Eden himself was not wholly unfavorable to the idea of making terms with the potential aggressors, but he insisted that such an agreement would be meaningless unless the dictator powers gave concrete evidence of intending to live up to it.

Enough time has now elapsed to pass a considered judgment on the practical effects of Chamberlain's tactics. Peace has been maintained in Europe, but at what cost? Austria was lost, and now republican Spain, too, is to be sacrificed regardless of consequences. The insurgents are pressing toward Valencia, and the French government has finally agreed to close the Pyrenees frontier. Chamberlain has not only shown complete indifference to the fate of Spanish democracy but is trying desperately to satisfy Mussolini's every demand.

Only in Czechoslovakia has the course of the warmakers been halted. And here the halt was called by the Czechs with their small but well-equipped army. The Czech municipal elections have served to strengthen the hand of the government. Although the Sudeten German Party claims some 90 per cent of the vote in the German districts, the government parties gained heavily elsewhere. The Slovak autonomist party led by Hlinka suffered a slight loss, while the other fascist and right-wing parties lost even more. For the moment, at least, prospects of a compromise on the nationalities issue seem brighter. The government has agreed to regard Henlein's recent memorandum as well as its own proposed nationalities statute as a basis for negotiation, and Henlein is reported to have modified his demands.

Back of Henlein's unexpected moderation lies the essential weakness of the Third Reich. German foreign trade, which closed 1937 with a favorable balance, has shown an increasing deficit thus far this year. The repudiation of Austria's foreign loans—which has angered England—was a result of necessity rather than deliberate policy. The bad showing made by the mechanized branch of the army at the time of the occupation of Austria has made Hitler shrink from the prospect of actual conflict. Faced by failure of its wheat harvest and an extraordinarily heavy adverse trade balance, Italy is even weaker than Germany economically. Had there been a strong government in England in recent months, both Austria and Spain might have been saved without serious risk of war. Mussolini and Hitler could have been forced to a position where they would have had to accept disarmament and return to the League in return for the righting of the genuine injustices that had been done their countries. The opportunity is still there, but every indication points to a policy of accelerated surrender to fascist demands.

Enough Rope for Hague

IT IS all too easy for progressives and intellectuals to laugh at Mayor Hague's atrocious grammar and his moronic political theory. It is all too smart for sophisticates to pay him the inverted condescension of admiring his courtroom manner and his dramatic flair. Frank Hague is nobody's fool and he is far more than an actor. For all his display of political primitivism he has shown the qualities that have made him one of the top-flight political bosses in America—the shrewdness, the quickness, the overbearing force, the elaborate directness and sincerity, the uncanny ability to pick his own battleground, the capacity to size up the political potentialities of a situation and exploit them to the full. Such a man is no laughing matter. He is dangerous.

And for that reason we don't like the way the injunction trial has been going. The C. I. O. counsel have been able, and the business of getting Hague into a courtroom and subjecting him to the same rule of law that has been the graveyard of tyrannies under the Anglo-Saxon system since the Stuart kings has been a real achievement. Liberals have always felt that the best specific to apply to error is air and sunlight. This is part of our heritage from the age of rationalism and was sound enough as a rule of thumb in an era when feudal institutions were crumbling and ideas were on the march in an expanding economy. But more than that is needed when a new feudalism is being built and insecurities and fears are mounting in a contracting economy. The idea has evidently been to let Frank Hague talk, to give him enough rope to hang himself with. But the question is, will he use it for himself or for us?

Hague has been given a national audience that he never hoped for. For the first time Americans have heard seriously and effectively expounded in a courtroom the doctrine that labor organizers are reds, that civil liberties are Communist fabrications, and that a patriotic mayor who is a he-man and can recognize his reds can also protect his people against them. These are ludicrous doctrines, but let us not dismiss their force. To many people these doctrines, for all their crudeness, will come to clinch a prejudice or verbalize a sense of insecurity. And the conservative columnists and editorial writers who are today hastening to show their own enlightenment as against Hague's Cimmerian darkness have prepared the soil for the reception of his ideas by their attacks upon the C. I. O. and the Wagner Act.

We believe in giving publicity to error, and we believe in what Justice Holmes called the "free competition of ideas in the market-place"—provided it is fair competition. But in this case the issues have been falsely joined, and false antitheses have been posed. Hague has shrewdly made the question for decision the validity of his own ideas about Communists, and this has allowed him to drag in all the shreds of gossip and all the canards of the Lusk Committee report. And he has just as shrewdly fixed on Morris L. Ernst, counsel for the C. I. O. in the injunction suit, as the head and source of the fantastic Communist conspiracy he has constructed in his imagination. This gives him a chance to accuse his accuser, to dramatize his own talent for direct vituperation, to drag a thousand red herrings across the path of the real issues. Actually neither Mr. Ernst nor the Communists have anything to do with the issues at stake. It is not a question of Mr. Hague against Mr. Ernst, nor of Mr. Hague against the Communists. It is a question of Mr. Hague against the right of labor to organize in Jersey City, of Mr. Hague against the right of anyone (whether Communist or not) to speak in Jersey City, of Mr. Hague against the Wagner Act, of Mr. Hague against the United States government.

These are the legal issues. Behind them are social issues that cannot be fought out in a courtroom but that will decide the final outcome. Hague's followers are only partly a paid army and a mass of camp-followers and political prostitutes. Behind them are the uprooted, the insecure, the *Lumpenproletariat* that will attach itself to any doctrine which promises violence and perquisites. They do not know who it is that really calls the tune that Hague dances to. They do not know—for no one has yet taken the trouble to investigate—who the industrialists are in Jersey City who stand behind Hague and tolerate his antics and his taxes so long as they are exempted from labor organizers.

Beyond Hague and beyond Jersey City lie other confused populations and other vest-pocket bosses and demagogues ambitious to become dictators—the George Harveys, the Gerald Winrods, the Tom Pendergasts. By not taking a hand in the Jersey City situation Mr. Roosevelt and the Administration are storing up trouble for themselves. For beneath the veneer of liberalism in America lie frightening possibilities of violence. And the Hagues are wearing that veneer ever thinner.

The Battle Lines Are Drawn

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

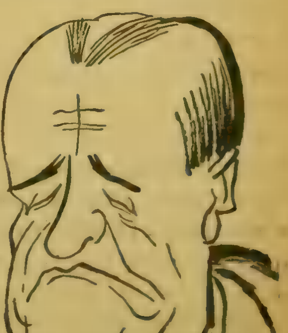
Washington, June 20

AT LAST the lines are drawn for a decisive battle between New Dealers and Old Dealers for control of the Democratic Party. The summer primaries will be the scene of the opening engagements, although the issue is not likely to be decided until the national convention in 1940. In personal terms, the struggle is between the wing led by President Roosevelt and that commanded by Vice-President Garner. The implications of that will be denied but the fact will remain. The break has been inevitable for at least two years and now it is here. Final evidence was supplied over the week-end by Senator Sheppard, of Texas. He and the lord of Uvalde are old political cronies who never get their wires crossed. Speaking as chairman of the Senate Committee on Campaign Expenditures, Sheppard announced that all senatorial candidates will be required to answer a searching questionnaire, disclosing, among other things, whether any government funds are being expended in their behalf and whether they are receiving assistance from any official or agency of the government.

That sounds virtuous enough; in one sense it is quite virtuous. But such steps are not motivated by considerations of virtue, and in this instance the purpose is entirely obvious. It simply means that wherever the Administration attempts to throw its support to a New Deal candidate, the committee on campaign expenditures will endeavor to checkmate it. If Sheppard's announcement had left any doubt on the subject, it would have been removed by the statement of Senator Walsh, of Massachusetts, also a member of the committee. Walsh, one of the most stalwart of the Old Dealers, said he would urge the appointment of "trained investigators, with prosecuting experience." He also suggested that the committee divide the country into zones, with one member responsible for each zone, in order to be ready to crack down at a moment's notice.

On the other side, the President is finally showing an inclination to abandon his pretense of "neutrality" in these contests. It is high time. He is not neutral, and it would reflect no credit on his courage and self-respect if he were. The issue is one of political integrity and should be faced boldly. He is going into Kentucky for the express purpose of aiding Senator Barkley, and the indications are he will find it convenient to strike a blow for Bulkley in Ohio and Thomas in Oklahoma. Tydings of Maryland and McCarran of Nevada believe the Administration is out to defeat them for renomination, and I think they are correct. The question is how far it will go, and the danger is that it won't go far enough.

Because the House Rules Committee refused to be "intimidated" by John L. Lewis, the House was denied an opportunity to vote on the amendment to the Walsh-Healey Act, and consequently the government will continue to make it profitable for contractors to violate its laws. At least, that was the committee's excuse. Of course, the excuse is a falsehood. The truth is that the Rules Committee, occupying a strategic bottle-neck in the national legislative process, is packed with reactionary tools of special interests. That this gang of legislative assassins is permitted to exercise a veto power more conclusive than the President's is a mockery of democratic government, and is rapidly becoming a national scandal. It is no exaggeration to say that John J. O'Connor of New York has succeeded in making himself the greatest individual obstacle to good government in Washington. For a Tammany ward politician such as O'Connor and a Southern vigilante such as Cox of Georgia, along with half a dozen others who are no better, to be able to kill legislation which would pass overwhelmingly if it could be brought to a vote is a condition which needs no further characterization.



Representative O'Connor

Lewis's "invasion" of Speaker Bankhead's office was, of course, grossly misrepresented in most of the newspapers. He called by appointment to urge that the House be permitted to vote on the amendment. If the call had been made—for a contrary purpose—by an agent of the National Association of Manufacturers it might have been noticed to the extent of a paragraph or two, and a visit by William Green would have attracted no more attention. If it is wicked for the head of a labor organization to call openly on leaders of the House to urge that the members be allowed to vote on a pending bill which has already passed the Senate, then my sense of moral values has disappeared. The entire uproar was a hypocritical diversion carried out to protect corporations which are profiting from government contracts while breaking its laws.

I am always amused by newspaper accounts of the adjournment of Congress. "Washington Evacuated," said one headline. The reader envisions dozens of special trains puffing out of the station, airplanes taking off on intervals of two or three minutes, and automobiles streaming out on the congested highways. There is even a hint of families picking their way toward the open country; their pitiful belongings piled high on carts and burros. Actually, some 600,000 of us remain behind, and this promises to be the busiest summer official Washington has seen since the lunatic days of the NRA, when every other man had a brief case in his hand and the febrile glow of dementia in his eye. Occupying the center of the stage, no doubt, will be the investigation of monopoly. The committee selections from the House and Senate were hardly brilliant—a circumstance in which we may discern the fine hands of Garner and Bankhead. Borah won't work hard. O'Mahoney means well, but he is neither a Tom Walsh nor a Hugo Black. However, the six members from the executive departments should be ample to handle the situation.

Incidentally, a significant speech was delivered at Detroit last week by Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold, new head of the anti-trust division. Emphasizing that if the criminal provisions of the law are to operate as a deterrent it must be generally understood that all violations will be prosecuted vigorously, he declared that the government will not compromise criminal cases on the basis of promises to desist from illegal practices. The declaration of policy was timely because on the preceding day, before the same audience, my old friend Donald Richberg had delivered one of those soothing-syrup lullabys for which he is becoming entirely too famous. He seemed to be saying that the way to end all the ill-feeling and discontent in this country is for everybody to forget about the anti-trust laws, join one big trade association, and sign a code of fair practice. I can't make out whether he is kidding himself or the rest of us.

Oil and Mexico's Future

BY L. O. PRENDERGAST

Mexico City, June 15

FASCISM'S first violent bid for power in Mexico has come to an inglorious end. The Cedillo revolt, so abundantly advertised in advance, fizzled out like a damp firecracker as soon as the match was applied by the government itself. It would be downright flattery to dignify the incident with the word "rebellion," although the foreign correspondents here seem to have done a good job of persuading the American people that the whole country was in arms. Cedillo never represented a real danger. At the same time, had he been allowed to proceed unmolested with his preparations, he might, within perhaps so short a time as three or four months, have given the administration a good many headaches. This was the real reason prompting Cárdenas's action in provoking Cedillo into an ill-timed and unprepared rebellion which could be easily and decisively crushed.

Ever since the expropriation of the oil companies Mexico's economic situation has been deteriorating at a dizzy rate. This result was by no means unlooked for. Both Cárdenas and Vicente Lombardo Toledano, the leader of the Confederation of Mexican Workers (the C. T. M.), had warned the country that it must be prepared to make considerable sacrifices in exchange for the recovery of its petroleum wealth. Nevertheless, it is probable that no one anticipated just how rapid and how disastrous the crash would be, particularly in comparison with the boom conditions that have prevailed here during the past several years. Part of the present crisis is undoubtedly due to the collapse in the United States, inevitably reflected in the almost wholly satellite economy of this semi-colonial country. Nevertheless, since the bulk of Mexican exports is made up of minerals and petroleum, both vital necessities for the flourishing armaments industry throughout the world, the country might reasonably have expected to escape the worst effects of the new depression if other circumstances had remained normal. The tariff measures adopted last January to defend the stability of the currency were in fact directed toward that goal.

But with the expropriation of the oil industry and the simultaneous suspension by the United States of the purchase of Mexican silver the full weight of the imperialist offensive against the social-reform program of the present administration was unleashed. We may assume that Prime Minister Chamberlain would have liked nothing better than to send a British squadron to bombard Vera Cruz or, at the very least, to stage a naval demonstration in the most approved imperialist fashion off the Mexican coast; it would have been an agreeable way of diverting British opinion from the "realistic" policy which, in its dealings with Hitler and Mussolini, falls somewhat short

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of complete truculence. Prevented by the Monroe Doctrine from indulging in this activity, he adopted the next best course, that is, slow financial strangulation.

How directly involved the British and American oil companies have been in the Cedillo revolt it is still impossible to say, for the obvious reason that if the documentary evidence of their complicity exists, it has not been made public. But they cannot deny their responsibility for the actions that prepared the way for Cedillo's premature attempt. In spite of the apparent desire of the United States government to arrive at a swift and amicable solution of the oil controversy, the American companies have actively seconded the Chamberlain policy by joining the English in a boycott of Mexico's "stolen" oil. The general uncertainty and alarm in Mexico, the lack of business confidence in the government's ability to emerge from the struggle with a whole skin, the flight of capital—initiated and engineered by the oil companies—the rapid falling off of production, and the cessation of petroleum exports made it impossible to defend the value of the currency any longer. In the past three months the peso has fallen from 20 to 25 per cent below its former level. The earlier precipitous rise of domestic prices has thus been aggravated by a sharp increase in the price of imported articles. Mexican manufactures, which in large part depend on imported raw and semi-finished materials, are facing enforced shutdown as a result. With the falling off of industrial production and exports the government's revenues have correspondingly declined, and public works are being drastically curtailed. Unemployment and a general collapse appear certain unless the diplomatic horizon unexpectedly clears.

Some time ago I wrote in *The Nation* that the reactionary enemies of the Cárdenas government would welcome a depression as the best means of discrediting and overthrowing the regime. If the Mexican people could be persuaded that their woes were the result of the "Bolshevik" policies of the madman in the National Palace, it would be relatively easy to turn him out and to instal a government which, if not openly fascist, would at any rate end the threat to industrial super-profits and unlimited rural exploitation represented by the labor and agrarian program of the Cárdenas government.

The consequences of the oil expropriation thus played directly into the hands of the reactionaries. Here was an issue hand-tailored to their needs, and in any action they finally nerved themselves to take they could reasonably count on the powerful aid of the oil companies. Naturally, they had to move with great circumspection, concealing their purposes under a show of patriotic enthusiasm for the defeat of oil imperialism, but under the surface they worked feverishly for the great day. And this is the explanation of the Cedillo revolt. Given another three or four months in which to mature, it would have attracted the adherence of the largely fascist-minded middle class, of numerous groups of disillusioned and unemployed workers, of many deluded peasants, of the church—whose most powerful protector Cedillo has been in his own state, of native industrialists and landowners, and of foreign interests bent on inducing in Mexico the comfortable somnolence of the Calles period, when reactionary policies were disguised under a cloak of "socialist" demagogy. In this set-up Cedillo was no more than a dummy. He was valuable only because he was the only nationally known general with prestige in certain army circles who was ready and willing to stick out his neck. As a permanent leader of counter-revolution he was merely a joke. Incredibly ignorant and even in military matters utterly incompetent, he would unquestionably have been replaced as soon as his task of initiating the movement had been accomplished; candidates for the post of the Mexican *caudillo* are unhappily not lacking.

Looked at wholly objectively, the "revolt" was deliberately provoked by President Cárdenas for two reasons: to dispose of the Cedillo conspiracy before it took on more dangerous proportions; and to dramatize the perilous situation of the country in such a way as to rally the population to the government's defense while at the same time exposing the machinations of its enemies. That is to say, in view of the existing economic and political situation, it was essential for the stability of the government to crush a feeble rebellion now and thus solidify its support and its prestige, rather than have to face a more powerful movement later, when its ability to deal with it successfully might have been undermined by attacks from without and treachery from within the administration. Cedillo fell into the trap thus prepared for him because he had very little choice in the matter. Submission to the President's ultimatum to surrender his arms would have meant consigning himself to the political scrap heap. Moreover, he had been so inflated by the constant adulation of the reactionary press during the past two years that he fondly imagined a large part of the nation would rise to his support once the die was cast. But the newspapers were far cannier than their dupe. They saw quickly enough that the game was up and turned on him with a unanimity of vicious invective that would have done them more credit had they not previously deliberately inflamed his dream of dictatorship.

It would be comforting to believe that with Cedillo's collapse the fascist menace has been met and defeated in Mexico, but nothing could be more dangerously untrue. On the contrary, unless there is a rapid and distinct improvement in economic conditions, unrest and dissatisfaction, with all their explosive possibilities in the hands of shrewd and unscrupulous demagogues, will continue to grow. The future attitude of the oil companies is of decisive importance. Should Mexico be able to come to an agreement with them on the terms of indemnification, the internal situation would improve at once, as a large part of the present alarm would immediately disappear with the resumption of petroleum exports and the rise in the value of the currency. But this, obviously, is precisely what the oil companies will move heaven and earth to prevent. They know that Mexico can pay them only in goods—which in this case must be oil—for the country's sole resources are its natural wealth. They are therefore holding out for cash payment and at the same time imposing a boycott on Mexican oil, thus far almost 100 per cent effective, which makes it impossible for Mexico to obtain cash.

It is inconceivable that the Roosevelt Administration will continue to tolerate the irresponsible attempts of these international buccaneers to destroy Mexico's growing democracy. No matter how distressing some of the officials of the State Department may find the policies of the present Mexican government, they must realize the danger of allowing Mexico to be transformed into an American Spain to which Guatemala would willingly play the role of Portugal. Without American support, the English must eventually come to terms with Mexico because they cannot afford permanently to lose access to the Mexican oil fields. But as long as Washington tacitly condones the active cooperation of the American companies in the British campaign against Mexican solvency and political stability, Chamberlain can hardly be expected to alter his policy. After all, the oil companies are rich enough to wait almost indefinitely; Mexico lacks such staying power. But Mexico will not go down without fighting, nor, no matter how grave the internal situation may become, will the Cárdenas government lose the support of the majority of the Mexican people—the organized workers of the C. T. M., now nearly a million strong, and the recipients of land distributed under the agrarian reform, the *ejidatarios,* now the most powerful organized section of the rural population. And both groups are receiving military training in preparation for any eventuality. In other words, the imperialist offensive against Mexico may win, but only at the cost of repeating, on American soil, the bloodshed and iniquity of the Spanish tragedy.

The issue before the American State Department is thus clear. It is essential that the United States abandon any attempt to pull the British chestnuts out of the fire, and that it let the American oil companies understand that they will find no Administration support for their conspiracy to foment counter-revolution in Mexico through the economic strangulation of the country. The United States has already acknowledged that Mexico was fully within its sovereign rights in taking over the oil industry. Mexico has promised to pay the value of the properties and is willing to make the payment in the only form possible. If the State Department is to be consistent with its own declaration of policy and loyal to its obligations toward a neighboring friendly democracy, it must discourage the plots of the oil companies to regain by violence what they were too arrogant and stupid to retain lawfully.

Can Prague Rely on Paris?

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, June 7

MORE than two weeks have passed since the "danger day" of May 21, the date of the first of a series of Czechoslovakian elections; and peace in Europe—with the exception of Spain—remains intact, though still precarious. It will be for future historians to distribute the credit for having kept Europe from plunging into war. In the days immediately preceding the vote Hitler was to all appearances ready to invade Czechoslovakia as he had invaded Austria. And then he changed his mind. Why? First, because the Czech government by calling up two classes of reserves showed that, unlike the unhappy Austrians, the Czechs would fight; secondly, because Hitler suddenly became convinced that France was not bluffing, and that it also would mobilize; lastly, because Sir Nevile Henderson, the British ambassador in Berlin, presented to the Wilhelmstrasse a very strong note which clearly indicated that in the event of a European war England could not be relied upon to remain neutral.

The action taken by the Czechs, the French, and the British had the cumulative effect of staying Hitler's hand. But there are still two possibilities to be feared. One is that Germany may become convinced that the action of the three democratic powers on that day was after all only a colossal bluff, and that next time it must be called. The other is that Hitler, even if he is convinced that England and France are in dead earnest, may still invade Czechoslovakia and take the risk of a general war, especially if he has reason to believe that Italy will be on his side. But this danger is not so great. First of all, Italy cannot be absolutely depended upon, since it has no desire to help Germany to acquire European hegemony. If Franco had already won in Spain, Italy's entry into a war on Germany's side would be a much safer bet; but so long as the Loyalist government keeps up resistance,

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a general war, in which the Spanish republic would be an ally of France and no longer hampered by "non-intervention," would make Italy's position in Spain highly precarious. Britain and France, of course, do not want to have to fight both Germany and Italy and will make desperate efforts to buy Italy's neutrality. I have heard a prominent Frenchman say: "Why worry about Italy? The day the war breaks out we'll give it Tunisia." Secondly, there are Poland and Yugoslavia. When it comes to the point neither has anything to gain from an Italian-German victory. I have heard a Pole say: "No, we shall not follow France blindly if it goes to the help of Czechoslovakia, but we shall do whatever England does. *We* don't want German hegemony either." And there is also Russia—a dark horse perhaps, but one with which Germany must reckon if it attacks Czechoslovakia and even more if it starts a general war. In short, Germany's chances of winning in a general war seem rather unfavorable. It would naturally prefer a "localized" war—and it is this which France and England can still prevent by firmness.

The evolution of French opinion in relation to Czechoslovakia has been curious to watch. Before the German reoccupation of the Rhineland on March 7, 1936, the Franco-Czech alliance was never queried. It is true that certain papers of the extreme right had been continuously hostile to Czechoslovakia for being a democratic and "masonic" country—Benes was supposed to be a freemason—and also for being one of the most active members of the League. Léon Daudet, in the *Action Française,* had said that if Czechoslovakia received the lion's share of the Dual Monarchy it was because Benes and Philippe Berthelot were freemasons who had planned the destruction of Catholic Austria. In the days of the Abyssinian affair the press of the right was anti-Czech because Czechoslovakia supported the League. But even the French right never questioned the Franco-Czech alliance. The reoccupation of the Rhineland, however, created a new situation, since the consequent threatened fortification of the border would be a strategic obstacle to the application of the alliance. But even this was not a matter of immediate concern, for it was said in France that several years would be required for fortifying the Rhineland.

Nevertheless, after March 7, 1936, France found it necessary to give Czechoslovakia new assurances that it would "march" if Czechoslovakia were attacked. Before that time there had been no need for such assurances; the fact that they were now made showed that there were doubts on the subject to be allayed—in France, and in Germany, and in England. In France itself anti-League and anti-collective-security elements began to speak of the difficulty of helping Czechoslovakia; Fernand de Brinon, a friend of M. Laval's and a member of the rather mysterious Comité France-Allemagne, discreetly advocated an "understanding with Germany" under which Germany would be given a more or less free hand in the East. Even official quarters were not altogether immune to such ideas.

But actually Central Europe still remained in the background; and it was not until the end of 1937 that serious alarm began to be felt in French government quarters. M. Delbos's "friendly tour" to Warsaw, Bucharest, Belgrade, and Prague had proved a fiasco. France suddenly realized how low its prestige had fallen since 1934, when Barthou visited these capitals. The general public in Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Poland still seemed pro-French, but the governments were lukewarm or plainly frigid; and in Belgrade a pro-French (and anti-Stoyadinovich) demonstration was brutally dispersed by the police. "Poor Delbos," Robert Dell remarked, "anyone crying *Vive la France* was shot down by the police." Czechoslovakia alone was completely loyal to France; the others were, more or less, reinsuring themselves with Germany. The Franco-Soviet pact was cordially disliked by the governments of Poland and Yugoslavia, and so was the Front Populaire.

And then, in the two months that followed, the trouble started in earnest—a Cabinet crisis in France in January, and then, on February 4, the purge in the Reichswehr and the appointment of Ribbentrop as Foreign Minister. A week later, on February 12, came the Berchtesgaden ultimatum, then, on February 20, Hitler's menacing speech, and that same evening Eden's resignation. Two days later Mr. Chamberlain said: "We must not try to delude small weak nations into thinking that they will be protected by the League against aggression and acting accordingly when we know that nothing of the kind can be expected"—an ominous statement which many remembered on March 12 when the German armies marched into defenseless Austria. France was deeply perturbed by Eden's resignation, and not least M. Delbos. In a statement to the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Chamber he hastened to say that there would be no essential change in France's foreign policy, that France continued to believe in the League and would be loyal to its allies.

During February and March French elements which had for a long time insidiously advocated the policy of giving Germany a "free hand in the East" came out into the open; they felt that their opportunity had come. The first prominent public figure to voice such ideas publicly was M. Flandin. He had gone to Germany in the fall of 1937 and been much impressed by what he saw there, and after Delbos's unfortunate tour he began to speak of "intrenchment behind the Maginot line," "direct understanding with Germany," "France an empire power after the manner of Great Britain rather than a European power." On February 11 he embroidered further on this theme, saying that France was rearming because of the Communists (that is, because of the Franco-Soviet pact, even though it was he who as Premier, in February, 1936, had proposed its ratification to the Chamber) and that if, instead, it came to terms with Germany and Italy it would not need to rearm. There is little doubt that M. Flandin thought of making political capital out of his new policy; perhaps he had a "hunch" concerning what was about to happen in London—the total change in British policy, which it would be France's duty to follow. After Mr. Chamberlain's speech of February 22 Flandin looked for a day or two like the prophet of the New Truth. But the Chamber, in its debate of February 26-27, disavowed Flandin's ideas completely; nobody indorsed his policy directly or indirectly, or what then seemed to be Mr. Chamberlain's policy. Flandin's speech on the second day of the debate was a climb-down.

And yet it was clear that France was not going to do anything about Austria. After the Berchtesgaden ultimatum, even while Eden was still in office, Delbos, speaking to a number of journalists, threw up his arms in despair and said that it was no use interfering in a quarrel between seventy million people and seven million, with all the guns on the side of the seventy million. In any case, with Eden gone, the last hope of saving Austria vanished—unless, indeed, Italy was prepared to act. But it was not. Chamberlain's speech had given Germany full freedom of action; and when on March 9 the Chautemps Cabinet resigned and France was left without a government, the conditions for invading Austria were perfect.

What happened after that in France was very strange. Blum, in forming the new Cabinet on the day of the Anschluss, made a desperate appeal to the right to join in a national government, but they refused. It looked as if they were unaware of the full gravity of the international situation. And during the weeks that followed a press campaign of the worst sort was started against Czechoslovakia. Its purpose was to encourage defeatism in France. Some of these articles were no doubt prompted by the desire to save France from war at any price, no matter if Germany became all-powerful in a few years' time; but others had, plainly, been paid for by German propaganda agencies, which had never been so active in France before. All those elements which had supported Laval against the League denounced the Soviet pact, attacked the Front Populaire, and supported Franco now made the discovery that Czechoslovakia was "not a country at all," and that it would be folly for France to fight for it. "Will you fight for the Czechs?" asked *Gringoire,* the organ of the Chiappe gang. And the *Jour,* and *Candide,* and *Je Suis Partout,* and other papers joined the chorus. Even the serious and solemn *Temps* published an article by Professor Joseph Barthélemy, who argued that the Czech alliance was no longer legally valid, that Czechoslovakia was not a "real" country, and that it was strategically impossible to go to its aid. If this propaganda against Czechoslovakia was in March largely directed against Blum and Paul-Boncour, his Foreign Minister, it now no longer had any direct bearing on the French internal situation; the Daladier government was now in office, and M. Bonnet, well liked by the right, was Foreign Minister. Actually, M. Bonnet, as soon as he came into office, assured Osuski, the Czech Minister in Paris, of France's loyalty to the Franco-Czech alliance and was much annoyed by the Barthélemy article, which had been reproduced under huge headlines in all the German papers. The joke had gone too far. The *Temps* itself (I believe at Bonnet's request) published a *démenti* of Barthélemy's views.

In spite of the desperate defeatist campaign of the extreme right, French public opinion as a whole felt that Czechoslovakia could not be abandoned. It was this spirit among the French people, a spirit which had, if anything, been stimulated by the anti-Czech press campaign —a curious example of the effect of suspect propaganda on an intelligent people—which encouraged the Daladier government to take a strong stand during the days that preceded May 21. But for this Jacobin instinct of national self-preservation among the French people the prophets of defeatism might have got away with it. And but for this conviction that France would march Mr. Chamberlain might have gone on saying, "We must not try to delude small weak nations into thinking that they will be protected." Today everybody in France hopes for a peaceful settlement between Germany and Czechoslovakia; the difference is between those who want "a settlement under which Czechoslovakia may go on living," and those who want a settlement "at any price; it doesn't matter if Czechoslovakia disappears gradually—so long as we don't have a war now." That was rather the line taken by the London *Times* in a leader last week; one wondered whether it reflected a weakening in the attitude of the British government. At any rate, the French government remains firm; before the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Chamber last week Bonnet said: "It is important that the German minority should not be given rights out of all proportion to their numerical importance."

Of course there remains the strategic obstacle—the Rhineland fortifications. Concerning this a leading French military authority has written: "Has there ever been a war in which at least one of the sides did not claim to have impregnable fortresses? The primary consideration in war is the war itself, in all its innumerable aspects, and not this or that fortress. No doubt our apathy on March 7, 1936, was a colossal blunder; but we can't consent to become a third-class power because of one blunder."

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Columnists on Parade

VIII. DOROTHY THOMPSON

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

DOROTHY THOMPSON is that combination of small-town girl who makes good and woman of the world which is peculiarly American. She has gone far in terms of prestige, income, and experience. Yet there is something tentative about her worldliness, something of the national adolescence about her maturity. She has the self-assertiveness of success, yet her rise has been so quick and telescopic that her very success may well induce a sense of insecurity. Or so it seems. In her most eloquent columns there is a large element of self-conscious showmanship, a straining for effect that often degenerates into exhibitionism. It points to a basic sense of inadequacy which is at once generic to this age of confusion and specific to the character and development of the first woman ever invited to address the New York Union League Club. In so far as it takes the form of humility it can be the beginning of wisdom. But humility is today at the bottom of the pile, as far as Miss Thompson is concerned—and she is industriously building up the pile.

Dorothy Thompson was born in Lancaster, near Syracuse, New York, in 1894, the daughter of an English Methodist clergyman. She was educated at the Lewis Institute in Chicago and at Syracuse University. At Syracuse she became active in the feminist movement in her college days. Her history suggests a bright, practical, vigorous American girl, eager for experience, accepting the necessity for earning a living as if it were a pleasant adventure, and full of high expectancy. She had planned to teach, but when the opportunity came she had a job with the woman's suffrage movement. From 1917 to 1920, according to "Who's Who," she was engaged in social work. After the war she went to Europe, which turned out to be her land of opportunity. Through a combination of luck and her own enterprise she hung up several journalistic scoops and ended by becoming the first woman bureau chief for an American newspaper in Europe. Meanwhile she grew up, and the prevailing influences of post-war Europe—disillusion, excitement, and instability—played over both her character and her career. She was a journalist at large in a world cut loose from all its moorings. Her fresh American intelligence and her charm, plus plain hard work, opened every door. She met everybody, officiated at revolutions, and achieved a salon in Vienna and Berlin. We may be sure that the impressionable young lady from Syracuse learned something from everyone she met and turned it to account.

Her final European triumph was her marriage to Sinclair Lewis in 1928, shortly before her return to America. She brought out of Europe a deep hatred of fascism (she was later expelled from Germany by the Nazi government) and the one positive, disinterested, and passionate conviction that emerges in the public performances of the leading lady of American journalism. This is her attitude on the Jewish question, which carries over to the issue of political persecution and freedom of speech in general. Her belief in civil liberties, which springs from a blend of Syracuse and Berlin, is genuine, and she has performed an important service by her campaign against fascism and in behalf of its victims, which, particularly as it has touched upon the Jewish phase, has undoubtedly brought protests from her reactionary audience. But she has put this genuine belief to factitious uses.

Miss Thompson became a columnist in March, 1936. In less than two years she had built up a clientele of 140 newspapers having a circulation of 7,500,000. She broadcasts regularly and is much in demand as a speaker. She writes for the *Ladies' Home Journal,* where her comment, designed for women, points up the phenomenon of a woman who is not imprisoned on the women's page. Her income must be close to $100,000. Her writing is vigorous and her appeal is wide. Her style is gusty and fresh. Each column reads like a tour de force. Where Lippmann soothes and is soothed, Thompson excites and is excited. Outrage is her favorite mood. In her tri-weekly columns of the five months from January to May (she is now on vacation) can be read the present character and preoccupations of the girl from Syracuse.

She is the most interesting and dramatic personality among the columnists. And the reasons lie not only in her natural vitality, her capacity for excitement, and her journalistic talent, but in the sense of conflict which shows through her highly volatile expression. Her columns are more or less evenly divided between foreign and domestic subjects—and her comment on foreign affairs is much the superior. She has written some excellent columns, both analytical and hortatory, on the folly of British foreign policy. Against the insolence and brutality of fascism she has carried on an unremitting campaign. On the issue of Austria and Czechoslovakia she is eloquent and for the most part realistic, though some of her writing on Austria in particular has been characterized by that hysteria into which she is often betrayed and which seems to be a compensation for some profound self-doubt. She became very sentimental about Schuschnigg, though she knew that it was Schuschnigg's "greatest friend" Dollfuss who scattered by dissolution and massacre the working-class forces which might have saved Austria. And in a preface to Schuschnigg's book she worked herself up to the bad taste of saying that she, Dorothy Thompson, would have died for Austria. In a curious column called Christianity's Crisis she wrote as follows: "The issue in the Germanic world, precipitated by the events in Austria, is not even in the first line the issue of Austrian independence. It is whether the Germanic world is to be Christian or pagan. . . ." Yet Cardinal Innitzer, Schuschnigg's boss and high priest of Austria's Christianity, was the first to hail Hitler when the blow fell.

Despite these excesses, and in part because of them, if Miss Thompson were to be judged on the basis of her comments on foreign affairs, she would be set down as a liberal of good-will who sees the totalitarian flood advancing over Europe and wishes to stop its course. But in relation to her comments on the American scene her columns on Europe appear in a different light. For in this country she uses her thoroughly admirable attitude toward European fascism as a weapon against the New Deal in such a way as to make her the supporter of those forces and personalities that are most likely to fashion and pay for American fascism if and when it comes.

Miss Thompson's thesis, as far as the New Deal is concerned, is that it is not only potentially fascist but has already entered the first phase. "I wish for us all, for the New Year," she wrote on January 3, "a Congress that is no longer willing to be a Nazi Reichstag." This is a foolish statement of her most fruitful preoccupation, the analogy between fascist and prefascist Germany, which is the one subject on which she is thoroughly educated by experience, and the United States, about which she cannot possibly be as well informed, if only because of her protracted absence during crucial years. Given the alarmist tendencies of her emotional nature, her German and Austrian experience has been the matrix of a large part of her public expression since she returned to America. According to common supposition it produced, indirectly, Sinclair Lewis's picture of an American fascism in "It Can't Happen Here." Directly it has given rise to her campaign against European fascism—and to her attack on the New Deal. But whereas the first has the backing of a genuinely disinterested conviction, and direct knowledge, the second wears the marks of a rationalization dictated by another genuine impulse, that of ambition, which is a dominating element in her character and which is anything but disinterested. An editor I once worked for was a vociferous liberal on issues outside his own state. The very extravagance of Miss Thompson's outbursts against European fascism suggests that they may be a form of compensation for her reactionary columns on American issues, and the hysteria of her attack on the New Deal reinforces the impression. Certain other elements enter in. Miss Thompson's thinking is uncreative, her social understanding is largely information gathered by an extraordinarily absorbent mind through years of association with social problems as they were reflected in the journalistic mind of a disintegrating Europe. These limitations, and her ambition, have combined to drive her into an attitude, at home, that makes her the delight of reactionaries and the prisoner of a brain trust which her position and her personality attract.

Miss Thompson's attitude seems to rest also on an assumption that is both plausible and appealing and has provided an escape for many a tired, or ambitious, intellectual. Stated simply it is that communism is as bad as fascism—look at Russia. Therefore we must fight both. The eagerness with which some of our leading minds have clutched at the assumption that the Russian version of socialism has exhausted and discredited the Marxian conception reveals more about the nature of leading minds than about the nature of socialism. Moreover, capitalist democracy has taken on a disproportionate prestige as the be-all and end-all of a large section of left opinion of all shades, including the American Communist Party. With the totalitarian regimes before us, we can all agree that capitalist democracy is worth preserving. The trouble is that it is not static and that although Marxian politics have come a cropper the economic prosperity of capitalism which sets the limits of its democracy is steadily degenerating in the way that Marx foresaw. The great problem of the times is to work out a technique for translating capitalist democracy into social democracy without sacrificing individual liberty. Miss Thompson's solution is to eliminate the proletariat. She also advocates, like Lippmann, the return to "first principles," and becomes, like him, irrelevant except as an apologist for the status quo and a gadfly to the New Deal. In this role she takes one outrage flight after another while thousands look aloft. She is much too clever, and has too many left associations from her European days, to indulge in red-baiting—she is eager indeed to prove that the New Deal has nothing to do with socialism. It is one concession she has not made to the career she has chosen; in any case she is genuinely anti-fascist, and she also has sense enough to know that fascism is a far more likely possibility, given the world as it is, than socialism. Thus, where Mark Sullivan sees a red bogy Dorothy Thompson sees a fascist menace—but her specific objections to the New Deal are essentially the same. In fact, Miss Thompson in her own right comes close to being that type of old-fashioned American conservative who really believes in free speech as a form of individual enterprise and, on

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the theory that it can do no harm, that "crazy ideas" are best exposed to the salutary effect of the open air. But she is also an up-to-date modern woman who has lived abroad, and her views are stated in terms reminiscent of prevailing social theories and shot through with knowing references to prevailing patterns of social thought. It is her mode of expression which makes her impressive —not least to herself. It is her basic conservatism that clinches her popularity with bankers and editors.

The germs of fascism, as well as the seeds of socialism, exist in any capitalist economy forced irresistibly toward collectivism. The New Deal, according to Miss Thompson, is cultivating the fascist germs, and she sees everywhere spectacular and premature growths. This allows her to make use of her German experience and to criticize the New Deal as one of the last embattled liberals. Around the first of the year, when Robert H. Jackson and Harold Ickes were making their famous speeches, Miss Thompson went on one of her emotional sprees. Mr. Jackson reminded her of Dr. Goebbels. The very process of thinking, she said, "is bludgeoned by this Administration." She painted an alarming picture of New Deal objectives, reminiscent of Dr. Johnson (Hugh S.).

> We are to maintain private ownership but have government control. We are to seek a balanced and expanding economy by contractual cooperation between government and agriculture, with penalties for non-cooperation, which is the sense of the farm bills which have just passed both houses. We are then to extend this AAA system to industry and set up a coordinated industry-labor-government mechanism with industry operating under contracts between themselves and government; and we are to have acquiescent courts. And if this is not fascism, then I am deaf, dumb, and blind.

This indeed is a characteristic Thompson paragraph, and it contains the pattern of her typical column against the New Deal. She begins soberly enough; she gradually becomes intoxicated with her own spirits; and she ends with D. T.'s.

A high moral tone and a demand for an expert diagnosis of our economic ills to be followed by the proper cure are the recurrent themes of the Thompson concerto. Into the bass she works a mass of expert statistics, facts, and assumptions supplied by her brain trust, which includes Winthrop Aldrich and Alexander Sachs, to show that the economic situation is bad and that the New Deal is confused. The treble is made up of cadenzas of her own improvisation. Sometimes the disharmony is glaring. In one of her treble, "clever" and personal "Grouse" columns she wrote as follows:

> There is nothing to fear, except the persistent refusal to try to find out the truth. The persistent refusal to analyze the causes of happenings. The persistent argument *ad hominem*—the scapegoat theme.

But in the next sentence she was having a go at the scapegoat theme herself: "If business is rotten because of fear of the government . . ."—though a few days later in the bass she listed "at least twelve" reasons why "business is rotten" culled from the findings of the learned societies meeting at the time. She is all for calm analysis, but one of her arguments against Hague's dictatorship is that he is setting a pattern which, "if I know the dominant C. I. O. psychology at present, they will follow" if Jersey City should ever have a labor government. "I happen," she writes, "to dislike intensely 'liberal' fascists, reactionary fascists, labor fascists, industrial fascists, Catholic fascists, and personal fascists."

"You don't have to choose between them . . ." she ended on high high C, "you can always die first."

Miss Thompson is always choosing, with a great dramatic gesture, between good and evil and in the name of freedom. She is always dealing in ultimate truths—and coming out on the side of immediate reaction. Even Walter Lippmann failed to find in the reorganization bill that attempt to extend the personal power of the President which is one of his obsessions. But Miss Thompson's slogan was "This bill must not pass," and she summoned all her resources of emotion, along with references to German fascism and the Greek city-state, in the fight against it. It was a good show. But it is just such good shows that cast most doubt on the motives of our self-appointed anti-fascist Joan of Arc. The New Deal is wallowing in confusion, both as a result of its historical predicament and because of political and economic factors peculiar to America. Certainly, as Miss Thompson says, we must face reality and not substitute slogans for thought, or agitation for deliberation. But she violates her own stated principles with an irresponsibility all the greater for being decked out in statements of principle. To fight the New Deal as if it were communist is vicious. To fight it as if it were fascist is also vicious, and even more confusing because it is a more subtle and intellectually less discredited approach. Both attacks are based on a failure to face reality. Both are capable of arousing in that middle class about which Miss Thompson professes to be so worried a vigilante spirit which can be bought by the highest bidder. When on top of this she reproaches the New Deal for not eliminating the proletariat, when she propounds the simple fallacy that the European despotisms have "logically grown" out of the European social democracies, she not only does not resolve confusion; she exploits it.

The threat of fascism lies not in the New Deal as such but in its probable failure to carry out its program, to adopt those measures necessary to achieve economic equity and administrative efficiency. It contains its own self-defeating elements—*vide* the reactionary section of the Democratic Party, which in turn accounts for much of the New Deal's dangerous political opportunism.

about which Miss Thompson is so eloquent. It is precisely this section, combined with Republican reaction and the Dorothy Thompsons who speak for it, that provides the often effective resistance to the necessary measures. Meanwhile by such columns as that of May 11 Miss Thompson helps to draw out the worst type of reactionary sentiment. Under the title, The Right to Insecurity, she informed the government that though as employer she was willing to conform, she personally was not interested in having her old age provided for.

> I was brought up to believe [she wrote with incredible arrogance and irresponsibility] that there's only one thing absolutely certain in life and that is that one eventually dies. Never having had the slightest feeling of security, it's a luxury that I do not miss. I prefer exhilaration to certainty, risk to dulness, danger to boredom, work to a job, and independence to a pension.

Unemployed and unemployables please copy.

Journalists exploit confusion and are exploited by it. Some rise above it. Others, after thorough conditioning, come to live in it as in a natural element, especially since it is one ocean from which gold can be extracted. Dorothy Thompson dived into it early and with a will; and at the age of forty-four she has reached a safe and well-appointed inland sea. That she continues to flail so violently would seem to indicate either that she is still afraid of sinking or that her intelligence and her conscience are urging her to higher, drier ground. If so, the sight of Walter Lippmann floating unresistingly in the same admirably tempered waters can offer no comfort.

In the Wind

REPORTS FROM Cuba are carefully guarded, and American newspapers recently missed a significant story there. On May 20—Cuba's Independence Day—the government awarded its annual Orders of Merit. Ten foreigners received them. Five were prominent German Nazis, including von Ribbentrop, von Bülow-Schwante, and three officials of Berlin's Iberian-American Institute.

IN THE government trial of the Aluminum Company of America the prosecution had planned to call Robert J. Anderson, former manager of the Fairmont Aluminum Company, as a key witness. His company had been squeezed out of business by the aluminum trust; his testimony was considered highly valuable because he was one of the few experts in the business not on the pay roll of the Aluminum Company of America. Anderson was ready to testify that if the price of aluminum were reduced five cents a pound, the market would increase fivefold. Shortly before the trial began the government learned that Anderson had been added to the pay roll of the Aluminum Company of America, and it decided accordingly to dispense with his testimony. It also learned that George H. Haskell, another victim of the trust's operation, who was to be the government's star witness—as well as Haskell's two lawyers—had been similarly hired by the Aluminum Company. Haskell has been called to the stand anyway; his testimony in a personal suit against the company several years back is still on the record.

CROSS-COUNTRY: Wide fanfare has surrounded the formation of the "National Rededication Society," designed to "revitalize democracy"; but its assistant director has stated publicly that the society is not interested in Jersey City. . . . A recent column by Jay Franklin in which he denounced the "economic immorality" of the rubber companies for moving out of Akron was banned by the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. . . . There are authoritative reports that Frederick T. Birchall was the author of the New York *Times's* famous unsigned Paris story on the Nazi terror in Vienna. . . . Victoria Booth Demarest, granddaughter of the founders of the Salvation Army, recently admonished the D. A. R. against anti-Semitism, "even if communism has originated in Jewish minds, even if it is secretly backed by international Jewry." . . . Several pro-New Deal Washington correspondents of Scripps-Howard papers have left their posts—some were fired, some resigned, some are now covering regional news. . . . President Roosevelt urged a delegation of peace leaders who protested against the naval budget to try their influence on Hitler. . . . Because six clenched fists (the revolutionary salute) appeared in WPA murals done for Swarthmore College, the college closed the room in which they appeared; after public protest authorities showed the murals—with three of the six fists removed.

AROUND-THE-WORLD: Although the story has been played down, French *Cagoulards* are rearming feverishly; Hans Lüthi, Swiss armament man, is the intermediary between the *Cagoulards* and the source of arms—which is Germany. . . . Tokyo newspapers have featured a report of a sensational off-the-record Cliveden gathering where, according to these dispatches, Mr. Chamberlain said it would be just as well if Czechoslovakia went off the map. . . . A Burgos journal recently announced that "Messrs. Hull and Roosevelt are proof of the absurdity of democracy."

THIS IS Europe's current *mot:*

"Que font les canons?"
"Des détonations (des dettes aux nations)."

SHORTLY BEFORE his appointment to the Supreme Court, Justice—then Senator—Black went to a party where the guests all played a question game. To the question, "Whom do you consider the greatest man living?" Black's reply was "Justice Brandeis." (His wife voted the same.) To the question, "Has any human being the intelligence to fix fairly for all parties the price of a single pair of shoes? (a question designed to cast doubt on the validity of economic planning) Black replied, "No, not even a merchant."

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

ONE sentence in the *Nautical Gazette's* description of the Nieuw Amsterdam, the new ship of the Holland-America Line, has caught my attention: "The new flagship which was to be built and operated without government subsidy or mail contract demanded the utmost in efficient design and building." A couple of decades ago no one would have thought of inserting a sentence like that in any description of new liners. Whatever their flags, they were with rare exceptions built by men who stood on their own feet and neither desired nor expected government aid, direct or indirect—bounties or low-interest-bearing loans or other governmental favors. Today in the largest countries of the world the shipping industry has become an annex of the government and is sustained out of the general funds of the nation. Only the small nations, like Holland, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, seem to be able to keep their ships on the ocean at a profit, while Finland can even make money out of sailing vessels. I believe that the Norwegian steamer Oslofjord, which has also just completed her maiden trip, was constructed without any government aid.

We Americans used to pride ourselves upon the fact that our merchant marine paid its own way. It might be small, but it was not supported by the taxpayers. Indeed, we recalled that every time our government had launched into subsidies grave scandals had resulted. Today the whole situation has changed. Our transoceanic lines live only because of government aid, and even the owners of our coastwise lines are demanding subsidies despite the fact that they operate in a protected trade into which foreign competition may not enter under our laws. Three of our finest ships have just been retired by their lessors from the New York-San Francisco Line because they can no longer pay for themselves. The government not only stands ready to lend large sums of money for long terms at a very low rate of interest for the construction of ships, but grants liberal subsidies for their operation and even construction subsidies in addition to construction credits. What is more, there is not the slightest expectation that the great new fleet of merchant vessels we are about to build will ever be self-supporting.

We have thus deliberately embarked upon the national policy of keeping alive a huge business which cannot pay its own way and is not created because of any direct economic demand for the services to be rendered. Now this principle when applied by the government to helping farmers and publicly owned utility enterprises is widely denounced by business men as a most dangerous departure from historic policy and sound economics. In the shipping field it *is* putting the government into private business with a vengeance. Practically the government builds and owns the ships, or owns the mortgages upon them, and it may be compelled at any time to take them back—as it has just done in the case of the Pennsylvania and her consorts of the California trade—if it should appear that the operators, even with government aid, cannot make both ends meet and pay interest on the government's loans. I marvel that our chambers of commerce and merchants' associations are not up in arms against this governmental interference with private business. Your big business man, however, is always ready to accept a government subsidy; that is never improper interference with a man's private business.

The real reason for this radical change in our American policy has now been clearly stated by Rear Admiral Emory S. Land, the chairman of the United States Maritime Commission, which is to spend $1,250,000,000 in the next few years to rehabilitate the merchant marine. The government's primary interest, he says, is the national defense, the navy's experts having declared that the navy alone will need 500 merchant auxiliary vessels in the next ten years. It is another striking instance of the militarization of the United States that the problem of the merchant marine is no longer settled by business considerations, by the actual mercantile and trade needs of the United States, but by what unnamed experts in the Navy Department declare to be our requirements. Admiral Land insists that our trouble is that our "slow and aging vessels" must compete with "foreign, fast, modern ships which can be operated cheaply and more efficiently." But when our present ships were new we were not competing successfully! To keep the proposed new vessels afloat the Treasury will have to pour out huge sums, and merely for the sake of a naval auxiliary fleet. It would be cheaper to build the 500 ships for the navy and then lay them up until they are needed, instead of operating them on trade routes where they are mostly not needed and come into competition with the ships of other governments similarly subventioned. If this policy is to persist, I am for government ownership and operation; it could not be more wasteful, and would certainly be more satisfactory and freer from scandal in the long run.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THOMAS MANN'S DEMOCRATIC MANIFESTO

BY MAX LERNER

THOMAS MANN'S little book* is the sharpest and noblest political utterance that has come out of exiled Germany. In form an expansion of a lecture delivered to American audiences from coast to coast, it is actually a manifesto composed on the battlefields of the human spirit, and addressed to the young in all countries who will decide the outcome.

Put briefly, the book calls for a democratic renaissance that will end the fascist adventure. Thomas Mann is a traditionalist—he calls himself a conservative—who has in the past thought of his own artistic task as distinct from that of the "political man," introducing in his thought a distinction where life itself admits of none. It took the obscene clangor of fascism to awaken him from his dream of the past, and to close the breach between the political and the artistic man. The awakening has evoked in Mann a wholeness, a moral clarity, a power that he never showed before. He has become a political thinker without ceasing to be an artist; he has become a democrat without ceasing to be a traditionalist.

Because of his biography, he does not fall into the cruder Marxian habit of regarding fascism wholly as a weapon that the capitalists wield and control. Nor does he fall into the cruder liberal habit of regarding it wholly as a perverse lapse from the divine grace of civil liberties. He sees fascism for what it is—a desperate revolt against the implications of the democratic principle, using the rhetoric of anti-bolshevism to attract and then enslave the capitalists, the rhetoric of socialism to attract and then enslave the masses, the rhetoric of nationalism to gloss over its own disunities and its cultural barbarism He sees this as a realist. But he sees farther. He sees the cowardice of fascism, its sadism, its tinsel glories, its gaudy external symbols, its negation of culture and of the human spirit itself.

But how meet this barbaric force? Not, says Mann, by denying its relevance to our own destiny, not by creeping into our shells, not by isolationism. Nor yet by admitting the paralysis of democracy, by defeatism. The answer lies in understanding the nature and strength of democracy, in acting in accordance with that nature and to the full measure of that strength. It is a youthful and militant democracy that Mann calls for—not the insipid textbook concept, but the living creed of grown men and women conscious of the stakes of the conflict, determined to save the world of their values, and willing to risk what is already doomed unless they risk it. And here we must distinguish Mann's attitude from some of the attitudes toward democracy current in America today. There are, first, the liberals, who see in democracy only capitalist survival, the doctrine of free markets bolstered by a passive adherence to the shibboleths of civil liberties. There are, secondly, the fragments of doctrinaire revolutionists, who will have nothing to do with democracy unless they can conscript it to the uses of an impossible leftism. And there are, finally, the progressives of the past, who, having lost their belief in the forces of labor, think to vanquish fascism by borrowing some of the irrationalisms, the symbols and economic procedures, of fascism in the cause of national survival. It is part of Mann's deepest wisdom to understand that the democracies must call on their own inner strength, by the socialization of industry and the socialism of the human spirit which the rule of an informed majority implies. Above all, there must be an interplay of rationalism and realism. Mann quotes a sentence from Bergson which may well become the fighting slogan of our era: "Act as men of thought, think as men of action."

Because it is a statement of faith and not an analysis of trend, Mann's book is not without its weaknesses. He is too prone to see both democracy and fascism in terms of universals, which is the disease of the philosopher and artist, rather than in terms of change and movement, which is the disease of the historian. Of the two, I find the second today preferable. Seeing democracy as a universal, Mann tends to blur it with liberalism, and nothing today is more important than to understand that while the democrat must include liberalism in the scope of his thought, the liberal does not include democracy. And nowhere does Mann do more than hint at some of the central problems of political power that are involved in the survival and triumph of democracy—the problem of majorities and minorities in a transitional state, the obstructions against socialization that come from the vested interests of capitalist property and thought, the tyranny over opinion exercised by our oligarchies, the relentless struggle the ruling class will wage before it will yield its power.

But even without this, Mann has given us enough. He is a hero of our time; for in a democratic era heroism consists not in the individual exploit, but in bringing to con-

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* "The Coming Victory of Democracy." Alfred A. Knopf. $1.

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From the CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

An Open Letter to Louise V. Armstrong

(An author whom I do not know, but whose book* I greatly respect.)

DEAR MRS. ARMSTRONG:

I wish that the blustering, purple-faced, somewhat comic characters who go about showing their complete ignorance of conditions in America by damning all relief efforts could be taught to read, so that they could read your book.

I wish they could meet the children you know who have never tasted butter, the gentle men and women who furnish the "plaintive andante movement of our human symphony," the desperate mothers, the big bewildered sons of Paul Bunyan left stranded by the lumber kings after those rugged individualists stripped North America of her timber and left desolate wastes of stumps and sand behind them.

Your story of three years as administrator of the Emergency Relief Administration in a town of 7,000 in northern Michigan carries complete conviction.

* * *

If we were a nation of such thumping patriots as we pretend to be we would have been helping you, not hindering you, in your battle to save lives, sanity and something like decency among the desolate legions of the submerged.

If we were such strictly logical, utterly rational pragmatists as we pretend to be we would have gone out and seen with our own eyes what was happening, why your girls were being driven into prostitution, why your efforts to feed the unemployed were heckled by the well-fed, solid citizens of your own little corner of hell.

* * *

I wish your book had continued for another million words. It is the first honest, human, intelligent report we have had on what actually happens at the relief offices and in the homes they aid. It is a terrifyingly real, witty and beautiful book, and one of the most significant of our era.

* * *

It is a book for which we should all be deeply grateful.

Sincerely,

STERLING NORTH

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sciousness and fruition the collective possibilities of human life. In my own mind I shall place this book next to a similar manifesto of an American humanist, Walt Whitman's "Democratic Vistas."

Explaining Shakespeare

I, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, DO APPOINT THOMAS RUSSELL ESQUIRE. . . . By Leslie Hotson. Oxford University Press. $3.

SHAKESPEARE REDISCOVERED. By Clara Longworth de Chambrun. With a Preface by G. B. Harrison. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

SHAKESPEARE'S PHILOSOPHICAL PATTERNS. By Walter Clyde Curry. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press. $2.75.

THE DEBT TO SHAKESPEARE IN THE BEAUMONT-AND-FLETCHER PLAYS. By Daniel Morley McKeithan. Austin, Texas: Texas Book Store.

IF THE Thomas Russell, Esquire, whom Shakespeare appointed overseer or executor of his will was a certain gentleman of Worcestershire, and Mr. Hotson has decided he was, then "it seems natural to suspect" that many of the poet's connections with patrons and other well-placed strangers had been secured through him. For Russell himself was well connected. His wife's sister married the brother of Henry Willoughby, author of "Willobie, His Avisa": a circumstance which "could provide an excellent opportunity" for associations between Shakespeare and Willoughby such as a few scholars have long wanted to authenticate. Furthermore, the channels of communication between Russell and the Earl of Southampton were such "that any of several natural means would have sufficed" for Russell to introduce the poet to his patron as early as 1593. Furthermore, "it is possible" that the Fluellen of "Henry V" was in part a portrait of Thomas Digges, the astronomer, whose widow Russell married; and that it was a portrait of Tycho Brahe in Digges's house—for there is "little doubt" that Digges had the portrait—whereon Shakespeare "perhaps" saw for the first time the names Ronsenkrans and Guldenstern. Furthermore, "it is far from impossible" that certain passages in "Macbeth" were written because Shakespeare was closer to some of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators than has been hitherto suspected; not that he was a conspirator, but he had known Catesby from his childhood, and Catesby had dined with Ben Jonson shortly before the powder was to have been touched off! Furthermore and finally, "what is more likely" than that on November 22, 1610, Russell brought Shakespeare into the presence of Sir Dudley Digges, who had a copy of Strachey's Virginia letter and probably showed it to the poet?

> And Shakespeare—with his brave notions and gentle expressions, who could make a better audience? He had been struck by certain features of the strange and romantic story when it first came out; and he finds this intimate account stirring him still more. Digges is glad to trust his discretion with the copy of Strachey's letter. It is not long before the poet's quick imagination has shaped and transformed something of what he has heard and read. . . .
>
> Why may we not take the afternoon of a poet with Sir Dudley Digges as the stimulus for some of "The Tempest's" mighty magic?

Why may we not? Because the whole argument up to this point has been a castle of cobwebs builded in moonshine, with perhapses and probablys for mortar and far-from-impossibilities for foundation stones. And because, even could we grant all the ifs, Mr. Hotson's highly sentimental research tells us nothing about "The Tempest" that explains its nature and its power; or about Shakespeare that distinguishes him from any other fellow with friends.

The Countess de Chambrun is more interesting, in spite of the suspicion that she too hunts for midnight mushrooms, because the theory which directs her search would be of the greatest importance if it could be fixed as fact. Her theory is that Shakespeare was a Catholic; or at any rate that his family had been; and that at the least he "was conversant, as only a person who has lived among Roman Catholics can be, with the form and expression of their faith." Her minor theses relating to the occasions for "A Lover's Complaint" and "The Phoenix and the Turtle," the identity of "Mr. W. H." as William Hervey, the exile of Shakespeare to Scotland where he "got" the atmosphere for "Macbeth," and the copy of Holinshed which he may have owned and annotated as he wrote his Histories, are insignificant in comparison with her chief contention, which if it could be accepted would tell us much about Shakespeare's mind that we could use. It would not of course explain a great many things about him as an artist, but it would throw light upon the medieval elements in his understanding and upon the immense advantage he may have reaped, even as an artist, from participating in the richest intellectual tradition available to any man of his time. The greatest poetry has, along with the greatest art, the greatest subject matter, and criticism is perhaps only now beginning to take that commonplace into account.

Mr. Curry, for example, brings his knowledge of medieval and Renaissance philosophy very profitably to bear upon "Macbeth" and "The Tempest." He does not finally explain them, nor does he pretend to; but he says more about them than most critics do because he talks about the ideas which made them possible—and the absence of which from the modern mind renders any such masterpieces absolutely impossible now. Mr. Curry's distinction between Macbeth as a man and as a dramatic personality is not only nice but profound. The man was the creation of a thousand years of European thought concerning essential human nature; the personality was the creation of Shakespeare. We admire the second as we admire few things ever made by an individual, and rightly; but this should not blind us to the even huger achievement of Shakespeare in building his hero on the highest of existing pedestals. To know that pedestal as well as he did was to be more than an all but perfect artist; it was also to be an intellect of substantial dimensions.

Mr. McKeithan's dissertation piles up the debt of Beaumont and Fletcher to Shakespeare until it can be no further doubted. It has never been denied, but the late A. H. Thorndike argued for some debt the other way, and for the priority of Beaumont and Fletcher in the type of "dramatic romance." The argument, still tenable, may seem less so henceforth.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Out of Georgia

SOUTHWAYS. By Erskine Caldwell. The Viking Press. $2.50.

BY COMPARISON with the number of novels published in a year, volumes of short stories are few and far between. Volumes of good short stories are fewer and farther. The great bulk of short stories appear in magazines; they are ephemeral, inconsiderable, written, one sometimes suspects, without conscience; obviously written without art. Once in a while a Ring Lardner comes along, a writer who appeals to a wide public and at the same time gains the highest sort of critical approval. Lardner's baseball stories appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* and commanded an extremely high price. Mr. Caldwell has not yet reached these heights. But if Lardner wrote "Alibi Ike" and "You Know Me, Al," he also wrote "The Champ" and "Some Like Them Cold," too grimly satirical, perhaps, for the popular taste. And Mr. Caldwell's compact and cruel stories of the South deserve to be compared with them.

It would be interesting and instructive to analyze one of the stories in "Southways" to see exactly how a good short-story writer achieves his effects. The first story is less than twelve pages long. It is about a Southern landowner who wants to marry the daughter of one of his tenants; but the girl will not have him. That is all there is to it, yet Mr. Caldwell in a few pages manages to say so much more than merely that. He says, for one thing, that the South is poor, not poor with a genteel, pretty poverty, but poor in every sense: the land is poor, the only crop is cotton, the houses—even of the gentry—are without paint, weeds crowd up to the front doors; the tenants have one garment to their backs and without surprise or complaint make a meal of bread and molasses; the landowners, if they have enough to eat and to wear, are poor in spirit and in character. There is a kind of dour democracy between master and tenant which arises out of a mutual desperation, and expresses itself sometimes in wry humor. Daisy, when Governor Gil—he was governor of his state for a term many years before—commands her to come up to the big house to go to bed, has only one comment to make. She says: "You damned old fool." When her father hears from the Negro houseboy that she has bitten and scratched her elderly suitor, he laughs until he falls off his chair. Mr. Caldwell does not describe the eyes or hair or height of his characters. He merely says that Governor Gil habitually strikes off the heads of weeds with his stick—except the weeds around his own front door. He makes Daisy known to his readers by having her father say: "Just about all she's got to her name is that little slimsy gingham jumper she's wearing." He illuminates the gulf between Negro and white by having the Negro houseboy say to the poor tenant: "Mr. Walter, Governor said to tell you if you ever raise another hellcat like Miss Daisy, he'll chop your head off. Now, Mr. Walter, I didn't say it! Please, sir, don't think I said it! . . . You know I wouldn't say that myself, don't you, Mr. Walter?"

In the space of eleven and a half pages, in short, a culture is revealed, a land is described by indirection, a situation is created, suspense follows, and the resolution is at last snapped off. A good deal to have done in a short space, and only the greatly skilled can do it. The other stories in the volume are almost all equally skilful. They are laid in Mr. Caldwell's Georgia, which, if no other Georgian would acknowledge it, has as much reality as Gulliver's Lilliput. It exists in Mr. Caldwell's mind, and he projects it into the mind of the reader. It has length and breadth, heat and cold, squalor, cold jest, and contention. There is no crepe myrtle blooming around the dooryards in this book, but its men and women are real. A great many readers will be grateful for them.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Austrian Newsreel

THE LAST FIVE HOURS OF AUSTRIA. By Eugene Lennhoff. With an Introduction by Paul Frischauer. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

IN THIS book the former editor of the Vienna *Telegraf*, an anti-Hitler daily more or less in accord with and serving Schuschnigg's policy, describes his last day in office, March 11, 1938, which became also the last day of the historical fiction "independent Austria." As an able reporter he gives as profound a picture as a quick and trained glance at reality can catch. He sees with his own eyes and the hundred more of his staff. His intimate knowledge of locale and personnel allows him access to the news when it breaks and often before. He is in the chancellery in the hour of Hitler's ultimatum. He speaks with Mussolini's agent in Vienna—whose chief cannot be reached by the despairing chancellor; he is with Austria's chief of propaganda at the moment when Schuschnigg's broken voice orders him to broadcast the postponement of the plebiscite. In the street the Viennese were still shouting, "Red-white-red, until we're dead."

On the morning of March 11 "the majority of the people were more hopeful than they had been for a long time." The preparations for the plebiscite scheduled for two days later—Sunday, March 13—were in full swing. The author presents a thousand incidents as they occurred around him from minute to minute between the bright morning and the night which finds him in exile. He takes unforgettable close-ups: officers who want to fight, the Nazi spy on the Stefansplatz, the old Jew who has to go to the temple and will pray the whole night (Sabbath begins and he is not allowed to enter a carriage, he cannot escape), the reporter who still reports to his chief when they are already on their flight to the frontier. The great political actions of the day come clearly through: the tactics of the Nazis, whose machine works to perfection; the betrayal of the workers, who are called upon to fight only to be let down and handed over to the Nazi revenge; the quick about-face of the "patriotic" jobholders; the silence of the Catholic church, which always marches with the stronger battalions. Quotations from a diary of the author, notes after the Berchtesgaden meeting between Hitler and Schuschnigg on February 12, fill in the background of the canvas. The result is a very exciting, very human, and very tragic document.

Paul Frischauer in his introduction attempts a short history of the Austrian republic, and retells an interesting conversation with Schuschnigg, "whose high moral qualities placed him at a disadvantage in defending himself and his country against brutality." Once more: this is not true. Schuschnigg's moral qualities did not prevent him from organizing the bigotry of poor peasants against the truly cultivated Viennese workers and did not prevent him from hanging the heroic fighters for a really independent Austria in February, 1934. The truth is that the half-hearted fascist, however cultured, is no defender of liberty.

Special mention should be made of the diligence of the author, the translator, and the publisher, which made it possible for this book to appear twelve weeks after the day it describes. FRANZ HOELLERING

Reviewing and Reviewing

THE UNEXTINGUISHED HEARTH. SHELLEY AND HIS CONTEMPORARY CRITICS. By Newman I. White. Duke University Press. $3.

IF TODAY a poet opposed to our society were to receive an average of ten long reviews a year and within seven years have his work appear in seventy-three of our most important periodicals, we should not consider him neglected. Mr. White, collecting (with but a very few unimportant exceptions) all articles about Shelley, proves abundantly that this "pard-like spirit" was not ignored. He suggests, moreover, an interesting comparison between nineteenth-century criticism and that of our own day. Shelley's poems appeared between 1816 and 1822, years of revolution anticipated.

> Labor's unrest due to the displacement of workers by machines was complicated by the demobilization. Commercial and agricultural depression, industrial overproduction, famine, and high taxation called loudly for overdue reforms . . . all this at a time when the Tory rulers of England were hand-in-glove with Continental rulers. . . . The increasing desperation of the working classes produced a really dangerous situation.

This quotation from Mr. White's introduction will sound familiar to readers of our daily press. Today, however, it is unlikely that a poet voicing radical ideas would be so widely and so hysterically reviewed as Shelley was. Perhaps this is because we know the dangers of advertising. Our conservative critics and most of the press ignore radical poets, removing them from front to back pages if they turn from the old themes of American individualism to propaganda for revolutionary ideas. Or again, the fact that we do not emphasize a poet's ideas may be because poetry today is not taken seriously as thought. Shelley's reviewers, regarding themselves as guardians of the status quo, advertised him as irreligious, immoral, and inflammatory. And early in his career, it seems, Shelley recognized the value of such publicity though he wearied of the attacks upon his character, which continued even after his death.

We have no revolutionary poet of Shelley's stature and passion. Auden, to take one modern socialist poet, is a far more urbane and less significant figure. Nor have we, in this century, the tradition of the poet as a man of affairs. The early nineteenth-century poets—because of the continuation of eighteenth-century conceptions of poetry as thought—were examined for their religious, moral, and political faith. The

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twentieth-century poet is treated as if he were conditioned entirely by his ivory-tower environment and knew nothing of practical affairs. This is stating it extremely. But it is a fact that a modern poet might explode many a bomb under critical noses that would not smell smoke or sense a threat. Nor is this entirely because our poets are obscure. As Mr. White proves by his collection, Shelley was to his reviewers quite as obscure as, let us say, Hart Crane is to Max Eastman. The reviewers made little out of Shelley's imagery, since it was not logical like Pope's, or of his more significant teachings, since they were expressed in symbols.

But the critics did know that Shelley called himself an atheist, was a man who had broken his marriage vows, and a poet who set himself up as a judge of the hollowness of middle-class values. "Mr. Shelley," writes one critic, "is one of those writers who seems gifted with a strong imagination and but little judgment; he is often inharmonious and much too obscure and intricate for the generality of his readers." As Mr. White notes, "The vast majority of reviewers in the early nineteenth century were as stubbornly unaware of the fact that theirs was the Romantic Age as the ancients were that they were ancients." A similar accusation might be brought against some, but not all, of our twentieth-century reviewers. The wholesale praise given—in some book-review sections—to second-rate and third-rate poets indicates chiefly that many reviewers still hold the Victorian ideal of poetry as pretty and polite phrasing. Good critics, of course, writing for the more discriminating journals, judge more accurately between verse which merely sounds poetic and verse which is poetry. These reviewers know the movements of twentieth-century literature.

Publishers in the eighteenth century were apparently able to buy reviewers and space in magazines. But in Shelley's lifetime this was less often possible. Politics rather than business controlled criticism. Mr. White's collection of reviews indicates that reviewers were conforming generally to the politics of the journal for which they wrote. Shelley, therefore, fared badly in Tory journals, better in Whig, best in Liberal. Leigh Hunt's *Examiner* was, as everyone knows, the official organ for liberal thought and for the romantic poets. Today we have a greater variety of liberal journals than were published in the nineteenth century and many of our better reviewers write for the liberal press. Now and again, as in Shelley's case, the truly radical press inclines, indeed, to praise poets of the same political complexion not wisely but too well. In times of stress reviewing, like everything else, is impure.

I have been using Mr. White's complete, well-edited, and carefully annotated collection of the Shelley reviews and notices as a springboard. Mr. White himself is a scholar, and although he draws comparisons between nineteenth- and twentieth-century political backgrounds, he is most intent on presenting scholarly and new evidence to prove that Shelley's idea that he was persecuted is in part fiction. Attacks there were, much mixed and confused praise, and some fine criticism of the poet's work. Shelley wrote in an era of changing critical opinion and suffered from the inability of critics to adjust themselves to new techniques and new ideas. But his contemporary critics were not so much blind to his genius as they were terrified of his ideas. EDA LOU WALTON

Strategy for Socialism

ON THE ECONOMIC THEORY OF SOCIALISM. By Oskar Lange and Fred M. Taylor. Edited and with an Introduction by Benjamin E. Lippincott. The University of Minnesota Press. $1.75.

IN THIS little book Mr. Lippincott has brought together in readily available form two of the most important contributions to the theory of economic planning that have yet been written. The first, entitled "The Guidance of Production in a Socialist State," was the presidential address delivered before the American Economic Association in 1928 by the late Professor Fred Taylor of Michigan. Professor Taylor's address seems to have been promptly forgotten by his fellow-economists, and its republication at a time when many of the ideas expressed in it are beginning to find their way into economic literature from other sources is an act of historical justice.

From the point of view of current controversy, however, there is no doubt that the much longer paper of Oskar Lange, from which the book takes its name, has first claim on the reader's attention. In my opinion Dr. Lange has produced the conclusive refutation of the anti-socialist arguments of Mises and his followers which have recently enjoyed a revival in English-speaking countries in the writings of such authorities on socialism as Walter Lippmann. I do not wish to enter into this controversy further than to say that I whole-heartedly agree with everything Lange has to say on the subject and to recommend a careful study of his arguments to all who are seriously interested in the problem.

The most important part of Lange's paper, I think, is that in which he discusses the economic problems which have to be solved if socialism is to be attained at all. Here new ground is broken and theoretical considerations of the greatest importance brought forward. Lange argues that the functioning of capitalism is necessarily disrupted by a serious threat to the foundations of the system itself. Capitalists cannot be expected to continue to produce unless they have reasonable assurance of stability in the basic property relationships on which all their calculations are based. It follows from this that *on economic grounds alone* a socialist party which really means to introduce socialism must be prepared to put through a very large measure of socialization as the first step after taking office. For otherwise the economic chaos which is sure to follow will weaken its position and force it either to renounce its socialist objective or to undertake the struggle against its enemies under the most unfavorable conditions. "Socialism," as Lange says, "is not an economic policy for the timid."

Does this mean that a socialist party should take no part in shaping governmental policies unless it is in a position to carry out a program of rapid socialization? The answer is no. To behave in this way in a period of capitalist disintegration would clearly be playing straight into the hands of reaction. Socialists should, on the contrary, take the lead in organizing mass support behind a policy of large-scale government spending, since at the present time this is the only policy which can save democratic institutions and thus keep the way clear for eventually winning the masses to a socialist position. If this policy is successfully carried through—and there is no reason why it should not be—socialists will gain enormously in prestige and popularity.

Lange might well have cited the example of the French Popular Front as a negative confirmation of his position. The Popular Front, though organized by Communists and Socialists, was never intended as a vehicle for the introduction of socialism; its purpose was to combat the allied enemies of depression and fascism. The timidity and at least temporary failure of the Popular Front can be traced directly to its stubborn adherence to bourgeois canons of "sound finance." A bold policy of public works coupled with devaluation of the franc and exchange control, which certainly could have been instituted by the Blum government in the first weeks after its accession to office, would have raised the national income and enormously strengthened the position of the socialist parties. The melancholy history of the last two years might well have been altogether different if this policy had been followed.

In this country, thanks to the New Deal, there is less attachment to the ruinous principles of "sound finance." Socialists ought to be the first to appreciate the great advantage which this gives them over their European colleagues. They have a lot of economics to learn from the experience of the last decade, and perhaps the greatest merit of Lange's article is that it helps to point the way to a true understanding of what has happened. PAUL M. SWEEZY

Mathematics and Logic

PRINCIPLES OF MATHEMATICS. By Bertrand Russell. W. W. Norton and Company. $6.

BETWEEN the time of Aristotle in the fourth century B. C. and Leibnitz in the seventeenth century, the science of logic underwent little development, expert opinion being that since it was already complete and perfect, nothing could be done to improve it. After many centuries of complacency and perfection, however, deductive logic began to develop and in the hands of such mathematicians as Boole, Frege, and Peano to become more general, rigorous, and formal. "Principles of Mathematics," first published in 1903, is one of the most important milestones in this progress of logic, and the new edition of the work with a brief introduction by the author explaining how his views have changed in the past thirty-five years will be welcomed by experts in the field, especially by those who for so many years have been unable to obtain the first edition.

The fundamental thesis of the book, that mathematics and logic are identical, though opposed today by two important camps of mathematicians, the formalists and the intuitionists, is still maintained by Mr. Russell. The formalism of Hilbert is so formal, he thinks, that it excludes the practical application of mathematics, while the intuitionism of Brouwer is so empirical that it disqualifies a good part of the science. Ruling out the unrestricted use of the law of excluded middle, the intuitionists are obliged to abandon important proofs, and thus to pour out the baby with the bath.

The introduction also contains an interesting discussion of the present status of the famous theory of types and other

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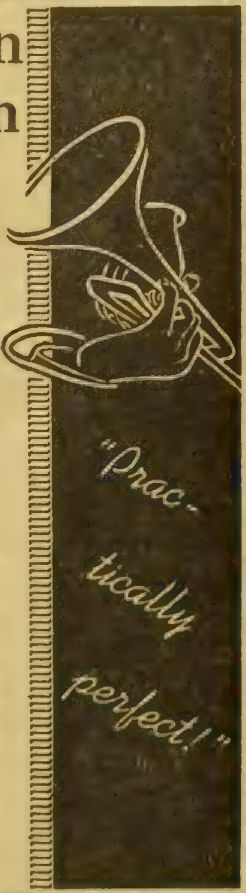
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Russellian doctrines which have been long in dispute. The chief progress which Mr. Russell reports in his thinking since 1903 is his successive elimination of unnecessary entities, such as classes, points of space, instants of time, and particles of matter, and their replacement by logical constructions out of events. This, he believes, is all to the good. The fewer assumptions a logician has to make the happier he is. While other authors try to say as much as possible, the logician's whole bent is to say as little as possible. Those who retain an attachment to the material world, however, will regret the direction of Mr. Russell's skepticism. When he finds that natural entities of the world do not illustrate his logic, he turns upon them with suspicion and makes up others which will.

V. J. MCGILL

Shorter Notices

COMING FROM THE FAIR. By Norah Hoult. Covici, Friede. $2.50.

Georgian Ireland is shown in slow-motion collapse in this poetic story of a bygone period. Miss Hoult presents the O'Neills, prosperous Dublin burghers, as individual representatives of a vanished way of living. They are drawn with admirable clarity, and the chiaroscuro of the municipal and national scene which is their peculiar background is remarkable for its detail. Along with the O'Neills, as they appear in parlors and pubs, at high mass and cattle auctions, the author introduces various real personages of the Irish renaissance. Joyce, Yeats, and Gogarty all have their inning, and the Abbey Theater is a main point of departure for most of the racy discussions reported in the saloon episodes. Since "Coming from the Fair" is a rather bitter picture of this section of Ireland's history, it will upset all flag-waving patriots at home and abroad. What Miss Hoult questions, tacitly but insistently enough to have earned the displeasure of the Free State censor, is the value of progress to a so-called backward country. Education is on the upswing. "The whirring thrum of them mechanicalisms," as Denis Johnston has termed it in his somewhat analogous play "The Moon in the Yellow River," increases to Mr. De Valera's satisfaction. But not to Miss Hoult's. She cannot regard these alleged proofs of civilization as recompense for the loss of spontaneity and independence among the fighting Irish. Such a point of view is bound to be called reactionary by some. Those who hear the tale out will at least find it a warmly human document, spiced with humor, hard truths, and authentic reproductions of singing Irish speech.

HORATIO SEYMOUR OF NEW YORK. By Stewart Mitchell. Harvard University Press. $5.

A chieftain of the Albany regency dominating the New York Democratic organization, six times nominee and twice Governor of the state, Democratic Presidential candidate against Grant in 1868, Horatio Seymour was a pivotal political personage of his period. His failure to make any durable impression upon the political life of his time can be accounted for by the subordinate role of the conservative Northern interests he represented. During the Civil War, Seymour, an outstanding advocate of peace and conciliation, was elbowed aside by the Northern radicals and scorned by the Southern rebels, and like all unsuccessful compromisers in a revolutionary struggle, was consequently forgotten by posterity. In presenting this first full-length portrait of the man, Mr. Mitchell has filled a bare panel in mid-nineteenth-century American history. While the biographer is prevented by his general viewpoint, virtually identical with that of his hero, from appraising Seymour's career critically, he has uncovered much valuable historical information.

LETTERS OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE TO HER DAUGHTER AND HER FRIENDS. Selected, with an Introductory Essay, by Richard Aldington. Two Volumes. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

The prevailing French judgment on Madame de Sévigné was given by Sainte-Beuve, who said that she, "like La Fontaine, like Montaigne, is one of the subjects perpetually in the order of the day in France." But the judgment of English readers, as Richard Aldington observes in his informative if rather ill-written introduction to his selection of the "Letters," has never quite coincided. The personal qualities which made Madame de Sévigné what Sainte-Beuve said she was for the French reader, "not merely a classic but an acquaintance . . . a neighbor, a friend," are not so clear to us. Her amenity and urbane virtue grow wearisome. Her passion for her daughter, to whom most of the letters were written, is faintly disturbing, not in itself but because it was the only passion of her life. But of her talents as the social observer of a great and contradictory age we can have no doubt; if the personal charm of the "Letters" cannot easily win us, their historical interest does not fail, and the present volumes offer a convenient and adequate sampling of that aspect of the enormous correspondence.

RECORDS

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ing of the Roth Quartet on Columbia is marred by the coarse tone of Bellison. The Victor set, then, falls short of what it promised; but what it offers makes it still the set to want and to prize.

Mozart's Divertimento K. 287 has been recorded for Victor by the Boston Symphony players under Fiedler who played it at the Friends of Music concert, and for Columbia (four records, $6) by Szigeti with the group led by Max Goberman that played it with him at his own concert. Victor did not send me its version; nevertheless I would have managed to hear it if I had felt there was point in hearing it; but the fact is that the only point to the work is a performance like Szigeti's of the solo violin part. Less dynamic in style but impressive in what it offers—the warmth of feeling and tone, the purity of phrasing—and in what this promises is young Ossy Renardy's performance of Corelli's beautiful Violin Sonata in E minor (one record, $1.50).

Egon Petri is heard at length with the London Philharmonic under Goehr in Tchaikovsky's Concerto, Opus 23 (Columbia: four records, $6), in which his playing is all that the music calls for but the teamwork is imperfect. The recording achieves better balance than the Victor and sounds so well on certain sides that the surfaces must be responsible for what I hear on others. On a single ($1.50) Petri also plays his arrangement of a Bach minuet and Sgambati's arrangement of the famous flute solo from Gluck's "Orfeo." It is interesting to observe the difference between the way this melody is played by a pianist and the way it is played by the solo flute in an orchestra—for example, in the performance by the New York Philharmonic under Toscanini. Petri does not play the melody on the piano in the simple, sustained style in which it is played on the flute, but with the hastenings and slackenings of pace, the correlated changes of volume, that are part of the personal, intimate, romantic style of the piano—or at least of some pianists; and in so doing he alters the melody's character and significance.

On five records ($10) Columbia offers an effective selection of passages from the Mercury Theater's "Julius Caesar"; on a single record ($1) a superb performance, by Thorborg with the Vienna Philharmonic under Walter, of Mahler's "Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen," which is of the same emotional world as his "Lied von der Erde"; in a two-record set ($3.25) Lord Berners's amusing "Triumph of Neptune" brilliantly done by the London Philharmonic under Beecham; on another single ($1.50) colorful performances, by the same orchestra under Goehr, of the Moussorgsky-Liadov "Gopak" and the Dance of the Young Maidens from "Prince Igor."

"Anything to keep the machinery going" is the way I would account for some of the record companies' releases—among others the Vaughan Williams Symphony in F minor which Victor offers you (four records, $6.50). Decline politely; and perhaps Victor will occupy its machinery with Mozart's Piano Concerto K. 467. And if, meanwhile, you want to hear a really notable symphony by one who is really England's most distinguished composer get the Decca recording of the symphony of William Walton (six records, $4.50).

B. H. HAGGIN